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PUNCHINELLO

VOLUME ONE



FROM APRIL TO OCTOBER, 1870.

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New York:

PUBLISHED BY THE PUNCHINELLO PUBLISHING COMPANY,

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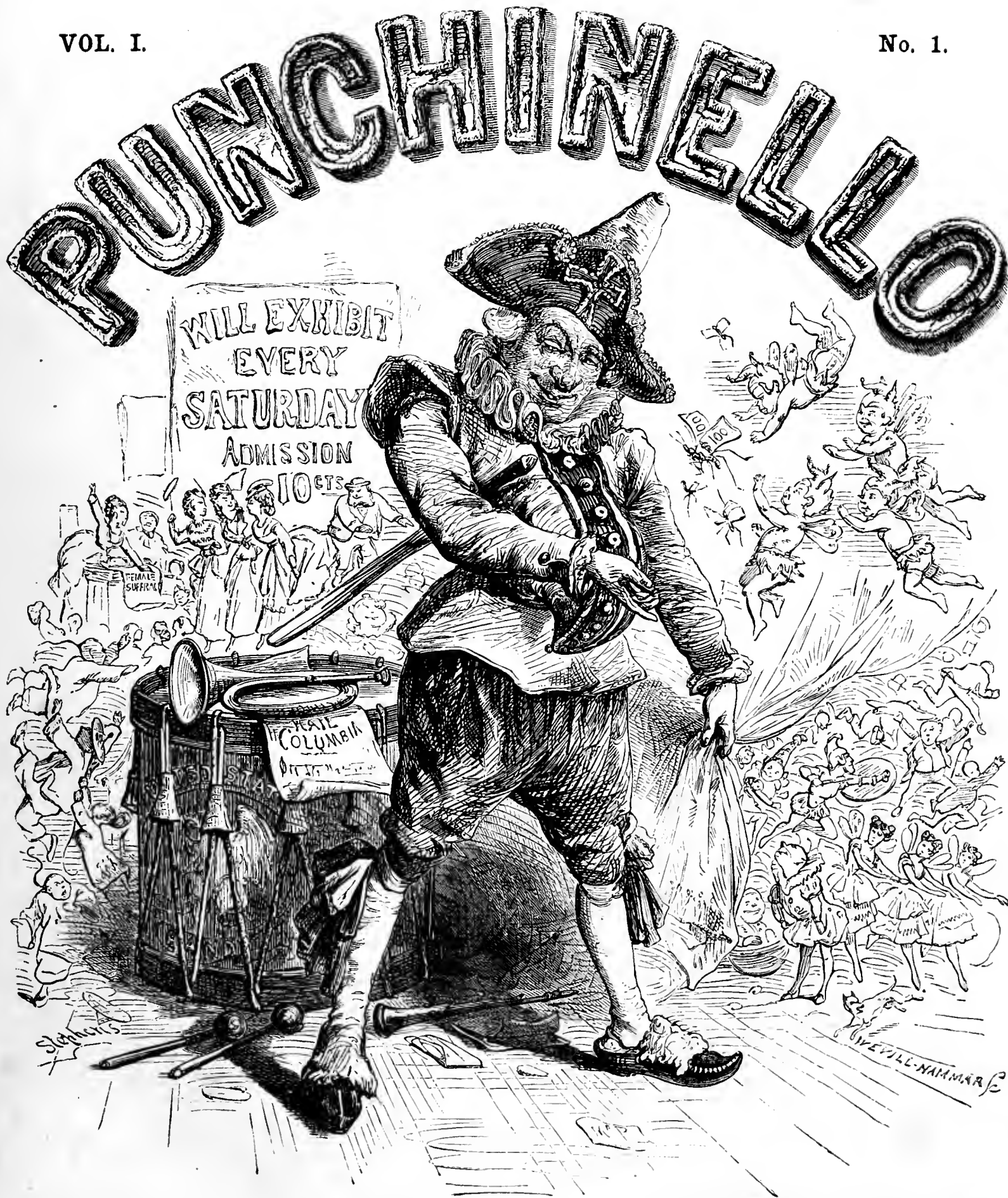
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VOL. I.

No. 1.



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SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1870.

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WEEKLY PAPER,

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VALUABLE CORPS OF CONTRIBUTORS

in various sections of the Union, while its columns will always be open to appropriate first-class literary and artistic talent.

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The Artistic department will be in charge of Henry L. Stephens, whose celebrated cartoons in *VANITY FAIR* placed him in the front rank of humorous artists, assisted by leading artists in their respective specialties.

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PUNCHINELLO, Vol. I. No. 1.

(Suggestion: "Take care of No. 1.")

PUNCHINELLO TO THE PUBLIC, GREETING:

His name, PUNCHINELLO hopes, will not be found a difficult one to articulate. He flatters himself that it has a smack of grape-juice and olives about it. It rhymes with "mellow," which naturally brings us to "good fellow." On occasions PUNCHINELLO can "bellow," cut a "tremendous swell," O, and he never throws away a chance of pocketing the "yellow." He would like to rhyme with "swallow," but alas! it can not, can not be.

And yet, in spite of (or perhaps on account of) PUNCHINELLO's mellifluous name, much cavil has been brought to bear upon him. (Prepare to receive cavilry.)

Squadrons of well-meaning persons with speaking-trumpets marched to and fro before the sponsors of PUNCHINELLO, each roaring at them to stop such a name as *that*, and attend to *his* suggestion, and his only.

One did not like PUNCHINELLO because it means a "little Punch," and he—the speaking-trumpeter—liked a great deal; and lo! while he spoke, he changed his trumpet for several horns. Then he was taken with a fit of herpetology in his boots, and sank to advise no more.

Another—a fellow with an infinite fancy for buffo minstrelsy—was vociferous that PUNCHINELLO should be called "Tommy Dodd." The discussion upon this lasted for three months; but finally, "Tommy Dodd" was rejected on account of the superfluously aristocratic aroma that exhaled from the name.

Four divisions of men with banners then came by, each division respectively composed of members of the waning families of Smith, Brown, Jones, and Robinson, and each division bawled and thundered that the name round which it rallied should be adopted instead of PUNCHINELLO, on pain of death.

And thousands of others came with suggestions of a like sort; for which some of them wanted "stamps." And when they had all had their say, PUNCHINELLO was called PUNCHINELLO, and nothing else—a name by which he means to stand or fall.

And now to business. PUNCHINELLO is not going to define his position here. He refrains from boring his readers with prolix gammon about his foreign and domestic relations. He will content himself (and readers, he hopes) by briefly mentioning that he has foreign and domestic relations in every part of the habitable globe, and that they each and all furnish him with correspondence of the most reliable and spicy character, regularly and for publication. Among his foreign relations he is happy to reckon M. MEISSONNIER, the celebrated French artist, to whom he is indebted for the original painting from which PUNCHINELLO, as he appears on his own title-page, is taken.

A preface is not the place in which to enlarge upon topics of great humanitarian interest, political importance, or social progress. PUNCHINELLO will merely touch a few of such matters, then, and these with a light finger. (No allusion, here, to the "light-fingered gentry," for whom PUNCHINELLO keeps a large grape-vine in pickle.)

PUNCHINELLO observes the incipient tendency to return to specie payments. To this revival, however, he is not as yet prepared to give his adhesion, though, on the whole, he considers it preferable to relapsing fever, which is also noted on 'Change. Cuba shall have her due share of attention from him. And if She-Cuba, (Queen of the Antilles, you know,) why not also He-Cuba?—lovely and preposterous woman, who, from her eagerness to slip on certain habiliments that are masculine, but shall here be nameless, shall henceforth be appropriately distinguished by that name.

Let other important topics take care of themselves. PUNCHINELLO will only add that he would at any time rather suspend

the public plunderers than *habeas corpus*, and that he means to take the gloss off the grim joke that "Hanging for murder's played out in New-York."

It is pleasant for PUNCHINELLO to draw the attention of his readers to the fact that this, his First Number, is dated April 2d—the day after All Fools' Day. This is cheering; since thus it is manifest that PUNCHINELLO leaves all the fools and jesters behind, and is, therefore, first in the race for the crown of comic laurel and the quiver of satiric shafts.

And now, by DAN PHOEBUS!—that's the DAN (ah!) that drives the *Sun*, you know, and is the biggest spot upon it—here we find that we have talked ourself all the way to DELMONICO'S, and there's CHARLEY on the lookout.

Punchinello: "Good evening, Mr. DELMONICO; have you any room for us?"

Delmonico: "You are very welcome, Mr. PUNCHINELLO, and your rooms are quite ready; for we have been expecting you ever so long. Of course, your staff of artists can be accommodated in our Drawing-room, if you will permit me to throw off so insignificant a joke."

Punchinello: "Tut, CHARLES!—'tis a joke of the first water, (first brandy-and-water, CHARLES.) Cap your joke with another as good, and then consider yourself on our staff. Lead us to our apartments, CHAWLES."

And so, looking from his pleasant Fifth Avenue windows, PUNCHINELLO waves a salutation to his audience with a "May you be happy, each and all of you, and live all your days in clover," (admission ten cents.)



PUNCHINELLO'S NEW CHARTER.

THE GREAT PLATFORM OF THE RINGS.

THE Lions and the Lambs lie down together,
While the "Sun" stands still.

THE People of the State of New-York, represented by PUNCHINELLO and his troop of admirers, hereby enact:

§ 1. All the offices now provided by law within the City and County of New-York, shall be put in a grand grab-bag.

§ 2. It shall be the duty of the Commissioners of the Central Park to devote said Park, on the Fourth day of July next, to the erection of poles (or polls) for the purpose of enabling voters to grab from the grab-bag.

§ 3. HORACE GREELEY, PETER COOPER, the Rev. Dr. THOMPSON, DANIEL DREW, and REDDY THE BLACKSMITH, are hereby constituted Inspectors and Canvassers for the grabbers.

§ 4. It shall be the duty of the said inspectors to prepare a registry-list of all the persons intending to grab, who are required to serve a notice of intention through the post-office upon REDDY THE BLACKSMITH, the Chairman. DANIEL DREW is to provide funds wherewith to pay the postage.

§ 5. The registry-list shall be alphabetically prepared, and the number of chances shall be determined by dividing the number of grabbers by the number of offices.

§ 6. The grabbers shall be selected by lot.

§ 7. The lots shall be drawn by REDDY THE BLACKSMITH from his own hat, his eyes wide open, while every other inspector, and the voters, shall be blindfolded with newspapers from the files of the *Christian Union*; whereupon, as the names of the fortunate grabbers are called, each one shall proceed to the grab-bag and grab his office.

§ 8. There shall be no repeaters of the process.

§ 9. The persons thus grabbing offices shall be then and there, by the Inspectors, declared duly elected to the offices grabbed, for life.

§ 10. Any vacancy occurring by assassination shall be immediately filled by the Inspectors appointing the assassin.

§ 11. Every person owning real estate on the Island shall contribute one ninety-ninth part of his income to the said grab-bag. On the following Christmas, in the presence of the grab income-bents of offices, the Inspectors shall proceed to divide the proceeds of these taxable contributions, and one half of these proceeds shall be equally divided among the grab income-bents of offices. The other half shall be devoted to paving every conceivable surface of the city with wooden pavement.

§ 12. Owners of real estate in the city of New-York are hereby allowed to make their own arrangements with the gas companies for the supply of light; but nothing herein shall be construed to devote any part of the proceeds to light the public streets at night; and real estate owners shall be allowed to make their own arrangements for the supply of water with the grab income-bents of the Croton Grab Board.

§ 13. The sewers of the city shall be converted to burial places for persons assassinated at political meetings.

§ 14. Nothing herein contained shall be so construed as to permit any judge to grant an injunction against any grabbers of the offices.

§ 15. The "dead-beats," heretofore known as policemen and soldiers of the first division, are hereby legislated out of office, and it shall be a felony punishable with assassination for any one to go unarmed with a six-shooter.

§ 16. All provisions of the United States or State constitutions inconsistent with the above provisions are hereby repealed.

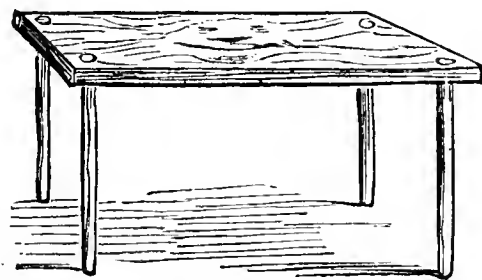
From Gertrude of Wyoming.

BECAUSE a jury-mast is a makeshift for a lost spar, it does not follow that a jury-woman is a make-shift for any body. In fact, the women who sit upon juries are not the sort of women who personally supply the family linen.

SURE TO BE LOST AT C.—Signor LEFRANC's voice, if he continues to recklessly strain it with his chest C.

HINTS FOR THE FAMILY.

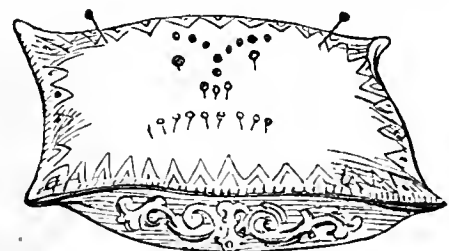
As it is intended that the mission of PUNCHINELLO shall be extended into all circles of society, that of the family shall not be neglected. Every other weekly journal abounds in wise domestic counsels, apt recipes, cunning plans, and helpful patterns of all sorts; and PUNCHINELLO, intending to offer the same advantages, expects to become so necessary to the economical housewife and the prudent bread-winner that no family will be able to do without him. So, with no further prologue, we will present our readers with some valuable hints in regard to the use that may be made of things that often lie about the house, lumbering up every corner and of no service to any body. The first hint we offer, if followed up, will be found of the greatest advantage to all families desirous of convenience at little cost. Take a wide board—as wide as you can get it—and as long as it will cut without cracks or knot-holes, and saw the ends off square. Then bore four large holes in the corners, and insert the ends of four sticks, each about three feet long. Place it upon the floor, so that the board will be supported by the sticks, thus:



This contrivance will be found very useful for various purposes. It will do to put books upon, to write upon, to iron clothes upon, and for any other purpose where it is considered desirable to support household objects

at a distance from the floor. One of its chief advantages is to serve as a receptacle for the food of a family during meals. If on such occasions it be covered with a white linen or cotton cloth, its appearance will be much improved, and in time it can not fail to become a favorite article of furniture.

The next hint will please the ladies. Take two pieces of cotton or woolen cloth, of any size from two inches to a foot square, and sew them together at the edges, leaving, however, a small place unsewed at one corner. You will now find that you have something like a square bag. This is to be tightly filled with wool, bran, sawdust, clippings of human hair, or something of the kind, and the open corner is then to be sewed up. When finished, the affair will assume this appearance; and will be found very useful for the preservation of pins. The manner of using it is as follows: you take the pin by the head and firmly press it into the bag, when it will be found that the body of the pin will easily enter, but that the head will prevent its entire disappearance. The stuffing of the bag will retain the pin in its position until a slight degree of force is used to withdraw it. By means of this ingenious little contrivance, pins can be kept in safety; their points always hidden and their heads exposed to view. It will be found much more economical and convenient than the plan of carrying pins loose in the pocket, and eventually will be generally adopted, we think. The top and corners can be ornamented *à discretion*.



Hint the third is especially addressed to country families. Take one of the ordinary toilet-tables that are to be found in so many rural habitations, and, on removing the white cover, you will probably find that the table is formed of an empty flour-barrel with a board nailed on top of it. Remove this board; get a head from another barrel of the same size; place it properly upon this one; put some good hoops around the ends, nail it all up tightly, and you will find that you will have a very good barrel.

Founded upon Fact.

WHY is BRENTANO like a hardware man?
Because he keeps *Tomahawks* for sale.

Definition by an Envious Wood-Engraver.

ZINCALI—Artists who draw on zinc plates.



AN AGGRAVATED CASE.

Man with Muffler. "IT ISN'T THE FACT OF THE SORE THROAT I MIND SO MUCH AS THE SUSPICION THAT I CAUGHT IT FROM THAT BEASTLY SNOB, BURLAPS, WHO OCCUPIES THE ROOMS OPPOSITE."

THE MARINER'S WRONGS.

WITHIN the memories of men who are not yet old, the sailor was always looked upon and talked about as "a jolly dog." There was a glamour of romance about him when he was at sea, and "JACK ashore" was for ages held up as the presentment of all that was happy, and contented, and free from care. His hardest duty was supposed to be shinning up the ratlin to "reef," or "brail up," or "splice the mainbrace," or do some other of those mysterious things that caused him to look so mythical to the minds of land-lubbers and the simple-hearted kind of women that used to be, but now no longer are. His lighter hours (about eighteen out of the twenty-four) were passed in terpsichorean performances on the "fo'k'sl," and were so fascinating to the shorey mind that music was specially composed for them, and the "Sailor's Hornpipe" is one of the scourges inflicted upon mortals, for their sins, by barrel-organists at the present day. Grog was dealt out to him by the gallon, and, as for "backy," the light-hearted fellow was never allowed to suffer for want of *that*; so that his happiness may be said to have been complete.

Things are sadly changed, now, with regard to poor JACK. Every day we read of outrageous assaults upon him with marline-spikes and other perverted marine stores, by brutal skippers and flagitious mates, whose proper end would be the yard-arm and the rope's end. All belaying-pin and no pay has made JACK a dull boy. His wind-pipe refuses to furnish the whilom exhilarating tooraloo for his hornpipe. Silent are the "yarns" with which he used to while away the time when off his watch and huddling under the lee of the capstan with his messmates. And then, when he comes ashore, it is only to be devoured by the sharks that lie in wait for him and drag him away bodily to their obscene "boarding-house" dens.

Truly Noble.

WE have been requested to publish the following letter:

NEW-YORK, March 1, 1870.

TO THE PATRIOTS HAVING CHARGE OF THE MONUMENT TO VICTOR NOIR:

GENTLEMEN: I honor the brave! I am of America, American! I import from bleeding France her brandy, her champagne, her claret, her olives, and her sardines. I dispose of them at 1108 Lisperard street, New-York, where my peculiar facilities enable me to offer unusual inducements to the trade! I am with you and against tyrants! *Vive la freedom!* I inclose seven francs as a contribution to the monument!

D. E. D. BEITE.

Perennius Ære.

IN view of the recent long and luminous discourse by a distinguished United States Senator upon the subject of the funding bill, it is respectfully suggested that a part of the amount to be saved to the nation by this financial scheme shall be devoted to the erection of a "palace lifting to eternal SUMNER!"

A Question for Ben Butler's Nurse.

WAS the honorable member from Massachusetts *really* born with a silver spoon in his mouth?

The Witch and the Switch.

FASHIONABLE women are like the conventional school-mistress—they believe in the switch.

Naughty.

WHEN did the people send a cipher to the State Senate? When they sent NORTON there.

Postal.

FRANKLY speaking, can Senator REVEL's letters be called *Black-mail*?

Propagandism.

ANCIENT Rome was saved by a proper goose; modern Rome by a proper gander.

THE Sheriff's party tell us that they are always "watch" ful in the interest of the tax-payers. So they should be, for dont they own the most "repeaters"?

The Plays and Shows.

HAMLET—WITH A YELLOW WIG.



poet—his name is
of no consequence
—has defined the
evening as

“The close of the day
when the HAMLET
is still.”

Evidently he was
a bucolic, and not
a metropolitan
poet. Otherwise

he would have remembered that the close of the day, or, to speak with mathematical accuracy, the hour of eight P.M., is precisely the time when the HAMLET of a well-regulated theatrical community begins to make himself vocally prominent. A few nights since, we had no less than three HAMLETS propounding at the same time the unnecessary question, whether to be or not to be is the correct thing. The serious HAMLET of the eagle eye, and the burlesque HAMLET of the vulpine nose, are with us yet; but the rival of the latter, the HAMLET of the taurine neck, has gone to Boston, where his wiggish peculiarity will be better appreciated than it was in this Democratic city.

The late Mr. WEGG prided himself upon being a literary man—with a wooden leg. Mr. FECHTER aspires to be a HAMLET—with a yellow wig. Mr. WEGG had this advantage over Mr. FECHTER, that his literary ability did not wholly depend upon his ligneous leg. Mr. FECHTER's HAMLET, on the contrary, owes its existence solely to his wig. The key to his popularity must be sought in his yellow locks.

There are, it is true, meritorious points in Mr. FECHTER's Dane. One is his skill in fencing; another, the fact that he finally suffers himself to be killed. Unfortunately, this latter redeeming incident takes place only in the last scene of the play, and the Fat Prince has therefore abundant previous opportunity to mar the superb acting of Miss LECLERCQ. Why this admirable artist did not insist that her OPHELIA should receive a better support than was furnished by Messrs. BANGS, LEVICK, and FECHTER, at Niblo's Garden, is an insoluble mystery. She must have perceived the absurdity of drowning herself for a Prince—fair, fat, and faulty—who refused to give her a share of his “loaf,” and denied, with an evident eye to a possible breach of promise suit, that he had given her any “bresents.”

That Mr. FECHTER speaks English imperfectly is, however, the least of his defects. If he could not speak at all, his audience would have reason for self-congratulation. We might, too, forget that he is an obese, round-shouldered, short-necked, and eminently beery HAMLET, with a tendency to speak through his nose. But how can we overlook his incapacity to express the subtle changes of HAMLET's ever questioning mind? One of his admirers has recently quoted RUSKIN in his support. MR. FECHTER gives no heed to RUSKIN's axiom, that all true art is delicate art. There is no delicacy in his conception of HAMLET. True, he is impulsive and sensitive; but

this is due to his physical and not to his mental organization. A HAMLET without delicacy is quite as intolerable a spectacle as a *Grande Duchesse* without decency.

What, then, has given him his reputation? The answer is evident;—His yellow wig. NAPOLEON gilded the dome of the *Invalides*, and the Parisians forgot to murmur at the arbitrary acts of his reign. Mr. FECHTER crowns himself with a golden wig, and the public forgets to murmur at the five acts of his HAMLET.

In all other respects Mr. FECHTER's HAMLET is inferior to that of his rival Mr. FOX. It is not nearly as funny, and it is much less impressive. Both actors are wrong, however, in not omitting the graveyard scene. To make a burlesque of Death is to unlawfully invade the province of Messrs. BEECHER and FROTHINGHAM.

The popularity of Mr. FECHTER is only a new proof of the potency of yellow hair. It is the yellow hair of the British blonde, joined to that kindliness of disposition with which—like a personification of Charity—she “bareth all things,” that makes her a thing of beauty in the eyes of R. G. W., and a joy for as many seasons as her hair will keep its color. It is because Mr. FECHTER decided that the hair presumptive of the Royal Dane must have been yellow, that his name has grown famous in England.

The veracious chronicler relates that, on one occasion, Mr. VENUS deprived his literary friend with a wooden leg of that useful appendage. But that act of constructive mayhem did not destroy Mr. WEGG's literary reputation. Can Mr. FECHTER's HAMLET endure an analogous test? If he has confidence in himself, let him try it. He has gone to BOSTON for a change of air. When he returns to NEW-YORK, let it be for a change of hair. When he succeeds in drawing full houses to see him play HAMLET with raven curls, we shall believe that he is something more than simply a HAMLET—with a yellow wig. Until then we shall be constrained to class him with the other blonde burlesquers. MATADOR.

WHAT THE PRESS IS EXPECTED TO SAY OF US.

THERE is no trash in this paper.—*Literary Standard*.

PUNCHINELLO is a perfect beauty, and good as beautiful.—*Moralist*.

— a most suitable companion for our walks and meditations.—*Casulist*.

PUNCHINELLO pays beautifully.—*Cash Account*.

— just the thing for our mothers-in-law.—*Domestic Hearth*.

— its wisdom and learning are equally remarkable.—*College Club*.

PUNCHINELLO deserves to be styled A Brick.—*Midnight Male*.

— the most irreproachable thing going; and every man who does not buy a copy for himself, every week, and another for his wife, with one for each of his children, is a brute.—*Plain Speaker*.

— bully.—*Western Grazer*.

— knows beans.—*Horticulturist*.

— up to snuff.—*Market Reporter*.

— cock of the walk.—*Prairie Chicken*.

— perfectly lovely.—*Ladies' Voice*.

— read it, try to parse it, and then set it to music and sing it.—*Yankee Teacher*.

— the thing we dreamed of, longed for, sighed for, and paid for.—*Public at Large*.

A Walking Fish.

THE Walk in life of Mr. Secretary of State FISH, considering him as a private individual, has hitherto been irreproachable. Nevertheless, his walk might be much improved by President GRANT, if the latter would only teach him to Walk Spanish.

“Hole-in-the-Day.”

IT is stated, though on what authority we are unable to say, that the Philadelphia *Day* is printed on straw paper made from the surplus straw hats that formed an item of a notorious government contract negotiated during the war.



MESMERISM IN WALL STREET.

First Lady Broker, (entrancing subject.) "THERE, I'VE GOT HIM TO THE POINT NOW. TAKE HIM AT HIS WORD, QUICK."

Commodore V—nd—rb—lt, (murmurs.) "SELL ME ONE THOUSAND SHARES CENTRAL."

Second Lady Broker. "BOOKED!"

THE BALLAD OF CAPTAIN EYRE,

OF THE PACIFIC AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP "BOMBAY."

My name was ARTHUR EYRE, when I sailed,
When I sailed ;

My name was ARTHUR EYRE, when I sailed ;
My name was ARTHUR EYRE, a true British snob, I swear,
Who for Yankees didn't care, as I sailed.

I'd been taught at 'ome, per'aps, ere I sailed,
Ere I sailed ;

I'd been taught at 'ome, per'aps, ere I sailed ;
I'd been taught at 'ome, per'aps, that JOHN BULL his fingers snaps
At the "cussed Yankee chaps," ere I sailed.

So I steered across the seas, as I sailed,¹
As I sailed ;

I steered across the seas, as I sailed ;
I steered across the seas, and swilled my hale at hease ;
I was master, "if you please," as I sailed.

VICTORIA'S flag I flew, as I sailed,
As I sailed ;
VICTORIA'S flag I flew, as I sailed ;
VICTORIA'S flag I flew, and wore her colors too,
Like a British sailor true, as I sailed.

Off the shore of far Japan, as I sailed,
As I sailed ;
Off the shore of far Japan, as I sailed ;
Off the shore of far Japan, I a Yankee ship did scan,
That with helm a-starboard ran, as I sailed.

A curse rose to my lip, as I sailed,
As I sailed ;
A curse rose to my lip, as I sailed ;
A curse rose to my lip as on the Yankee ship
Through the darkness I did slip, as I sailed.

And I ran the Yankee down, as I sailed,
As I sailed ;
And I ran the Yankee down, as I sailed ;
Ay, I ran the Yankee down, and I left the dogs to drown,
While to Yokohama town on I sailed.

They say they showed a light, as I sailed,
As I sailed ;
They say they showed a light, as I sailed ;
They say they showed a light, to tell their hopeless plight,
But "I served them bloody right," as I sailed!

For my name is Captain EYRE, as I sail,
As I sail ;
My name is Captain EYRE, as I sail ;
For my name is Captain EYRE, and it's d——d absurd, I swear,
That for Yankees I should care, as I sail!

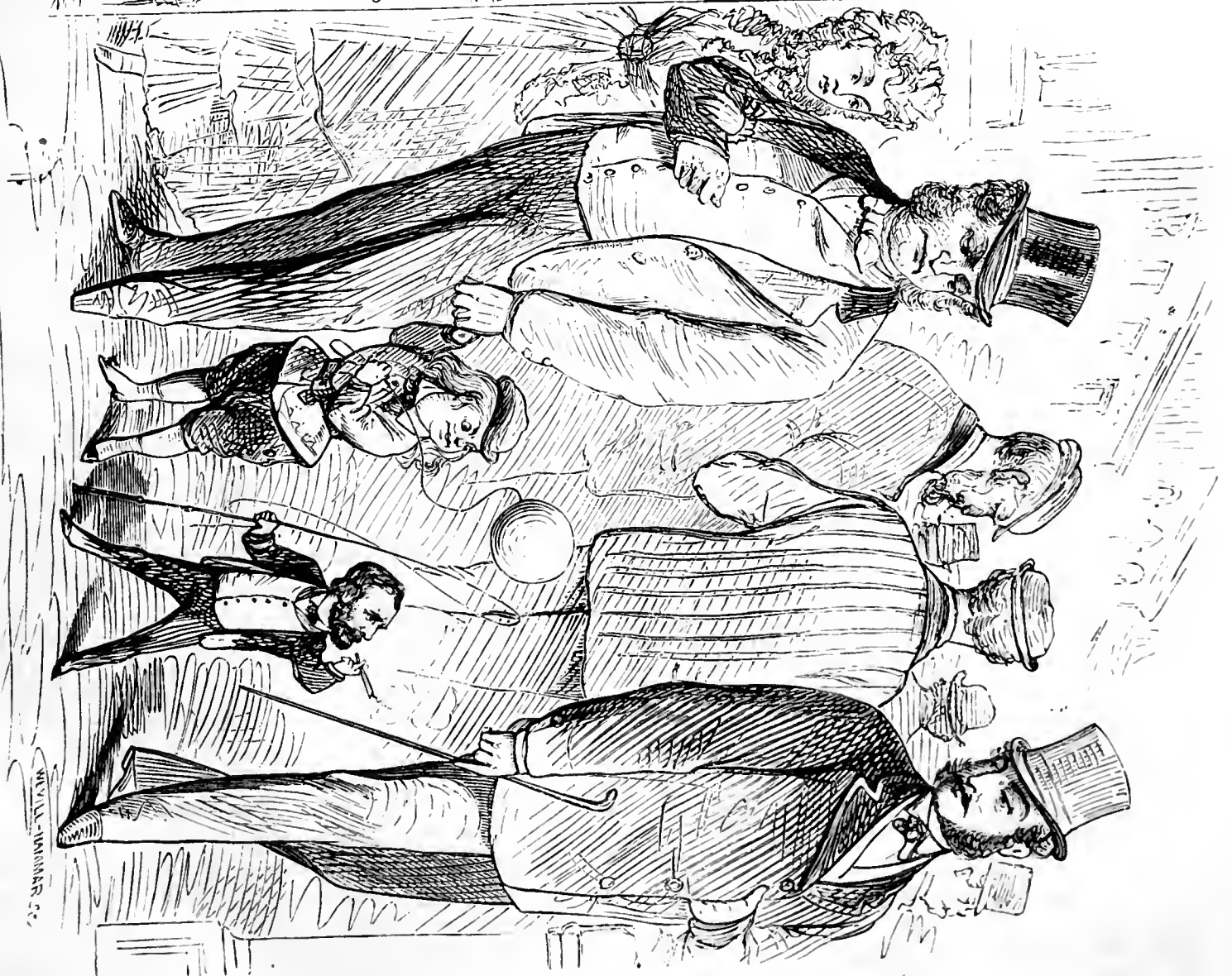
♦♦♦
"Arcades Ambo."

As there seem to be some disorganizing elements just now at work in the ancient and honorable order of the Knights of Pythias, might it not be well for them to compromise by a fraternal secession of the discontented spirits, who could form a kindred order under the title of the Deys of Damon?

♦♦♦
USEFUL MATERIAL FOR FANCY CLOG-DANCERS—Sandal-wood.



March 4, 1869.
A GIANT AMONG THE PIGMIES.



March 4 1870.
A PIGMY AMONG THE GIANTS.

PUNCHINELLO IN WALL STREET.



HAT it is not PUNCHINELLO's intention to overlook Wall street, may be absolutely taken at par. To look over Wall street is quite another matter, and P. knows how to do it to a T. Many a time at midnight, from his perch on the tip of the spire of Old Trinity, (a tip-top point from which to look over Wall street—you see the point?) has PUNCHINELLO beheld the ghosts of dead speculations floating hopelessly through the murky air. It could not be said of them that there was "no specula-

tion in those eyes." The ghost of a dead speculation was never so utterly damned, the eyes of a ghost of a dead speculation were never so absolutely dimmed, but that speculation of some kind might be discerned fluttering like a mummy-cloth from the shadowy outline of the former, and gleaming feebly from the gloomy goggles of the latter. Gleam on, poor ghosts! Goggle while you may, and gibber. PUNCHINELLO watches you with interest, (25 per cent.,) as you are weighed down to the very dirt of The Street by the night-fog of Despair, flapping your wings on a very small "margin," as if attempting vainly to "operate for a rise." Go down, poor ghosts; repair to your incandescent place below, for there is no hope for you. As we sit here upon our spire, we can not say to you, *Dum spiramus speramus*. Alas! no. We would like to do so, of course; but our sense of truth revolts against the enunciation of such a taradiddle.

Soon after daylight has been fully turned on, it is the wont of PUNCHINELLO to descend from his perch on the church, (rhyme,) and roam waywardly and invisibly among the denizens who occupy the dens of The Street. He knows all the ins and outs of the place, and has long been disgustingly familiar with its ups and downs. Gently has he dabbled in stocks, and no modern operator is half so conversant as he is with the juggles of the Stock Exchange. PUNCHINELLO, though as fresh and frisky, in mind and body, as a kid on a June morning, is older than he chooses to let every body know. Bless you all, readers dear! he was by when the Tulip-Mania was hatched, (mixed figure,) and it was he who punctured the great South Sea Bubble, and sent it on a burst. Ha! ha! he-e-e!—how he laughs when he recurs to those days of the long, long ago, with their miserable little swindles, no better than farthing candles, (allowable rhyme,) and their puny dodges devised for flagellating LUCIFER round a stump.

Just think of a lot of fellows pretending to play at Tulipmanias bolting Bubble-and-squeak, and not a jockey among them all had ever heard of "puts" and "calls." Deuce a one of them knew a "corner" from a cockatrice's egg, and if you had mentioned a "scoop" to the most intelligent of them, he'd have sworn that you had been and gone and swallowed a Scandinavian dictionary. (N. B. In this application the nave in Scandinavian might properly be spelt with a k.) Ah! yes, yes: What-d'ye-call him was wide-awake when he remarked to Thingumbob that "the world does move."

How strong the contrast to PUNCHINELLO as he glides, invisible, to and fro among the bulls and bears on 'Change, observing the "modern instances" of their improved manner of doing business, and taking all their devices into the corner of his brightest eye! (The only safe "corner" he knows of on The Street.) How he chuckles as he observes the ways of 'em—sees a bear selling that which he hasn't, and a bull buying that which he doesn't want—all "on a margin" and to "settle regular," of course. Bless you! children of the modern Mammon. Go in and win, or lose if

you find it more exciting. Learn to control finances, if you would fain grow to be good men and contribute hereafter good men to the taxable population. Proceed with your virtuous transactions on 'Change. Never mind each other's toes; they who have corns must not care for being cornered. (Meant playfully.) Inflate the market with your heavy purchases. Blow the market, and "corner the shorts." Be a "bear," if you will; and when you play at "bull," remember the frog in the fable, who would be an ox, and went on inflating until he burst.

You bloated stockmonger there, with your hands in your pockets and your eye on the mean chance, what care you how much capital is represented by certificates issued? "That's played out," you say? You know it is, you slimy salamander, and so does UNCHINELLO. You know that by the use of convertible bonds capital can be increased or diminished *ad infinitum*. Loan your millions to Erie, to save it from destruction or the Sheriff, (synonymous terms,) and you will derive sweet consolation from the consciousness of your power to add or diminish at will.

Look at the "Great Waterer." When he chose to "snake away" Erie from its friends, and make it tributary to New-York Central, the printing-press was at work—a fact which he did not discover until he had paid out ten millions. Then the foreigners purchased ream after ream of certificates to control Erie, and to-day their stock is declared not worth a row of pins, owing to the piles of money swallowed by the afflictive suits on the stamped certificates.

Observe SNIGGER and SNAGGER, too; mark the goings and comings of these partners in business and iniquity. How regularly they have kept swearing that their business never paid, and yet their dividends always increased when they wished to distribute their stock.

And here is one who—more audacious, far, than King CANUTE of old—would control even the ocean. This man starts a Pacific Mail with a capital of ten millions, increases the amount to twenty millions, and swears it is worth thirty. Then he "puts his foot in it" and shows the knave in his deal, (dealings—jocular,) by selling the stock at thirty-five.

This from PUNCHINELLO, as he looks over The Street—and through it—from his lofty pinnacle. Don't strain your precious eyes and necks in fruitless endeavors to discover him there, since he can make himself invisible at will. But listen, ye men of The Street, with all your ears, (Erie,) and you will hear a solemn chant like unto that of the *muezzin* from the minaret. 'Tis the voice of PUNCHINELLO wafting sonorously from his tower the instructive moral—

"Whoe'er sells stocks as isn't his'n,
Must pay up or go to pris'n."

A New Conglomerate Pavement.

It was well said by a saucy Frenchman, "that England had fifty religions but only one sauce." Paraphrasing this loosely, we may say of New-York, that she has a dozen different pavements and deuce a good one. There was the "Russ," on which the horses used to be "let slide," but couldn't trot; the "Belgian," of dubious repute; the "Nicholson," which, from its material, must have been invented by "Nick of the Woods;" the "Mouse-trap," set to catch other things than mice; the "Fiske," a pavement pitched in altogether too high a key to be pleasant; The "Stafford," the "Stow," and several others which it would be painful to enumerate here. Why doesn't the daily press look lively, and devise a better pavement than any of these? There's STONE, of the *Journal of Commerce*; WOOD, of the *News*; MARBLE, of the *World*; and BRICK, of the *Democrat*. Let them put their heads together and give us a good conglomerate.

A Hopeful Anticipation.

Now that the darkeys are about to take part in national legislation, we shall probably be able to negotiate a postal treaty with France.

On one Drowned.

He left a large circle, etc.!



SYMPATHY WITH CUBA.

Enthusiastic Sympathizer. "What I say is, we *must* have our cigars; and therefore, Cuba *must* be ours."

MR. GREELEY'S AIDS TO LITERARY EFFORT.

ON the general principle that "no one is a hero to his valet," not even a valetudinarian, it may be safely asserted that the divinity that doth hedge most great writers is lost the moment their admirers become acquainted with their habits of thought and methods of composition. The popular delusion that H. G. "knows every thing" is calculated to work indefinite injury to some modest men who are supposed to "know something." GREELEY's mind, like a *camera obscura*, may be said to retain its impressions while in the dark, and to lose them when exposed to the light. He has never, to any extent, heeded the scriptural injunction against walking in darkness, which explains why so many *Tribune* readers are in the dark concerning the truth and justice of popular questions. Consequently, as in the case of other great men, when GREELEY's mind becomes pregnant with a theme, moved to pity by the neglected education and limited mental resources of many of his readers, he repairs to one of his numerous literary lairs, and ransacks the pages of the Past for plunder befitting his pen and party. When he is about to write an editorial article on Protection, he invariably prepares his mind by reading several chapters on the "Manly Art of Self-Defense," which accounts for the wisdom and brilliancy displayed by him on the subject of tariffs. In order to approach a discussion of the subject of vegetarianism without prejudice, H. G. repairs to the wheezy WINDUST's, where, for hours at a time, he literally "crams" with his favorite dish of pork and beans. The Amelioration of the condition of the Working Classes is another favorite theme with GREELEY, and, in order to discuss clearly and cogently the many phases and ramifications of this lively and exciting topic, he devotes several hours to the study of "Idleness as a Fine Art." Before writing a particularly funny or spirited article upon Politics, the Fine Arts, or the Drama, H. G., it is said,

may be seen for several hours at the Astor Library, poring over BURTON's *Anatomy of Melancholy*. While in the throes of literary labor upon *The Great Conflict*, he had numerous dogmatic discussions with Mr. KIT BURNS, participated in several flights of the "fancy" to the bird-battling haunts of New-Jersey, and even pursued the ministers of muscle to the scene of their bucolic pastimes in the P. R. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to remark that Mr. GREELEY's *Recollections of a Busy Life* were inspired almost directly by frequent collusion with the pages of DE QUINCEY and COLERIDGE, whose wild lives and turbulent experiences possess a peculiar charm for the Triton of the *Tribune*. When Mr. GREELEY wishes to write against capital punishment—which he does about every time the moon changes—he naturally turns over a few pages of *Thirty Years in Washington*. When he purposes to tempt the bounding bean of the kitchen garden of Chappaqua, or humble the hopeful harrow of agriculture, he may be found either at the Italian Opera, serenely sleeping under the soporific strains of *Sonnambula*, or at the Circus, benignly blinking at the agglomerating Arabs. The inspiration for that thrilling story in real life, entitled, *What I Know about Farming*, is said to have been received almost wholly from the state of somnolency induced by that clever clairvoyant, the Rev. Dr. CHAPIN. A curious notion exists in the minds of a few ignorant persons, to the effect that Mr. GREELEY vexes his mellow mind for essays on the temperance question with frequent and numerous imbibitions of "soda straight;" but it is high time that this popular error was exploded. All who have seen Mr. GREELEY in the bar-room of a certain city hotel, dashing down brandy or pouring down whisky, and have next morning perused a *Tribune* editorial on "The Evils of Intemperance," need not be reminded of the chief source of H. G.'s animated style and vigorous diction. An extended walk along the beautiful avenues

PUNCHINELLO'S LYRICS.

No. 1.

Ho! I am the jolly repeater,
And I train with the magical band,
Who the legerdemain of the ballot
With the skill of a wizard command.

Once a year every poll I explore,
Honest voting is Greenland to me;
Free suffrage is ever my motto,
To my amnesty judges agree.

The trickster inspector I loathe, sir!
Or the canvasser's pencils that thief;
Voting early and often is nobler
Than ballots to change from one's sleeve.

No eight hours' labor I ask for,
Votes from sunrise to sunset I cast;
They are bread on political waters,
And my sinecures follow them fast.

WILLIAM B. and his millionaire crew
Will only vote once, sir; while I
(Who to scorn laugh the honest assessors)
Plump a score to their one—on the sly!

Who asks for my name? I repeat it—
Ho! the jolly repeater am I;
Each book of the registry knows me,
And I'm now in the market—Who'll buy?

(The above may be sung *du capo*, which is Italian for "repeat.")

Music and Morals in Chicago.

THE *Marriage of Figaro* did not interest the Chicago people when it was produced in that peculiar city. Had it been called the "Divorce of Figaro," it would have aroused their warmest admiration.

of the city, or a drive through Central Park, invariably prepares Mr. GREELEY's mind for the birth of an article on the advantages to young men of leaving the metropolis and seeking homes in the West. Some months ago, Mr. GREELEY purchased a small, select library, which contains, among other choice works, the sweet pastoral productions of SYLVANUS COBB, Jr.; the quaint and exhilarating narratives of EUGENE SUE; the wholesome and harmless fictions of NED BUNTLINE, together with the complete poetical works of MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER, and it was from the perusal of these comforting and pellucid contributions to American literature that Mr. GREELEY caught the spirit and the style which distinguish his thrilling work on Political Economy. But something too much of this. We would not embitter the life of Mr. GREELEY, at present, by any further revelations, and therefore we let the subject drop.

CONDENSED CONGRESS.

SENATE.



At the opening, Senator SUMNER rose to a personal explanation. In fact, he always does. He said that General PRIM had disowned having had any thing to do with him upon the Cuban question. General PRIM was perfectly correct. (Applause.) He did not know much about the Cuban question; but he flattered himself that he was familiar with the gurreat purrinciples of Eternal Justice, and he intended to apply them to the solution of all our political

problems. He said that Lord COKE had justly and eloquently observed *de minimis non curat lex*. He thought this would apply to our relations with the Island, where, although the sugar-cane lifts its lofty top and the woodbine twineth, the accursed spirit of caste still prevails. He begged to bring to the attention of the Senate and the country the amended lines of the sacred poet:

"What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Cuba's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?"

The Senate would say with CICERO, *de non apparentibus et non existentibus, eadem est ratio*, and they would remember with reference to the revolutionists of Cuba the great saying of Lord BACON, "Put a beggar on horseback, and he will go to the Senate from Massachusetts." Whatever the issue of the Cuban contest might be, he could lay his hand upon his heart, and say with the Mantuan bard, "*Homo sum*," or, in the language of our own SHAKESPEARE, that which we call a rose by any other name would smell as sweet. These were all the sentiments he could find in his library which bore directly upon this subject.

Senator SUMNER then introduced a bill to provide for the resumption of specie payments. The bill sets forth that it shall hereafter be a felony for any person to make tender of any thing other than gold and silver to any person of African descent, in any of the States lately in rebellion. In moving the bill, the senator said that its passage was imperatively demanded by several negroes whom he knew, and that he would not consent to deliver these helpless persons into the hands of their late masters without some such guarantee as this bill furnished. He quoted from ARISTOTLE, LOCKE, and BURKE to prove that classes liable to oppression were apt to be oppressed.

Senator TRUMBULL wished to know what that had to do with the resumption of specie payments.

Senator SUMNER considered the inquiry impertinent. The great principles of justice were always in order.

Senator GARRET DAVIS took the floor, and made a neat speech of three days and a half in opposition to the bill. He said he was a Democrat, and he always had been a Democrat. The founders of the republic would weep if they could see what the government had come to. What would CLAY and CALHOUN have said to seeing such men as his honorable friend from Nevada (Mr. NYE) and himself in the Senate? If he might be permitted to infringe upon the domain of the senator from Massachusetts, he would quote SHAKESPEARE, "What should such fellows as I do, crawling between heaven and earth?" (Loud applause.) At the close of Mr. DAVIS's speech his friends came in from WELCKER's, and congratulated him on having got through. Exhausted nature made the Senate adjourn.

HOUSE.

After some general sparring, of which a set-to between Mr. GARFIELD and Mr. HAIGHT formed the most conspicuous feature, the cadetship question came up. Mr. VOORHEES explained that he never had sold any cadetships. Mr. LOGAN wished to know who said he had. Mr. VOORHEES remarked that Mr. LOGAN was another. Mr. VOORHEES explained that he had appointed the son of a constituent, and that subsequently to the appointment he had taken a drink at the expense and the request of the constituent. He always took his straight, and the cost to his constituent was only fifteen cents. Which one of his colleagues would have acted otherwise? (Voices, "Not one.")

Mr. BUTLER denounced the course of Mr. VOORHEES. For his part, he saw no impropriety in selling cadetships or any thing else. What do gentlemen suppose that cadetships exist for, if it is not for the emolument of congressmen? He considered his patronage as a part of his perquisites. This had been the guiding principle of his life, alike in his military and his political career. He considered the action of Mr. VOORHEES to be an act of deliberate treachery to this House. If he accepted a pitiful drink in return for his official influence, he was guilty of a gross offense in cheapening the price of patronage. A cadetship was worth \$500 if it was worth a cent. If, on the other hand, he gave his cadetship away, his conduct was even more culpable; for other congressmen might be weak enough to follow his baleful example, and the market would be broken down. He advocated the formation of a Congressional Labor Union to determine the value of these appointments, and to expel all members who took less than the standard rate. This was what was done in other branches of business, and if his colleagues wished to be like him, the little busy B. F. B., and improve each shining hour, this is what they would do.

And then the House adjourned.

READY-MADE EPITAPHS.

On a Departed Clown.

Though lost to sight, to mummery dear.

On a Faithful Book-keeper.

Posted up.

Wring the Belles.

American belles ought to make good housewives, because they put up with little or no waist.

To whom it may Concern.

PERSONS who take music by the wholesale are informed that they can procure it of the street organ-grinders, who dispose of it by the Barrel.

Voice in the Air.

"WHAT is honor? Air."—Sir JOHN FALSTAFF.

"What is dishonor? EYRE."—Every body.

The "Cumming" Man.

The "sensation" editor of the *Sun*.



"BLAG YER BOOTS, MISTER!"

KING OAKEY THE FIRST, OF IRELAND.

BY ALDERMAN ROONEY.

HOORAH! the dawn begins to break,
Ould Ireland's sons at last awake,
And from their sowls the shackles shake
That long have kept them under.
Arise, then, brave Phœnicians all,
Obey your noble ginerals call;
From off the steps of City Hall
You hear his voice of thunder!

O OAKEY, darlin'! you're the wan
To take ould Erin by the han';
We'll pummel the Britishers every man,
And make you King of Ireland!

Go rowl the news across the say,
Of how we spint the glorious day,
A hundred thousand on Broadway,
And more upon the Island.
Go tell the lords in Parlamint,
Of how Saint PATRICK's day was spint,
And see if they don't reduce the rint
On every fut of dry land.

O OAKEY, darlin'! you're the wan
To take ould Erin by the han';
We'll pummel the Britishers every man,
And make you King of Ireland!

Go tell them how you raised the flag,
The green above their crimson rag,
And should they talk of Yankee brag,
We'll tache them how to rue it.
Go tell them how all day you stud,
Wid both your nate feet in the mud,
As if it had been Saxon blood
And you wor fightin' thro' it!

O OAKEY, darlin'! you're the wan
Who've tuk ould Erin by the han';
We'll pummel the Britishers every man,
And make you King of Ireland!

Your innimies say you're not sincere,
Nor care a straw for Irish here,
Unless whin 'lection time is near,
And Irish votes are wanted.

A Huge Sell.

THE appointing to cadetships at West-Point.

The Most Religious Editor in New-York.

C. A. DANA—because every week-day is observed as a "*Sun*" day by him.

A Good General Idea.

A NEAT practical joke was that perpetrated by one of our contributors, who, having been requested to bring us "something pat," walked into our office a day or two after with a couple of Fenian generals in tow.

A Happy Thought.

THE Elevated Railway is worked by means of what is known to engineers as an "endless rope." Might it not be well to work the murderers and robbers of New-York on the same principle?

Abnormal.

ONE of the strangest anomalies in color known is to be observed at Mobile and other places on the Southern coast, where black men are frequently Bay pilots.

But don't you throuble yourself at all,
We'll drive your innimies to the wall;
We know you better, OAKEY HALL,
Than take sich stuff for granted.

No! OAKEY, darlin', you're the wan
Who've tuk ould Erin by the han';
We'll pummel the Britishers every man,
And make you King of Ireland!

They say you want to be Mayor once more,
And after that, to be Governore—
As if you wouldn't be needed before,
To lade the Faynians over.
And they say you raise this hullabaloo,
'Bout Ireland's wrongs, and Cuba's too,
That Irish fools might cotton to you,
And you might sit in clover.

But no! for OAKEY, you're the wan
That tuk ould Erin by the han';
We'll pummel the Britishers every man,
And make you King of Ireland!

Oh! no; we are not so aisy schooled,
By slanders bought wid Saxon goold;
They'll find, who think us so aisy fooled,
How much they underrate us.
Then up, mavrone! and take your stand,
The layder of the Faynian band,
And King you'll soon be of the land
Of shamrogues and potatoes!

Yes! OAKEY, darlin', you're the wan
That tuk ould Erin by the han';
We'll pummel the Britishers every man,
And make you King of Ireland.

So, good Saint PATRICK, bless the day
Whin Ginerall HALL will march away,
Across the deep and briny say,
My country's bonds to sever;
And bless him whin he goes ashore,
And whin he walks in British gore,
And whin he's Ireland's King asthore,
Oh! may he live forever.

Yes! OAKEY, darlin', you're the wan
That tuk ould Erin by the han';
An' you'll be King of all her lan',
King OAKEY First, of Ireland.

A. T. STEWART & CO.

ARE MAKING

GREAT REDUCTIONS

In the Prices of the Goods

IN ALL THE DEPARTMENTS

OF THEIR

Retail Establishment,

NAMELY,

Silks, Satins, Velvets, Dress Goods,

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India Camel's Hair Shawls,

Ladies', Misses', and Children's

Walking-Suits, Reception-Dresses,

Morning-Robes, Undergarments,

Infants' Wardrobes,

Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods of every
Description,

Housekeeping and House-furnishing

Goods, Linens, Sheetings, Damasks,

Damask Table-Cloths, Napkins,

Towels, Towelings,

Blankets, Flannels,

Quilts Counterpanes, Carpets, Mats,

Rugs, English and American

Oil-Cloths,

Upholstery Goods in Brocatelles,

Silk Terrys, Plain Satins, Figured

Cotelaines, Striped Reps,

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THE UMBRELLA.

A VIEW OF THE SHADY SIDE OF LIFE.



RIPE pippin falling upon the head of Sir ISAAC NEWTON (a clear case of hard cider on the brain) suggested the laws of gravitation. An elderly countryman passing my window this clear bright day, attended by his faithful umbrella, suggested the following reflections.

The term Umbrella comes from the Latin *umbrā*, a shade—the whole signifying “keep shady.”

This definition well describes the nature of the article; for, as it undoubtedly “keeps shady” in fine weather when the sun is fervent, so it is apt to “keep

shady” in rainy weather, when most wanted.

It is as difficult to say when the umbrella came, or where it came from, as it is to tell where it goes to. Rumor hath it, however, that it came in (that is, out of the rain) with NOAH. The story (as given us by an antiquarian relative) says that when the Ark was built the camelopard was forgotten, and it was found necessary to cut a hole in the roof to accommodate the animal's neck. This done, SHEM sat upon the roof and held an umbrella. SHEM thus raised the umbrella. Then our further question follows, Where did he raise it? Evidently he raised the umbrella on the Ark.

These theories seem to us to be entitled to serious consideration; and certainly it is a reasonable belief that, as the present suffering from the high price of clothing is due to the sin of our first parents, so the umbrella is the curse entailed by royalty, coming in with the First Reign spoken of in history.

The umbrella appears again in ancient time in connection with DANIEL, who, it is said, carried one into the lions' den. The authority for this is a historical painting that has fallen into the hands of an itinerant showman. A curious fact is stated with reference to this picture, namely, that DANIEL so closely resembled the lions in personal appearance that it was necessary for the showman to state that “DANIEL might easily be distinguished from the lions on account of the blue cotton umbrella under his right arm.”

For what purpose this umbrella may have been carried we can only surmise.

The most probable theory is, that it was to be used there to intimidate the lions, as it has since been used toward mad bulls and other ferocious beasts.

We have now taken hold pretty firmly of what may be called the handle of the umbrella. We have learned that, as ADAM raised CAIN, NOAH raised the umbrella, and DANIEL carried one.

We have learned further that the umbrella carried by DANIEL was a blue cotton umbrella—undoubtedly the most primitive type of the umbrella.

It is one of this class that your country friend brings down with him, that darkeneth the heavens as with a canopy and maketh you ashamed of your company. It is such an umbrella as this that is to be found or might have been found, in ancient days, in every old farm-house—one that covered the whole household when it went to church, occupying as much room when closed as would the tent of an Arab.

We have heard it said that it was the impossibility of two umbrellas of this nature passing each other on a narrow road which led to the invention of covered wagons.

There is nothing lovely about a blue cotton umbrella, though there may have been *under* it at times and seasons. Skeletons of the species, much faded as to color, much weakened as to whalebone, may still be found here and

there in backwoods settlements, where they are known as “umbrells;” there are but few perfect specimens in existence.

The present style of the umbrella is varied, and sometimes elegant. The cover is of silk; the ribs are of steel oftener than of bone, and the handle is wrought into divers quaint and beautiful shapes. The most common kind is the *hooked umbrella*. Most people have hooked umbrellas—or, if this statement be offensive to any one, we will say that most people have had umbrellas hooked. The chance resemblance of this expression to one signifying to abstract illegally that which properly belongs to another, reminds us to speak of the singular fact that the umbrella is not property. This is important. It rests on judicial decision, and becomes more important when we remember that by similar decision the negro is property, and that, therefore, until emancipation, the umbrella was superior to the negro. The judicial decision cited will be found reported in *Vanity Fair*, liber 3, page 265, and was on this wise: A man being arraigned for stealing an umbrella, pleaded that it rained at the time, and he had no umbrellā. On these grounds he was discharged, and the judge took the umbrella. (We may notice here how closely this decision has been followed, even down to modern times, and touching other matters than umbrellas.)

This established the fact that the umbrella was not property that could be bought, sold, and stolen, but a free gift of the manufacturer to universal creation. The right of ownership in umbrellas ranked henceforward with our right to own the American continent, being merely a right by discovery.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Depressing for Chicago.

THE Chicago press has given up all hopes of the PRINCE OF WALES since he has proved his innocence in regard to Lady MORDAUNT. Chicago had begun to look upon him with mildly patronizing favor, when he was accused of a share in a really first-class divorce case; but now that his innocence is established, there is no longer any extenuating circumstance which can induce Chicago to overlook the infamous crime of his royal birth.

Latest from the Isthmus of Suez.

OF all men, the followers of MOHAMMED are the most candid; since, no matter of what you accuse them, they always acknowledge the Koran.

Right and Left.

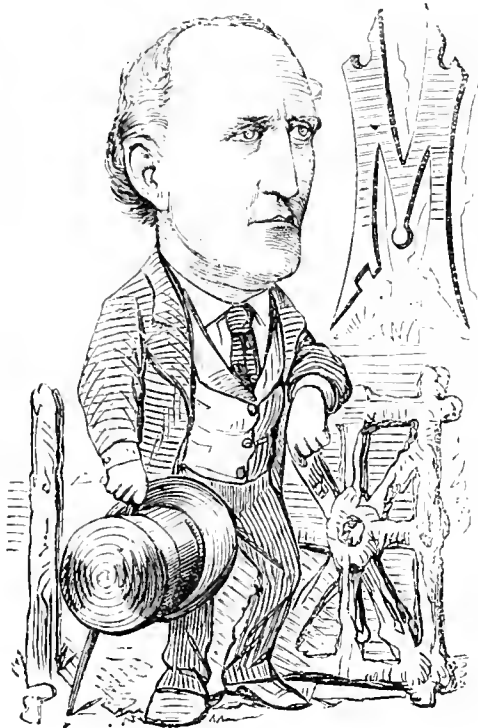
BECAUSE the P. & O. Directors have suspended their EYRE, we are not called upon to suspend our anger. We decline to believe that he can justify himself in leaving the Oneida, however blameless he may have been in the matter of the collision. Because the Oneida was Left it does not follow that the Bombay was Right.



Mr. Pugsby. "I THINK, MY DEAR, WE'VE GIVEN HIM LAUDANUM ENOUGH. SUPPOSE WE TRY A LITTLE STRYCHNINE?"

Mrs. Pugsby. "BUT MIGHTN'T THAT HURT HIM?"

THE PLAYS AND SHOWS.



R. BOUCICAULT might properly be called the author of the elementary Drama. Not because his plays, like elementary lessons in French, are peculiarly aggravating to the well-regulated mind, but because of his fondness for employing one of the elements of nature—fire, water, or golden hair—in the production of the sensation which invariably takes place in the fourth or fifth act of each of his popular dramas. In the *Streets of New-York*, he made a hit by firing a building at the spectacularly disposed audience. In *Formosa*, he gave us a boat-race; and in *Lost at*

Sea, now running at WALLACK'S, he has renewed his former fondness for playing with fire. The following condensed version of this play is offered to the readers of PUNCHINELLO, with the assurance that, though it may be a little more coherent than the unabridged edition, it is a faithful picture of the sort of thing that Mr. BOUCICAULT, aided and abetted by Mr. WALLACK, thinks proper to offer to the public.

LOST AT SEA.

ACT I. *Scene 1. Enter Virtuous Banker.* "I have embezzled WALTER CORAM'S money, and he is coming from India to claim it. I am a ruined man."

Enter Unprincipled Clerk. "Not so. WALTER CORAM is lost at sea, and we will keep the money."

Virtuous Banker. "Thank heaven! I am not found out, and can remain an honest man as usual."

Scene 2. Enter Comic Villain. "I am just released from prison and must soon meet my wife. (*Swears and smashes in his hat.*)"

Enter Unprincipled Clerk. "Not so. WALTER CORAM is lost at sea. Personate him, draw his money, and share it with me."

Comic Villain. "I will. (*Swears and smashes in his hat.*)"

Scene 3. Enter Miss Effie Germon. (Aside.) "I am supposed to be a virtuous and vagabond boy. I hate to show my ankles in ragged trowsers, but I must." (*Shows them. Applause.*)

Enter Daughter of Comic Villain. "I love the unprincipled clerk; but there is a sick stranger up-stairs who pokes the fire in a way that I can hardly resist. Be firm, my heart. Shall I be untrue to my own unprincipled—"

Enter Unprincipled Clerk. "Not so. WALTER CORAM is lost at sea, and I must leave these valuable boxes in your hands for safe-keeping." (*Leaves the boxes, and then leaves himself.*)

Enter Sick Stranger. "I am WALTER CORAM. Those are my boxes. Somebody is personating me. Big thing on somebody. Let him go ahead." (*Curtain.*)

Young Lady in the Audience. "Isn't EFFIE GERMON perfectly lovely?"

Accompanying Bostonian Youth. "Yes; but you should see RISTORI in *Marie Antoinette*. There is a sweetness and light about the great tragédienne which—"

Heavy old Party, to contiguous Young Man. "Don't think much of this; do you? Now, in TOM PLACIDE'S day—"

Contiguous and aggrieved Young Man pleads an engagement and hastily goes out.

ACT II. *Scene 1. Virtuous Banker's Villa. Comic Villain, Unprincipled Clerk, and Wealthy Heroine dining with the Banker.*

Enter Original Coram. "I am WALTER CORAM; but I can't prove it, the villains having stolen my bootjack."

Enter Comic Villain, who smashes in his hat, and swears.

Original Coram. (Approaching him.) "This is WALTER CORAM, I believe? I knew you in India. We boarded together. Don't you remember old FUTTYGHUR ALLAHABAD, and the rest of our set?"

Comic Villain, in great mental torture. "Certainly; of course: I said so at the time. (*Swears and smashes in his hat.*) (*Exeunt omnes, in search of Virtuous Banker.*)"

Scene 2. Enter Miss Effie Germon, by climbing over the wall. "I hate to climb over the wall and show my ankles in these nasty trowsers, but I must." (*Shows them. Applause.*)

Enter Daughter of Comic Villain. "Great Heavings! What do I see? My beloved clerk offering himself to the wealthy heroine? I must faint!" (*Faints.*)

Enter aristocratic lover of wealthy heroine, and catches the faintress in his arms. Wealthy heroine catches him in the act. Tableau of virtuous indignation. (Curtain.)

Young Lady before-named. "Isn't EFFIE GERMON perfectly sweet?"

Bostonian Youth. "Yes; but RISTORI—"

Eighty Young Men. "Let's go out for drinks."

ACT III. *Scene 1. Enter Daughter of Comic Villain.* "My clerk is false, and I don't care a straw for him. Consequently, I will drown myself."

Enter Original Coram. "I am WALTER CORAM; but I can't prove it, the villains having stolen my Calcutta latch-key. Better not drown yourself, my dear. You'll find it beastly wet. Don't do it." (*She doesn't do it.*) (*Curtain.*)

Young Lady before-named. "Isn't EFFIE GERMON perfectly beautiful?"

Bostonian Youth. "Yes. But at her age RISTORI—"

Heavy old Party murmurs in his sleep of ELLEN TREE. More young men go out to get drinks.

ACT IV. *Scene 1. Enter Virtuous Banker.* "All is lost. There is a run on the bank—"

Enter Unprincipled Clerk. "WALTER CORAM presents check for £743. We have no funds. Shall we pay it?"

Enter Original Coram. (Aside.) "I am WALTER CORAM; but I can't prove it, the villains having taken my other handkerchief. (*To the Banker.*) Sir, you once gave me a penny, and you have since embezzled my fortune. How can I repay such noble conduct? Here is a bag of gold. Take it and pay your creditors."

Scene 2. Enter Unprincipled Clerk and Comic Villain.

Unprincipled Clerk. "The original CORAM has turned up. We must turn him down again. I will burn him in his bed to-night."

Comic Villain. "Burn him; but don't attempt any violence. (*Swears and smashes in his hat.*)"

Scene 4. Enter Original Coram. "I am WALTER CORAM; but I can't prove it—I forget precisely why. What is this in my coffee? Opium! It is, by SIVA, VISHNU, and others! They would fain drug my drink. Ha! Ha! I have drank, eaten, smoked, chewed, and snuffed opium for ninety years. I like it. So did my parents. I am, so to speak, the child of poppy. Ha! What do I see? Flames twenty feet high all around me! Can this be fire? The wretches mean to burn me alive! (*Aside*—And they'll do it too, some night, if Moss don't keep a sharp look-out after those lazy carpenters.)"

Enter Miss Effie Germon. (Aside.) "I must get on the roof and drag CORAM out. I hate to do it; for I shall have to show my ankles in these horrid trowsers. But I suppose I must." (*Gets on the roof with Comic, Villain's Daughter shows ankles, lifts up roof and saves Coram, amid whirlwinds of applause and smoke.—Curtain.*)

Young Lady before-named. "Isn't EFFIE GERMON too lovely?"

Bostonian Youth. "Yes. RISTORI is, however—"

Heavy old Party. "This fire business is dangerous, sir. Never saw it done at the old Park. EDMUND KEAN would—"

ACT V. *Enter Original Coram.* "I am WALTER CORAM. I can now prove it by simply mentioning the fact. I love the daughter of the Comic Villain, and will marry her."

Unprincipled Clerk. "All is lost except WALTER CORAM, who ought to be. I will go to Australia, at once. (*He goes.*)"

Comic Villain, (smashes his hat over his eyes and swears.)

Virtuous Banker. "Bless you, my children. I forgive you all the injuries I have done you." (*Curtain.*)

Every body in the audience. "How do you like—Real fire; STODDART's faces are—Real fire; EFFIE GERMON is—Real fire; Come and take—Real fire; JIM WALLACK is always at home in—Real fire; There is nothing in the play but—Real fire."

Misanthropic Critic, to gentlemanly Treasurer. "Can I have two seats for to-morrow night?"

Treasurer. "All sold, sir. Play draws better than *Ours!*"

Misanthropic Critic. Well! no matter. I only wanted to send my mother-in-law, knowing that the house must take fire some night. However, I'll read the play to her instead; if she survives that, she isn't mortal.

Suggestion kindly made to Manager Moss.—Have the fire scene take place in the first act, and let all the *dramatis personæ* perish in the flames. Thus shall the audience be spared the vulgar profanity of STODDART's "Comic Villain," the absurdity of WALLACK's "Coram," the twaddle of HIELD's "Virtuous Banker," and the impossible imbecility of FISHER's "Unprincipled Clerk." Miss GERMON in trowsers, and Miss HENRIQUES in tears, are very nice; but they do not quite redeem the wretchedness of the play. The sooner Mr. Moss gives up his present flame and returns to his early love—legitimate comedy—the better.

MATADOR.

HOW TO BEHAVE AT A THEATRE.

MR. PUNCHINELLO: I take it you are willing to receive useful information. Of course you are. Why? Because, while you may be humorous, you intend also to be sensible. I have in my day been to the theatre not a little. I have seen many plays and many audiences. I know—or, at least, think I do—what is good acting, and what good manners. Suffer me, then, briefly to give you a few hints as to how an audience should behave. I shall charge nothing for the information, though I am frank to insinuate that it is worth a deal—of the value, perhaps, of a great deal table.

First. Always take a lady with you to the play. It will please her, whatever the bother to you. Besides, you will then be talked to. If you make a mess of it in trying to unravel the plot, she will essentially aid you in that direction. Nothing like a woman for a plot—especially if you desire to plunge head foremost into one.

Second. If you have any loud conversation to indulge in, do it while the play is going on. Possibly it may disturb your neighbors; but you do not ask them to hear it. Hail Columbia! isn't this a free country? If you have any private and confidential affairs to talk over, the theatre is the place in which to do it. Possibly strangers may not comprehend all the bearings; but that is not your fault. You do your best—who can do better?

Third. If you have an overcoat or any other garment, throw it across the adjoining or front seat. Never mind any protests of frown or word. Should not people be willing to accommodate? Of course they should. Prove it by putting your dripping umbrella against the lady with the nice moire antique silk. It may ruffle her temper; but that's her business, not yours; she shouldn't be ridiculous because well dressed.

Fourth. Try and drop your opera-glass half a dozen times of an evening. If it makes a great racket—as of course it will—and rolls a score of seats off, hasten at once to obtain possession of the frisky instrument. Let these little episodes be done at a crisis in the play where the finest points are being evolved.

Fifth. Of course you carry a cane—a very ponderous cane. What for? To use it, obviously. Contrive to do so when every body is silent. What's the use in being demonstrative in a crowd? It don't pay. Besides, you dog, you know your *forte* is in being odd. Odd fellow—you. See it in your brain—only half of one. Make a point to bring down your cane when there is none, (point, not cane,) and shout out "Good!" or "Bravo!" when you have reason to believe other people are going to be quiet.

Sixth. Never go in till after a play begins, and invariably leave in the middle of an act, and in the most engaging scene.

These are but a few hints. However, I trust they are good as far as they go. I may send you a half-dozen more. In the mean time I remain

Yours, truly,

O. FOGY.

PROSPECTUS.

It shall be our highest ambition to realize our own wishes and to fulfil our own predictions.

Our principles are moral to the last degree.

Our politics defy competition; and it shall be our constant endeavor to make them more so.

Our literary and scientific articles are our own, and consequently above criticism.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS

Will include drawings on wood by our most PROMISING YOUNG ARTISTS.



Besides the usual agricultural, shipping, and market reports, we shall publish

THE BEST BON MOTS OF THE PULPIT.

Soon to appear in our columns,

A SERIAL, ENTITLED,
"IMPRESSIONS OF MODERN TRAVEL."



Also,

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ART-ANATOMY;
Exclusively for beginners.

Together with

"RESEARCHES IN THE POCKETS OF OUR SUBSCRIBERS;"

With appropriate-(ing) views.

In order to insure the widest possible influence, and consequently usefulness, we are prepared to offer the most

LIBERAL TERMS.

Any one sending us full subscription price, and ten dollars additional, will be entitled to

ONE OF OUR AUTOGRAPH ESSAYS.

Any one sending us the names of thirty new subscribers will receive by mail, post-paid,

OUR PHOTOGRAPH;

Or, if preferred, Luther's wedding-ring and mug; or, our own wedding-ring, with the mugs of our wife and children.

For *Club Rates*, refer to a Justice of the Peace.

Answer to Correspondents: Sketch not available.

V. H. to Punchinello.

THE following letter, received by the French cable, explains itself. After the perusal of it, America warms toward France:

HAUTEVILLE PARK, March 25, 1870.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE PUNCHINELLO:

MONSIEUR: The advance copy of your journal has stormed my heart. I owe it one happy day.

Europe trembles. They light their torches sinister, those trans-alpine vacillationists. The church, already less tranquil, dis-segregates itself. We laugh

To your journal there is a future, and there will be a past.

The age has its pulsations, and it never forgets.

I, too, remember.

There is also blood. Upon it already glitters the dust of glory.

Monsieur! I salute you and your *confrères!*

Accept my homage and my emotion.

VICTOR HUGO.

THE HABITS OF GREAT MEN.

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

ALMOST since the world began, people have been interested in and entertained by gossip respecting the personal habits and individual idiosyncrasies of popular writers and orators. It is a universal and undying characteristic of human nature. No age has been exempt from it from PLINY's time down to BEECHER's. It may suitably be called the scarlet-fever of curiosity, and rash indeed must be the writer who refuses or neglects to furnish any food for the scandal-monger's maw. While we deprecate in the strongest terms the custom which persists in lifting the veil of personality from the forehead of the great, respect for traditional usages and obligation to the present, as well as veneration for the future, impels us to reveal some things that are not generally known concerning the men who are playing "leading business" on the world's great stage of to-day.

For instance, mankind is generally ignorant of the fact that Mr. SUMNER bathes twice a day in a compound, two thirds of which is water and one third milk, and that he dictates most of his speeches to a stenographer while reclining in the bath-tub. WENDELL PHILLIPS is said to have written the greater portion of his famous lecture on "The Lost Arts" on the backs of old envelopes while waiting for a train in the Boston depot. Mr. GEORGE W. CURTIS prepares his mind for writing by sleeping with his head encased in a night-cap lined with leaves of lavender and rose. GRANT, it is said, accomplishes most of his writing while under the influence of either opium or chloroform, which will account for the soothing character of his state papers. WALT WHITMAN writes most of his poetry in the dissecting-room of the Medical College, where he has a desk fitted up in close proximity to the operating-table. Mr. DANA is said to write most of his editorials in one of the parlors of the Manhattan Club, arrayed in black broadcloth from the sole of his head to the crown of his foot, his hands encased in corn-colored kids, a piece of chewing-gum in his mouth, and a bottle of Cherry Pectoral by his side. The report that he eats fish every morning for his breakfast is untrue; he rejects FISH. COLFAX writes all his speeches and lectures with his feet in hot water, and his head wrapped in a moist towel. His greatest vice, next to being Vice-President, is to insist upon having his writing desk in front of a mirror. BUTLER accomplishes most of his literary labor over a dish of soup, which he absorbs through the medium of two of his favorite weapons, thus keeping both his hands employed, and dictating to an amanuensis every time his mouth enjoys a vacation. BEECHER has several methods by which he prepares his mind to write a sermon: By riding up and down Broadway on the top of a stage; visiting the

Academy of Anatomy, or spending a few hours at the Bloomingdale Retreat. Neither HOLMES nor WHITTIER are able to write a line of poetry until they are brought in contact with the blood of freshly-slain animals; while, on the other hand, LONGFELLOW's only dissipation previous to poetic effort, is a dish of baked beans. FORNEY vexes his gigantic intellect with iced water and tobacco, (of the latter, "two papers, both daily.") Mr. TILTON composes as he reposes in his night-dress, with his hair powdered and "a strawberry mark upon his left arm." Mr. PARTON writes with his toes, his hands being employed meanwhile knitting hoods for the destitute children of Alaska. Mr. P. is a philanthropist. BAYARD TAYLOR writes only in his sleep or while in a trance state — notwithstanding the fact that he lives in the State of Pennsylvania. He will then dictate enough to require the services of three or four stenographers, and in the morning is ready to attend to the laborious and exacting duties attached to the position of stockholder in the New-York Tribune. Mr. GREELEY conceives some of his most brilliant editorial articles while churning the mercurial milk of the Chappaqua farm into butter; or vexing the gracious grain with the flying flail; or listening to the pensive murmurings of the plaintive pigs, and the whispered cadences of the kindly cattle. RICHARD GRANT WHITE can't write, it is said, until a towel moistened with Cologne water is applied to his nostrils. Sometimes, however, he varies the monotony of this method by riding several miles in a Third Avenue car, which produces a similar effect. OAKLEY HALL writes his best things while riding on horseback in Central Park; his saddle being arranged with a writing-desk accompaniment; and while OAKLEY dashes off the sentences, his horse



GOSSIP IN A SCHOOL-HOUSE.

Teacher. "WELL, MINNIE, HAVE YOU ANY THING NEW AT HOME?"

Interesting Scholar. "OH! YES; WE'VE SMALL-POX, AND 'LAPSING FEVER, AN MEASLES, AND WHOOPING-COUGH."
(Tableau expressive of consternation.)

furnishes the Steps. And just here we propose to stop furnishing further revelations concerning the men whose deeds have made their names famous in current national and local history.

Taking the Cue.

THERE is a strong disposition among those of our diplomats who may be able to talk a little "pigeon English," to obtain the Chinese position left vacant by Mr. BURLINGAME. Most of these gentlemen can point the Moral of the matter—the sixty thousand dollars a year—but whether any of them would adorn the Tail, is quite another affair.

Questions for H. G.

Is not the Tribune influenced by its negrophilism in denouncing PIERRE BONAPARTE as an assassin? Had the victim been a BLANC instead of a NOIR, would Mr. GREELEY have felt quite as much sympathy for him?

APROPOS OF THE "ONEIDA."—The windiest excuses of the day are those of EYRE.

ARRAH WHAT DOES HE MANE AT ALL?

Scene. The White House.

ULYSSES ASLEEP. CUBA, ROONEY, AND FISH
OUTSIDE ON THE LOBBY.

ROONEY *Loquitur*.

ULYSSES asthore! Good lord, don't he snore!

ULYSSES! ULYSSES, my boy!

There's company here, must see you, me dear,

In spite of this Spanish kill-joy.

This Minister FISH, who, had he his wish,

Wud put your ould ROONEY down-stairs,

Ay, faith if he dar, but betther by far

The sinner was sayin' his pray'rs.

Arrah what does he mane at all?

Now, ULICK S. GRANT, it's your own self I want,

To patiently listen, mavrone,

To what I've to say, in a fatherly way,

As if you wor child ov my own.

For shure is it time, in prose or in rhyme,

That somebody spoke up, who dar'.

ULYSSES awake! for Liberty's sake,

It's braykin our hearts you are.

Arrah what do you mane at all?

Och, wirrasthrue vo! it's bittther to know

The work that goes an in your name;

The murder an' ruin, that others are doin'

Whilst you have to showlder the shame!

The grief that is ours, whin you, by the Pow'rs,

Seem traytin it all like a joke,

Like NAYRO, the thief, whin Room was in grief,

That fiddled away in the smoke!

Arrah what do you mane at all?

Och, wake up, ochone! Your innimies groan

The words that cut deep as a sword:

"He's greedy for goold, an by its slaves rooled

ULYSSES is false to his word.

See poor Cuba there, all tattered and bare;

For months at his doore she has stud;

Not a word he replies to her sobs or her sighs,

Nor cares for her tears or her blood!

Arrah what does he mane at all?"

Musha, what's that you say? "Sind the ould fool away."

I'm disturbin' your rest wid my prate;

There's Minister FISH, to consult if I wish,

Who attinds to all matthers of state.

An' Cuba, she too, wid her hulabaloo,

May just as well bundle an' go;

You won't hear us now, wid our murderin row,

You'll sleep it out whether or no!

Arrah what do we mane at all?

Ah! then, by my sowl, this thratemint is foul—

To put your best frinds to the blush;

An' wor you sinsare, in what you sed there

We'd tie up your whistle, my thrush!

But ULICK, machree, you can't desave me,

By sayin' the word you don't mane;

Or make her beleave who stands at me sleeve,

In FISH an' his Castles in Spane.

Arrah what do you mane at all?

'Tis late in the day to talk in that way;

We've had ministhers dishes galore,

An' laste to my taste, at the blundherin faste,

The sauce ov that fish one, asthore.

No, ULICK, alan! the work that's in han'

Must be done by yourself, if at all.

Your cooks, by my troth, are burnin' the broth,

We smell it out here in the hall!

Arrah what do you mane at all?

No, ULICK, my boy, rise up to our joy,

An' make a clane sweep ov the crowd

Of tinkerin tools, an' blundherin fools,

That put your wits undher a cloud.

Rise up in your might, an' sthrike for the right!

Let England an' Spain hear us talk;

Give FISH his conjay, an' ROONEY will stay;

You'll then see who's cock ov the walk!

Arrah what do you mane at all?

Lave Britain alone; if she won't pay, mavrone,

She's puttin' her head into debt.

If I know the books, the way the thing looks,

She'll pay us, wid intherest, yet!

Ay, faith he did say, so wise in his day—

That noble ould Graycian, PHILANDER—

That sauce for the goose, if well kept for use,

Was just as good sauce for the gandher!

Arrah what did he mane at all?

But Spain, the ould wulf, for her tricks in the Gulf,

Her robbery, murder, and worse,

Her debt, she must see, is put down C. O. D.,

Wid Cuba relaysed from her curse.

Ay, FISH, you may sweat, an' SUMNER may threat,

An' burst his crack'd head in the row;

The People have spoke, that's fire an' not smoke!

An' this must be finished, an' now.

Arrah what do you mane at all?

Och! ULICK, awake, for Liberty's sake!

If not for your ROONEY, asthore;

The Godiss is here, but thrimbles wid fear

Ov the cowld-blooded Thing at the doore.

She sez that your name a by-word of shame

Will be to the nations onborn,

If you lie there anmov'd whilst the flag that you lov'd

Is flouted by Spaniards wid scorn.

Arrah what do you mane at all?

She sez, an' wid grief, her love for the chief,

That fought neath her bannir so long,

Will turn into hate, that will cling to the fate

Ov him who now sides wid the wrong.

She sez ov all woes that misery knows,

The grief ov the wronger's the worst

Who houlds back his han' from a sufferin' lan'

An' laves her to tyrants accurs'd!

Arrah what do you mane at all?

Ah! that stirs your blood; I thought that it wud.

Your rizin', me bouchal; it's done!

Go on wid your pray'rs! I'm kickin' down-stairs

This ould Spanish mack'rel, for fun.

Sweet Liberty here, and Cuba, my dear!

You'll stay for the bite an' the sup?

An' pardon my joy; since I've woke up the boy

I don't know what ind ov me's up!

Arrah what did he mane at all?

Travellers' Tales.

No one now believes that DR. LIVINGSTONE was burnt for sorcery. The originator of the report could have made a more plausible story by asserting that LIVINGSTONE refused to marry the daughter of an African chief, and was consequently put to death. This would have been strictly in accordance with the customs of the African aristocracy, and would also have called forth general admiration for the man who preferred to burn rather than to marry.

City Hamlets vs. Rural Ditto.

THE leading cities of late have grown almost wild with excitement over their HAMLETS; but in country localities, the hamlets are marked for quietude, and a refreshing freedom from all that is stagey, except, perhaps, stage coaches.



THE NEW-YORK ANTI-ORANGE-PEEL AND BANANA-SKIN ASSOCIATION, AS THEY APPEAR IN THEIR GREAT HUMANITARIAN FEAT OF CLEARING THE SIDE-WALKS.

ORANGE-PEEL, ET CETERA.

PUNCHINELLO, ever ready to hail with acclamation all that is for the welfare of his fellow-men, is delighted to learn that an "Anti-Orange-peel-and-Banana-skin Association" has been organized in the city of New-York. The great number of severe accidents annually caused by the idiotic custom of casting orange-peel and such other lubricious integuments recklessly about the side-walks, has long furnished a topic for public animadversion. Some of our leading citizens have taken the matter in hand—or, to speak more correctly, on foot. The picture at the top of this page gives a life-like representation of the Association referred to, engaged in their benevolent work of removing from the side-walk with their Boots all such fragments as might tend to the development of Slippers. The Association has PUNCHINELLO's best wishes. The Orange-Outangs who render the side-walks dangerous have his worst.

HAMLET FROM A RURAL POINT.

THE Great FECHTER as HAMLET has given us another proof of the brilliant imagination of Mr. DICKENS. The play is so well known that a synopsis of it is unnecessary. Yet a few words on the subject.

An economical mother in high society permits baked meats left from a funeral festival to be served at a subsequent entertainment. Her son takes umbrage at this; becomes morose and sullen; affects spiritualism and private theatricals. This leads to serious family difficulties, culminating in a domestic broil of unusual violence. The intellectual aim of the piece is to show the extraordinary loquacity of a Danish Prince. The moral inculcated by it is, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." It is replete with quotations from the best authors, and contains many passages of marked ability. Its literary merit is unquestionable, though it lacks the vivacity of BOUCICAULT, and possesses no situation of such intense interest as the scene in ROSINA MEADOWS where the heroine starts for Boston.

Mr. FECHTER presents HAMLET as a perfect "flaxy;" partly in deference to the present popularity of the tint, and partly to show a marked contrast with his OTHELLO, which character he always makes

up as a male brunette. His countenance is of great breadth and flexibility, ranging in its full compass from the Placid Babe to the Outraged Congressman. His voice extends from B flat *profundo* to the *ut de poitrine piccolo*. The emotional nature of HAMLET gives him opportunity to exhibit both of these wonderful organs, and in *tutta forza* passages, where he forces them to their utmost power, the effect is exhilarating.

Mr. FECHTER is polished. He does not hesitate to correct the sometimes rude and occasionally offensive remarks of HAMLET. Mr. FECHTER is refined. He permits "no maggots in a dead dog." He substitutes "trichinae in prospective pork." Fashionable patrons will appreciate this. They cherish poodles, particularly post-mortem; they disdain swine. Mr. FECHTER is polite. He excludes "the insolence of office," and "the outpurse of the empire and the rule." Collector BAILEY'S "fetch" sits in front. Mr. FECHTER is fastidious. He omits the prefatory remarks to "assume a virtue," but urges his mother to seek relief in Chicago. Considering her frivolous conduct and the acrid colloquy consequent upon the comparison of photographs, this is filial as well as affectionate.

Minor actors must, of course, be precluded from liberties with the text; but presuming the alterations in question to be the result of a consultation with Mr. DICKENS, we must rejoice that SHAKESPEARE is being toned to good society. We commend the improved readings to the delicate susceptibilities of the community.

Mr. FECHTER is a great genius. Distinguished talent is occasionally needed to elevate the national taste. How we have outraged theatrical proprieties by applauding WALLACK and BOOTH and DAVENPORT! FORREST, forget us. FECHTER, forgive us.

Epitaph on a Defunct Boarding-House.

PEACE to its Hashes!

Apropos of Small-salaried Husbands, who have Extravagant Wives.
"A LITTLE earning is a dangerous thing."

The Mormon's Motto

Bring 'em Young.



OUR EFFICIENT NAVY DEPARTMENT.

Admiral Porter. THE QUEEN HAS TAKEN YOUR JACK. YOU NEVER *could* PROTECT YOUR JACK, MR. SECRETARY.

(And they go on with their little game, never heeding the signal of distress from the Onaida.)

JUMBLES.



RUTH to tell, I *don't* like neighbors. I *do* like civilization. The trouble is, neighbors are not always civilized. PUNCHINELLO will be impressed with the fact before becoming a single weekling. The first floor may be ever so nice, quiet, well-dressed, proper folks—but those dreadful musical people in the attic! I hate musical people; that is, when in the chrysalis state of learning. Practice makes perfect, indeed; but practice also makes a great deal of noise. Noise is another of my constitutional dislikes. If these matters must be divided, give me the melody, and whoever else will, may take the noise. The truth is, my

dear PUNCHINELLO—and I may as well begin calling you what the public will do one of these early days—there is nothing like notes. But bank-notes are my weakness. My weakness in that direction is, I may confidently state, very strong. The ladies are not the only greenbacks that are accepted at sight; and acceptable to it. The bank on which I should like to dwell—do you not guess it?—is the auriferous National. Those musical neighbors—how they do play, though! But, to borrow from Mr. SLANG, my queer neighbor opposite, they have about played out. Our gentlemanly landlord—all landlords are so very gentlemanly, kind, good, and considerate—Mr. GRABB, says it don't pay to keep such tenants.

"Mr. GRABB, pay—pray, why don't it pay?"

"Why, Mr. TODD, why, sir—because *they* don't pay. D'y'e see it, Mr. TODD?"

Mr. TODD did see it.

"Music hath charms," and all that fine thing; but it can't evidently charm a landlord, as at present constructed, into the faith that the notes of a fiddle, a clarinet, a bugle, or a trombone are negotiable at the corner grocery, or in Wall and State streets.

Going from bars to banks is a distance. But when I go anywhere, I like to have it distant. The enjoyment is invariably greater. It saves my tailors, hatters, restaurant keepers, and some others, the expense and trouble of too much correspondence. Such isn't good for the brain—especially where it is small, and easily overtaxed. "Distance lends enchantment to the view." May I ask, is or was distance in the brokerage line that it lent enchantment to the view? and what might possibly have been the conditions on which the loan was made? The man who leaves his country for its (and his) good has an especial fondness for the distant. The further off the nearer he feels like home. Australia is an El Dorado—the antipodes a celestial region. The intervening sea is one over which the most penetrating of argus-eyed policemen or sheriffs, can not see. Australia—is it not the land of gold? Who that has poached a pile does not gravitate there, as the needle to the pole? Of course, I do not mean the sewing-machine needle.

Some people think California greater. I don't. The greatness of a country does not in all cases turn on its great rogues. New-York and Washington may not assent; but, Mr. PUNCHINELLO, isn't it so? These may give it character, but of the sort nobody is anxious to carry in his pocket as a wedge by which to enter good, genteel society. "Character," says a leading mind, "is every thing." Quite true; and if of the right sort, will take a man speedily to the noose. Biddy can get the most stunning of characters at the first corner for half a week's wages or—stealings. As a general thing, I don't believe in characters, and for the reason that a large portion of my acquaintances—I go into society a great deal—do not appear to have a bit of the article. They say it is unnecessary; that "society" don't demand it; and that to have it is like travelling with baggage which is mere rubbish. My elastic but excellent friend JENKINS says the only sense that

can be put on society market to practical advantage is the uncommon stamp. Common sense, so called, is a drug. Old Mr. MATTEROFFACT—who heeds him or his? He's always pushed into the corner, or crowded to the back seat. Sensible people, the world being judges, are a mistake. They were born and educated that way. They don't definitely belong anywhere. Trespassers, interlopers, impertinents—why should they be tolerated? Doesn't CONGRESSMAN SURFACE, of the Forty-fourth District, rule the roast? Isn't Mrs. SIMPLE the pattern Woman of the Swell-front avenue? Who so charming as Widow MILKWATER? Common sense might have done once, but that was when the world was younger and yet more old-fashioned. It isn't available now. Rust never shines. Out upon it, or let it get out. The best place, I would suggest, is out of town—and in the woods. Strangers always make people feel uncomfortable.

Need I hint just now that it is Lent? Lent is suggestive. It suggests some of my best books. Books are the best of friends. They are honest. They say what they feel, and feel what they say. Like other blessings, too, they often take to wings and fly; and it proves to be a fly that never returns. A good book is a joy forever. The only sad thing about it is, that it keeps lent all the time—not so much piously as profanely. Am I my brother's keeper? No. But my brother is quite too often a keeper of mine—of mine own choice authors. The best of friends are, of course—like the best of steaks—rather rare. Like honest men they count only one in ten thousand—an extremely small per cent in a commercial point of view. Books—what should we do without them? What may we not do with them, if it were not for the season of Lent?

I am something of a politician. My friends do not think I am. But they are prejudiced—friends always are. I go, on principle, for the greatest good of the greatest number. You know that humble, initial figure. I confess to a love of loaves and fishes. A nice French loaf, and a delicious salmon in the suburbs of green peas—who wouldn't be a politician about that time? I have run for office—and at least half a dozen times. But, bless you, I never caught it. Some big, burly, brainless cur of a fellow was always ahead of me. Very queer in politics—the less the head the more one gets ahead. A head is little or nothing; but face, cheek, assurance—such is much; is every thing. What are politics but audacity? what professions of public good but pretences for private pap? I like politics. Politics, however, don't seem to like me. I call myself a patriot; but, strangely enough, or otherwise, I have never been called to fill a patriot's office—say for \$5000 and upward per year. As for a patriot's grave—it's a fine thing, no doubt, but I have never regarded it as my "mission" to fill that. It affects one's activity and usefulness, and cuts off going to FECHTER, BOOTH, *Frou-Frou*, the *Twelve Temptations*, and opera. I declined all such honors during the war, and on principle; the principal thing being that I had no taste for lead and iron. Iron, I know, is good for the blood; but taken in bullets, it lessens instead of increases the circulation. These metals are quite too much for a delicate stomach. Shells as a drink I like; shells as bombs I do *not* like. They are unhealthy. As a beverage I can surround it several times a day, and bless the climate that grows it, and the cask that makes it. But of shells, as of company, I prefer to make my choice. I, too, have my choice of office. I am strong and can draw well. My *forte* is drawing salary. That may not be the highest form of art, but it is unquestionably artful. Moreover, it is the one mankind, if it could, would cultivate with the most assiduity. It is the plaster every man would put to his back.

As a politician I believe in myself first, my pocket second, my country third. This platform is strong and satisfactory—at least to your friend,

TIMOTHY TODD.

ALBANY COCK-ROBINS.

Who killed the Charter?

I, says the *Herald*,
With wit à la JERROLD;
As Assemblymen I ferruled,
And I killed the Charter.

Who killed the Charter?

I, says the *Sun*,
With my sensation fun,
Or my Sol-ferino gun,
And I killed the Charter.

Who killed the Charter?

I, says the *World*,
With my blunders hurled
And black flag unfurled,
And I killed the Charter.

Who killed the Charter?

I, says PUNCHINELLO,
With my wit so mellow,
I was the very fellow
Who killed off the Charter.

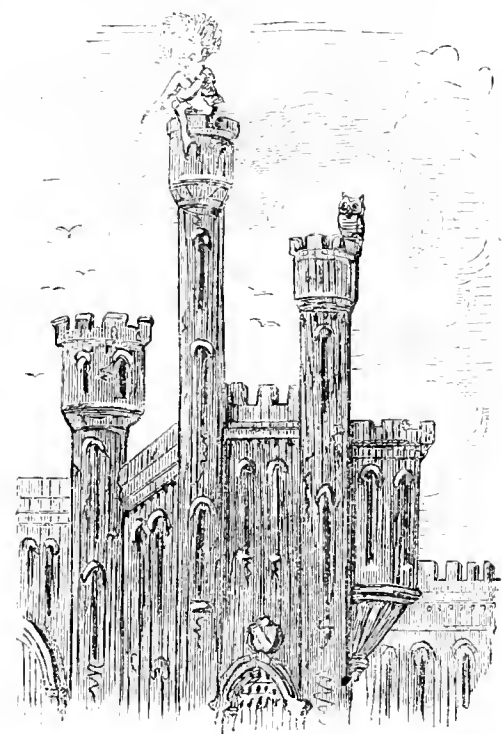
THE DWARF DEJECTED.

A PATHETIC recital for the benefit of you, or me, or any other snail who may want a tortoise-shell.

IN what year, or under what king Bezonian, lived he, no matter. Suffice it to know he still survives.

Once he was happy!

Once, when'er the eventide flooded the earth with effulgent glory, and each little star began to wonder who I was, to the loftiest turret of his quite commodious castle this dwarf would climb, and muse upon sciology and the cosmic forces.



"Oh! Life is joy—is peace to me!" would he cry, ever and anon.

And ever an anonymous owl would scream, "To whoo? To whoo?"

Upon one eventful eve he sat upon his turret.

Gazing around, he sprang upon his feet.

"What, ho!" he cried, as a glimmer of light shot across the surface of the lake. "What, ho! A light in the ship-house! 'Tis the red light of danger! I forbode."

Glancing around and beneath him, he perceived that the stucco was peeling from his favorite turret. "Here is danger, indeed!" he said; and loudly shouted for his

ah! too dilatory servant to bring the ladder by which he ascended and descended his lofty pinnacle. At last the servant came, and he was a new and somewhat weighty waiter youth.

"Ah! big lad—!" then said the dwarf.

"I am glad, good sir," replied the boy.

"I would have the big ladder!" cried his master.

"I can't be gladder," said the boy.

The dwarf looked pityingly down upon the youth for several moments.

"Are you a natural-born fool?" said he.

The boy advanced to the edge of the roof, made a bow, placed one arm at right angles before him, while the other hung by his side, and thus he sang his song:

"I've never been to public school,
My vaccination did not take.
Perhaps I will grow up a fool;
But that my heart will never break.

"I would not win in learning's race,
Nor e'er be rich and lose my looks;
I think that a small-pockèd face
Is worse than e'en small pocket-books.
Then, didy fol, la, la, la, la!—"

"Stop!" cried the now enraged dwarf. "Begone! ere I, base boy! shall heave the turret down."

"Certainly," replied the youth. "Big, ornary, base boy shall leave thee to rot down. Oh! yes; of course, of course!" And away he went.

The Court fool came at last and let his master down.

"Oh! ho!" said he of the motley, as the dwarf came slowly down the ladder. "Thou art now the first descendant of thy house."

The dwarf laughed, and fell the rest of the way. "No matter!" he cried, rubbing his shins. "My house shall follow me. It shall come down too. I am going to have it all built up anew."

"Bravo!" said the clown. "I thought you were too happy."

On the next day the door-bell of the castle rang, and soon a varlet came to fast inform my lord the dwarf that in the parlor waited now a giant, and on the card he gave his name was written, "S. T. Mate." The dwarf unto his parlor quick repaired, and there, upon some dozen chairs the giant sat, smiling benign.

"Hail to thee! good Sir Dwarf," spake the mammoth, and rising and folding his arms across his breast, he sang, in royal bass, his song:

"I hear that thou, O neighbor brave!
Thy edifice anew would build.
I come to much vain labor save.
If thou to hear me now art willed."

"Proceed," said the dwarf, seating himself upon a piano-stool, and screwing himself up until he was near the ceiling and on a level with the singer's head. The giant proceeded:

"If thou shouldst build thy house thyself,
The cost thou surely ne'er would know;
But if I take the job, my friend,
You'll see where every cent will go."

"I like that," said the dwarf. "Pray sing some more."

"I'll tell you just what it will cost;
And all that you will have to do
Will be to travel for a time,
Whilst I your castle build anew."

"That's capital!" cried the delighted dwarf. "It would suit me exactly. Warble me yet other wood-notes wild."

The giant sang on:

"A castle such as you will want
Will cost you eighty pounds—or so.
I'll charge you nothing for my time;
You'll see where every cent will go."

The dwarf revolved himself rapidly, and quickly reached the floor.

"The concert's over!" he cried, "and here's a check for eighty pounds. Proceed! Tear down: construct! I leave to-night for foreign parts. Write me when all is done. Adieu."

The interview terminated.

The clown, who had overheard this fair discourse, now left the castle; and retiring to a secluded spot, where a willow drooped sadly o'er the brook, he laid him down and died.

The dwarf to foreign parts now hied, and when twelve months had passed, and he had had no news of his grand castle, he returned home.

He found the castle finished—all but the roof and walls. The deep cellars, with their marble copings just peeping 'neath the heavy mass of weeds that clustered to their very edge, were dark and solemn. The sly fox slunk along their passages, and grim serpents reared their heads from many a gloomy corner.

The dwarf, he gazed in silence!

By heavy sighs his breast was heaved, and black thoughts made his soul like Hades!

Anon he mounted in hot haste, and rode unto the giant's castle on the distant hills. By sundown, the dwarf he saw on the horizon a great blue mass, the sight of which did move his inmost being.

"It is his castle!" quoth he, and he gave his steed free rein.

The interview was terrible!

All the domestics fled and hid themselves in distant dells.

At last the dwarf, exhausted by vituperation, sank upon the flagstones of the court-yard. Then folded the giant his arms and sang his song:

"Oh! hear me now, misguided dwarf.
Eight thousand pound more I must ask.
Materials, and labor too,
All rose since I began my task.

"Among the things we can't divine,
Are values of such terms as 'ro';
But I've all items entered straight,
Where all the money goes you'll know."

The dwarf gave one quick savage glance at the pocket of the giant,



S. T. MATE, and then, without a word, he proudly crossed the draw-bridge.

But he had not long left the castle at his back ere dejection crept upon him and never left him more.

The dwarf he did his cellar reach, fainting, almost bereft of speech; and as his men he staggered by, with panting breast and haggard eye, "Minstrel!" he cried, "O laggard! I for deepest depths of Lethe long. Get thy guitar and sing a song!"

The minstrel sang:

"O Estimate!
Thy name is great,
MEDUSA's head thou sure hast own.
Do as we will,
Thy coming still
Turns all our hard-earned cash to stone."

The dwarf, now sunk in Lethe's mud, did snore; knowing the sign, the minstrel then forbore.



ODE TO THE MISSING COLLECTOR.

BY REGALIA REYNA.

WHERE are you now, MR. BAILEY?
We've been looking for you daily,
Sometimes sadly, sometimes gayly,
Ever since the week begun.

Loving you so dear as we do,
Doting on you, doubting for you,
Looking for you, longing for you,
Waiting for you, watching for you,
Fearing you have cut and run,
Ere your heavy task was done
In cigars, and snuff, and rum;
Spoiling for us lots of fun,
And racy items for *The Sun*,
In the seizure rows begun,
And the heavy raids to come.

Think of poor, forsaken KIRBY,
Think of honest-scented HARVEY!
Your desertion, J. F. BAILEY,

"Busts" our glorious Trinity;
Robs the law of subtlety,
Knocks our look for *moietie*,
Knocks that Jersey property!
So much whisky all set free:
Where is SHIELDS to get his fee?
Think of melancholy PUFFER,
What the aged CHILDS must suffer!
JOSHUA F., the noble buffer,
"Lost to sight, to memory dear,"

Think of energetic VAIL,
Looking round to get his bail,
While you're riding on a rail,
Or on ocean gayly sail

For UNCLE BULL's dominion!
How could you thus fly the track
With so many stores to "crack,"
And COLUMBUS at your back
To defy the whiskey pack
And popular opinion?

Whiskey "fellers" feeling badly,
Cigar-sellers smoking madly,
Bondsmen looking sorely, sadly,
If their signatures are clear,
If you will not cost them dear,
If in court they must appear
Mournfully, in doubt and fear.
Oh! you weak, unfeeling cuss,
To get them in this shocking muss;
How their pocket-books will rue it!
J. F. B., how *could* you do it?

Are you putting for the West,
Did you take French leave for Brest,
Have you feathered well your nest,
Do you sweetly take your rest;
Say, whom *do* you like the best—

COOK, or JENKS, or FULLERTON?
Would you, JOSH, believe it true,
At the moment, sir, when you
Waited for that verdict blue,
O'er the wires the message flew,

Paid or franked by BOUTWELL through:
"The gig is up; the cuss won't do.
Put the district Thirty-two
Under General PLEASANTON."
Oh! the vile ingratitude;
Of Statesmen in this latitude;
Worse than DELANO's attitude.
Say, what is your longitude,
East or West from Washington?

"Fox"-y.
FECHTER's wig in HAMLET.

"Echoes of the Clubs."
SOUND of the policemen's *batons* on the
sidewalk.

Over and Under.
INDIANA is said to be "going over" her
divorce laws. She has certainly gone on
long enough under them.

Our Bullet-in.
THE government has so many bad guns on
hand that it deserves to be called, "A snap-
per-up of unconsidered Rifles."

Every Little Helps.
THE British newspapers say that ARTHUR
HELPS writes the PRINCE OF WALES's speech-
es. Now, if ARTHUR HELPS the Prince, who
helps ARTHUR?

CONDENSED CONGRESS.

SENATE.



Y particular request, the Georgia bill came up. So did Senator SCHURZ. He approved of almost all propositions which tended to complicate questions, because the more complication the more offices, the more offices the more patronage, and the more patronage the more fees. He knew that it was an alluring precedent which was offered them in the action of the legislature of Georgia, retaining itself for double the term it was elected to serve. But it was the duty of Congress to resist temptation. He used the word duty advisedly. Gentlemen might sneer; but he could tell them that the public would not stand the infliction of such a Senate

as that which he saw before him for a day longer than it was obliged to by law. By disregarding law, he wished to know whether the laws would not be greater than the profits. He admitted that this was a pun; but appealed to PUNCHINELLO upon the point of the propriety of puns. Reform, he would say, was a "plant" of slow growth. He had sown it; and his colleague, Mr. —, had watered it; but it did not seem to thrive in Missouri.

Mr. DRAKE, who has been studying elocution under a graduate of the Old Bowery, and has acquired a most tragic croak, which, with a little rouge and burnt cork, and haggard hair, gives him a truly awful aspect, remarked that the soil of the South was clotted with blood by fiends in human shape, (sensation in the diplomatic gallery.) The metaphor might be meaningless; but it struck him it was strong. These fiends were doubly protected by midnight and the mask. In his own State the Ku-Klux ranged together with the fierce whang-doodle. His own life had been threatened. (Faint applause.) He had received an express package marked in large letters, "D. H." The President of the United States, an expert in express packages, had told him this meant "Dead Head." Was this right? Hah! Bellud!! Gore was henceforth his little game. He would die in his seat. (Great cheering, which rendered the remainder of the senator's remarks inaudible.)

The case of the admission of General AMES as a senator from Mississippi came up. Senator CONKLING said that he had no objection to AMES in particular; but in Brigadier-General, he considered the principle of letting in men who elected themselves to be bad. Notoriously, General AMES did not live in Mississippi. He considered this rather creditable to General AMES's good sense than otherwise. But did it not operate as a trivial disqualification against his coming here to represent Mississippi? Besides, if generals were allowed to elect themselves, where would it end? General AUGUR, he believed, commanded the Indian district. He would send himself to the Senate from that region, and be howling about the Piegan massacre and such outrages upon his constituents, with which the Senate had been sickened already. In that case AUGUR, he grieved to say, would be a Bore. Then there is CANBY, who commands in Virginia. CANBY would like to be a senator, no doubt, like other people who never tried it; and he will be if he CANBY. A distinguished friend of his in the other house, whom it would be detrimental to the public service for him to name, if this military representation were to be recognized, instead of sitting for a district in Massachusetts, would represent Dutch Gap. They had already, in his friend from Missouri, a representative of the German Flats; and he submitted that a member from Dutch Gap would be two tonic for the body politic.

Mr. HOWARD was in favor of the admission of AMES. He considered the arguments of the last speaker paltry, and his puns beneath contempt. What difference did it make whether AMES represented Mississippi or not? Mississippi was disloyal, and didn't deserve to have any representative. AMES was a good fellow, and a good officer. Besides, he had been through West-Point and knew something. He un-

derstood he played a very fair game of billiards, and he would be an ornament to the Senate. Let us let him in. The Senate had already let in REVELS, who had been sent by AMES; and it was absurd to keep out AMES, who was the master of the REVELS. He considered that, in the language of a manly sport with which senators were familiar, he "saw" Senator CONKLING's puns, and went several better, though he did not wish to be considered a better himself.

All this time, singular to say, Senator SUMNER remained silent.

HOUSE.

The House had a little amusement over polygamy in Utah. That institution shocks Mr. WARD, of New-York, and naturally also Mr. BUTLER, of Massachusetts. Mr. WARD was astonished to see any member standing up in defence of polygamy in the nineteenth century. If some member should stand up in any other century and defend it, it would not astonish him at all. It was sheer inhumanity to refuse to come to the rescue of our suffering brethren in Utah. How a man who had one wife could consent to see fellow-creatures writhing under the infliction of two or three each, was what, Mr. WARD remarked, got over him. Mr. BUTLER pointed out how much money the Mormons had made.

Mr. COX did not see why we should interfere by force to prevent a man's marrying as many wives as he chose. Such a man was his own worst enemy; and his crime carried its own punishment.

Mr. HOOPER, of Utah, said the bill was an outrage. By all the wives that he held most sacred, he felt impelled to resent it. MOSES was a polygamist; hence his meekness. If this sort of thing was continued, no man's wives would be safe. His own partners would be torn from him, and turned out upon the world. He scorned to select from among them. Take all or none.

THE MARRIAGE MARKET IN ROME.

THE business of catching impecunious counts, of magnetizing bankrupt marquises, and of plucking penniless princes, as practised by American women, appears to absorb all the attention in Rome at present. The rage for titles is said to be so great among some classes of Americans resident in the Holy City, that the only song one hears at evening parties and receptions is the one commencing,

"When I can read my title clear."

We should not be surprised any day to hear that a marriage market had been opened on one of the plazas of Rome, the quotations of which would read something after this fashion: Husbands dull and declining; American beauties more active; foreign mammas less firm; American securities in great demand; the market in princes somewhat stronger; holders of titles much sought after; brains without money a drug in the market; "bogus" counts at a discount; the genealogy market panicky and falling; the stock of nobility rapidly depreciating; the pedigree exchange market flat and declining, etc., etc. This traffic in titles, this barter in dowries, this swapping of "blood" for dollars, is an offense too rank for words to embody it. The trade in cadetships is mild in comparison with it, because in these commercial transactions with counts, while one party may be the purchaser, both parties are inevitably seen to be sold. The business may only be excusable on the theory that "an even exchange is no robbery." But so long as brains are not bartered for a title, or beauty sacrificed for a pedigree, we should not complain. Of money, there is plenty in America; and, while marquises are in the market, let Shoddy continue to pipe for its own. A fig for Macbeth's philosophy that "blood will have blood." We modify it in these degenerate days to "blood will have money."

"Maidens, like moths, are ever caught by glare;
And Mammon wins his way where Seraphs might despair."

"The Lay of the Last Minstrel."

"SNOO FLY, don't bodder me."

"Benedict's Time."

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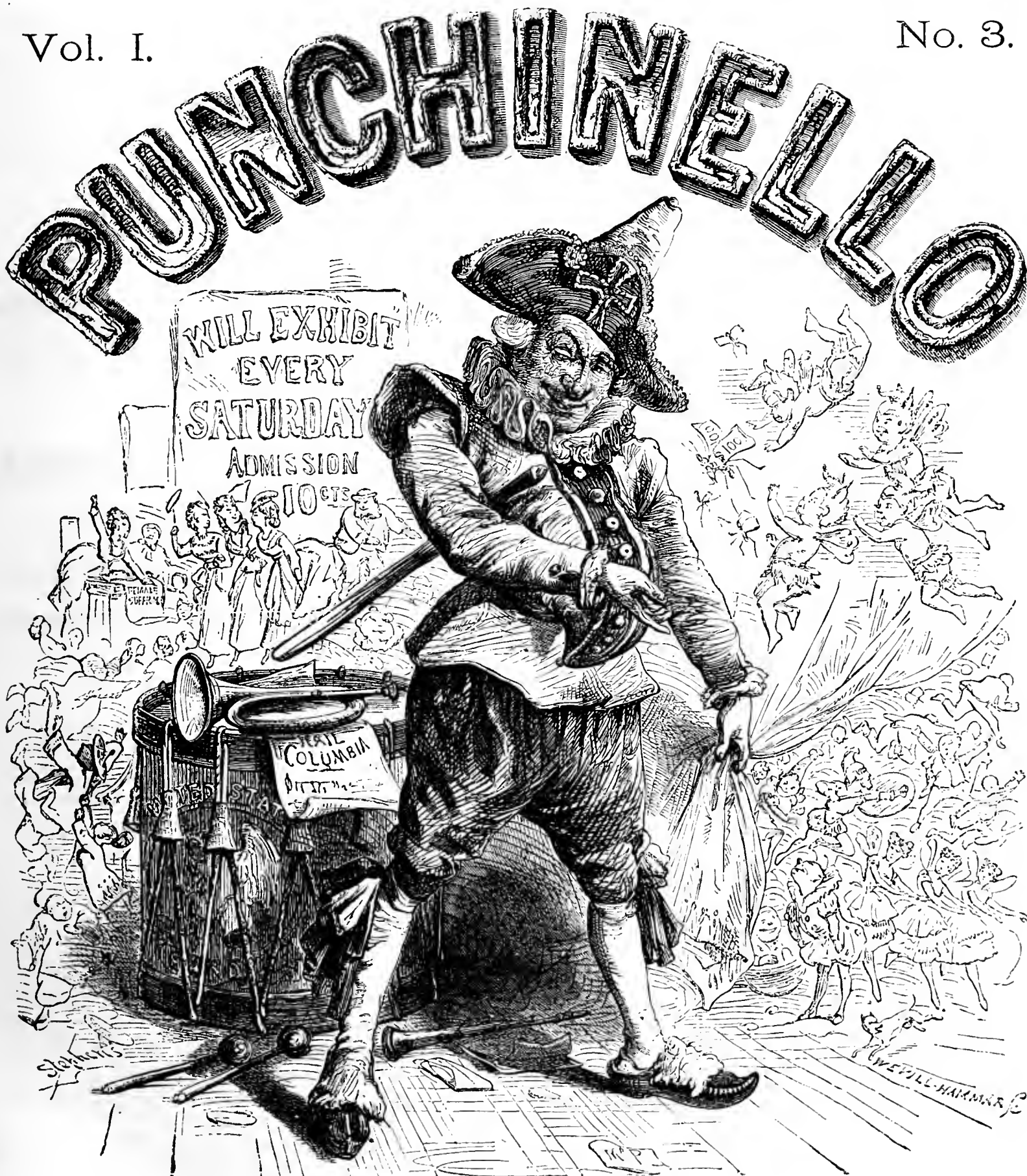
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WEEKLY PAPER,

PUNCHINELLO,

The first number of which will be issued under date of April 2, 1870, and thereafter weekly.

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THE PLAYS AND SHOWS.

FROU-FROU.



HIS nice little French drama has now been running at the FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE more than seven weeks. It is the story of a man who killed the seducer of his wife, and then forgave and received back again the guilty woman.

The same tragic farce was played in Washington some eleven years ago. The actor who played the part of the outraged husband made an effective hit at the time, but he has never repeated the performance. Since then he has become a double-star actor in a wider field. There are those who insist

that he is an ill-starred actor in a general way; but as he has left the country, we can leave those who regard his absence as a good riddance of bad rubbish, and those who call it a Madriddance of good rubbish, to discuss his merits at their leisure.

After the execution of unnecessary quantities of noisy overture by the orchestra, the play begins. Soon after, the audience arrives. It is a rule with our play-goers never to see the first scene of any drama. This rule originates in a benevolent wish to permit the actors to slide gradually into a consciousness that somebody is looking at them; thus saving them from the possibility of stage-fright. Simple folks, who do not understand the meaning of the custom, erroneously regard it as an evidence of vulgarity and discourtesy.

The first act is not exciting. Mr. G. H. CLARKE, in irreproachable clothes, (the clothes of this actor's professional life become him, if any thing, better than his acting,) offers his hand to FROU-FROU, a small girl with a reckless display of back-hair, and is accepted, to the evident disgust of her sensible sister, LOUISE.

Sympathetic Young Lady who adores that dear Mr. Clarke.—"How sweetly pretty! Do the people on the stage talk just like the real French aristocracy?"

Travelled Friend, knowing that persons in the neighborhood are listening for his reply.—"Well, yes. To a certain extent, that is." (It suddenly occurring to him that nobody can know anything about the Legitimists, he says confidently.) "They haven't the air, you know, of the genuine old Legitimist noblesse. As to BONAPARTE'S nobility, I don't know much about them."

He flatters himself that he has said a neat thing, but is posed by an unexpected question from the Sympathetic Young Lady, who asks.—"Who are the great Legitimist families, nowadays?"

"Well, the—the—(can't think of any name but St. Germain, and so says boldly,) the St. Germain, and all the rest of 'em, you know." (He is sorely tempted to add the St. Clouds and the Luxembourgs, but prudently refrains.)

The second act shows the husband lavishing every sort of tenderness and jewelry upon the wife, who is developing a strong tendency to flirt. She insists that her sister LOUISE shall join the family and accept the position of Acting Assistant Wife and Mother, while she herself gives her whole mind to innocent flirtation.

Worldly-wise Matron of evident experience.—"The girl's a fool. Catch me taking a pretty sister into my house!"

Brutal Husband of the Matron suggests.—"But she might have done so much worse, my dear. Suppose she had given her husband a mother-in-law as a housekeeper?"

Matron, with suppressed fury.—"Very well, my dear. If you can't refrain from insulting dear mother, I shall leave you to sit out the play alone."

(*Sh—sh—sh! from every body. Curtain rises again.*) More attentions to pretty wife, repaid by more flirtation at her husband's expense. Finally FROU-FROU decides that LOUISE manages the household so admirably that misery must be the result. As a necessary consequence

of this logical conclusion, she rushes out of the house with a gesture borrowed from RIP VAN WINKLE, and an expressed determination to elope.

Jocular Man remarks.—"Now, then, CLARKE can go to Chicago, get a divorce, and marry LOUISE."

This practical suggestion is warmly reprobated by the ladies who overhear it, one of whom remarks with withering scorn.—"Some people think it so smart to ridicule every thing. To my mind there is nothing more vulgar."

The Jocular Man, refusing to be withered, assures the Travelled Man confidentially that.—"The play is frightful trash, and as for the acting, why, your little milliner in the Rue de la Paix could give Miss ETHEL any odds you please. (Both look as though they remembered some delightfully improper Parisian dissipation, and in consequence rise rapidly in the estimation of the respectable ladies who are within hearing.)

After the orchestra has given specimens of every modern composer, the fourth act begins. FROU-FROU is found living at Venice with her lover. Her husband surprises her. He is pale and weak; but, returning her the amount of her dower, goes out to shoot the lover.

Rural Person announces as a startling discovery.—"That's Miss AGNES ETHEL who's a-playin' Frow-Frow. Well, now, she an't nothin' to LYDDY THOMPSON."

Jocular Man says to his Travelled Friend.—"The idea of Miss ETHEL trying to act like a French-woman! Did you hear how she pronounced *Monsieur*?"

Travelled Man smiles weakly, conscious of the imperfections of his own pronunciation. To his dismay, the Sympathetic Young Lady asks.—"What does that horrid man mean? How do you pronounce the word he talks about?"

Travelled Man, with desperation.—"It ought to be pronounced m—m—m—" (ending in an inaudible murmur.)

"What? I didn't quite hear."

The Travelled Man will catch at a straw. He does so, and says.—"Excuse me, but the curtain is rising."

FROU-FROU, in a dying state and a black dress, with her back-hair neatly arranged, is brought into her husband's house to die. He kneels at her feet. "You must not die. I am alone at fault. Forgive me, sweet angel, and live." With the only gleam of good sense which she has yet shown, FROU-FROU refuses to live, and dropping her head heavily on the arm of the sofa, with a blind confidence that the thickness of her chignon will save her from a fractured skull, she peremptorily dies.

Subdued sobs from the audience, with the single exception of the Jocular Man, who says.—"Well, if that's moral, I don't know what's immoral; and I did think I had lived long enough in Paris to know that."

With which opinion we heartily coincide, adding also the seriously critical remark that though Messrs. DAVIDGE and LEWIS play their comic parts with honest excellence, and though Mr. CLARKE is really a good actor in spite of his popularity with the ladies of the audience, Miss ETHEL, upon whom the whole play depends, is so obviously incompetent to personate a brilliant and *spirituelle* Parisienne that one wonders at the popularity of FROU-FROU. The majority of the audience are ladies. Can it be that they like the play because it teaches that the sins of a pretty woman should be condoned by her husband, provided she looks well with her back-hair down? MATADOR.

PUNCHINELLO AND THE ALDERMEN.

THE City Aldermen have called in a body to pay their respects to PUNCHINELLO. PUNCHINELLO has not returned the compliment, since he likes neither their looks, their diamonds, or their diamond-cut-diamond ways. They curb streets by resolution, but they have not resolution enough to keep the streets from curbing them. They gutter highways, but oftenest let Low Ways gutter them. They wear fine shirt-fronts, but resort to sorry and disreputable shifts in order to procure them. They are gorgeously and gorged-ly badged with the City Arms in gold, but no city arms open to badger them with golden opinions; and, altogether, the Aldermen pass so many bad things that PUNCHINELLO can afford to let them pass like bad dimes, before they are nailed to the counter of that Public Opinion to which they run counter.

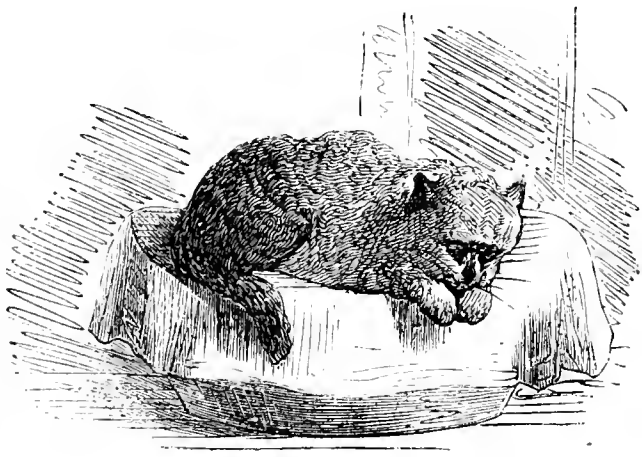
Will the Aldermen Respond?

Do they who took up the SEWARD intend to perish by the SEWARD?

HINTS FOR THE FAMILY.

SINCE the first publication of the hints to economically disposed families, PUNCHINELLO has received a great number of letters from all parts of the country, cordially indorsing his course. One gentleman writes that he has already saved enough money from the diminution in the cost of his wife's pins (in consequence of her having adopted the plan of keeping them stuck into a stuffed bag) to warrant him in subscribing to this paper for a year. Many of the readers of our first number write us that they now never take a meal except from a board, or a series of boards, supported by legs, as PUNCHINELLO recommended. Highly encouraged by this evidence of their usefulness, PUNCHINELLO hastens to offer further advice of the same valuable character.

It may have been frequently noticed that all families require food at certain intervals, generally three times a day, and in the case of children even oftener. The cost of providing this food at the butcher, baker, and provision shops is necessarily very great, and it is well, then, to understand how a very good substitute for store-food may be prepared at home. In order to make this preparation, procure from your grocer's a quantity of flour—ordinary wheat flour—buying much or little, according to the size of your family. This must then be placed in a tin-pan, and mixed with water, salt, and yeast, according to taste. If the mass is now placed by the fire, a singular phenomenon will be observed, to which it will be well to draw the attention of the whole family; old and young will witness it with equal surprise and delight. The whole body of the soft mixture will gradually rise and fill (and sometimes even overflow) the pan! When not in view by the household, it will be well to cover the pan with a cloth, on account of dust and roaches; but it must be observed that a soft and warm bed-



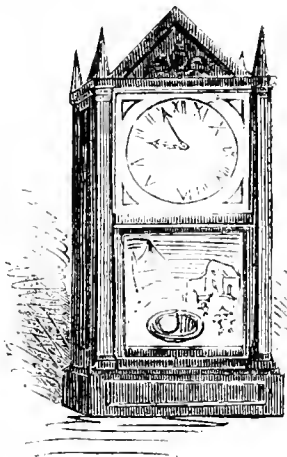
like arrangement will thus be formed, and if the family cat should choose to make it her resting-place, the mixture will not rise.

After this substance is sufficiently light and spongy, it must be taken out of the pan and worked up into

portions weighing a few pounds each. But it must *not be eaten* in this condition, for it would be neither palatable nor wholesome. It should be put in another pan and placed in the oven. Then (if there be a fire in the stove or range) it will be soon hardened and dried by the action of the heat, and will be fit to be eaten—provided the foregoing conditions have been perfectly understood. When brought to the table, it should be cut in slices and spread with molasses, jelly, butter, or honey, and it will be found quite adequate to the relief of ordinary hunger. A family which has once used this preparation will never be content without it. Some persons have it at every meal.

PUNCHINELLO has read with great pleasure a recently published book, by CATHARINE BEECHER, and her sister Mrs. STOWE, the object of which is to teach ingenious folks how to make ordinary articles of household furniture in their leisure hours. One article not mentioned by these ladies is recommended by PUNCHINELLO to the attention of all economical families. It having been observed that it is a highly useful practice to provide for the regular recurrence of meals, bedtime, and other household epochs, an instrument which shall indicate the hour of the day will be of the greatest advantage. Such a one may thus be made on rainy days or in the long winter evenings. Procure some thin boards and construct a small box. If it can be made pointed at one end, with two little towers to it, so much the better. Make a glass door to it, and paste upon the lower part of this a picture representing a scene in Spanish Germany. Paint a rose just under the scene. Then get a lot of brass cog-wheels, and put them together inside of the box. Arrange them so that they shall fit into each other, and wrap a string around one of them, to the end of which a lump of lead or iron should be attached. Then put a piece of tin, with the

hours painted thereon, on the upper part of the box, behind the door, and get two long bits of thin iron, one shorter than the other, and connect them, by means of a hole in the middle of the tin, with the cog-wheels inside. Then shut the door, and if this apparatus has been properly made, it will tell the time of day. Any thing more convenient cannot be imagined, and the cost of the brass, by the pound, will not be more than fifteen cents, while the wood, the tin, and the iron may be had for about ten cents. In the shops the completed article would be very much more costly.



In his "Hints" PUNCHINELLO always desires to remember the peculiar needs of the ladies, and will now tell them something that he is sure will please them. They have all found, in the course of their shopping, that it is exceedingly difficult to procure at the dry goods stores, any sort of fabric which is so woven as to fit the figure, and they must have frequently experienced the necessity of cutting their purchases into variously-shaped pieces and fastening them together again by means of a thread. Here is an admirable plan for accomplishing this object. Take a piece of fine steel wire and sharpen one end of it. Now bore a

hole in the other end, in which insert the thread. If the edges of the cloth are now placed together, and the wire is forced through them, the operator will find, to her delight and surprise, that the thread will readily follow it. If the wire is thus passed through the stuff, backward and forward, a great many times, the edges will be firmly united. It will be necessary, on the occasion of the first puncture, to form a hard convolution at the free end of the thread, so as to prevent it passing entirely through. This method will be found much more convenient than the plan of punching holes in the stuff and then sticking the ends of the thread through them. In the latter case, the thread is almost certain to curl up, and cause great annoyance.

 Dies Irae.

THE Philadelphia *Day*, on account of the immense success of PUNCHINELLO.

 Sporting Query.

Was the fight between the "blondes" and STOREY of Chicago a Fair fight?

 Prospect of a Short Water Supply Next Summer.

A CONVENTION of milk dealers met this week at Croton Falls to prevent the adulteration of milk by City dealers.

 LATEST FROM WASHINGTON.

COMMISSIONER PIEGAN, of Montana, submits the outline of a treaty with the Indians, which embraces the following provisions, (the embracing of provisions being strictly in character:)

1. No infant under three months of age, and no old man over one hundred and ten, to be killed by either party in battle.
All women to be killed on sight.
Where the small-pox is raging, the field to be left to the Small-Pox.
 2. Presents to Indians to consist chiefly of arms, ammunition, and whisky.
 3. Liquor-sellers and apostles to be encouraged on equal terms.
 4. Amateur sportsmen to be warned against killing Indians during the breeding season.
 5. Quakers and VINCENT COLLYER to be assigned to duty at Washington.
 6. Four months' notice to be given of any intended attack on a White camp.
 7. In scalping a lady, the rights of property in waterfall and switch to be sacredly regarded.
 8. Declarations of love (during a campaign) to be submitted in writing.
 9. The usual atrocities to be observed by both parties.
 10. Hostilities to terminate when the last Indian lays down his tomahawk, (to take a drink,) unless sooner shot by his white brethren, or removed to a new reservation by the small-pox.
- Action on this treaty is expected to take place in about ten years.



RATHER PERSONAL.

Ardent Lover. "THEN, WHY, OH! WHY, DO YOU SCORN MY HAND?"
Young Lady. "I HAVE NO FAULT TO FIND WITH YOUR HAND, BUT I *do* OBJECT TO YOUR FEET."

A SOROSIAN IMPROMPTU.

ONE of the sisters of Sorosis, at the last meeting of the club, was delivered of the following touching "Impromptu on some beautiful bouquets of flowers:"

"With hungry eyes we glanced adown
 The table nicely spread;
 Our appetites were very keen,
 And not one word was said,
 "Till of a sudden "Ohs!" and "Ahs!"
 Gave token of delight,
 As, from a magic flower-bed,
 Bright buds appeared in sight.
 "May this sweet thought suggest the way
 In which to spend life's hours;
 And we endeavor every day
 To scatter fragrant flowers."

The first verse reminds us not a little of several olden nursery rhymes of a prandial and convivial character, of which the most prominent is that relating to little JACK HORNER, who sat in a corner eating a Christmas pie. But even he is not described as having "hungry eyes," though there is small doubt but that he had a good appetite, and was "hungry o' the stomach." It is pleasant to know that the table was nicely spread, though not as "keen appetites" would have demanded, with bread and butter; but, as the subject calls for, with flowers—food of a very proper character for hungry eyes to feed upon. Nor is it any wonder that those of the sisterhood who went to the table expecting to find something more substantial than flowers set before them, should at first sight have been unable to utter one word. And only, after their first astonishment and disappointment was over, the magical letters O's and R's, which, we may presume, was a short way of calling for Old Rum, to restore their drooping spirits, though our poetess, with a woman's perverseness, would have us believe they were intended as "tokens of delight."

A DISTINGUISHED VISITOR.

IT is now settled that PIERRE BONAPARTE, who has been sentenced by the High Court of Tours to leave France, is coming to New-York with the intention of opening a pistol-gallery in partnership with REDDY the Blacksmith. As the Prince is known to have "polished off" at least four men with his revolver, his reception by the occupants of "Murderer's Block" and other famous localities of the city will doubtless be very enthusiastic. A suite of apartments is now being fitted up for his accommodation in East-Houston Street. The rooms are very tastefully decorated with portraits of the late lamented BILLY MULLIGAN and other celebrated knights of the trigger. The Prince, it is understood, will drop his title on his arrival here, and enter society as plain PETER BONAPARTE—thus Englishing PIERRE, because it is French for stone, and he thinks that his exploits entitle him to take rank in New-York as a Brick.

The Beginning and Ending of a Chicken's Life.
 HATCHET.

The Best Envelope for a Sweet Note.
 "CANARY laid."

WOMAN, PAST AND PRESENT.

DR. LORD, in a lecture lately delivered by him in Boston, on PHILIPPA, the mother of the BLACK PRINCE, (who was a white woman,) told about JANE, Countess of MONTFORT, (you all know who *she* was,) and how she once defended a fortress and defied a phalanx with eminent success. Of her the lecturer said,

"Clad in complete armor, she stood foremost in the breach."

She did that, did she, this JANE of old? Tut, sir! that's nothing to our modern JANES, crowds of whom are now yearning to stand "foremost in the breeches."

A Bill that the Young Democracy Couldn't Settle.
 BILL TWEED.

Cool.

ENGLAND has a Bleak house, but New-York has a Bleecker street.

Of the last verse we can only say that it is an evident plagiarism of the well-known juvenile poem, commencing,

"How doth the little busy bee
 Improve each shining hour,
 And gather honey all the day
 From every opening flower!"

We confess, though, that we are unable to discover the "sweet thought" that is to "suggest the way"

"In which to spend life's hours!"

Moreover, we believe it would be tiresome and monotonous to be occupied "every day" in scattering "fragrant flowers," even if we were certain that the lovely members of Sorosis would regard them with "tokens of delight."

We regard this Impromptu as a failure, and call upon ALICE, and PHIEBE, and CELIA, and other tuneful members of the Sorosis Club to come to the rescue of their unfortunate sister—the perpetrator of the above verses.

Suggestive.

OUR sheriff's initials—J. O. B.

How to Rise Early.

Lie with your head to the (y)east.

Query for Barney Williams.

Is the "Emerald Ring" a Fenian Circle?

Not During Lent.

It is hardly probable that General GRANT will dismiss FISH from the Cabinet during Lent.

THE REAL ESTATE OF WOMAN.

DEAR PUNCHINELLO: We would not for the *World*—no, nor even for PUNCHINELLO—cast any reproaches upon the vigorous movement made in these latter days to find the real estate of woman; but why, tell us why, should we find enlisted in this cause at present, as members of the various *Sororists*, so many single sisters with pretensions to youth?

We have always looked upon the champions of woman's righteousness, those who believe in the *fee-male absolute* as the real estate of woman, as principally married women, whose housekeeping has proved a failure, (except in the single item of hot water,) and certain ladies who have lived to mature age without reference to men, and whom no man would take even with the best of reference.

There surely must be something wrong, somewhere, when those in the younger walks of age take on this armor.

Where is the need?

Why should they who have never had their young lives blighted by a husband linger pathetically over the tyranny of the sterner sex?

Instead of shedding all these tears over other people's husbands, they ought rather to rejoice that they have been spared such inflictions in the past, and give exceeding great thanks that they are beyond danger of such in the future.

There may be other young women (if I may so speak) who are so heart-broken because of the oppression of their sex, as wives, so disgusted with the state matrimonial under the present constitution of society, that they would not marry—oh! no.

Now, we all remember the cogent reason why John refused to partake of his evening repast, and we assure these young persons that they have nothing whatever to fear. The danger is past, and they are safe beyond the possibility of a peradventure.

They are not the kind that men devour. And yet we can not help feeling pity for them; their experience has been *trying*, but in vain; they know what it is "to suffer and be strong"-minded; they have learned "to labor and to wait," and it is well; for in all probability they will wait for some time.

It may be that the poor creatures are afflicted by the thought that *perhaps* they may be called upon to make warning examples of themselves, and marry; and that *perhaps* the man they marry may be a tyrant, and—but the contingency is too remote.

Some tell us that their youthful ardor is to uphold the standard of woman's mission: they want to work.

Well, all we can say is—*go it!* for under the circumstances, with no one to work for them, the best possible thing they can do is to work for themselves. But couldn't they do more, or at least as much, without so much noise? If they only had plenty to do, and not so much spare time to talk about what they are going to do, wouldn't they be better off, and poor frail man be the gainer thereby?

If they could only resolve upon such a course, and stick to it, don't you think they would receive more aid, material and moral?

Many would gladly contribute of their substance in such a cause, with overflowing hearts; and the world of man will gladly guarantee to those who avow their determination not to marry, entire immunity from any temptation in that direction.

As to the rest—those weak creatures who *will* be satisfied with good husbands and broad home-missions—they know no better; they will

continue to move in their limited spheres, benighted but happy, and every thing will be satisfactory.

Lawyers tell us that since the statutes of 1848, a woman's *real estate* has been within her own control; we take a broader view: we think it *always* has been within her own control by virtue of that old first statute given to our gentle mother, EVE.

AN OLD BAILEY PRACTITIONER.

IN England they have an institution called the Old Bailey. It dealt from time immemorial in such queer animals as "four-footed recogni-

zances," and in such strong assistance to justice as "straw bail" affords. The court-room of the Old Bailey may be called a historical vat of crime. Until recently, New-York was Old Bailey-less. Now detectives go about the streets singing an air which reminds one forcibly of the tune called "Unfortunate Miss BAILEY," only that it is Mister BAILEY they have missed. Old BAILEY is really like JOHN GILPIN in two respects: all rumors about him begin by calling him "a citizen of credit and renown;" and they generally end by referring to him as a man who was gone to "dine at—where?"

Our New-York Old BAILEY has disappeared. Either the FULLERTON earthquake has swallowed him up, or he has gone to the unknown land to which most Spiritual mediums

migrate. There never was a greater Spiritual medium than Old BAILEY. He has had spirits on the brain during several years past. He throve on spirits. He had only to rap on casks of spirits, and greenbacks would rustle therefrom like trailing garments out of the Spirit-world. He had assistant mediums in all the Federal officers.

And now the question asked of Commissioner DELANO, (who, by the way, in this respect would gladly become DELA-yes,) is, "Canst thou call 'spirits from the vasty deep?' and if thou canst, where is Old BAILEY?" Banker CLEWS is one of his sureties, but he owns no Clews to his principal's whereabouts. Do not PUNCHINELLO's subjects all know that whisk brooms sweep clean, and that no broom swept cleaner the Augean stables of Federal plunderers than that wretched Old BAILEY's whisky broom? There is, however, an old proverb which claims that industrious brooms soon wear out. But BAILEY is unlike a broom, in that no one can find a handle to his whereabouts.

PUNCHINELLO has heard a great deal about the practice of the Old Bailey in London. He thinks it likely that so long as the Administration continues to protect Federal plunderers, and to cover their tracks by attacks against alleged city and State abuses, these Old Bailey practices recently introduced into the United States Courts and United States procedure, within or without revenue offices, must soon entitle a large number of Federal officers, all over the country, to be happily styled "Old Bailey Practitioners."

A Gay Young Joker.

THUS spake the old Republican Machiavel,

THURLOW WEED, a day or two since, to W. H. SEWARD, the sly old fox with the "little bell."

"TWEED 'I win."

"Tweedle-dee!" retorted SEWARD. "What d'ye mean by that?"

"I mean," rejoined THURLOW, that his name, T. WEED, is identical with one that erstwhile loomed largest in the sovereignty of the State of New-York."

SEWARD smiled.

THE TOURS OF MRS. JIFFKINS.



Tour 1.—SHE SEARCHES FOR A MAN.



Tour 2.—SHE SEARCHES FOR A FIRE. "THERE'S SOMETHIN' A SINGEIN'!"

PHILADELVINGS.

"MOTHER! mother!" screamed a little girl from above stairs to her maternal parent in the parlor. "Mother, I've been crying ever so long, and HANNAH won't pacify me!" And now PUNCHINELLO notices that it is not only little girls who act in this charming manner; for the Hon. WILLIAM D. KELLEY, of Philadelphia, has just screamed over the Congressional banisters that he must be pacified, or he will no longer serve the good people of the Fourth District of Pennsylvania. Therefore some fifteen hundred of his constituents have written him a letter, and have said to him, "Dat he sall, de poo itty-witty darling-warling, have his placey-wacey as loungey-wongey as he wants it, and the nasty-wasty one-legged soldiers sha'n't trouble him for situations any more, so they sha'n't." So the poor fellow straightens himself up, ceases his sobbing, and consents to be pacified and take his three thousand a year for a little while longer. This may do very well for once in a while; but the Honorable WILLIAM D. announces that, not only does he desire to be pacified in regard to the people who expect him to get them situations, but that he wants to be with his family for more than six months in a year, and that his property affairs are a little mixed. Now, what if he should ask, next time, that his family shall be assigned apartments in the Capitol, and that he shall be put on the Grant Category, and be presented with an estate by his grateful constituents? And suppose he should declare that he would serve no more unless General LOGAN should be included among the number of those from whose importunities he is to be defended? The good Irish blood of WILLIAM D. has always boiled at the sound of the slogan, for it generally means fight, and he wants—pacifying. PUNCHINELLO respectfully presents his condolences to the people of the Fourth District of Pennsylvania, and hopes that they will have a happy time of it with WILLIAM D.

He has also noticed that the Philadelphians are having a lively and brotherly dispute over their new public buildings; they don't know where to put them. Most of the citizens are very much opposed to doing any thing on the square; that is to say, Independence Square, where the citizens assert their freedom by treading down all the grass, and making a mud-flat of what was intended to be a turfy lawn. Some folks want the buildings on PENN Square—so called because it is split in the middle, and answers its intended purposes only on paper. But the good Quakers hate to interfere with the rights of the blacks, whether they be men or women, and so many of the latter make this square their abiding place every summer, that it would seem like a violation of the spirit of the Fifteenth Amendment to disturb them. But there is no doubt that the good Philadelphians will have their new buildings some day, for they are very enterprising. Witness the disposition of one of their leading men, "Slushy" SMITH by name, who wants fifty thousand dollars with which to open an avenue from the Delaware to Sixth street, basing his claims upon the fact that such avenue will lead to Fairmount Park! Now, as the nearest point of the park is two miles and a half from Sixth street, the vigor of the scheme and the foreseeing character of the projectors are worthy of a metropolis.

PUNCHINELLO is furthermore delighted to see that a son of PENN has decided the great question of the Pope's infallibility, which so vexes our Ecumenical fellow-creatures. POPE has been beheaded at Harrisburg, and of course there is no further need to discuss his infallibility. When a man loses his head, he is fallible. To be sure, the case was only one of a picture of GRANT and his Generals, which hung in the State Library, and in which POPE's head was painted out, and Governor GEARY's substituted; but the act shows, on the part of the adherents of the leaden-legged governor, a head-strong determination to proceed to extremities which has given rise to the gravest apprehensions; but PUNCHINELLO hopes for the best. It is expected that the Legislature will soon compel the inhabitants of the City of Fraternites to send their children to school, whether they like it or not. This is certainly progression, and PUNCHINELLO now looks confidently forward to a law compelling all Philadelphians to wash their pavements twice a day; to have white marble front-steps (without railings) to all their houses; to build said houses entirely of red brick, with green shutters; to make their sidewalks of similar bricks, laid unevenly, to agitate passers-by and so prevent dyspepsia, and that each house shall have at least one little gutter running over its pavement.

—♦♦—
"Lost at Sea."

BOUCICAULT when he wrote the play.

LETTER FROM A FRIEND.

FRIEND PUNCHINELLO:

Thee is right welcome; but thee should look upon this as a city of Friends, and not place it in thy wicked pages, but rather in thy Good Books—all the more since thee claims to exalt the good things pertaining to pen and pencil, and this is the great City of Penn and Pennsylvania.

If thee should come this way next summer, to ruralize, thee might behold our swollen Schuylkill, and say, Enough! Thee might see our City Fathers, and say, Good! Doubtless thee has heard of our butter? Well, thee might then taste it, and also say, Good!—if thee likes. It is cheap. Thee will understand me, friend, that it is cheap to say "Good" and good to say "Cheap."

If thee will but talk "plain language," thee may circulate freely in our streets, and behold our horses and dogs rubbing noses against the fountains; nay, refreshing themselves thereat by the sight and sound of little water!

Cruelty to Animals is Prevented—but thee knows this; for has thee not thy BERGH? Thee does with *one* BERGH, but we have two—Pittsburg and Harrisburg—and, moreover, a proverb which says, "Every man thinketh his own goose a SWANN." If thee needs, we can spare thee Harrisburg, and trust to the laws of Providence.

But, friend PUNCHINELLO, if thee comes here, thee must be careful what thee does. If thee does *nothing*, thee may be restrained. Thrift accords not with idleness.

We permit none but official corner loungers and "dead beats;" and, having a very FOX for a Mayor—whose police are sharp as steel traps—thee comes into danger, unless thee be a Repeater. True, thee might disguise thyself in liquor and—as friend FOX taketh none—escape.

This epistle is written out of kindly regard for thee, and because the Spirit moveth me to wish thee well and a long life; although thee may not live long enough to behold our new Public Buildings, the site of which no man living can foresee.

I remain, thine in peace,

PHINEAS BRODBRIMME,
PHILADELPHIA, 3d Month, 29th, 1870. Mulberry Street.

—♦♦—
Consolation for Contemplated Changes in the Cabinet.

THERE are as good Fish in the sea as ever were caught.

—♦♦—
Revels in the President's Mansion.

THE Black man in the White house.

—♦♦—
Nothing Like Leather.

A LEATHER-DEALER in the "Swamp" writes to us, asking whether we cannot administer a good leathering to the prowlers who infest that district at night. We don't know. Had rather not interfere. Suppose the poor thieves find good Hiding-places there. Let the leatherist guard his premises with a good-sized Black—and tan.

—♦♦—
"Raising Cain."

THE Southern papers announce that cane-planting is generally finished, which is more than can be said in this section, where it looks as though the cane was about to usurp the place of the pen. We are not surprised, however, to be informed that not half as much cane has been planted in the South this year as there was last season, owing to the fact, no doubt, that the Government has gone into the business of "raising Cain" so extensively in that section.

—♦♦—
Good for a "Horse Laugh."

WHAT is the difference between the leading *equestrienne* at the Circus and ROSA BONHEUR?

The one is known as the "Fair Horsewoman;" the other, as the "Horse Fair Woman."

—♦♦—
A Drawn Battle.

ANY fight that gets into the illustrated papers.

—♦♦—
A Suggestion.

It is proposed to transport passengers by means of the pneumatic tunnel. In view of the dampness of this subterranean way, would it not be proper to call it the Rheumatic tunnel?

THE UMBRELLA.

(CONCLUDED.)

It has been suggested that should a select party from the Fee-jee Islands, who never before had wandered from their own delightful home, be thrown into London, they might immediately erect the copper-colored flag, or whatever their national ensign might be, and take possession of that populous locality by right of discovery. So, in like manner, should you leave your umbrella where it would be likely to be discovered—say in a restaurant, or even in your own hall—the fortunate and enterprising explorer who should happen to discover it would have in his favor the nine points of the law that come with possession, and the remaining points by right of discovery—a good thing for dealers in umbrellas, but bad for that small portion of the general public not addicted to petty larceny.

DICKENS, in one of his Christmas stories, tells us of an umbrella that a man tried to get rid of: he gave it away; he sold it; he lost it; but it invariably came back; despite his most strenuous exertions, like bad *inubi*, it remained upon his hands.

This strange incident does not come within our present treatise; it is of the supernatural, and we are seeking to write the natural history of the umbrella.

The man who has an umbrella that has grown old in his service is a curiosity—so is the umbrella. If a man borrow an umbrella, it is not expected that he will ever return it; he is a polite and refined mendicant. If a man lend an umbrella, it is understood that he has no further use for it; he is a generous donor whose right hand knows not what his left hand doeth—neither does his left hand.

A reform with regard to umbrellas has lately been attempted. A very expressive and ingenious stand has been patented, in which if an umbrella be once impaled there is no chance of its abduction except by the hands of its rightful owner. A friend of ours, who owned such a one, placed all his umbrellas in its charge, and went his way joyfully with the keys in his pocket. During his absence, a facetious burglar called and removed umbrellas, stand, and all. Our friend concludes that it is cheaper to lend umbrellas by retail.

Despite the apparent severity of these remarks, there may be much romance connected with the umbrella. Many a young man immersed in love has blessed the umbrella that it has been his privilege to carry over the head of a certain young lady caught in a shower. In such a case the umbrella may be the means of cementing hearts. Two young hearts bound together by an umbrella—think of it, ye dealers in poetical rhapsodies, and grieve that the discovery was not yours!

How many agreeable chats have taken place beneath the umbrella! how many a *confessio amantis* has ascended with sweet savor into the dome of the umbrella and consecrated it for ever!

The romance alluded to may be spoiled if there be great disparity in height. If the lady be very tall and you be very short, (so that you can't afford to ride in an omnibus,) you will be apt to spoil a new hat; and if, on the other hand, the lady be very short and you be very tall, you will probably ruin a spring bonnet and break off the match.

Again, if you should happen to carry an umbrella of the vast blue style—to your own disgust and the amusement of the multitude—and, under such circumstances, you meet a particular lady friend, your best course will be to pass rapidly by, screening yourself from observation as much as possible.

It would also be awkward should the day be windy, and, as you advance with a winning smile to offer an asylum to the *stricken dear*, the umbrella should blow inside out.

The poet has raised the umbrella still higher by making it the symbol of the marriage tie. He says,

"Just as to a big umbrella
Is the handle when 'tis
raining,
So unto a man is woman.
Though the handle bears
the burden,
'Tis the top keeps all the
rain off;
Though the top gets all
the wetting,
'Tis the handle still sup-
ports it.
So the top is good for
nothing
If there isn't any handle;
And the case holds *vice
versa*."

All will appreciate the delicate pathos of the simile. Speaking of similes reminds us that there is one on Broadway. An enterprising merchant has for his sign an American eagle carrying an umbrella.

Imagine the Ameri-

can eagle carrying an umbrella! As well imagine JULIUS CÆSAR in shooting-jacket and NAPOLEON-boots. The sign was put up in war times, and was, of course, intended as a Sign of the times, squalls being prevalent and umbrellas needed. Now that the squalls are over, let us hope that the umbrella may speedily come down. Just here we close ours.

—♦♦—
"Ironing Done Here."

CAPTAIN EYRE's conduct has raised the ire of the whole civilized world.

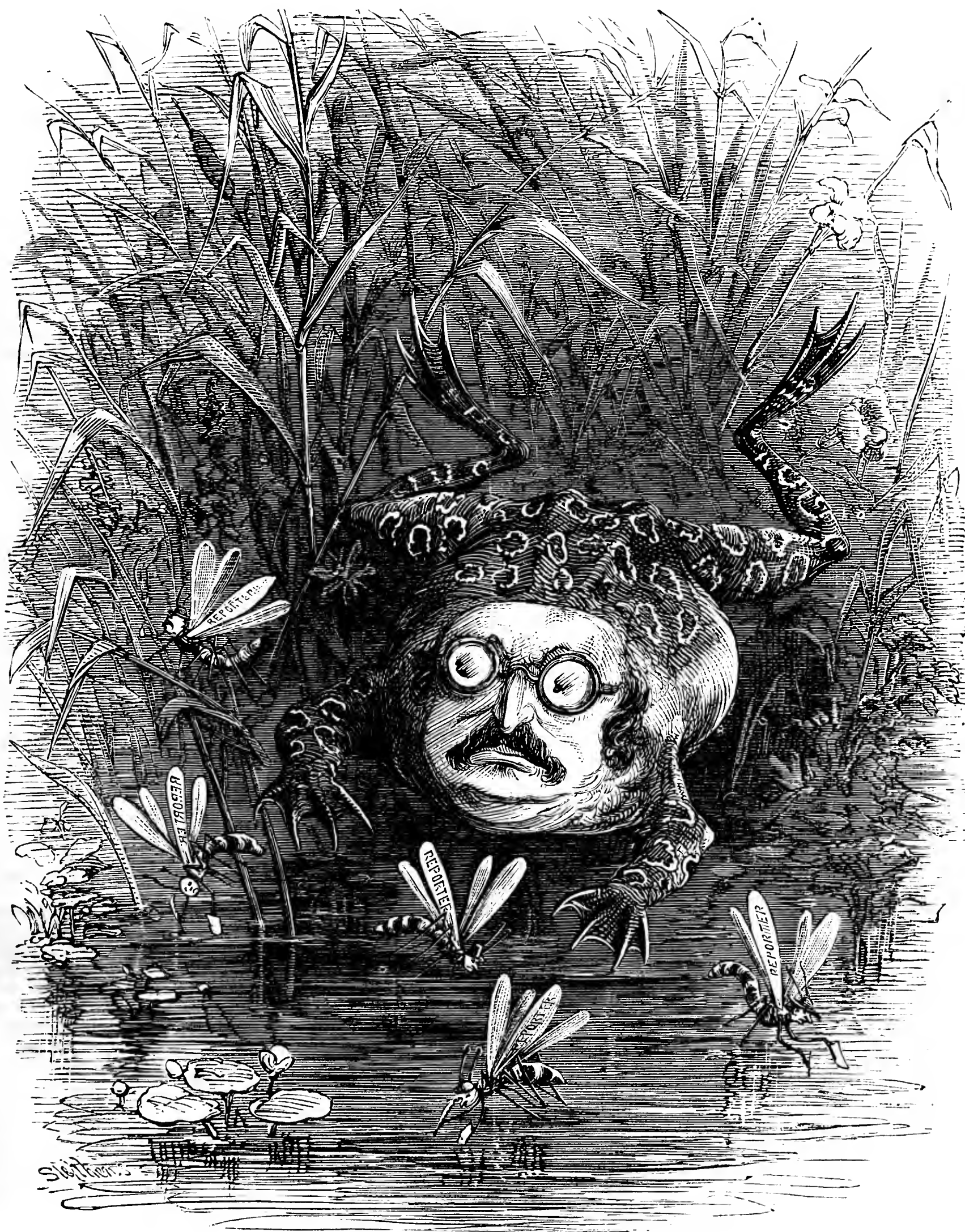
—♦♦—
Right to a Letter.

THE Collector of the Thirty-second District is charged with having committed larceny as Bailor.



ALAS! POOR CUBA!

Messrs. Fish and Sumner. "LET HER STAY OUT IN THE COLD."



THE DESCENT OF THE GREAT MASSACHUSETTS FROG UPON THE NEWS-
PAPER FLIES.

AN OLD BOY TO THE YOUNG ONES.



O-DAY I'm sixty-nine—an Old Boy. But, bless you! I was three times as old—I thought so then—when I entered on my nineteenth year. I tell you, boys—but perhaps you know it already—that the oldest figure we ever reach in this world, the point at which we can look over the head of METHUSELAH as easy as you can squint at the pretty girls, is at eighteen and nineteen. Every body else around about that time amounts to little, and less, and nothing at all. What's the "old man"—your father, at forty-five—but an old foggy who does n't understand things at all? Of course not; how could he be expected to?

He didn't have the modern advantages. He didn't go to school at five, the dancing academy at seven; nor did he give stunning birthday parties at nine—not he. He didn't wear Paris kid-gloves in the nursery, learn to swear at the tailor at ten, smoke and "swell" at twelve, and flirt at Long Branch, Newport, or Saratoga at thirteen. The truth is—you think so—the Old Man was brought up "slow." And, to tell the truth, you had much rather not be seen with him outside the house.

You are "one of the boys" now. I was, fifty years since. A long time ago, that; but I've lived long enough to see and know that I was a great fool then. You'll come to that, if you don't run to seed before. I see now that what I then thought was smartness, was mere smoke; and it was a great deal of smoke with the smallest quantity of fire. The people I thought amounted to nothing, and whom I symbolized with a cipher, were merely reflections of my own small, addled brain. I, too, thought the old man slow, *passé*, stupid. I took him for a muff. He must have known I was twice that. What does one of the boys at nineteen care for advice? I didn't—you don't. It went in at the right ear and out over the left shoulder. Old gent said he'd been there; I said I was going. I did go. So did his money. My talent—if that's what you call it—was centrifugal, not centripetal. I was a radical out-and-outer, as to funds. I made lots of friends—you should have seen them. They swarmed—when there was any thing in my pocket. They left me alone in solitude at other times. At twenty-nine I got pretty well along in life. But I find I did not know so much as at nineteen. I had seen something of the world, and also something of myself. The more I saw and studied the latter individual, the less I thought of him. I began sincerely to believe he was a humbug. At thirty-nine, I knew he was; or rather had been. By that time he had begun to mend—had he? He had married, and there was call for mending, equally as to ways, means, and garments. From that hour I cultivated in different fields. My wild oats were all *raked* in. I was getting away from nineteen very rapidly—happily receding from the boy of *that* period. Mrs. BROWNGREEN beheld a man devoted to domestics and the dailies. The clubs I left behind me—twice a week. I was at home early—in the morning. I kept careful watch of my goings and comings—so did my curious neighbors. I had my family around me—also sheriffs and trades-people. I stood tolerably well in the community; for I was straight in those times even when in straits. But there was one stand I never did like to take—anywhere in sight of my tailors. They were ungrateful. I *gave* them any amount of patronage, and they turned on me and wanted me to pay for it. That's the way of the world. It wants much, and it wants it long; and when its bills come in, it is found to be the latter dimensions with an emphasis.

Well, boys, when you get out of the nineteens, you will begin to learn something. First of all, that you don't know much of any thing. That's the beginning of wisdom, though twenty is pretty well on to begin at a good school. You will learn that frogs are not so large as elephants, and that a gas-bag is sure to end in a collapse. You will learn that the greatest fool is he who thinks he sees such in every body

else. You will learn that all women are *not* angels, nor all people older than yourself "old fogies." You will see that humanity—or its best type—is not made of equal parts of assurance, twenty-five cent cigars, Otard punches, swallow-tail coats, and flash jewelry; and that the chances, in the proportion of nine to one, are that "one of the boys" at nineteen is one of the noodlest of noodles.

Truly,

JEREMIAH BROWNGREEN,
An Old Boy of Sixty-nine.

THE INDIAN.

INDIANS were the first inhabitants of this country. "Lo!" was the first, only, and original aboriginal. His statue may be seen outside of almost any cigar-store. His descendants are still called "Low," though often over six feet in height. The Indian is generally red, but in time of war he becomes a "yeller." He lives in the forest, and is often "up a tree." Indians believe in ghosts, and when the Spirit moves them, they move the Spirits. (N.B. They have no excise law.) They have an objection to crooked paths, preferring to take every thing "straight." Although fond of rum, they do not possess the Spirit of the old Rum-uns. They are deficient in all metals except brass. This they have in large quantities. The Indian is very benevolent; and believing that "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," he often scalps his friends to allow them to sleep better. This is touching in the extreme. He is also very hospitable, often treating his captives to a hot Stake. This is also touching—especially to the captive. He is very ingenious in inventing new modes of locomotion. Riding on a rail is one of these. This is done after dinner, in order to aid the digestion, although they often "settle your hash" in a different way. Indians are independent, and can "paddle their own canoes." It is very picturesque to see an Indian, who is a little elevated, in a Tight canoe when the water is High. (No allusion to LONGFELLOW's "High-erwater" is intended.) Indians are pretty good shots, often shooting rapids. Their aim is correct; but as Miss CAPULET observes, "What's in an aim?" (Answer in our next.) They are also skilful with the long-bow. This does not, however, indicate that they take an arrow view of things. Not at all. Sometimes, when reduced by famine, they live on arrow-root. Sometimes they dip the points of their arrows in perfume, after which they (the arrows, not the Indians) are Scent. That this fact was known to Mr. SHAKESPEARE is shown by his line,

"Arrows by any other name would smell as wheat."

What is meant by the allusion to wheat is not quite clear; but it probably refers to old Rye. An Indian may be called the Bow ideal of a man. And then, again, he may not. It is a bad habit to call names. The Western people have given up the Bow, but still retain the Bowie. "Hang up the fiddle and the bow," (BYRON.) Perhaps it is "arrowing" to their feelings. Perhaps it is not. The Indian is different from the Girl of the Period. He has "two strings to his bow," while she has two beaux "on a string."

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

WHEN the *Daily Trombone* warns the POPE of Rome that his course is prejudicial to the interests of true Catholics, the venerable prelate doubtless adopts a new policy forthwith. When the *Evening Slasher* informs NAPOLEON that unless he conciliates the people of France his dynasty will be overthrown, the Emperor doubtless at once confers with his Minister of State concerning the advice thus proffered. When the *Morning Pontoon* warns VICTORIA that her persistent seclusion is damaging to the cause of the throne, Her Gracious Majesty, without doubt, changes her habits of life instantler. When the *Sunday Blow-pipe* sagely informs BISMARCK that he is a blunderer, the great diplomatist is probably thrown into convulsions by the appalling intelligence. When the *Weekly Gasmeter* coolly accuses the Czar of Russia of insincerity and double-dealing, that potentate doubtless writes a private note to the editor, defending his honor and policy. When the *Gridiron* advises VICTOR EMMANUEL to be less rigid in his diplomacy, or he will regret it, beyond question V. E., alarmed and chagrined, reverses his policy in accordance with the advice tendered. When the *Daily Pumpkin* informs GRANT that the people are disappointed in him, he simply smokes.

Very Fishy!

AN English exchange speaks of the Emperor of Russia as "a queer fish." Must we infer from this that he is a Czar-dine?



RATHER A HARD HIT.

Emily, (in conflict with the new Parson.) "THAT FASHIONS MAY BE CARRIED TO EXTREMES, I ADMIT; BUT WOMEN, AT LEAST, TRY TO DISPLAY *their* PHRENOLOGICAL DEVELOPMENTS TO THE BEST ADVANTAGE."

HIGH CHURCH AND LOW CHURCH.

WE are frequently asked what is the difference between High Church and Low Church?

We inquired of a Low Churchman for his definition of a High Churchman.

Well, said he, a High Churchman is a — Well, he is a — Well, I should say he was a — Well, hang me, he is a — a High Old Pharisee.

We next inquired of a High Churchman what made a brother Low Churchman?

Well, he is a — Well, I say he is a — Well, some people call him a — Yes, he is a — Well, he is a darned Low Pharisee.

We hope our efforts in getting at the truth are eminently satisfactory to all interested, as they are to us.

A Seasonable Hint.

ONE of the correspondents speaks of being ushered into the august presence of the President. April presence would have been the more appropriate expression—not to say First of April presence.

"The Long, Long, Weary Day."

THE Philadelphia Day.

WEATHER PROPHECIES FOR MAY.

ABOUT the first of the month look out for squalls and damp weather. The sun's rays may be warm, but the beefsteak will be cold. There will be more or less cloudy days throughout the month—especially more. If the mornings are not foggy, they will be clear—that is, if the almanacs are not steeped to the covers in deceit. If we prophesy pleasant weather, and it should prove stormy and disagreeable, you can have redress by calling at the office of PUNCHINELLO.

GREELEY ON BAILEY.

THE *Tribune* extenuates the defalcations of Collector BAILEY, on the ground that "he fought the crowd" (other revenue defaulters) "zealously, effectively, persistently," etc. Suppose that Mr. GREELEY, while pursuing his wild career in the dire places of the city, should fall in with a gang of pickpockets, and get hustled. Suppose that a strong fellow came along and drove away the thieves. Suppose that the strong fellow then "went through" Mr. GREELEY, and eased him of his purse, watch, and magnificent diamond jewelry. Would Mr. GREELEY extenuate the outrage because the strong fellow had previously "fought the crowd zealously, effectively, persistently"?

California Bank Ring.

THE California Bank went back on the greenbacks. Congress, being not so green, went back on the California Bank Ring. It was not a Ring of the true metal.

In Vino, etc.

WINE merchants should never advertise. "Good Wine needs no Push."

INTERESTING TO BONE-BOILERS.

COMPARATIVE osteology has ever been a favorite study with PUNCHINELLO in his lighter hours. He loves to compare a broiled bone with a devilled bone, and thinks them both good; but he fails to hit upon an adequate comparison for the boiled bones that poison the air of certain city localities with their concentrated stenches. Why don't the Health Inspectors make a descent upon the boilers of bones, and Bone their boilers?

"Jersey Lightning."

THAT most of the so-called foreign wines sold here are made in New-Jersey, is proved by the strong Bergen-dy flavor possessed by them.

Sutro the Bore(r).

SUTRO, having bored Congress to grant him a royalty on all the ore taken out of the Comstock lode, now proposes to bore the Nevada mountains. He says there are loads of silver in that lode. The principal metal thus far shown by SUTRO is native brass. SUTRO asks only the Letter of the law—the royal—T.

Query.

DOES it follow that a FREAR charter will secure a Freer municipal election?

BOOK NOTICES.

A BATTLE OF THE BOOKS. Edited and published by GAIL HAMILTON. New-York: HURD & HOUGHTON.

A regular equinoctial Gail goes whirling and tearing through the leaves of this smart book. Its aim is to riddle and rip up the system by which certain publishing houses crush authors, and defraud them of their proper dues. The book is written with spirit, and has been issued in a very attractive form by the Riverside Press.

HANS BREITMANN IN CHURCH, WITH OTHER NEW BALLADS. By CHARLES G. LELAND. Philadelphia: T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS.

Mr. LELAND, so well known as one of the most learned of our German scholars, has made a specialty of the character known in this country as a "Dutchman." The little volume under notice, which has been very tastefully set forth by Messrs. PETERSON, contains much amusing matter, couched in that queer compound of German and English in the manufacture of which Mr. LELAND excels.

WE are indebted to Messrs. GURNEY & SON for a number of photographs of public characters, executed in the best manner of the art. The "mugs" issued by Messrs. GURNEY are quite equal, if not superior, to that most celebrated of all mugs, the "Holy Grail."

CONDENSED CONGRESS.

SENATE.



CTION in Congress has not been very lively of late. It is Lent; and the exhilarating sort of entertainment provided by the "high requiem" of a SUMNER, or the wild warbling of a DRAKE, is considered to be unseasonable. The Senate is not a faster, though Senator SUMNER's tongue goes faster than any body else's in it; nor yet a prayer, though Senator YATES is undeniably Prairie in his oratory; but it is a humiliator. As Lord ASHBURNHAM well remarked when he saw it in its fresh hey-day, we may repeat in its old salt-hay-day, "'Pon mee sole, uno, it is a pudding-headed lot of duffers."

PUNCHINELLO finds nothing to make his weekly abstract and brief chronicle of this asylum for elderly and uninteresting lunatics about without making it too weakly. In the language of Bishop POTTER, when asked by the Rev. Dr. DIX what he would do in the event of a heart turning up, "I'll pass" to—

THE HOUSE,

which never fails to amuse and instruct. Mr. COX has been making a shocking speech about the tariff. Mr. COX remarked that he once thought there was nothing like it. But I have been travelling about since, he said, with a summer-note in my own buck eye in search of Winter Sunbeams in my Corsican brother's. I have been in Corsica, and of Corsica find a parallel of the latitude of this tariff in the leg ends of the robbers, by which I do *not* mean the ankles of the Forty Thieves, whom I had the pleasure of seeing in company with my "constituents of the Sixth Congressional District of the City of New-York." Well, then, there was a robber in Corsica of the name of PELEG HIGGINS, who found that his business in the Robbin Rednest line was suffering from the opposition of several other robbers in the neighbor and robbin' hood, who "went through" his victims, to use an expressive phrase common among my constituents, before he had his chance. PELEG thereupon went to the priest of the parish, who assessed the sins of the robbers of that vicinity, and offered him half the proceeds of his future crimes if he would increase his tariff of penances on the opposition firms. The priest drew up a schedule of the Whole Duties of Man. It was practically prohibitory on murders, and robberies were assessed from sixty to eighty per cent *ad valorem*. The other robbers remonstrated. The priest said he would protect his parishioners. PELEG is now very much respected, and owns an iron and log-rolling establishment. The other robbers were driven out of the business. That, Mr. Cox said, was the origin of the Protective Tariff.

Mr. KELLEY wished to know how much British Gold Mr. Cox had received for his infamous harangue. As for him, he was bound to protect his constituents (Mr. COX, "Parishioners;" and laughter on the Democratic, or other, side of Mr. KELLEY's mouth.) As to the charge that he was behind the age, it was absurd. Every Philadelphian knew that nobody could be behind the *Age*. He advocated the principle expressed by the Pennsylvanian bard,

You tickle me and
I'll tickle you.

Mr. LOGAN said the army ought to be reduced; and he treated with scorn General SHERMAN's intimation that it ought not to be reduced. General SHERMAN had once told him that there was a Major-General whom the army could spare. He (LOGAN) was a Major-General at the time. He did not know whom General SHERMAN meant. He did not see the use of the regular army, or of West-Point. In his State a man could get along just as well without knowing any thing; and what was the sense of teaching officers? The more they knew, the more

they wanted to know. Give them an inch, and they would take an ell. He didn't know what an ell an ell was, and he didn't want to. He was willing to provide a staff, but not a crutch.

Mr. SLOCUM said he hoped it was not unparliamentary to observe that the gentleman who preceded him didn't know what he was talking about. The French staff is larger than our staff. So is the British United Service Club. So is the Irish shillelagh. If the reductions proposed were carried "out," the staff would stick at nothing. The arms of the service might get on without a staff, but how about the legs?

Allurements of the Period.

NOVELTY and nakedness are the elements to which modern managers of plays and shows chiefly look for success. A new song, the name of which it is unnecessary to give, has brought fresh fame and renewed fortune to the proprietors of a celebrated minstrel theatre. Legs have contributed their might to fill the coffers of some of our leading theatrical managers—legs of the feminine gender, with much display about them, but no drapery. Thus it will be seen that New Ditty in the one case, and Nudity in the other, have taken the great public by the forelock and led it to where the minstrels gesticulate, and the legs and footlights quiver. And now the "lower animals" are touched by the whim of the period, a leading attraction on the bills of the Circus being an equestrian performance with "four naked horses."

Sartorial.

A TAYLOR carried through the Mexican war; a DRAPER writes the history of the civil war. Drapers and Taylors such as these understand how to mend national Breaches.

A Fatal Technicality.

"WIMMING" have their rights in Wyoming; but then Wyoming can never become "Woming" Territory. And what's to prevent it? Y, don't you see?—that letter won't let her.

BROADBRIM TO ABORIGINE.

FRIEND PIEGAN! with the war-paint on thy cheek,
I am thy friend; pray listen, then, to me—
Nay, do not scalp me!—may a Friend not speak?
Put up thy knife: I draw no knife on thee.

Friend PIEGAN! can thee count the forest leaves?
For every leaf, thee counts a Pale Face too!
Full many strokes the Red Man now receives:
But, PIEGAN friend, what can the Red Man do?

The Small-Pox and the Fever strike him down;
The White Man is his foe: he cannot live!
For the Great Spirit tells him, with a frown,
All men shall perish that will not forgive!

The Pale Face has been here? thy child is killed?
But little scalps are hanging to thy belt!
Say, when thy father's heart with wrath was filled,
Did not thee know how thy White Brother felt?

Now, PIEGAN friend! thee has enough of war!
Bury the hatchet, and thy arrows break;
Wait for the Happy Hunting Grounds afar—
A Reservation that they cannot take!

The Latest from Albany.

'ALL O.K. till December.

Up and Down.

THE almost universal cry, "Down with the taxes!" is inconsistent in one sense, because if taxes were Down, they would certainly be extremely light.

Running and Reid-In.

AND now MAYNE REID is announced as having a lecture on BYRON. At this rate we shall soon have BYRON's memory embalmed in Stowe-Reid greatness.

Good Roaming Catholics.

THE Sisters of Charity.

A VISIT TO "SHERIDAN'S RIDE."

PHILADELPHIA, March 26, 1870.

DEAR PUNCHINELLO:

TAKING my way along Chestnut Street a few days since, I found my progress arrested at Tenth Street by a great current of humanity, that swept with resistless force into the entrance to the Academy of Fine Arts.

I, too, entered, and, passing around the familiar group of the "Centaur and Lapithæ," which stands beneath the dome, was hurried breathlessly onward by the throng, until I found myself face to face with that *chef-d'œuvre* of modern art, T. BUCHANAN READ's painting of "SHERIDAN'S Ride."

Give the reins to your imagination, now, (a little horse-talk is appropriate here,) and behold one thousand men and women, of refined and cultivated tastes, doing tearful homage to the genius of the great Poet-aster—pardon me, Mr. T. B. R., Poet-artist was what I meant to have said.

From these my critical orbs now wandered to the painting; from the painting to PUGH, (the astute "engineer" of the "show,") and then to the painting again. "What drawing!" remarked I. (PUGH smiled, and glanced approvingly at the audience.) "There is much freedom and boldness in it," continued I. "It is very broad, rich in color, and—" "In a word," interrupted a friend of mine, whose grandfather was a Frenchman, "full of *chic*!" (PUGH blushed.)

Admirable and truthful, indeed, is the expression imparted by the artist to the fleet General who suddenly became famous by being Twenty Miles away from the Post of Duty!

The flashing eye; the close-cut military style of the hair; the fierce moustache; the row of three buttons marking exalted grade; the vigorous yet graceful movement of the sword-arm, and the cap disappearing in the distance, indicative of the remarkable time making by the "horsenman"—all these are admirable points in the picture, and worthy of being closely studied by the student of Art.

As I gazed, a shock-headed young man, with a very red nose, whom I at once recognized as a student of the Life Class, sneeringly observed that the "flourish of the sword smelt a little of the foot-lights." (Artists are ever jealous.)

It is easy to see that the clever painter of "SHERIDAN'S Ride" has meaning in the flourish of the sabre. It indicates that his fleet hero uses the weapon, not to "fright the souls of fearful adversaries," but to accelerate with frequent whacks the speed of his heroic charger. The horse has observable points, too, and especially one that might be called by the superficial critic "faulty drawing." I refer to the extraordinary fore-shortening—if the expression is in this case allowable—of that part of the animal which extends from the saddle backward. In this, again, there is a touch of nature that genius only can impart. For what is more conceivable than that the hinder parts of the heroic steed might have been cut away by an unlucky slash with the edge of the sabre? There is precedent for this. Every schoolboy can recall a similar accident which befell the horse of MUNCHHAUSEN as he dashed beneath the descending portcullis. And, as from that famous steed's hind-quarters there sprang an arborescent shelter, so, also, as a result of SHERIDAN'S "scrub race," do laurels shade that hero's brows.

My views of the cause of this fore-shortening are enforced when I state that there is a fine atmospheric effect about the horse's tail, which seems to indicate that it was considerably in the rear.

There can be no greater tribute to the powers of the artist, or the worth of the heroic "horsenman,"

than the crowds which daily, in these heretofore silent and hallowed precincts, "wake the echoes with sounds of praise."

Yonder is "Death on the Pale Horse." As I gazed, Death smiled with approval at "SHERIDAN'S Ride," and the stony figure of GERMANICUS "leant upon his sword and wiped away a tear."

Suddenly a pistol-shot rang through the vaulted aisles, and, amid the shouts of men and shrieks of affrighted women, I ascertained that a daring rebel, (one EARLY,) moved by the wondrous fidelity of the picture, had drawn a revolver, and fired at the "counterfeit presentment" of the man who had humbled him at Winchester.

Amid the confusion, a manly voice shouted, "Three cheers for the Hero of Winchester!"

"That's Wright!" yelled the shock-headed young man with the red nose.

Then I left the scene, pondering as I went, "What manner of painter is this, who can so deftly limn the features of a hero as to draw tears from his worshippers and bullets from his foes?" And, as I pondered, that abstruse conundrum of CHURCH, the artist, came to my mind: "What if, after all, READ, your brush should steal the laurels from your pen?"

"What," indeed?

CHROMO.

A Long Look-out.

THE dome on the new court-house is expected to be completed by Domesday.

Appropriate.

LESTER WALLACK has his "Tayleure" travelling with him during his "starring" trip.

"PLEASE THE PIGS."

FOREIGN Pig, we observe, furnishes a topic just now for writers in the daily papers. IRON-ically speaking, pig, in the sense referred to, means a lump of metal; but the *World* of March 26th has an accidental, though none the less curious, "cross-reading," which brings foreign pig directly into contact with domestic. It says, (the *World*, not the pig.)

"Protected foreign pig in New-York, \$32."

Precisely on a line with this, in the next column, appears the following,

"What between hogs and policemen, drunken women are being rapidly exterminated in Philadelphia."

The *World's* cross-reading is a capital one, bringing the pigs together nicely, and suggesting the following remarks:

"Protected foreign pig in New-York, \$32," very aptly applies to the gangs of imported burglars and ruffians of all sorts who run riot in our midst, and who can generally insure the "protection" of the police by a *douceur* so paltry even as \$32.

Such hybrids as Philadelphia drunken women, "between hogs and policemen," must be extremely disagreeable objects, and we are glad to learn that they are nearly extinct. Here we are much worse off. Rowdy characters, that may well be compared to "hogs," but are not often to be seen "between policemen," are far too plentiful in New-York, and the sooner they are "exterminated" the better.

By a Broom.

NASSAU street is in such a filthy condition as to suggest a change of its name to Nausea Street.

Radical Ames.

To be Military Commander, and then United States Senator from Mississippi.



CHARLEY, WHO HAS HAD HIS HAIR DRESSED AT THE BARBER'S, SHOWS HIS LITTLE BROTHER, WITH THE AID OF THE CRUET-STAND, HOW IT IS DONE.

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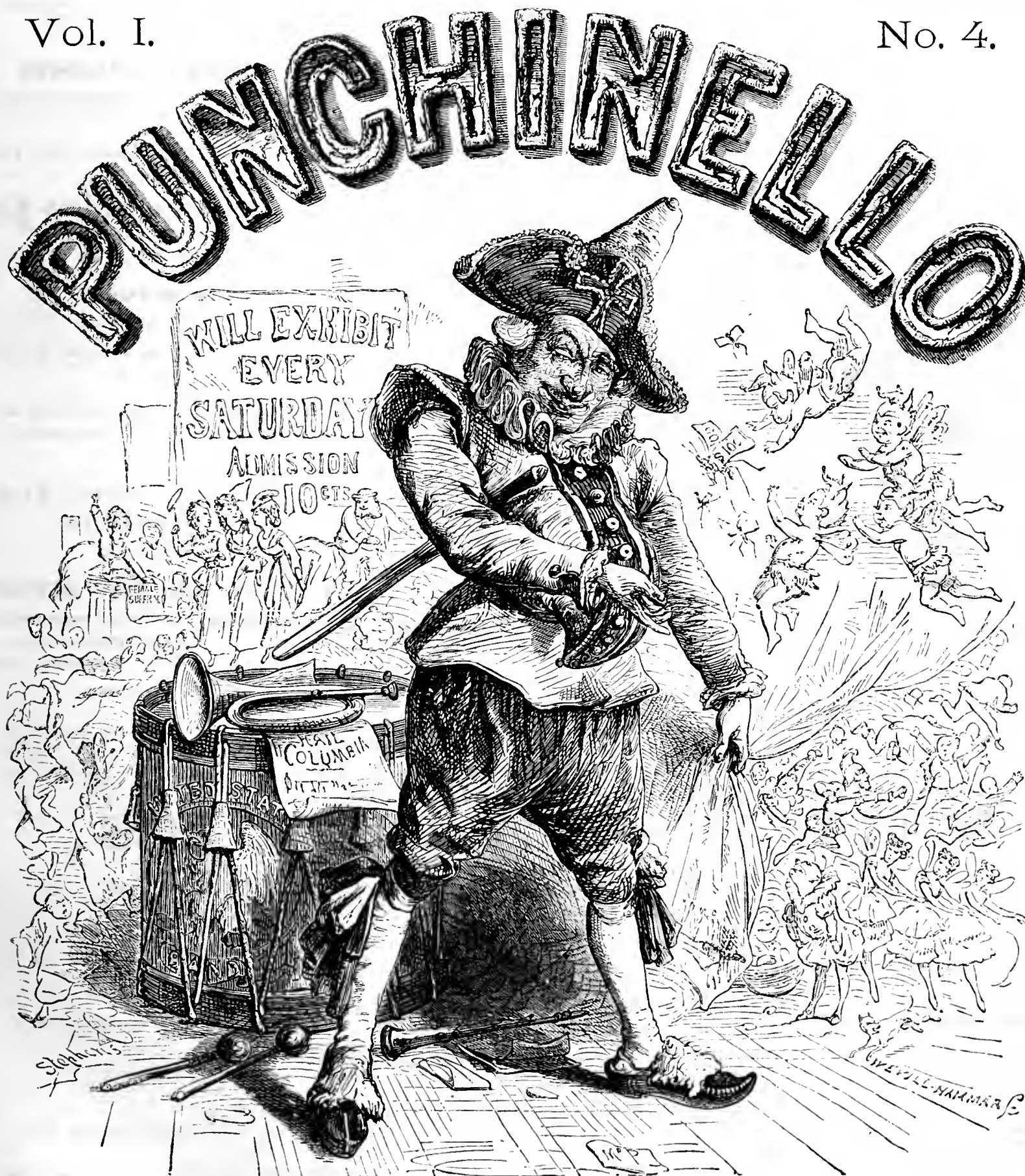
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THE PLAYS AND SHOWS.



BOOTH'S Theatre has become famous as the place where Mr. MOLLENHAUER nightly leads his admirable orchestra, and plays with exquisite skill and infinite tenderness his unrivalled violin solos.

Since this theatre opened, there have been several attempts to add dramatic entertainments to the attractive concerts given by Mr. MOLLENHAUER. Two great actors, Mr. JEFFERSON and Mr. BOOTH, have at different times appeared at this house, and in *Rip Van Winkle* and *Hamlet* have given us the most perfect specimens of dramatic monologue. Lately, there was an attempt made to present *Macbeth* during the intermis-

sions in the performance of the orchestra. Had an actor been engaged who was capable of playing *Macbeth*, and had a company been engaged to support him, the tragedy would doubtless have been well played. There was really little else wanting to make it a meritorious Shakespearean revival.

To visit this theatre is held to be a solemn duty by a large class of respectable and serious people. They don't go for amusement—they are far too sensible for that—but they go to support the legitimate drama, to testify their respect for SHAKESPEARE and for Mr. BOOTH's classic brow. The Worldly-Minded Persons who attended the representations of *Macbeth*, found themselves assisting at a scene compared with which a funeral would have been jovial, and a hanging, a wild dissipation.

This is the sort of thing that presents itself to our memory as we recall the first night of *Macbeth*.

A large and elderly audience enters the portals with subdued and mournful mien. The ushers, who, in imitation of Mr. BOOTH, do a little of the classic brow and curl business themselves, chew tobacco with an air of resigned melancholy, and spit upon the carpet, as though renouncing the pleasures of the world and the decencies of civilization.

At the first intermission of the orchestra, the curtain rises upon the three Weird Sisters. Mr. HIND is a Weird Sister, and he improves the opportunity to howl with a weirdness that draws an involuntary laugh from an irreverent young lady.

Respectable Father. "Laughing in BOOTH's, my dear! I am astonished at you. Sh."

Respectable Mother. "Ellen, if you can't behave in ch—in the theatre, you ought not to come." *Irreverent young lady becomes an object of scornful pity to every one in the neighborhood. She never smiles again.*

The play proceeds. An inarticulate person is brought in on a litter, who looks like a Tammany man whom some irate young Democrat has "put a head on." He indulges in an inarticulate speech, which is warmly applauded by the gallery. Then the Weird Sisters meet MACBETH and BANQUO on the heath, and Mr. HIND howls at them until the Worldly-Minded auditor blesses the memory of the Salem witch-burners. Then the King brevets MACBETH. Then Lady MACBETH reads a letter from her husband with the demonstrative energy of a Chicago Wild Woman reading the decree that divorces her from a kind and honorable husband. Then the King arrives, and MACBETH and his wife agree to kill him. Then the curtain falls, and Mr. MOLLENHAUER repays the Worldly-Minded Person for having stayed through the first act. Conversation is indulged in by the audience in subdued whispers.

All the Respectable Men in the house. "Ah! there is nothing like SHAKESPEARE, and there is no theatre like BOOTH's. This is indeed an intellectual feast."

All the Middle-aged Ladies, wiping away the tear of sensibility. "This is something worth seeing! How can people be so frivolous as to go to see comedies?"

All the Young Ladies. "Isn't BOOTH perfectly splendid? Isn't he

magnificent? You should have seen his CLAUDE MELNOTTE; it was so perfectly lovely."

All the Ushers, each to the other. "Have another chew?"

Worldly-Minded Person to Congenial Reprobate. "Let's hear MOLLENHAUER once more, and then go."

But MOLLENHAUER's violin ceases to weep, and the curtain rises again. The remainder of the play proceeds in due solemnity. MACBETH has the usual fit of *delirium tremens* at the banquet scene, where the nobility of Scotland—one of whom wears low shoes, Oxford tie pattern—drink with national ardor, and don't take the slightest interest in MACBETH's hallucinations. Lady MACBETH afterward enjoys her own little private delirium in a gorgeous night-dress, and MACBETH is finally done for by MACDUFF, who can outfight and outhowl him with perfect ease. The tragedy being at last over, the audience disperses with solemn steps and slow; the men and elderly ladies still whispering their stereotyped chorus of praise, and the young ladies adding to their panegyrics of BOOTH ecstatic admiration of Lady MACBETH's night-dress.

And the Worldly-Minded Person, walking homeward, soliloquizes in some such strain as this: "BOOTH can't play MACBETH; for he neither looks nor understands the character. FANNY MORANT can't play LADY MACBETH as perfectly as it should be played; but she tries to do her best, and is quite respectable. Nobody else plays any part with common decency. But then the scenery is good; the Scottish nobility look sufficiently hungry and seedy, and MOLLENHAUER is superb."

"Didn't somebody say of WASHINGTON that 'Providence made him childless, that the nation might call him father?' Somebody ought to say of Lady MACBETH that she was made childless, that no one might call her mother-in-law. Neat thing that! Somebody ought to send it to PUNCHINELLO. By Jove! what a mother-in-law that woman would have made. Or what a landlady; with the Weird Sisters to prepare the morning hash!"

"Well! BOOTH can't do every thing; and we ought not to expect it. A man who plays HAMLET as well as he does, can't possibly play MACBETH. As well might we ask TENNYSON to turn Ward politician. We all owe him a debt of gratitude for building MOLLENHAUER so splendid a theatre, and for giving us the best IAGO and the best HAMLET that we have ever seen, or ever shall see. And so, I for one am ready to forget and forgive when he fails as MACBETH, and does not succeed as ROMEO."

MATADOR.

Grant on Cuba.

THE President is really in favor of the recognition of Cuba, with a view of ultimate annexation. He wants to have his Havanas a home production.

Robbery at the Mines.

It is not strange that robberies are so frequent in the California mining regions, a country in which the mountains are full of Pyrites.

A TEMPERANCE SONG.

Strained Verses Dedicated to Unstrained Water.

BY A. FILTERER.

BRING a glass of sparkling water,
Fill the goblet to the brim,
Let the microscopic critters
Take in it a harmless swim.

Here are meat and drink united,
Life, indeed, in this we see;
Who'd exchange so rich a fluid
For the baser *eau de vie*?

Give us, then, no ale nor porter,
Logwood wine, nor other drugs;
But a glass of sparkling water
Filled with sportive little bugs.

Musical and Mechanical.

THE coopers of New-York City intend to start an organ. It will be a hand-organ, of course, for hand-organs have been Barrel-organs from time immemorial.



"Ho! HANGELINA, HANGELINA HADAMS, COME TO THE HALLY-WINDOW AND SEE A 'OSS WITH HIS 'OOF'S TURNED UP!"

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(BY ATLANTIC CABLE.)

DOWNING STREET, LONDON, April 16, A.M.

I HAVE, as ordered, made extensive arrangements for a world-wide correspondence for PUNCHINELLO. Knowing your want of confidence in the party called, so truly and briefly, the "*Press Ass*," who sends over accounts of horse-races, etc., with an occasional item of news, I have wires connecting this office with Paris, Madrid, Rome, and other places of consequence. A special delegate of PUNCHINELLO has been already admitted to a seat in the Œcumenical Council. Pope PIUS remarked kindly that he was the only person there who honestly told what he came for. His Holiness enjoyed, also, a hearty laugh at his first interview; the subject being the proper title and costume of our delegate. It was concluded, as he was somewhat dark in complexion, to dub him Bishop of 'Ngami; which, you know, is one of those places that LIVINGSTONE (*is he living, though?*) found out. When any body questioned him, the said delegate was immediately to talk 'ngammon Latin; and His Holiness would interpret it to the council, as being the African for infallibility. It's wonderful how well this jolly dog gets on, with his dogmas and dog Latin together.

Now for news. After all, the *most* remarkable event has happened on your side of the water; but as Philadelphia is further from New-York than New-York is from Philadelphia, (the latter is *so* slow,) I don't believe you have heard it yet. There is a railroad, well known thereabouts, going to *Germantown*. Well, the event is, that the board of directors of that road have—will you believe it? I hardly do—ordered a *new car*—a palace-car! The way it happened was that, owing to the large use of cattle-cars on the Pacific Railroad, no more second-hand cars could be got for a month or two, bad enough for the directors to buy; and there wasn't a builder in the country willing to make their kind of cars to order.

On this side of the "big pond," we have had nothing so laughable as the MORDAUNT case. The charge of the presiding judge to the Prince of Wales has not been correctly reported. I am told that he spoke thus: "Your Royal Highness is advised that, on this occasion, it is not expected that your Royal Highness should tell the truth, unless your Royal Highness pleases; indeed, your Royal Highness is rather advised not to tell the truth. Now, will your Royal Highness, acting under this advice, please to say, whether he did, or did not, ever do any thing naughty?" Some one said to me at the time—are there not *some* mordants that will dye beyond whitewashing? But I be-

lieve that Wales always was moral, is moral, and always will be moral, (Balmoral!) Now, this last assertion I call news! Is it reliable?

More about Yokohama. An English sailor, from Captain EYRE's vessel, is said to have murdered a Japanese, in cold blood, to rob his house. A court sat upon the case; and, after trial, pronounced this decision: "We regret to be obliged to find, that the man, CHAN-JUN, lost his life by an incision of his throat; and that the knife which made the incision was in the hand of the sailor called BILL BLINKS, of the Bombay. While, therefore, it would have been, undoubtedly, much better if the man CHAN-JUN, and his house, had been out of the way of the said BILL BLINKS, who by their proximity was placed under a temptation, we are unwillingly compelled to regret that BLINKS should have made an unfortunate incision of this kind. We are therefore of the opinion that the said WILLIAM BLINKS ought not to be allowed to have any grog for at least six days." This very severe sentence was, we are told, afterward remitted by request of Captain EYRE.

Our Roman delegate sends me word to-day, that, the Pope's gardener at the Vatican setting out a variety of early spring plants, every one of them came up a Hyacinth! One after another was sent to pot; but, hydra-headed, still they come! By the way, it is said that two newly noted people in the church are Frère JOXQUIL and Sœur DAF-FODIL; another is a negro priest, black as two ravens, and he is called Father CROCUS.

ROCHEFORT, we learn, the other day refused to eat any thing, because his prison food was at the cost of the Emperor's government. M. OLLIVIER forthwith sent him a polite autograph note of congratulation; telling him that this was the first act of his, public or private, of which he approved; and in the result of which the government, people, and world would take satisfaction. ROCHEFORT, after reading the note, twisted it up to light a cigarette, and then told his jailer to bring in his dinner! You *can't* please that man.

M. CHASLES has just been appointed *Curator of Autographs* at the Bibliothèque Impériale at Paris, with VRAIN LUCAS as his secretary. This gives general satisfaction.

Miss ANNE B—, of Philadelphia, who lives at Rome, has just written a charming song, with music for the piano, entitled, "*Liszt, O Liszt!*" The most famous *aria*, however, there now, is the malaria. Rome is sick. The people are sick of the Pope and his priests; the Pope is sick of the Council; the bishops are sick of each other; and travellers are sick of fever. *Sic transit!*

Let me tell you of my experience, for one day, with the "*Press Ass*" of the Cable. On getting here, finding him to be amicable, I tried him on. He gave me, for news, to send over to PUNCHINELLO, the following:

GREAT BRITAIN.

The *Times* has an article this morning upon the quality of Virginia tobacco. It speaks with great respect of the authority of Ex-Governor HENRY A. WISE upon that subject.

Mr. GLADSTONE was affected last night with a severe pain in his stomach. On going to his place in the House, he was overheard to say, "It must have been that cabbage." This morning he is better.

10 A.M. Mr. GLADSTONE did not say, "It was that cabbage;" but, "It was those beans."

12 A.M. Right Hon. Mr. GLADSTONE is not any better. It is now doubtful whether it was the beans or the cabbage.

2 P.M. The Right Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE is a little better, but ate only a light dinner. Mr. BRIGHT thinks it was the beans.

Now, my dear PUNCHINELLO, by this time I began to think it *must* be the beans, and so I sent word to my despi-telegraphic correspondent that *that would do*. And so it will, also, from your correspondent,

PRIME.

Women's Rights, Again.

DENVER is said to be all agog about a performer named ANNIE CORRELLA, who plays solos on the cornet. This is the latest manifestation of the Women's Rights movement, brass instruments having hitherto been played exclusively by masculine lips and lungs. "Blowing" through brass is very characteristic of the advocates of Women's Emancipation; and the next thing we shall hear, perhaps, is that the ladies of the *Revolution* have organized themselves into a brass band, and taken to serenading HORACE GREELEY.

Latest Fashionable Intelligence from the Plains.
INDIANS' war-(w)hoops.

Our Future.

PUNCHINELLO believes in a future. He believes in it first for himself, second for his country, and third for other people. He considers his own future very good and gorgeous, of course. He considers that of his country as very hopeful. It has room to grow, and grows. It has appetite to eat by day and to sleep by night. It eats and sleeps.

It rises in the morning refreshed and lively. It washes its face in the Atlantic, and its feet in the Pacific. It raises great eagles, great lakes and rivers, and has a very large, and wise, and honest Congress. Its members of Congress are all pure, unsullied men. Not a stain rests on their proud, marble-like brows—not much. The future of PUNCHINELLO will be, to borrow from the poet, a "big thing." Its genial, mellow, shining face will continue to beam through uncounted ages—as long as beams can be procured, at whatever cost. Its good things will be household words as long as households are held. It will keep its temper very sweet, its age very green, and its flavor very sparkling. It will help the country to get on in its future, and be always glad to give government a good turn. If government wants any money, it will be PUNCHINELLO's pleasure and privilege to launch it out. PUNCHINELLO has faith in countries and governments, and thinks if such matters were not in existence, its own prosperity would be affected. It therefore says to government, "Go on—be good, and you'll be happy. Grow up in the way you are bent, and when you get old, you'll be there." It sees a gigantic future for the country. It sees the Polar sea running with warm water, the North Pole maintaining a magnificent perpendicularity, and the Equinoctial Line extended all around the earth, including Hoboken and Hull. It sees its millions of people happy in their golden (greenback and currency) prosperity, and also happy in a full supply of PUNCHINELLO to every family. It sees its favorite Bird of Freedom spread its wings from Maine to Oregon; from Alaska to the Gulf, and it trusts its wings will not be hurt or lose a single feather in the spread. It sees itself—PUNCHINELLO, not COLUM-

BIA—enter upon its thousandth volume as youthful and pretty as a June rose, and as vigorous as a colt. It sees the time when one Fourth of July will not go round the national family, and from two to half a dozen will have to be provided.

Mind your P's and Q's.

COMMITTEES of State Legislatures are apt to use very slipshod English in drafting their bills. This should not be. How can they expect to Parse a bill unless it is couched in grammatical language?

Taking a Senator's Measure.

APPROPOS of a recent debate in the Senate at Washington, a paragraph states that "CARPENTER made SUMNER seem very small." The carpenter who made SUMNER is not to blame for this. In the first place, Mr. SUMNER's Measures are very difficult to take. In the second place, the best Cabinet-makers have failed to make Mr. SUMNER appear very large. In the third and last place, Ebony, which is the only wood with which Mr. SUMNER has any affinity, is a mighty hard material to work, even when treated with the application of a Fifteenth Amendment

The Maine Question in Massachusetts.

If New-York has had but little skating during the past winter, Massachusetts just now displays a good deal of backsliding. Her legislators have "gone back on" their liquor-bill, which they have modified to suit their habits, and, should it become law, the druggists of the Bay State will be at liberty to sell Bay and every other kind of rum in quantities to suit purchasers. *Sic semper* Massachusetts! the English of which is, that Massachusetts will always keep Sick so long as liquor is to be had for physic.

Trying to the Patients.

It is widely stated, though we cannot vouch for it as a fact, that the poultices used in St. Luke's Hospital are supplied from the too celebrated pavement of Fifth Avenue.

"Cometh up as a Flower."

It is stated that Père HYACINTHE is about to take a wife.

That's right—Pair, HYACINTHE.

THE PNEUMATIC TUBE.
EX-PRESSURE OF THE FUTURE.

THEY SAY THE SPHERES MUST BE TIGHTLY PACKED, AND THIS IS HOW IT IS GOING TO BE—WHEN THEY CARRY PASSENGERS.



PROPHETIC VIEW OF THE INTERIOR.

THE EPISODE OF JACK HORNER.

PROBABLY there is no choicer specimen of English literature than the familiar stanza which we herewith reproduce :

"Little JACK HORNER sat in a corner,
Eating his Christmas-pie,
He put in his thumb, and pulled out a plum,
And said, 'What a good boy am I!'"

Although comprised in merely four lines, it contains more instructive truths and rarer beauties than some volumes whose pages can be enumerated by the hundred. The opening line is singularly beautiful :

"Little JACK HORNER sat in a corner."

Here we have the subject gracefully introduced without unnecessary palaver or reference to family antecedents—the simple name given without a long rigmarole of dazzling titles or senseless adjectives. The Muse is neither pathetically invoked nor anathematically abused, but the author proceeds at once to describe his hero's present situation, which, it strangely appears, is in "a corner." The indefiniteness of the locality—a corner—is not of the slightest moment; for it does not concern the general reader to know in what corner little JACK was stationed. Suffice it, as is apparent from the context, that it was not a corner in Erie, nor in grain; but rather an angle formed by the juxtaposition of two walls of an apartment or chamber.

Now, truly the subject of the poem must have been possessed either of an extraordinary modicum of modesty or of a bitter misanthropy; or possibly he had been guilty of a misdemeanor, and was cornered to expiate the punishment justly due; yet conjecture is at once made certain in the second line, by which all doubts as to the reasons for his being in a corner are immediately cleared up :

"Eating his Christmas-pie."

The occasion was indubitably the universal annual holiday, and his object in going to the corner was manifestly to eat the pie. Perhaps the object had an antecedent. Perhaps he *stole* the pie, and therefore wished to avoid observation; or, more possibly, supreme selfishness was his ruling passion, and he wished to eat it all by himself. As to this, however, we are left slightly in the fog.

In the third line, we are afforded an insight into the manner in which he partook of the Christmas delicacy :

"He put in his thumb, and pulled out a plum."

Interesting scene! Here we have at least an inkling of the hero's powers of discrimination, and his regard for the little niceties of life. We have also a beautiful metaphorical allusion to the postulate that "fingers were made before forks," an assertion respecting the truth of which some antiquarians have expressed a doubt. We are not prepared to decide as to the propriety of leaving the substantials of life, and employing sweets and frivolities to pamper the appetite—and there are other questions that naturally arise from the interesting circumstance noted above by the poet, but we will not dwell upon them here.

We proceed to the concluding verse.

The descriptive part of the narrative is ended, and we naturally expect a catastrophe in the *denouement*. We may at least suppose that HORNER made himself sick, if he did not actually choke to death from one of the plums he was voraciously eating. By no means. We are spared so painful a recital. All we know is, that he made a remark, evidently in soliloquy,

And said, 'What a good boy am I!'"

This concluding line, pointless as it may appear, partially clears up the mystery as to his being in a corner. He certainly was not there for misdemeanor; for he was a "good boy," at least in his own estimation. What a happy faculty it is, in this world, for a man to have a good opinion of himself! It relieves life of much of its bitterness. We thus perceive that, while JACK was tasting the sweets of a Christmas-pie, he was also enjoying the sweets of self-contentment.

As we have seen, JACK HORNER is an historical personage; Christmas-pies are historical; and dainties with plums are historical. JACK was an old man, doubtless, when our great-grandmothers were very young—certainly before the war. The world has had full opportunity to profit by his virtuous example. Numberless little boys have been quieted to sleep by the rhyme of JACK HORNER judiciously applied, and numberless little ones, clamorous for more pudding and enlarged privileges at the dinner-table, owe the success of their appeals to this same HORNER. The moral, which runs all through the narrative, is one by which the world may profit, and should. It is a good thing; but like a great many things that are good, in the sense in which we

use the word, not relished. We much fear that the ancient, the historical JACK, is extinct. He was a moderate JACK. He only put in his *thumb*, when he might as well have put in his whole hand. The latter-day JACK is the representative of a numerous class possessing larger capacity and a greater dynamic capability. His pie is larger—has more and bigger plums. When we contrast the present JACK with the past, we blush for the comparison. When we encounter him in civic office or in the revenue service, we tremble for the plums. He is grasping, remorseless, ambitious. The old JACK was satisfied to sit in his corner and eat his pie; but this one seeks a pie of dimensions so extravagant as to fill the remotest corners of the globe; and, what is worse, he is—any thing but a Good Boy!

A Voice from "the Hub."

A GRATULATORY Bostonian writes us that PUNCHINELLO's voice (a Great Organ, truly) has reached the "Hub," and actually silenced the Great Organ of that pleasant rural town. So far, good; but he adds that Massachusetts takes umbrage at the first syllable of our name, on account of its being at variance with the prohibitory law of that pleasant but Puritanical State. Certainly, in a moral point of view, it is better to be in a Puritanical State than in a State of Punch; but Massachusetts, it is said, is very sly about the liquor business, and takes her "nips," regularly, behind the door. This may account, probably, for the "nipping air" by which so many of her denizens are characterized. The Bostonian further states of the inhabitants of the "Hub," that "liquor finds little favor in their eyes." Now, we are acquainted with three thousand four hundred and seventy-three Bostonians of the most solid "stripe," and we never yet knew one of them put liquor in his *eye*, wherever else he might stow it. That the great Boston I may be partially the result of liquor, is admissible; but then no true Bostonian would call it liquor, you see—he would call it I water.

Why, Oh! Why?

WHY has NAPOLEON III. a very salty taste just now? Because he prefers his hash with THIERS and without GRÉVY.

An Established Fact.

THE British Association have received £1055 toward a practical and comprehensive inquiry into the utilization of sewage. Bless your British associated hearts! The *Herald* has demonstrated that long ago—made editorials of it.

Rather Mixed.

THE *Jersey City Journal* of April 1st, (appropriate date,) contains the following advertisement :

"A few gentlemen can be accommodated with good board, washing, and ironing; or a gentleman and wife. Terms, \$6 per week; or two single ladies. Apply at—, corner of Newark avenue."

According to this advertisement, it appears that in Jersey a "gentleman and wife" are legal substitutes for "board, washing, and ironing." Now, it is bewildering to think how on earth a "gentleman and wife" could be made available in lieu of washing and ironing; while, on the other hand, the idea of serving up a "gentleman and wife" as "board," suggests the horrible idea that cannibalism is practised in New-Jersey. With regard to the terms, "\$6 per week" seems to be reasonable enough, though how "two single ladies" can be made legal tender for six dollars is absolutely maddening to the mind, inasmuch as average spinsters are far more apt to be tough than tender.

True.

THE *World* moves with the *Sun*.

Classic Grease.

A PARIS grocer ornaments his shop-windows with a bust of ROCHEFORT, done in lard, with prunes for eyes. After this, let us hear no more of the sculptures of classic Greece. But why prunes? Why, to signify that after the funeral of VICTOR NOIR he dried his eyes.

A Little Berlin Game.

BISMARCK has sent Herr SILK to Peking, to wind himself around the Celestial emperor's heart, and also to make a cocoon for the Tycoon of Japan, after worming himself into his affections. Perhaps, for being such a darin' man, he may be made a mandarin!

A NOTARY'S PROTEST.

MR. PUNCHINELLO: I protest against certain annoyances to which a man in my office is subjected. Whereby it must be understood that I refer to myself and my official position, not to the nine by twelve apartment where the wicked and perverse can always find my sign without much seeking.

The drift of all this is, that I refer to Bores. It is not new, I know; if it were, a New Sense might be shown by telling whether it came from me originally. I believe that in all walks of life man's inhumanity to man is mainly manifested by boring. Sometimes this is said to have been done in past time, because the greatest "blower" known to the ancients was called Old Bore as we know, and POLYPHEMUS complained of having been bored by ULYSSES.

Let not the patient reader be alarmed now; for I am of a retiring disposition, and am here indisposed to tire by dilating upon a class of people who always Die Late enough of themselves. But I will say that the worst bores with which a notary has to deal, are those who come to swear, (and go out sworn,) and who either forget to pay or haven't the change to pay right. Several such patronize me—changelessly. Singularly enough, all hail from Boston, so that it is no wonder that I cry, All hail, Boston! Here comes General X—, who swears and tenders me an X, and asks for change. Then I swear myself, and say, with HAMLET, that I will change that word with him; whereupon he puts the bill in his pocket and goes *da mit*, which conduct is both Germain to the transaction and Dutch to me. Again, enters Mr. KOPPER, affably takes an affidavit, and finds, to his grief and astonishment, that he has but eleven cents in his pocket. Of course, he has coppered and won. But why—tell me why, could he not have given me the sentiment, which I had a right to expect from him? He bears the stamp of a bad Kopper; a regular old Nick, and has done that unbecoming thing so often that it is becoming monotonous. And General X— and Mr. K— are types of a large class who come before me to take acknowledgments and the like, for whom I have no liking; who may as well acknowledge now, severally each for himself, (the aforesaid Nick being for all of them,) that they do take the same, and then, like men shunning fees, go without mentioning fees once, which is surely misfeasance, in the eye of the law. The Dues take them; why should men of means be so mean?

Then there is the man who stays; who is always the coming man, but never the going one. And there is the beggar woman, who enters my office like a ghost, and is a very great bore indeed. But of course beggars are bores of which every office has plenty. Every body knows these characters, however, and owes them too—one, at least, does. Well, it is hard that because a man is bored dead at his boarding-house he can't have peace in his office, and so I have made my protest against the bores, as I said I would. A NOTARY.

A War of Castes.

THE Michigan University has been unsuccessful in its search for a President, as it has not offered enough to induce acceptance on the part of those to whom it has tendered the honor. It seems to be a case where the Hire and Lore classes come in conflict.

An Old Story, even Here.

THE papers tell of a dog-race which is to take place at San Francisco, and some of them add that a dog-race is a common thing in England, but a novelty here; as if the canine Race were something new in America!

Shook-ing Intelligence.

ANOTHER earthquake in San Francisco.

PUNCHINELLO ON THE JURY.

PUNCHINELLO has been summoned on the jury. He is asked to try a murderer. PUNCHINELLO is kind-hearted. He wishes neither to put himself in suspense in a jury-box, nor a murderer so in a sheriff's box that the murderer shall finally be put in suspense. PUNCHINELLO is to be asked whether he has formed or expressed an opinion upon the subject of the guilt or the innocence of the murderer, or whether he feels any bias against an accused. Such questions, in PUNCHINELLO's opinion, are nonsensical. Jurors nowadays are influenced more through their stomachs than through their heads or their hearts. Let a juror, when he comes to be challenged, be rather asked, "Had you a good or a bad breakfast?" "Were you out late last night?" "Have you had the dyspepsia lately?" "Are you bilious?" "Do you habitually eat fried bacon or Welsh rarebit?" "Do you afflict yourself with reading the *Tribune*?" "Can you digest stewed lobster or apple-dumpling?" so that whenever a juror shall be found freed from dyspepsia, or to be a good sleeper, or a man who can digest even the new Tariff or the Income Tax, it is PUNCHINELLO's opinion that such a juror will make a capital chap to listen complacently to lawyers, keep patience with witnesses, respect the judge, laugh at the crier, smile at the reporters, give "true deliverances," and contribute something toward redeeming our boasted Anglo-Saxon jury system.

The Difference.

SALT Lake City and Chicago represent the extreme ends of the social scale. In one place you get as many wives as you like; in the other it is quite as easy to get rid of them.

Boston out of the Clouds.

THERE is talk of reviving the old ordinance in Boston against smoking in the streets. This will aim a blow at side stove-pipes as well as at meerschaums; but, fortunately, it will not prevent the smoking of hams or of perpendicular chimneys.

"THIERS IDLE THIERS."

A NEWSPAPER item conveys the interesting intelligence that THIERS, the renowned statesman and historian, consumes snuff to the amount of a quarter of a pound daily. That M. THIERS is thoroughly "up to snuff" every body knows; but that he has so much idle time on his

lands as to be able to use a quarter of a pound of it daily, will be news to most people. Let any one of our readers try it. Let him be ever so "good at a pinch," he will find that to feed his proboscis from a quarter of a pound of snuff until he has reached the last pinch, would take up, at a moderate computation, no less than eight hours at a stretch, allowing reasonable intervals for sneezing and blowing his nose. Evidently the story is an idle one—more idle than M. THIERS ever could have been. Perhaps it was "pinching" poverty in the way of items that drove the itemizer to invent it. At any rate, he has made a "mull" of it.

Apropos of Susan B. Anthony.

"Was ever woman in this humor One?"

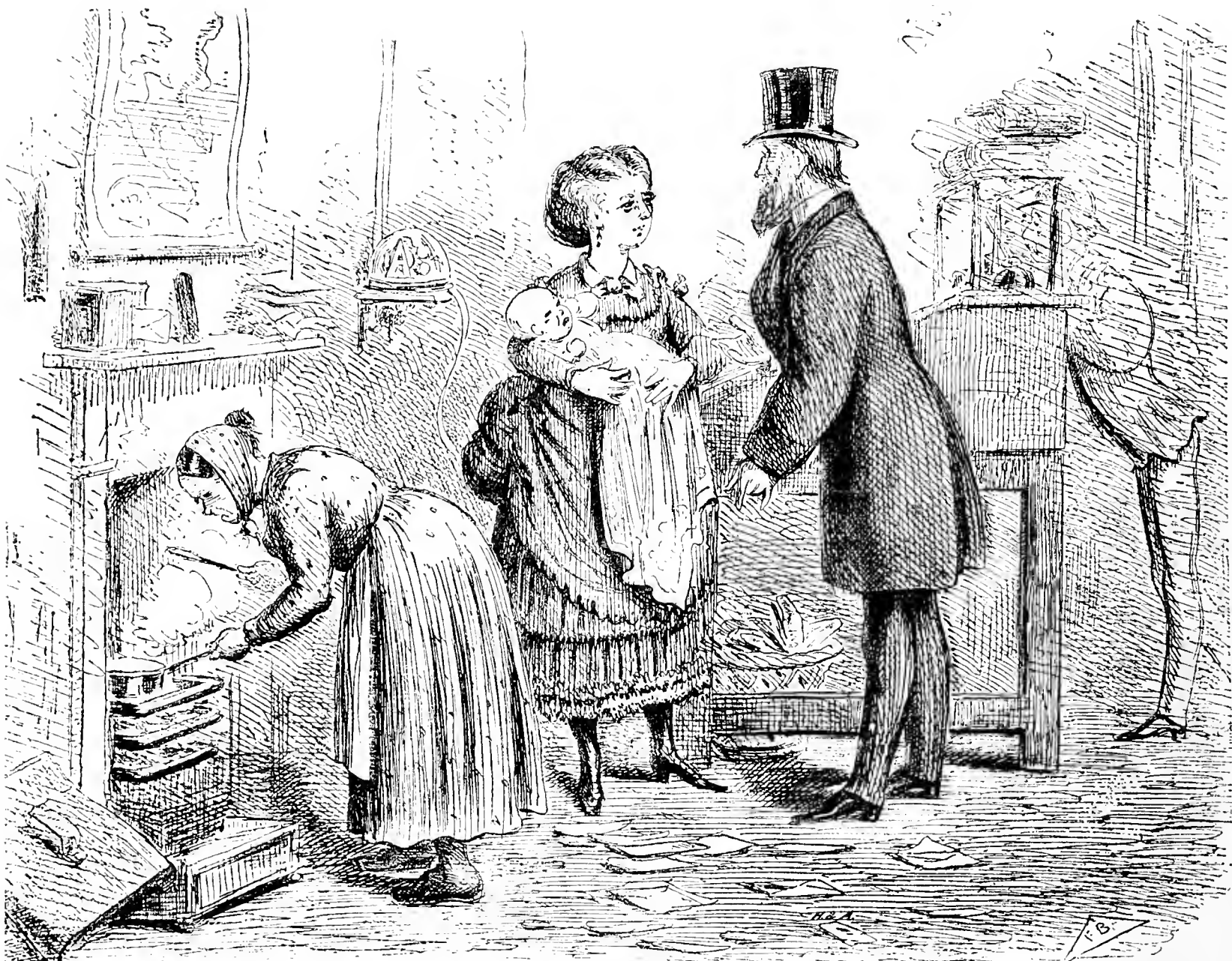
A Gale Brewing.

BOSTON is agitating a reproduction of the Coliseum, and GILMORE hints at an orchestra of three thousand, with eighteen hundred *wind* instruments. A gale far more disastrous than that memorable south-easter of last autumn may therefore be expected.



SUN-STRUCK.

SHOWING HOW PARSEE DANA WORSHIPS HIS LUMINARY.



WOMAN IN WALL STREET.

Lady Broker, (to applicant for stock.) "O DEAR, DEAR! HOW CAN I ATTEND TO BUSINESS WHEN I'VE THE BABY TO MIND?"

CHAT ABOUT RAILROADS.

PARTIES: *A Simpleton from the Wilderness, and a Misanthropic Traveller.*

[*The Simpleton asks for information.*]

"THEY say that railroads now an't safe.
Say, mister, how is that?"
It comes of "accidents," my friend—
Where cheap rails spread out flat,
Cheap axles break, cheap boilers burst,
Cheap trestle-work gives way:
No wonder, when you think of that,
They kill a man a day!

Well, folks must travel; must go fast;
Must take the cars—and risk;
They can't afford a Special Train,
Like VANDERBILT or FISK:
They know a curve that's pretty sharp,
A bank that's pretty steep,
Rocks that may roll upon the track,
"Sleepers" that never sleep;

Here was a "smash-up" not long since,
That killed about a score;
Two trains "collided" yesterday,
And maimed a dozen more.
But, go they must—by railroad, too,
And all its risks defy:
For no American believes
That he will ever die!

[*The Simpleton, with open mouth, further questions the Traveller.*]

"In God's name, citizen, pray tell
How this can go on, so!"
You ask a simple thing, my friend,
As I will quickly show.
Directors know their countrymen,
And that is why we bleed:
So long as nothing's done to them,
The slaughter will proceed.

It's so in coal-mines, so in mills;
It's so on steamboats, too;
We're killed by hundreds, every year:
But what's a man to do?

These harpies make our laws for us—
Or do so through their tools:
No doubt we seem to all the world
A wretched pack of fools!

We are so busy! We've no time
To see that all is right!
We'll give the danger all our thoughts—
The moment its in sight!
Cheap iron and cheap souls, my friend,
Have cursed us all along.
But what possesses you, good friend?
I'm sure there's nothing wrong!

[*The Simpleton from the Wilderness is terribly excited.*]

"I warn 'em not to serve me so!
They'll rue it, if they do!

No axle, wheel, nor rail must break;
No bridge must let me through!
No other train must smash up ours;
No culvert fall away;
The sealy boiler mustn't burst;
And here cows mustn't stray!

"Conductors' watches must keep time;
Switch-tenders must "know beans,"
And engineers keep wide awake
And know what duty means:
And (in particular) no fiend
Must take into his head
To throw my train off down a bank
For spite, or even bread!

"What! do these dreadful things go on
That companies may thrive?
Is profit the sole living thing
They care to keep alive?
Then, fellow-citizen, rouse up!
For you and I are kings!
Let us decree—and straightway have
A different state of things!"

["Well, you 'decree' it; and when it's done,
please let me know," remarks the *Misanthropic Traveller.*]

—♦♦♦—
Sugar-Cane.

THE friends of WILLIAM TWEED, in presenting a cane to him the other evening, desired to show the Young Democracy how many there are who Stick to him.



THE GREAT NATIONAL GAME.

OUR COLORED BROTHER. "HI YAH! STAN' BACK DAR; IT'S DIS CHILE'S INNIN'S NOW."

TUTTI TREMANDO!



RUANT Bards! where are the Triumphal Odes and the Congratulatory Poems which should have greeted Mr. PUNCHINELLO, who, after deserting his beloved Italy, after a stormy voyage and unspeakable sea-sickness, has arrived here with a view of settling and of becoming a citizen (having already filed his first papers) of this magnificent Republic? Where are the poets who should have greeted the venerable and illustrious voyager? Imbeciles! See you not that your congratulatory work would have been easy? That PUNCHINELLO rhymes to fellow (good) and to mellow, (decidedly,) to say

nothing of bellow, (a proper word for singers,) and to yellow, (although into this and the sear leaf we most decidedly have not fallen, in spite of our three or four hundred years.) Had we but been a Prince, and called VICTORIA R. our mother, we should ere this have been invited to balls enough to ruin our small legs, and dinners enough to destroy our great digestion. Yet, if it should come to the comparison of pedigrees, the Signor PUNCHINELLO feels that he could knock these princelings into a cocked hat, (or shall we say a cocked coronet?) Mr. PUNCHINELLO proudly knows that he is His Own Ancestor and the Perpetual Renewer of his own Patent of Nobility.

Gentlemen poets, it is too late! We will not now have your melodious orations at any price! It would be a pretty piece of business indeed, if, after sounding our own trumpet for ages, as we may say, we should now succumb to an idiotic modesty. Do you not understand that we were sonorously beating our own drum when the Onondaga Giant was a mere baby? We shall continue to play upon both these private instruments. If we consider ourselves to be wise above our fellow-creatures, witty to a degree most extraordinary, more Senatorial by nature and experience than most of the Potents and Graves in Washington; if we know ourselves (and we hope we do) to be polished, polite, and profound, why should we go hunting about for a bushel to put our light under? Away with modesty! Can printer's ink blush? Who blames the *Tribunes* and the *Heralds* and the *Worlds* and the *Timeses* for vaunting a circulation which seems to defy mortal numeration? A pretty market we should have brought our fish to, if we should now squeamishly decline to wind our own mellow horn!

If there be any poetical gentleman who desires to write an Epic (in not less than twenty-four Books) on the Life and Adventures of PUNCHINELLO, to be printed on vellum paper, with profuse illustrations, and bound in morocco, this ambitious and worthy person has our full permission to go ahead, and may he find (which we do not believe he will) a publisher sensible enough to produce his work!

New-England versus New-York.

AN item of literary news states that—

"William R. Cutter, Esq., of Woburn, Mass., is preparing a history of the Cutter family of New-England."

This brings New-England directly into collision with New-York. The "Cutter family" was never, perhaps, so fully represented anywhere as it now is in this city. Cutters are continually cutting each other down with knives. Other Cutters—of a less harmful kind—are contented with cutting their own throats, not always to the loss of the world, indeed, but invariably to the profit of the Coroner. Then there are shoals of Cutters who cut and run with funds belonging to others, and of such is Collector BAILEY. Unfortunately, there are very few Cutters in New-York who "cut their coats according to their cloth;" but, to compensate for this, the "diamond cut diamond" variety of Cutter is very common indeed. Altogether it would take an ocean of ink and a promontory of paper to write the history of the Cutter family of New-York.

RELIGIOUS AMUSEMENTS.

THE amusement-seeker must be thought of, even on a Sunday. For life is a most chillingly vaporous affair (reminding one of washing-day in November) without a liberal sprinkling of liveliness. Recognizing this truth, our religious brethren begin to impart zest to their Sunday services by seizing on any passing incident of uncommon raciness, such as a particularly enterprising murder or an exceptionally comprehensive railroad accident, for the text of a sermon or the thrilling theme of an evening lecture. Any thing to fill the house. Thus, we find that "The late Terrible Calamity which befell BANGMAN DONELEY and Family" was advertised as the current attraction in the "West—th Street United Presbyterian Church," a Sunday or two since. A fine theme! Full of nicely harrowing details. It must have drawn well. We are not informed whether the reverend sensationist had a "real house" made with which to illustrate the overwhelming incident; and some "real people," including children, to be (apparently) crushed when it got blown over, (the blowing being done by himself;) but here was a nice chance for dramatic effect.

And the same Sunday a rival attraction was advertised in the dedication of a new Catholic Church, with "Music by a select choir and orchestra. Admission, \$1. Reserved seats, \$1.50." Reduced admission fee to the "Grand Dedication Vespers" in the evening. We do not know whether there were opera-glasses on hire, but presume that the comfort of the audience was carefully attended to.

Really, Sunday is not so stupid a day, after all!

Crispin's Last.

"ABOUT women's rights," says he, "there's a great deal of useless talk. And then nobody says any thing about women's lefts. Now, it's my opinion that lefts are as hard to fit as rights, especially with widows and single women. And as for suffrage, women suffer most from having too little sole, and too much heel. MILL, to be sure! He may be well enough on the Floss, but he's not much on leather, believe that!"

A Western Boucicault.

THE *Chicago Republican*, says a Dubuque author, has written a drama called "The Ten Squaws." There should be much Indianity in the plot of such a play.

FABLE.

(BY OLD ÆSOP HIMSELF.)

ONCE there was a large city that had the same name as the State to which it belonged. The people of the State made laws for the city, because some of the citizens of the city had declared that life and property were not safe unless they did so. But the majority of the citizens disliked this kind of government so much that they began to find themselves very discontented and unhappy. At length they decided to pray to Fate (which meant the Voters of the State) to relieve them from the burden under which they were groaning, and restore their power. Then Fate heard their cries and lamentations, and was kind enough to come to their relief. "Now, why don't you use your power?" she asked. "Oh!" said the late unhappy, and indeed wretched majority, "we only wanted a chance to quarrel a little among ourselves, and call each other hard names." "Couldn't you have done that before?" asked Fate. "Why do you give me all this trouble?" "To tell the truth," said the Majority, "when we wash, we like to show our dirty linen; and we couldn't let enough people see it without getting you to help us." "Well," said Fate, "in future you'll get no assistance from me in washing your foul linen. If you like to be known as dirty people, go on being dirty, and every body that has nose and eyes will finally understand you."

Punchinello in Erie.

IN the *Tribune's* report of the arguments on the Erie case before the Assembly Committee on Railroads, Mr. BURT is said to have stated his belief that Mr. CROUCH is a contributor to PUNCHINELLO. Our best thanks are due to Mr. BURT for his "first-rate notice," though, at the same time, we wish to inform him that no contributor of the name of CROUCH has hitherto made his appearance in these columns. To speak plainly, PUNCHINELLO never Crouches. As he has no "slouch" about him, so he has no Crouch.



PAT-RATIOCINATION.

First Political Economist. "AFTER ALL, THE BIG MASS OF THE PEOPLE MUST FORM THE GREAT BULK OF THE POPULATION."

Second ditto. "THREE FOR YOU, BARRIN' THEY GET INTO THE MINORITY BY THE OVERWHELMIN' NUMBERS OF THE PRIVILEGED FEW."

BOYHOOD.

THERE can be no reason to doubt that METHUSELAH was blessed with a tolerably vigorous constitution. The ordeal through which we pass to maturity, at present, probably did not belong to the Antediluvian Epoch. Whooping-cough, measles, scarlet fever, and croup are comparatively modern inventions. They and the doctors came in after the flood; and the gracious law of compensation, in its rigorous inflexibility, sets these over against the superior civilization of our golden age. At a time when the court-dress of our ancestors was composed of fig-leaves, or of imperfectly dressed skins—nothing like the Astrachans of the nineteenth century—it would certainly have been very inconvenient to coddle ailing infantry through an attack of diphtheria, for example. So bountiful Nature, then in the first blush of maidenhood, doubtless brought the long-lived Patriarch through his nine hundred and sixty-nine years without once calling in the family medical adviser. It is recorded, however, that he was born and that he died, and he therefore certainly passed through that stage of existence called Boyhood. And as he was nearly two hundred years old at the birth of his first-born, it is reasonable to suppose that the adolescent period was frightfully prolonged in his case. Just imagine a youngster of a hundred and ten or fifteen stealing apples or running to fires! The revelations of ethnology, which is too youthful a science to reveal a great deal, do not oppose the theory of all matured humanity, to wit, that the animal boy is the same in all ages and in all races, an Ishmaelite, and Ara, an Outlaw, hedged in and restrained by laws and customs, it may be, but innately antagonistic to society.

The Philosophers who have traced humanity through all stages of its development, from the Aphis creeping on the rose-leaf to the full-grown specimen in the person of a Member of Congress, have wisely and invariably omitted all notice of boyhood in their lists of gradations and transitions. Any thing like a fair examination of this particular development scatters their doctrines to the four winds. Because the integrity of the gradation system depends upon the recognition of the full status of the Man, as much in infancy as in maturity, and this status to use their own technicality, is that of the "Lord of Gradation." Consequently, the intermediate gradations, in transmitting their

salient traits to the next higher development, could not part with their own identity, or send these distinguishing characteristics, in one fell swoop, through many stages, only to reappear at last in the upper type, and only between infancy and manhood, and only in one sex. This argument is overwhelming, and the present purpose is to elucidate it by more particular examination.

It is proper, in the first place, to gather a blossom from the negative side of the discussion. Boys are not girls. While dogs, and foxes, pigeons and ducks, have each a generic term applicable to both sexes, there is a tacit understanding in civilized localities that boys compose a distinct genus. They are, in the eye of the law, considered human, probably because they eventually pass from boyhood to humanity. There is an old nursery rhyme which marks the distinguishing characteristics of juvenile members of society with remarkable accuracy:

"What are little girls made of, made of?
What are little girls made of?
Sugar and spice,
And every thing nice,
Such are little girls made of.
What are little boys made of, made of?
What are little boys made of?
Snaps and snails
And puppy-dog tails,
Such are little boys made of!"

There is so apparent an air of probability about this terse statement of the case, that it has satisfied the insatiable curiosity of infantile minds for long ages. Little girls never doubt it, and little boys never contradict it. If Paterfamilias has any thoughts upon the subject, he probably thinks this expenditure of snaps and snails was a great waste of raw material. Girls may be romps and hoydens, vixens and scolds, but the sugar and spice will always be detected, and, with all drawbacks allowed, the little girl is still entitled to Mr. MANTALINI's cognomen of "demnition sweetness." At least, this is the universal verdict of society. From the time when she dons her first *chignon*, (which never matches the native hair, by the by,) she is nearly angelic, with some few exceptions, perhaps, *after marriage*.

In the way of direct proof, to return to the muttons, it may be ob-

A Rather Flashy Idea.

WITH regard to heating the Hôtel Dieu Hospital, in Paris, by electricity, a contemporary has remarked, "Of course, we know nothing of the apparatus by which this result is accomplished in Paris; but we had the opportunity of witnessing on Wednesday last, at the Winder building, the experiments of Dr. LEIGH BURTON in applying electricity for warming railroad cars, which were entirely successful and satisfactory." Of course, *we* know nothing about it either; but we hope the new method is a great improvement on the old one, as we have several times witnessed *from* the Winder, buildings, barns especially, heated by electricity in a very *unsatisfactory* manner.

"On Two, Richmond!"

RICHARD III. fancied that there were "two RICHMONDS in the field." Singularly coincidental with this, and well worth the attention of Shakespearean scholars, is the fact that Richmond, Va., is now running two mayors. Of course, Richmond, Va., cannot now be looked upon as a "one-horse" town.

Ritualistic.

ONE of the latest allurements held out by the managers of a celebrated "high" church in this city, is a "three hours' agony"—which is about the most appropriate name for a long and tedious sermon we remember ever to have heard.

served that the next link to manhood, in the philosopher's chain, is that highly attractive animal which M. DU CHAILLU has recently introduced to the general public. The points of resemblance betwixt the Gorilla and the Boy are numerous and striking. In most cases, the two animals have an equally pleasing exterior. They both have the ability to climb giddy heights, inaccessible to any other wingless biped. Their language is not dissimilar, the same unintelligible chatter being characteristic of both. As the argument proceeds, it will be seen that distinctive traits belonging to lower classes of the animal kingdom are totally extinct in the Gorilla, while they are emphatically visible in his successor.

Thus, taking the Laughing Hyena as the next illustration, it will be remembered by all students of GOLDSMITH'S *Animated Nature*, that this amiable quadruped invariably exercises his risibles when he is crunching the bones of some other less truculent quadruped. It is "solitary, cruel, and untamable, digs its food out of graves," cachinnating the while like a thousand or fifteen hundred of brick. There are other ravenous beasts in the world; but this one is peculiar in that he laughs over his work, which is also his pastime. Now, if you wish to hear a Boy laugh—a horse-laugh, a giant-laugh—just put some other animal, human or otherwise, through a course of torture. Twist a pig's tail until it comes out; or, if you don't like the occupation, the Boy will cheerfully do it—and will drown the squeal of the porker in his own uproarious merriment. What do you suppose were the age and sex of the inventor of the game called "Tying a tin kettle to a dog's tail?" And do you suppose this inventor stood by, in silent gravity, to witness the success of the experiment? The yelp of the astounded dog, and the clatter of the kitchen utensil so strangely misplaced, were doubtless swallowed up in the loud guffaws of the Laughing Hyena on two legs.

Another link is discovered in the person of the useful and ornamental domestic animal who is popularly supposed to furnish the material for sausages. The accidental discovery of a suspender-button, or the claw of a kitten, in the sausage, gave rise to some doubt as to the composition of this favorite edible; but statisticians usually admit that hog-meat forms the staple. Doctor KANE speaks in glowing terms of the excellence of rats when mixed with due proportions of walrus blubber, and cut out in frozen chunks, probably with a cold-chisel. Why this fierce rodent should make more savory meat than the innocent kitten, does not appear. The latter is certainly much nicer to play with, in the ante-mortem state. But this is a digression. Returning, therefore, not to the mutton, but to the pork, consider the distinctive habits of both pig and Boy at meal-time, and see how nearly identical they are. Watch the innocent in bristles as he places his graceful right paw upon the ear of corn, while he shells and masticates. Turn to the innocent in broadcloth, and notice how he clutches the succulent turkey-leg, and how rapidly he polishes the femoral bone. Throw a second ear of the cereal in the trough, and observe how promptly the left paw secures it, lest it should be transformed into lard through the agency of a companion pig. Place the other turkey-leg, both wings, three slices of breast, the side-bone and plenty of "stuffin'" within reach of the other embryo, and notice the glare of his famished eye, if some other plate than his is presented. You would fancy he had been exploring the route of another ship-canal across the Isthmus of Darien, and had tasted no food for twenty-two days.

Neither are the post-prandial habits of the two animals under consideration dissimilar. The corn-cracker betakes himself to some sunny

spot, where there is abundance of mud, and aids digestion by wallowing. So does the Boy, especially if he is in dinner costume. If the quadruped can get into a garden and root up unreplaceable flowers and fruits, before he retires to his lair, his bliss is perfect. So the Boy; if he can manage to break two or three windows, tear his best clothes into ribbons, chase the family cat up a tree with hound, whoop, and halloo, and then stone her out of it, and, as she with thickened tail scampers to some more secure retreat, follow her with hoots and missiles—he also retires, conscious that the day has not been wasted. And,

finally, upon this parallelism betwixt Pig and *Puer* one patent point of resemblance may be mentioned. Rouse up a pig, any hour of the day or night, with his maw full to the gullet, and offer him a little more, another ear of corn, another bucket of swill, and you will be sure of his prompt acceptance. And place before a boy, immediately after an astounding dinner, if you choose, any thing edible, apples, cakes, pudding, or cold potatoes, and if *his* maw will not accommodate the additional stowage, you send for the doctor, knowing that the dear child is ill, that the symptoms are novel, and that the case is urgent.

The reference to the history of METHUSELAH with which this paper began was not without a purpose. It was to suggest the inquiry whether or not the *vim* which prolonged his days would have sufficed to bring him through *two* courses of Boyhood. It is not unusual to hear grown people talk of "living their youthful days over again;" but the examples of those who have gone through this ordeal are very rare. The amount of wear and tear, the expenditure of vital force, involved in the transit from infancy to manhood cannot be estimated. The abrasions of later life do not compare with the rubs

of Boyhood, because none of the aids of experience and philosophy are attainable by the tyro, who lives upon his inherent *vis vite*, as his kinsman in the frozen zone subsists upon his own fat during long intervals of torpidity.

THE FOUR SEASONS.

[An ancient Scottish ballad written in America in 1870, to show how much may be said by the judicious and economical use of a very few words.]

Beneath the trees in sweet spring-time,
In sweet spring-time, in sweet spring-time,
Beneath the trees in sweet spring-time,
Vermonters turn the honest dime
By crystallizing sap.

Beneath the trees in summer-time,
In summer-time, in summer-time,
Beneath the trees in summer-time,
The poet cons the curious rhyme,
Or takes the tranquil nap.

Beneath the trees in autumn-tide,
In autumn-tide, in autumn-tide,
Beneath the trees in autumn-tide,
'Tis rather nice for two to ride
Where no one else is near.

Beneath the trees in winter wild,
In winter wild, in winter wild,
Beneath the trees in winter wild—
Ugh! Go home, you foolish child,
What are you doing here?



PERSONAL GOSSIP.

(From the daily press.)

"ONE OF OUR BEST POETS AND MAGAZINE WRITERS IS A CLERK IN A GROCERY OF THIS CITY."

CONDENSED CONGRESS.

SENATE.



LAND Mr. MORTON has been making one of his little jokes in the shape of a petition from some more or less imaginary Quakers. These hypothetical persons pretend to have converted to Christianity and soap some hundreds of warriors of the wild and bounding Shawnee variety. Of course, for a basis of evangelical operations on this scale, it is requisite to have some land on which to erect buildings for moral quarantine. To disinfect one Shawnee, you need to wash him in at least six waters—to inject his veins, as it were, with Christian creosote. All this, as Mr. MORTON justly observed, cannot be done

without cost. But perhaps it was worth it, considering the number of human scalps which were still available for applications of sweet hair restorer, and balmy magnolia, and which would by this time have been decorating the lower limbs of members of the Shawnee profession, if these good Quakers had not turned them from the improper pursuit of extraneous hair, and read them the commandment which enjoins them from coveting their neighbor's scalp. Therefore, and in consideration of the good done by these Quakers, they and Mr. MORTON thought they ought to have a grant of land to enable them to continue their lavatory labors.

Mr. MORRILL protested in behalf of the wig-makers of America. This petition was an insidious blow at one of the most important of our industries. How could wigs be made unless there were bald heads. And how wrong it was to divert any class of persons, under the shallow pretence of making them wiser and better, from the making of bald heads. There would be the deuce *toupée* if this kind of thing were to be encouraged, and their tonsorial constituents would bring them to the Scratch on this question. He was proud to say that he was an Old Wig. Others might hold with the hair on this question. He would run with the Shampooers and the Shawnees.

Mr. CARPENTER, who can see as clearly through a ladder as almost any body in the Senate, suggested that there were no such Quakers, and that he didn't believe there were any such Shawnees. It was an evident little "land-grab," got up by some of Mr. MORTON's constituents, and the Quakers were hypothecated to promote it. He did not object to Quakers occupying lands, but he did object to a Christianized Shawnee. He had found that a converted Shawnee would steal considerably more than an unregenerate one, and that he would steal various articles of the toilet which the wild Shawnee had no use for.

Mr. CAMERON wanted some money for the Pennsylvania soldiers who had come first to defend the capital. He thought these men ought to be rewarded. A good many of them had been re-Warded in Philadelphia on election day, in order to express their political views with more frequency. That was partly the cause of his being in the Senate, and he wanted something done.

Mr. THURMAN knew a man in Ohio who had enlisted before any Pennsylvanian.

Mr. CAMERON did not mean any disrespect to the Senator from Ohio, but that remark was a condemn lie.

Mr. THURMAN said Mr. CAMERON was another. His man enlisted for the Mexican war, it was true, and not for the other war. But that slight error didn't affect the argument.

Mr. SUMNER knew a colored boy who had been attacked with colic when South-Carolina seceded, on account of his sorrow and shame. It was true he had been eating green tomatoes, but patriotism was unquestionably the cause of his colic. He was the first to martyr of the war, and he ought to have a monument. He regretted to see the accursed spirit of Caste which confined honors to whites.

Mr. CONKLING said he thought he could suggest a compromise, on a mulatto from New-York who died in 1858.

Mr. SUMNER called the Eyes and Nose on Mr. CONKLING, and Mr. CONKLING said his eyes were blue, but his nose was very flat.

Mr. SUMNER thought this would be satisfactory.

HOUSE.

Mr. BINGHAM made a speech ostensibly upon the Tariff, but really about BUTLER. He said that BUTLER didn't take Fort Fisher. This is a favorite joke of BINGHAM'S. As to Mr. BUTLER'S opinion of his treatment of Mrs. SURRETT, he didn't care. He should continue to advocate protection to home industry.

Mr. FERNANDO WOOD paid a beautiful tribute to General HOWARD. He said that officer had been absorbing public money at a rate far exceeding any thing even in the municipal annals of New-York. The gentle freedman might need a bureau, but it certainly was not essential to his happiness to have General HOWARD enriched by managing it. Mrs. HOWARD was not a freedman. The idea was absurd. The other members of General HOWARD'S family were not freedmen. Neither were General HOWARD'S staff. Neither were any of the people who had benefited by this money.

Mr. BUTLER didn't see the why of this constant row about the misuse of money. What was the use of a man's having an office if he couldn't make money out of it? He was proud to say that he entered the army poor and came out rich.

—♦♦♦—
The "Day" we don't Celebrate.

THE Philadelphia one.

—♦♦♦—
"The Man who Laughs."

THE man who reads PUNCHINELLO.

—♦♦♦—
Wanted—A Sheriff.

THE lovely city of Chicago, which needs about twenty sheriffs to keep it in order, at the latest date had none at all; for the gentleman holding that office by law, in sheer despair (and some debt) has absconded, actually leaving a man to be hung, who was not hung, do you see, because there was nobody to hang him. Plenty of rope there was, to be sure, and a most beautiful gallows—but no sheriff! Of course, the thing came to a stand—perhaps it would not be proper to say a Dead stand—and the embarrassed Governor was obliged to commute the sentence! The creditors of the missing officer made a great complaint, but the Man who Wasn't Hung did not find the least fault. This shows the different views which the human mind may take of the same transaction.

—♦♦♦—
Municipal Competition.

POOR New-York! We thought that there were some things in which she could not merely not be beaten, but in which also she was secure even from competition. But the envious will never allow us to rest upon our hardly-earned laurels. Will it be believed that they have actually discovered and inaugurated a Wickedest Man in Cincinnati? He is called COLLINS, and must be a descendant of the COLLINS who wrote an Ode on the Passions; for all the bad ones this Cincinnati COLLINS has in great perfection. His Rage especially is beautiful. First, he knocks down his fellow-creatures. Secondly, when the police are sent to capture him, he knocks down the police. He is in jail, however; and we would suggest a Convention of the Wickedest Men in all parts of the country to take measures for his release.

—♦♦♦—
Origin of the Mississippi.

THE contests for supremacy between Chicago and St. Louis have banished every particle of modesty from both cities, and each now considers itself to be the Centre of the Universe. Geographers may not heretofore have understood the origin of the Mississippi River, but the St. Louis Democrat throws a great deal of light upon it. "We have been visited," says that sheet, "by heavy showers. The rain poured down heavily all night, flooding the gutters and adding to the volume of the river." It thus appears that this noble stream depends mainly for its water upon the gutters of St. Louis. Will these not, however, be rather damp resting-places for Members of Congress, should the Capital be removed to St. Louis?

—♦♦♦—
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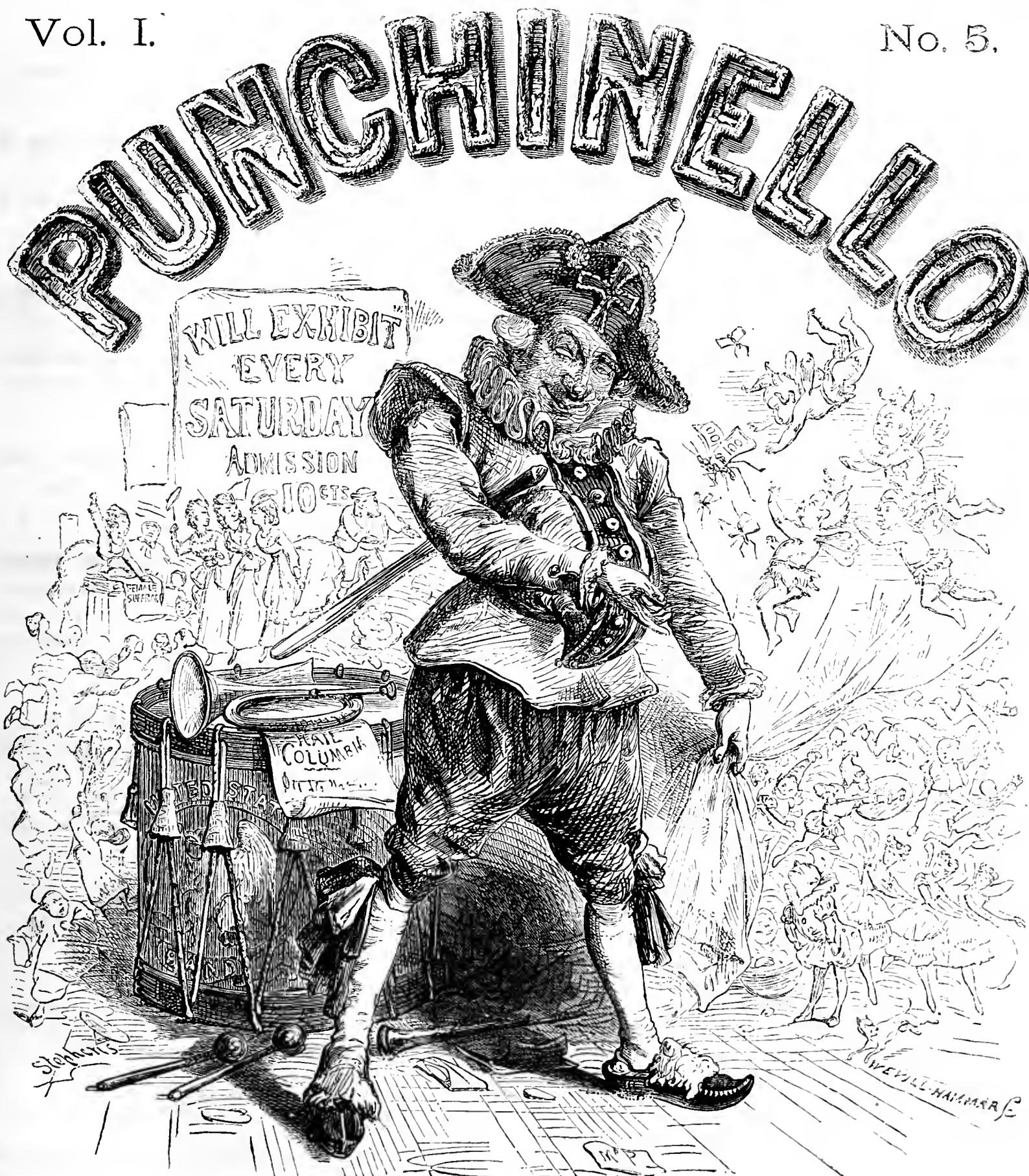
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Vol. I.

No. 5.



SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1870.

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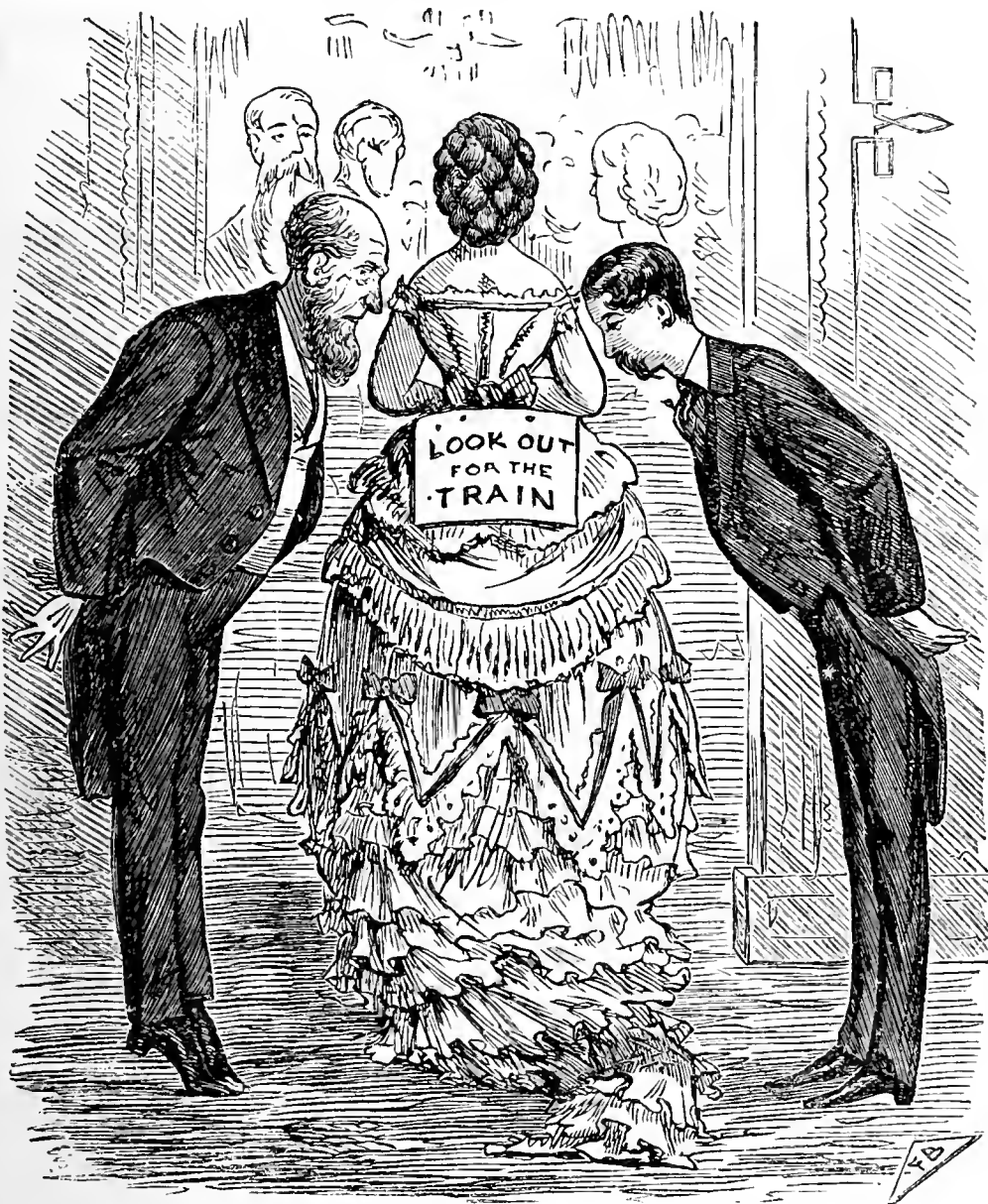
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THE WARNING OF THE BELLE.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

PUNCHINELLO has hitherto refrained from criticising the periodicals of the day, from the mistaken idea that superlative excellence was not expected in every number of every daily or weekly journal in the land. He did not know that, if every such journal was not edited so as to suit the comprehension of all classes of cursory critics, it should be unqualifiedly condemned. Supposing that a painter should not condemn a paper for publishing a musical article beyond his comprehension, and that an architect ought not to get in a rage because he finds in his favorite journal a paper on beavers which makes him feel insignificant, PUNCHINELLO has generally looked around upon his fellow-journalists, and thought them very good fellows, who generally published very good papers. He did not find superlative excellence in any of their issues, but then he did not look for it. He might as well pretend to look for that in the journalists themselves, or in society at large. But he has lately learned, from the critics of the period, that he ought to look for it, and that it is the proper thing nowadays to pitch into every journal which does not, in every part, please every body, whether they be smart or dull; those quick of appreciation, or those slow gentlemen who always come in with their congratulations upon the birth of a joke at the time its funeral is taking place. And so, PUNCHINELLO will do as others do, and will occasionally view, from the loop-hole in his curtain, the successes and failures of his neighbors, and will give his patrons the benefit of his observations.

The first thing he notices to-day is, that the *Evening Snail* of last night is not so good as it was a fortnight ago; or, let us think a bit—it may have been a good number at the beginning of last month that he was thinking of; at all events, this last issue is inferior. The matter on the first page is not printed in nearly as good type as the original periodicals had it, and while the letters in the heading are quite fair, it is very noticeable that the I's are very defective, and there is no C in it. The "Gleanings" are excellent, and it would be advisable to have more of them—if indeed such a thing were possible in this case. The spider-work inside shows no acquaintance with the writings of BACH or GLIDDON, and there is nothing about the Spectrum Analysis in any part

of the paper. Besides, the paper is too stiff and rattles too much, and PUNCHINELLO could never abide the color of the editor's pantaloons. Why will not people dress and write so that every body can admire and understand them. Especially in regard to witty things and breastpins. They ought to be loud, overpowering, and so glaring that people could not help seeing them. And they ought to be a little cheap, too, or average people won't comprehend them. In both cases paste (and scissors) pays better than diamonds. The reports of private parties in the *Snail* are, however, very good, and if it would confine its original matter to such subjects, it could not fail to succeed.

A Query for Physicians.

ARE people's tastes apt to become Vichy-ated by the excessive use of certain mineral waters?

"Behold, how Pleasant a Thing 't is," etc.

BOSTON has a couple of clergymen who have fallen out upon matters not precisely theological. In the summer, the Rev. Mr. MURRAY leaves his sheep, to shoot deer by torchlight in the Adirondacks. This the Rev. Mr. ALGER, in addressing the Suppression of Cruelty to Animals Society, denounces as extremely wicked. From all which Mr. PUNCHINELLO, taking up *his* discourse, infers,

First. That it is a great deal more wicked to shoot deer by torchlight than by daylight.

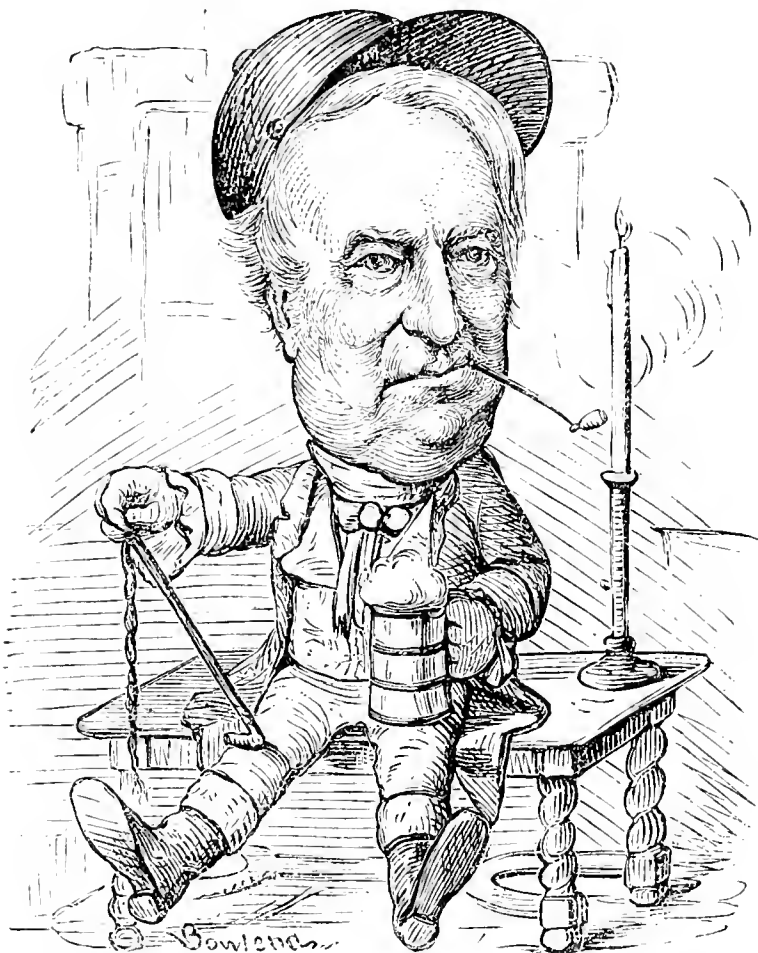
Secondly. That the Rev. MURRAY and the Rev. ALGER are of different religious persuasions.

Thirdly and lastly. That the Rev. Mr. ALGER doesn't love venison.

P. S. Persons desiring to present Mr. PUNCHINELLO with a fine haunch, (in the season,) may shoot it by daylight, moonlight, torchlight, or by a Drummond light, as most convenient.

WE are indebted to Mr. SARONY for a number of brilliant photographs of celebrities of the day. Lovely woman is well represented in the batch, with all the characters of which PUNCHINELLO hopes to present his readers, from time to time.

ALL ABOARD FOR HOLLAND!



PUNCHINELLO understands that a performance is soon to take place at the Academy of Music, for the benefit of GEORGE HOLLAND, the well-known and ever-green "veteran" of "the stage." It pleases PUNCHINELLO to know that a combination of talent and beauty is to be brought together for so worthy a purpose. Seventy-four years ago, when GEORGE HOLLAND was a small child, PUNCHINELLO used to dandle him upon his knee. Hardly four years have passed since PUNCHINELLO was convulsed by the *Tony Lumpkin* of HOLLAND. He distinctly remembers, too, administering hot whiskey punch to little boy HOLLAND with a tea-spoon, which may in some measure account for the Spirit subsequently infused by the capital comedian into the numerous bits of character presented by him. Considering these facts, it is manifestly an incumbent duty on the part of PUNCHINELLO to request the earnest attention of his readers to the subject of GEORGE HOLLAND's benefit, all particulars concerning which will be given in due time through the public press. It used to be said, long ago, that "the Dutch have taken Holland." Well, let our own modern Knickerbockers improve upon that notion, by taking HOLLAND's tickets. Remember how, in the early settlement of the country, it was Holland that made New-York, and see that New-York now returns the compliment, and makes HOLLAND. Convivial songsters frequently remind us that—

—"a Hollander's draught should potent be,
And deep as the rolling Zuyder Zee."

Mind this, all ye Hollanders who would give your support to our HOLLAND. Let your drafts be potent, your checks heavy, your attendance punctual. Make the affair complete; so that when, hereafter, a comparison is sought for something that has been a success people will say of it—"As big as that Bumper of HOLLAND's."

ASTRONOMICAL CONVERSATIONS.

(BY A FATHER AND DAUGHTER RESIDING ON THE PLANET VENUS.)

No. I.

FATHER (to DAUGHTER, who is looking through a telescope.) Yes, HELENE, that is the Planet Tellus, or Earth. The darker streaks are land; the bright spots, water. We begin with a low power, which shows only the masses; presently you will have the pleasure of discriminating not only rivers and chains of mountains, but cities—single houses—even Human Beings! Yes, you shall this very night read a page of PUNCHINELLO, a paper so bright that every word appears surrounded by a halo!

DAUGHTER. O father! do that *now*. How delightful, to actually read the works of these singular creatures, and become familiar with

their extraordinary ideas! Were the scintillations you spoke of the other night, that were seen all over the Western Continent, the result of the flashing of these radiant pages?

F. Undoubtedly, my child; they began with the first issue of the paper, and have since regularly increased in brightness, just as It has.

D. It really seems as though Earth would answer for a Moon, by and by, at this rate!

F. You are quite right, HELENE; it will. Or say, rather, a Sun. For you will observe that it is a *warm* light; not cool, as reflected light always is. It is Original.

D. Well, this shows that PUNCHINELLO must have some Heart, as well as Head. Come, put on your highest power now, and let us seem to pay good old Tellus a visit!

[The indulgent Father complies, and is at some pains to adjust the focus.]

F. Now, dear! take a good look.

D. (Looking intently.) Oh! how splendid—how splendid! Do see the beautiful things in those Shop Windows! It must be the Spring Season there! Do see those lovely lumps on the backs of those creatures' heads! What place is it, Father?

F. That? It's New-York; and the street is the famous Broadway.

D. O dear! how I *would* like to go shopping there, this minute!—for I see it is afternoon in that quarter. Is there no way of getting there? (! ! !)

F. (Laughing heartily.) Well, well, HELENE! That's pretty good, for the daughter of an astronomer! Do you know that at this precise moment you are Forty-five Million, Six Hundred and Fifty-four Thousand, Four Hundred and Ninety-one Miles and a half from those Muslins! I'll tell you, Sis, what *could* be done: Drop a line to the Editor of PUNCHINELLO, and tell him what you want. He'll get it, some way.

D. That I will, instantly! [Turns to her portfolio, while her father turns to the telescope.]

"DEAR MR. EDITOR: Pardon the seeming boldness of a stranger: you are no stranger to me! Long, long have I deceived that good man, my father, by pretending to know *nothing* of the Earth, or of his instrument! Many and many a night, unknown to him, have I gone to the Telescope, to satisfy the restless craving I feel to know more of your Planet, and of a person of your sex whom I have often beheld, and watched with eagerness as he came and went. How thrilling the thought, that he cannot even know of my existence, and that we are forever separated! This, good and dear Editor, is my one Thought, my one great Agony.

"It has occurred to me that, in this dreadful situation—my Passion being sufficiently Hopeless, as any one may see—you might at least afford me some slight alleviation, by undertaking to let Him know of the interest he excites in this far-off star! Let me describe my charmer, so that you will be able to identify him. He is of fair size, with a rolling gait and a smiling countenance, has light hair and complexion, wears often a White Hat, (on the back of his head—where Thoughtful men always place the hat, I've been told by observers,) and now and then carelessly leaves one leg of his trowsers at the top of his boot. I have often seen him, with a bundle of papers in his pocket, entering a large building with the words "Tribune Office" over the door—and I adore him! O excellent Editor! tell him this, I implore you! Be kind to your distant and love-lorn friend,

HELENE."

F. What did you say, Helene?

D. I was saying that I wished to look a little longer at the fashions in Broadway.

F. Well, well—I believe the Fashions are all that these women think of! There—look away! I presume they have changed considerably since you looked before! When do you wish to begin your lessons in Astronomy?

D. Next week, Father; let me see: we will say, next week—Thursday.

F. Very well; I shall remind you.

D. (who is determined to have the last word, any way.) Very well.

Beach's Soliloquy on entering his Pneumatic Chamber.

"TU-BE or not tu-be."

Reflection by a Tallow-chandler.

THOUGH a man be the Mould of fashion, yet he cannot light himself to bed by the Dip in his back.

THE PLAYS AND SHOWS.



EN AND ACRES, the new comedy at WALLACK'S, is one of the best of TAYLOR'S pieces, and a decided improvement upon the carpenter work of BOUCICAULT. It has been rechristened by Mr. WALLACK, and its former name—*Old Men and New Acres*, or *New Acres and Old Manors*, or something else of that sort—has been conveniently shortened. If it does not convince us that the author has improved since he first began to write plays, it certainly reminds us that there is such a thing as *Progress*. In the latter play, Mr. J. W. WALLACK was a civil engineer. In the present drama,

he is an uncivil tradesman. Both appeal to the levelling tendencies of the age; and in each, the author has done his "level best"—as Mr. GRANT WHITE would say—to flatter the Family Circle at the expense of the Boxes.

The cast includes a Vague Baronet and his Managing Wife, their Slangy Daughter, their Unpleasant Neighbor and his wife and daughter, an Unintelligible Dutchman, an Innocuous Youth, a Disagreeable Lawyer, and the Merchant Prince. This is the sort of way in which they conduct themselves.

Act 1. Disagreeable Lawyer to Vague Baronet: "You are ruined, and your estate is mortgaged to a Merchant Prince. What do you intend to do?"

Vague Baronet. "I will ask my wife what I think about it."

Enter Managing Wife. "Ruined, are we? Allow me to remark, Fiddlesticks! Get the Merchant to take our third-story hall-bedroom for a week, and I'll soon clear off the mortgage."

Enter Slangy Daughter. "O ma! there was such a precious guy at the ball last night, and I had no end of a lark with him. Good gracious! here comes the duffer himself."

Enter Merchant Prince. (Aside.) "So here's the Vague Baronet and his wife. And there's the slangy girl I fell in love with. Nice lot they are!" *(To Managing Wife.)* "Madam, there is nothing so grand as the majesty of trade. Your rank and blood are all gammon. We Merchant Princes are the only people fit to live. However, I'll condescend to speak to you."

Managing Wife. (Aside.) "How noble! What a gentlemanly person he really is!" *(To Merchant Prince.)* "Sir, I bid you welcome. Here is my daughter, who was just praising your beauty and accomplishments. I leave you to entertain her." *(Exeunt Baronet, Wife, and Lawyer.)*

Merchant Prince (placing his chair next to Slangy Daughter's, and leaning his elbow on her.) "There is nothing like trade. We tradesmen alone are great. We despise the whole lot of clean and idle aristocrats. I keep a Gin Palace in Liverpool. Does your bloated aristocracy do half as much for suffering humanity?"

Slangy Daughter. "Speak on, speak ever thus, O Noble Being! It's awfully jolly!"

Curtain falls, and Baker wakes up to lead his orchestra through the mazes of "Shoo Fly."

Appreciative Lady. "Isn't it nice? Miss HENRIQUES'S dress is perfectly beautiful, and it sounds so cunning to hear her talk slang."

Second Appreciative Lady. "How handsome ROCKWELL looks! Just like a real baronet, my dear!"

Other Appreciative Ladies. "The dresses at WALLACK'S are always perfectly exquisite. I mean to have my next dress made with a green silk fichu, a moire antique berth, and little point lace peplums and gussets, just like Miss MESTAYER'S. Won't it be sweet?"

All the Counter-Jumpers in the Theatre. "JIM WALLACK'S the boy! Don't he talk up to those aristocratic snobs, though?"

Act 2. Enter Unpleasant Neighbor and Unintelligible German. The former says, "You're sure there's an iron-mine on the Baronet's land?"

Unintelligible German. "Ya! Das ist um-um-um."

Enter Merchant Prince and Slangy Daughter. Exeunt the other fellows.

Merchant Prince. "There is nothing like the grandeur of trade; and yet we tradesmen are not proud. See! I offer to marry you."

Slangy Daughter. "I love you wildly! *(Aside.)* I do hope he won't rumple my hair."

Merchant Prince. "Come to my arrums! The majesty of trade is so infinitely above any thing else"—and so forth.

Enter Managing Wife. "Take her, noble Merchant, and be happy." *(Aside.)* This settles the affair of the mortgage." *(To Daughter.)* "Come, darling, we'll go and tell your father." *(They go.)*

Enter Unpleasant Neighbor. "Here's a telegram for you. No bad news, I hope?"

Merchant Prince. "I am ruined unless you lend me £40,000. Do it, and I will assign to you the mortgage on the baronet's property. The majesty of trade is something which"—

Unpleasant Neighbor. "Here it is." *(Aside.)* "Now I'll get possession of the estate and the iron-mine."

Enter Managing Wife. "Ruined, are you? Of course you can't have my daughter now."

Merchant Prince. "I resign her. We tradesmen are infinitely greater than you aristocrats."

Curtain falls, Baker wakes up. "Shoo Fly" by the Orchestra, and remarks on dress by the ladies as before. Counter-jumpers go out to drink to the majesty of trade, having grown perceptibly taller since the play began.

Act 3. Unprincipled Neighbor to Unintelligible Dutchman. "Have you got the analysis of the iron ore?"

Unintelligible Dutchman. "Ya! Das its um-um-um."

Unprincipled Neighbor. "All right! Now I'll foreclose the mortgage, and will be richer than ever."

Enter Vague Baronet, and Wife and Daughter, and Lawyer. To them collectively remarks the Unprincipled Neighbor, "The mortgage is due. As you can't pay, you've got to move out."

Disagreeable Lawyer. "Not much! Here's an analysis of iron ore found on our land. We raised money on the mine, and are ready to pay off the mortgage."

Enter Merchant Prince. "Here's an analysis of the iron ore. I told them all about it. We tradesmen are great, but we will sometimes help even a wretched aristocrat."

Slangy Daughter. "Here's an analysis of the iron ore. Now I will marry my noble Merchant, and make him rich again; for there's dead loads of iron on the Governor's land, you bet!"

They all produce analyses of the ore, and the play itself being o'er, the curtain falls.

Exasperated critic, who has sent for twelve seats, and has been politely refused. "I'd like to abuse it, if there was a chance; but there isn't. The play is really good, and I can't find much fault with the acting. However, I'll pitch into STODDARD for swearing, which his 'Unprincipled Neighbor' does to an unnecessary extent, and I'll say that JIM WALLACK is too old and gouty to play the 'Merchant Prince,' and doesn't quite forget that he used to play in the Bowery."

Every body else. "Did you ever see a play better acted? And did you ever see actresses better dressed?"

And PUNCHINELLO is constrained to answer the latter question with an emphatic No! As to the acting, it might be improved were Mr. STODDARD to play the character for which he is cast, instead of insisting upon playing nothing but STODDARD. But to all the rest of the actors, not forgetting Mr. RINGGOLD, who plays the insignificant part of the "Innocuous Youth," PUNCHINELLO is pleased to accord his gracious approval.

MATADOR.

A Balmy Idea.

ACCORDING to Miss ANTHONY, the crying evil with women is that they will blubber; but it must be remembered that out of this blubber they make oil to pour into our conjugal wounds.

A Suit for Damages.

ANY clothes in a storm.

HINTS UPON HIGH ART.

OBSERVANT visitors to the National Academy of Design will allow that a tendency to greatness is beginning to develop itself in certain directions among our artists. In landscape some of them are almost immense. The works of PORPHYRO warm the walls with rays of splendor, or cool the lampooned sight-line with pearly gradations, as the case may be. MANDRAKE renders feelingly the summer uplands and groves, and SILVERBARK the melancholy autumnal woods. BY-THESEA infuses with sentiment even the blue wreaths of smoke that curl up from the distant ridge against which loom the concentrated lovers that he selects for his idyllic romances. Gushingly he does his work, but thoroughly; and there are other flowers than lackadaisies to be discerned in his herbage. GUSTIBUS blows gently the foliage aside, and gives us glimpses through it of rural contentment in connection with a mill, or some other interesting object beyond. The

pencil of SAGE-GREEN imbues canvases, both large and small, with infinite variety and force; and it is to SKETCHMORE that the great lakes owe their remarkable reputation as pieces of water with poems growing out of their broad lily-pads. Very tender are the pastoral banks and brook-sides of LEAFHOPPER. ELFINLOCKS takes up his pencil, and lo! a hazy, mazy, lazy, dreamy vista where it has touched. But hold! Our critical Incubus has taken the bit between her teeth, and is beginning to run away with us.

Stop that; and let our readers enumerate the other first American landscape painters for themselves.

Not so strong are our artists in domestic incidents and compositions of life and character. We have STUNNINGTON, to be sure, whose traits of American expression, whether white or colored, are most true to the life; and there's BARLEYMOW, who will twist you an eclogue from the tail of his foreground pig. Others there be; but space has its limits, and we forbear.

As for our portrait limners, their name is Legion, and that comprehensive name must go for all. Like BENVENUTO CELLINI they shall be known for their ugs; and their transmission to posterity on the heads of families is a thing to be reckoned on as sure.

For the higher flights of art the American painter is by no manner of means endowed with the wings of his native eagle—wings that agitate the cerulean vault, spattering it with splashes of creamy cloud-spray, and churning into butter the stretches of the Milky Way. History has indeed been illustrated by American art, but has it been enriched? The WASHINGTONS and the WEBSTERS, the CLAYS and the LINCOLNS, have had their memories dreadfully lampooned on canvas. Allegory does not inspire the great American pencil. Tall art there is, and enough of it "at that;" but of high art we have none to speak of, except the canvases that are placed over doorways in the galleries of the Academy, and, in the sense of elevation, may consequently be spoken of as high. All this is wrong. Alas! that we should write it. Would that we could right it! And to think of the musty subjects that our historical and allegorical men select. Ho! young men—away with your CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS; relegate your METAMORA to his proper limbo; let WASHINGTON alone; and LINCOLN; and OSCEOLA the Savage; and POCAHONTAS, and all the rest. Leave them alone; and, taking fresh subjects, dip your brushes in brains, as old OPIE or someboog, 'ise said, and go to work with a will. No fresh

subjects to be had, you say? Bosh! absurd interlocutor that you are. Here's a bundle of 'em ready cut to hand. We charge you no money for them, and you may take your choice.

SUBJECTS FOR WORKS OF HIGH ART.

PROVIDENCE tempering the wind to the shorn lamb.

ABSENCE OF MIND marking a box of paper shirt-collars with indelible ink.

MILTON "going it blind."

The late Mr. WILLIAM COBBETT teaching his sons to shave with cold water.

ST. PATRICK emptying the snakes out of his boots.

TRUE LOVE never running smooth.

NO MAN acting *Hero* to his *valet de chambre*.

ROBERT BONNER taking DEXTER by the forelock with one hand, and TIME with the other.



THE POLITICAL MILL-ENNUIUM.

Subjects like these might be worked out to advantage. The field in which they are to be found is almost unlimited; and they possess abundantly the two grand essentials to success in art at the present time, as well as in literature—novelty and sensation.

H. G. and Terpsichore.

AMONG the strange revelations about *Tribune* people elicited during the MCFARLAND trial, was the bit of gossip about Mr. GREELEY going to Saratoga to "trip the light fantastic

toe." That Mr. GREELEY's toe is "fantastic," every body who has ever inspected his "Congress gaiters" must know, but as to its lightness we have our doubts. "What I know about dancing" would be a capital subject for H. G. to handle, and we hope that he will take Steps for doing it.

Sweeny's New Charter.

How doth the busy Peter B.,
Improve each shining hour!
From nettled young Democracy,
He plucks the safety-flower.

From Rome.

THE POPE is said to be "out of Spirits." Why doesn't he come to New-York, where he can get plenty of the article, either in the sense of the Tap or in that of the Rap?

"He who was Born to be Hanged," etc.

ON one of the mornings of the MCFARLAND trial, a very importunate person attempted to force his way into the court-room, which, as he was told, was already crowded "to suffocation." To this he retorted that he "wasn't born to be suffocated." That's in substance what the late JACK REYNOLDS said, and he was mistaken.

The Difference.

RICE riots are reported as raging in all the ports of Japan. Rye was the principal mover in the famous conscription riots of New-York.

A Celestial Idea.

No wonder the Chinese theatre in San Francisco is a success, considering how skilful the actors must be in catching the Cue.

JUMBLES.

DID you ever hear of my friend BOOTSBY? "No." That's rather queer. I see—you've been out of town. BOOTSBY is a man of standing—of decided standing, I may say. He stands, in fact, a great deal. The heavy standing round he does is enormous when the limited capacity of a single mortal is taken in view. BOOTSBY stands round among every class of people, and especially of politicians and potationers. He stands round to talk, to hear, and especially to drink. The power of the man in this last matter is wonderful, and the puzzle is, that his standing (and perpendicularity) is not perceptibly affected. Of course there are times when BOOTSBY's standing is not so good. In so slippery a place as Wall Street, it is found to be less certain; while in a crowd on Broadway, waiting for a bus, it cannot be said to maintain a very remarkable firmness. But as a whole, and as the world goes, BOOTSBY is a man of standing. In the altitude of six feet ten, he may be called a man of high standing. He feels proud of the fact. "Is it not better to be a mountain than a mole?" he often asks in a proudly sneering manner of his neighbor PUGGS, who is about as far up in the world as the top of a yard-stick. It is very true that size is not quality, and a seven-footer may be no better than a three-footer; but it is observed that a Short Man is rarely any thing else. His stature is his measure throughout. My own impression of myself is, that I don't care to be short; but if the alternative were forced upon me, I should choose that of person rather than of purse. BOOTSBY does not care much about money, and he carries very little. Some people are like BOOTSBY, but most people are not. The ladies, it is true, never, or rarely, want money. Like newspapers and club-houses, they are self-supporting. In fact they surround themselves with supporters which stay tightly. Mrs. TODD is peculiar in her wants pecuniary. She, good soul, never wants (or keeps) money long, but she doesn't want it *little*. She prefers it like onions, in a large bunch, and strong. The reason why most women do not want money is because they have no use for it. They never dress; they never wear jewelry; silks and satins have no charms in their eyes; laces, ribbons, shawls never tempt. To exist and walk upright in simpleness and quiet is the sum of their desires. Dear creatures! how is it that they never want?

My neighbor, Mr. DROWSE, desires to know where you get all your funny things for PUNCHINELLO? He knows they are there, does Mr. DROWSE; for he gets my copy of the penny postman, and he keeps it, too. It is the only good taste my neighbor has displayed of late years. I tell Mr. DROWSE that you make your fun. He further asks, Where? I tell him in the attic—up there where they keep the salt. He desires to know the size of attic. Of course he has never seen your noble, capacious, alabaster forehead, else he would perceive the source of those scintillations of light and warmth which radiate throughout the universe every Saturday for only ten cents. He is curious also to know about the salt, and doesn't comprehend how or where you use it. He used to use it when a boy in catching birds by putting the briny compound on the tails of the same, and *that* he used to call "fun alive;" but he don't see it—the salt—about PUNCHINELLO. I suspect Mr. DROWSE doesn't see the sellers, (certainly he avoids them when PUNCHINELLO is offered, much to my mortification, and one dime to my cost,) and so is not likely to discern the source of the fun. I merely informed Mr. DROWSE that the editor was very tall, very handsome, with very black skin and rosy hair, (at which he opened his eyes with astonishment, and asked if I meant so; at which I said, "Yes, I guess so,") and that he laughed out of his nose, eyes, head, and hands, as well as his mouth. Drowse wants to see the editor very much. He has seen men with black skins and hearts, (for he used to know lots of politicians;) but wants to put his vision on some "rosy hair"—and when he does, no doubt his gaze will be fixed. It is healthy sometimes to have the gaze fixed; and often, like sauce-pans and sermons, it has to be fixed. When Mr. DROWSE calls at 83, please show him in Parlor 6 with the Brussels, fresco-work, and lace curtains.

April is a model month. So serene, steady, clear, and balmy. Nothing but blue sky, gentle zephyrs, kissing breezes, genial suns by day and sparkling stars by night. PUNCHINELLO no doubt likes sparkling stars—stars of magnitude—stars that show what they are. PUNCHINELLO perhaps goes to NIBLO's, and not only sees plenty stars, but plenty of them. But of April. It is called "fickle;" but that's a slander. "Every thing by turns and nothing long"—that is a libel on which a suit could be hung. The same vile falsehood is cruelly uttered of some women, when every body knows, or should know, that these same women are nothing of the sort. Who ever knew a fickle woman?

Where in history is there record of such an impossibility? Fickle—that implies a change of mind. What woman ever changed her mind any more than her hands? Nonsense, avaunt!—banished be slander! April is *not* fickle—woman is *not* fickle. As one is evenly beautiful, divinely serene, bewitchingly winning, so is the other sunny, cerulean, balmy, paradisiacal. April for ever—after that the rest of the calendar.

Does PUNCHINELLO believe in the Woman Movement? TODD does. He believes woman should move as much as man; and he regards her movement in such numbers to the great West as full of hope (and husbands) for the sex. Mrs. TODD has not as yet been irresistibly seized by the movement; but if TIMOTHY knows himself, he longs for the day when the seizer may come. Although TODD—who is the writer of this epistle—says it, who perhaps shouldn't, lest the shaft of egotism be hurled mercilessly at him, he does unhesitatingly say that to aid this movement he would make the greatest of sacrifices. He is willing to sacrifice his wife and other female relations upon the sacred altar of the movement, and contribute liberally to the expense thereof. He is quite willing they should vote—early and often, if need be; but he wishes to see the movement go westward like the Star of Empire—westward *via* cheerful Chicago. TODD trusts PUNCHINELLO will espouse this movement; for if it does, it—the movement, no less than PUNCHINELLO—will go straight onward and upward; but not by the route known as the Spout.

Mucilage is a good thing. It is now extensively used in Church, State, and Society. We use it largely at the Veneerfront Avenue Church, of which Rev. Dr. ALEXANDER PLASTERWELL is pastor. Of course, Mr. PUNCHINELLO, you know that distinguished church, and have no doubt often listened to the distinguished Dr. PLASTERWELL. He is a kind man, has a high forehead, a Roman (Burgundy) nose, and a sweet, soft head—I should say heart. He has—great and good man—the largest faith in mucilage. He often makes it a text, and he sticks to it, he does—does Dr. PLASTERWELL. Nothing like mucilage, PUNCHINELLO. It is the hope of the human race, and the salvation of woman. It is the Philosopher's Stone in solution; the essence and link which connects and cements all that is great, good, and lovely, in the past, present, and future. At least, such is the humble opinion of
TIMOTHY TODD.

HINTS TO CAR CONDUCTORS.

WHEN standing in Printing House Square, your destination being Grand Street Ferry or Bleecker Street, if a stranger asks whether you are going to Harlem, nod, as it is considered improper to answer in the negative. If he finds out the mistake, you can plead deafness.

When called upon to stop, never attempt to comply. There are several reasons why you should not. In the first place, if you did stop, it would show that you have no will of your own, and since the passage of the Fifteenth Amendment, *all* men are equal in this country.

You may stop about two blocks from the place named, just to please yourself and prove your independence; but take particular care to start the car when the passenger is half off the steps. If there is a young surgeon in the neighborhood, you can enter into an arrangement to break arms and legs in this way with impunity, have the maimed "carried into the surgery," and share the fees with the operator. Occasional cases of manslaughter may take place; but don't mind that, as coroners' juries in New-York will return verdicts of "death from natural causes." Besides this, remember that you have a vote, and that both coroners and judges are dependent upon the people. When a lame old gentleman hails you, beckon him furiously to come on, but be sure, at the same time, to urge the driver to greater speed.

It is no part of your business to have change, so never give any, but drive on: people should provide for and look after their own business, and that is none of yours.

Always drive through the centre of a target company or funeral procession, never minding whether you kill one or more, and then abuse the captain or the undertaker for his stupidity.

By the adoption of these essential rules, and by adding a good deal of incivility, you will soon reach the top of the wheel of your profession, and in due time have a testimonial presented to you by an admiring and grateful public.

Out in the Cold.

COMMISSIONER TWEED proposes a new outside Bureau of the Department of Public Works, for late-Commissioner MCLEAN. He is to be Superintendent of Refrigerators.



THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS.

ENGRAVED BY SPECIAL PERMISSION FOR PUNCHINELLO, FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING, BY MILES STANDISH, IN THE COLLECTION OF METHUSELAH PILGRIM, ESQ., OF PILGRIMSVILLE, MASS.

TO CAPTAIN HALL.

(IN ANTICIPATION OF HIS TRIP TO THE POLE.)

HALL! HALL!
D'ye hear our call?
Or, do you fancy it to be
A weather sign—merely the pre-
Monition of a squall
At sea!

HALL!

You pay no heed at all.
Nevertheless, O hardy mariner!
(A Snow-Bird brings this with our kindest love,
We're sorry you prefer
Those frigid walks (ever so far above
The 80th parallel, we guess!)
To stocks, and tariffs, and domestic bliss;
Yes, yes,
Captain, we're sorry it has come to this!

Why do you madly thirst
For grog that's chopped up with a hatchet? say!
And tell us of the first
Strange thought which spurred you to go up that way!
Was it the hope that on some icy coast
(Frozen, yourself, almost!)
You'd have the luck to meet poor FRANKLIN'S ghost?

And has it seemed, sometimes,
That drowning might be pleasanter up there
Among the icebergs, native to those climes,
Than where
The surf breaks gently on some coral-reef,
And sirens sweetly soothe one's slow despair?
Say, was that your belief?

And who is BENT?*

Why was *he* sent,
With his Warm Currents wheeling round the Pole?
A long, long race must his disciples run:

No sun,
No fun,

No chance to toss a word to any one;
And what a goal?
As hopefully you munch
The flinty biscuit, watching whale or seal,
Or listening, undaunted, to the crunch
Of ice-floes at the keel,
Say, Sir Intrepid! shall you really think
You pioneer the navies of the world?
Not while the chink
Of well-housed dollars sounds so pleasantly,
And safer tracks map out the treacherous sea!
If that's your dream, oh! let your sails be furled.

But, no!
It is not this! Your spirit, high and bold,
Scorning all tamer joys, will have it so!
No cold
Can chill its ardor! Such a soul would sate
Its deathless craving in some lofty flight,
Some deed sublime, and read its shining fate
By the Aurora's light!
For fruitful fellowship, it seeks the wild,
The frozen waste,
Where the world's venturesome heroes—reconciled
To sunless, shuddering gloom—
To joyless solitude—with ardor taste
Their dread delights! and so at last find room,
'Mid nodding icebergs, for their watery tomb!

For this, we spare you,
O dauntless HALL! Once having breathed that air
So pure, so fresh, so rare!
And caught the wildness of the Esquimaux,
We declare you
Unfit to live where beans and lettuce grow!
Leave delving to the little pitiful mole,
Great soul!
And now, then, for the Pole!

* Captain BENT, of Cincinnati, originator of the new theory of Polar Currents.



FINANCIAL RELIEF

MR BUMBLE BOUTWELL TO MRS. CORNEY FISH. (*See Oliver Twist.*) "THE GREAT PRINCIPLE OF FINANCIAL RELIEF IS TO GIVE THE BUSINESS MEN EXACTLY WHAT THEY DON'T WANT: THEN THEY GET TIRED OF COMING."

CONDENSED CONGRESS.

SENATE.



MR. SUMNER said he was the friend of the oppressed. That, as was well known, was his regular business. Unfortunately, the Fifteenth Amendment had rendered the colored man incapable of being hereafter regarded as an oppressed creature. He was sorry, but it could not be helped. He was therefore forced to go down the chromatic scale of creation and find another class of clients. He found them in cattle. HOMER had sung about the ox-eyed Juno, and WALTER WHITMAN about bob veal. COWPER had remarked that he would not number in his list of friends the man who needlessly set

foot upon a cow. He mentioned these things merely to show that railway companies had no right to starve cattle. He proposed an amendment to the Constitution, to provide that a dinner of at least three courses should be given to cows daily. Mr. DRAKE was heartily in favor of the proposition. He had got his feet in a web, so to speak, by paddling in the political waters of Missouri, and some people had gone so far as to call him "quack." He demanded redress.

Mr. WILSON didn't see the use of all this legislation to protect animals. Animals had no votes, although he admitted a partial exception, in that every bull, it had its ballot. But he had something practical. Here was a jolly job, the Pacific Railway grant. There was a good deal more in it than they had made out of any other GRANT. Mr. THURMAN's suggestion, that this land ought to be occupied by actual settlers, he scorned. "Actual settlers" were of a great deal more use to him in Massachusetts, where they could vote for him, than in the territories, where that boon would not be extended to them. It was much better that they should be occupied by imaginary settlers, who could pay and not vote. Actual "settlings" were the dregs of humanity.

The Georgia bill came up, as it does every day with much more regularity than luncheon. The Senate has succeeded in muddling it to that degree of unintelligibility that nobody has the slightest notion what it provides. It is, therefore, in a condition to give rise to infinite debate. After several senators had said enough for a foundation for thirty columns each in the *Globe*, they let it go for the present. The present was the one promised by Senator WILSON in return for the Pacific Railway grab grant.

HOUSE.

The House is given over to the tariff. A very indelicate discussion has been had upon corsets. Mr. BROOKS was of opinion that the corset would tariff it were subjected to any more strain in the way of duties. Mr. MARSHALL remarked that the corset avoided a great deal of Waist. It was whalebone of his bone, or something of that sort. It was one of the main Stays of our social system.

Mr. SCHENCK made another speech. He ripped up the foreign corset in a truculent manner. He said that American corsets were far superior, only American women had not the sense to see it. The effect of taking off the duty on corsets would be to take off the corsets.

Mr. BROOKS called the hooks and ayes on the corsets. Mr. SCHENCK opposed the call. He had found a simple tape much preferable. He wished a coffer-dam might be put upon the roaring BROOKS.

Somebody at this point brought up a contested election case; but Mr. LOGAN objected to its being considered. What, he asked, was the use of wasting time? There was money in the tariff. There was no money at all in voting a Democrat out, and a Republican in. They could do that any day in five minutes. His friend Mr. BUTLER had recently remarked, one Democrat more or less made no difference. But Mr. BUTLER forgot that the larger the majority, the larger the divisor for spoils, and therefore the smaller the quotient and the "dividend." He did not know much about arithmetic. He had never been at West-

Point; but he believed that a million dollars, for instance, would go further and fare worse among two hundred men than among three. If the House were not careful, there would be a glut of Republicans in it, and the shares would be pitifully meagre. As for him, he had a great mind, (derisive cheers)—he repeated, that he had a great mind to vote for a Democrat next time.

In spite of Mr. LOGAN's warning, the House voted in a couple or so of Republicans, and then resumed the duty on wool.

Mr. COX thought this wool had been pulled over the eyes of the House often enough. It reminded him of an expedition, of which Mr. LOGAN had never heard, in search of a "Golden Fleece."

Mr. JENCKES, and Mr. SCHENCK, and Mr. KELLEY called him to order in behalf of their constituents, who were in the wool business, and said that "wool" in one form or another had always been the staple of their political career.

Mr. BUTLER said he had a little game worth two of that. He wanted to buy San Domingo. In this there were plenty of commissions, and hundreds of thousands of colored votes.

FIFTEENTH AMENDMENT.

ALDERMANIC RECEPTION UP-TOWN.

CÆSAR, walk in! Ah POMPEY! how d'e do?
This way, CLEM! Gentlemen, please walk right through!
GEORGE, how's your mother? Fine day, PETE—fine day!
Well, how are things down there at Oyster Bay?

Ah AUNTIE! how's your rheumatiz, this spring?
Well, Mr. JOHNSON, did you try that sling?
Why, this is Uncle STEVE! How—do—you—do,
Uncle? Sit down. What can I do for you?

Well, Mr. PRINCE! You must be busy, now.
Whitewashing is the best thing done, I vow!
Why, hel—lo! REGIS! From the Cape so soon?
When do you open, this year?—first of June?

Come, gentlemen—some wine? Now, don't refuse!
What! temperate? teetotal? Well, that's news!
And good news, too! Well, coffee, then. You see,
My friends, the *sentiment's* the thing with me.

The real Mocha, AUNTIE! Simon pure!
Raised by free Arabs. For I can't endure
A single thing that's flavored with a Wrong!
Yes, AUNTIE, you are right, I've "come out strong!"

So have the Colored People, I may say!
(One fact explains the other, up this way!)
They've proved their strength! It's settled, sure as a gun,
That every Colored Voter now counts One!

Now, gentlemen, you'll be surprised to find
So many people with your turn of mind!
But, sure as tricks! remember what I say—
You'll learn some things before Election Day!

POMPEY—'twon't take much time, (and you can spare it!)
Try this old fiddle, picked up in the garret!
Good? It's your fiddle! AUNTIE, here's a pound
Of that same genuine Mocha, ready ground!

Say, Uncle STEVE, I've got a fish for you,
Down at the market. Call again, PETE; do!
I'll have a job for you and CÆSAR soon:
It's only waiting for a change of moon.

CLEM, how'd you like a chance to wait on table?
Or, would you rather drive, and run my stable?
GEORGE, in the kitchen there's a pan of souse!
Going? All gone? Now, BRIDGET, air the house!

Historic Parallel.

THE JACK CADE movement came near destroying London. The Arcade movement threatens to destroy Broadway.



A CHEAP LUXURY.

SNIFFLES LOVES THE SMELL OF ROASTED CHESTNUTS, AND ENJOYS IT FOR HOURS EVERY DAY; BUT HE NEVER EATS ANY—WHICH ACCOUNTS FOR THE JOYOUS EXPRESSION ON THE FACE OF THE VENDER.

IMPORTANT TO PUBLISHERS.

ONE of our corps of Philosophers (a trifle visionary, perhaps) has been speculating as to certain possible (or, perhaps, impossible) results flowing from the practice among publishers of ante-dating their monthly issues. Thus, supposing that the world should be destroyed by fire (and why not? it is bad enough) on the 15th of May, 1870, and a cover of, say, *Putnam's* for June, carried up by an air-current, should, after floating about ever so long in space, finally descend on some friendly planet—we will say, Venus. Here it would naturally get picked up by an archæologist, (who would be on the spot looking out for it,) and the interesting relic would be promptly and reverently deposited among the other Vestiges of Creation, in the Royal Cabinet. In the course of years, some historian would probably have occasion to turn over these curiosities, and would presently light on the scorched but still legible waif. "Why," says he, in astonishment, "I thought the earth was burnt on the 15th of May! To be sure, it was *in the night*, and nobody saw it go, [think of that, conceited Worldling!] but it was missed by somebody the day after. But here we have a document from the late unfortunate planet dated the first of June!"

Of course, upon this the History of the Universe would have to be rewritten, or that odd fortnight would play the mischief somewhere!

—••—
A Boston Boy.

HUB-BUB.

—••—
"Curses Come Home to Roost."

THEY are putting the Fifth Avenue pavement in front of the City Hall.

—••—
To Politicians.

WILL the working of the Fifteenth Amendment oblige a candidate to show his Color before election?

BUSINESS.

A CHICAGO LAY.

I SAW her sweet lip quiver,
As he started for the store,
Because he hadn't kissed her
"Severial" times or more.

She cried "This horrid business!"
And then flew to her glass;
"Oh! why his cold remissness?
Have I grown plain, alas?"

But no, that truthful article
Revealed her charms intact,
She hadn't lost one particle,
But had improved, in fact.

At nine the case was opened,
At ten the case was o'er;
The jury brought their verdict—
She was his wife no more.

That night the husband started,
And—"you bet"—he swore,
To find his wife departed,
And "To Let" on the door.

Next day he moved and married,
And, that his bride might stay,
He kissed her every morning
Before he went away.

—••—
Pot-umania.

A CORRESPONDENT writes that a new mania has sprung up among the ladies of Edinburgh—a fancy for learning to cook. There is a much older mania in some parts of that country—a fancy for something to cook.

—••—
About a Foot.

A BOOT when it's on.

So We Go!

WE notice, with much agitation and a reasonable amount of grief, that somebody in Philadelphia (possibly Miss ANNA DICKINSON) has invented a machine for the laundry called The King Washer! A few years ago it would have been The Queen Washer; but in these days the name seems to indicate that to Man, unhappy Man, will speedily be committed the destinies of the weekly washing. Oh! the rubbing, the rinsing, the wringing. But Mr. PUNCHINELLO has already communicated to Mrs. PUNCHINELLO his sentiments upon this subject. Under no circumstances will he get at the family linen. He must make a stand somewhere, and he makes it here.

—••—
Let them Bark.

MISS BARKALOW has been admitted to practice at the bar in St. Louis. We have frequently before seen young ladies at a bar, where others practiced more than they did; but we do not see why, if Miss BARKALOW wishes to bark aloud, she should not be allowed to bark, aloud or otherwise. Barking may be particularly good in a cross-examination; but we presume that a lady attorney's bark will be always worse than her bite.

—••—
"She Stoops to Conquer."

THE girl with the Grecian Bend.

—••—
Query.

Is it allowable for a Temperance man to be Cordial to his friends?

—••—
Weak as Water.

OUR cynical friend A. QUARIUS writes us from Philadelphia, that considering the manner in which the Sunday liquor law is enforced in that city, he thinks his native place is still entitled—perhaps more than ever entitled to be called the city of Rye-tangles. This is ungrateful.

SPIRITUAL SUSCEPTIBILITY OF CATS.

DEAR PUNCHINELLO: Our Society has been very learnedly debating as to whether Cats are susceptible of spiritual impressions; and, although the burden of opinion inclines to the negative of the question, I am firmly persuaded there is much to justify a contrary judgment.

As I slept the other night, neither dreaming nor holding psychological intercourse of any description with outsiders, I was awakened suddenly about the first hour of the morning by a noise. I am quite certain it was a noise, and have therefore no hesitation in so recording it. The new moon hung athwart the western sky, and a few fleecy clouds were chasing each other like snow-drifts across the blue vault of the night. I may likewise note the fact that the stars were doing what they usually do, notwithstanding the difference of opinion that sometimes exists as to what that is. It was the evening after "wash-day," and family linen, in graceful curves and undulating outlines, everywhere met the eye as it turned from contemplating the stars to contemplating the clothes-lines in the gardens. But I wander. The noise? Ah! yes. Well, it was not like the collision of two hard substances, but rather of the heavy "thud" order of sound, like the descent of a solid into a soft substance; say, for instance, of a flat-iron into a jar of unrisen buck-wheat batter. I glanced along the ghostly battalions of family linen; along the fences traversed by feline sentries; along the latticed arbors; but nothing to indicate the origin of the alarm could be discovered, and as at that moment a breeze stirred in the apartment, producing a chilling sensation, I thought it prudent to jump back into bed.

Next morning, upon making my usual visit to note the progress of the early bulbs in the flower-beds, I encountered at the further end of the garden the remains of a cat—a portly and ancient grimalkin of the sterner sex. Close at hand was a bottle lying face downward, and corked. I raised it—first in my hands, and then to my lips. The cork fell out, accidentally as it were, and, as a consequence, death. "Poor thing!" I murmured; "poor and a portion of the contents glided carelessly down my throat. I perceived that the liquid was "Old Rye." As I stooped down, tears would have come to my eyes; but it was useless, seeing that the breath had left the unfortunate's body. Nevertheless, I rested my hand a moment upon his head, and then glided it in a semi-professional manner along the line of dorsal elevation, until I came to a deep depression in his backbone, which corresponded exactly with the convexity of the bottle. Then I saw at once how it was: this missile, (in the heat of passion, being mistaken for an empty one, probably,) had been hurled by some treacherous hand upon the unsuspecting Tom, striking him midway between the root of the tail and the base of the brain, causing instant suspension of his vertebral communications, thing! You were the victim of a Catastrophe. You were also the victim of the bottle. The 'Rye' was too heavy for you, and should have been drawn milder." This said, I turned sadly away to find a burial spade, and it then occurred to me that this little incident was kindly meant to confirm my view that cats are susceptible, even to a fatal extent, of spiritual impressions—especially when conveyed by spirits of "Old Rye."

GOBBO.

From the Tombs.

WHEN a drunken man has been locked up for beating his wife, it is reasonable to suppose that he must feel rather the worse for lick her.

A BIT OF NATURAL HISTORY.

NATURALISTS tell us that the *Aye-aye* is a small animal of Madagascar, with sharp teeth, long claws, and a tail; which eats whatever it can grab, and says nothing day or night but *aye-aye*. Now, we find that, AGASSIZ to the contrary notwithstanding, this strange and not very useful animal is indigenous to the State of Pennsylvania. It especially frequents Harrisburg; and may be seen and heard any day there, in the Senate or House. Being an active member of that House, your correspondent has been present during the passage of three hundred bills within a week or two, in about one hundred and ten of which he had some personal interest.

Lifting his eyes one day from his newspaper, when the Speaker took the vote on an "Act to amend the Incorporation of the City of Philadelphia," which your correspondent happened to know included the presentation of a three-story brown-stone front to each of a committee of six members of the House, he found there was not one member in his seat; but, in the place of a few, there was a company of these remarkable *Aye-ayes*, responding duly to the call for a vote; but never a *no* among them. No, no!

Now, your correspondent holds the deliberate opinion that, in several respects, these aforesaid small animals of Madagascar might be an improvement upon the average Pennsylvania legislators. And, if your correspondent had to do with getting up the other one hundred and ninety bills, as he did the one hundred and ten, all right. Otherwise, *not*. How does PUNCHINELLO regard it?

Yours, LEGISLATOR.

An Augean Job.

PUNCHINELLO has telegraphed to Governor GEARY his approval of the "Sewage Utilization" bill at Harrisburg, on one condition: that the first piece of work be finished up by the members of the Pennsylvania Legislature with their own hands; that work to be, to make up into decent manure, *deodorized* and *disinfected*, all bills passed at the late

session of their House and Senate. Since, however, complete deodorization is probably *impossible*, PUNCHINELLO advises also that the said members be required to cart all their stuff out to the Bad Lands of Nebraska, and remain there to make the best use of it; or else, to make a contract with Captain HALL to ship it and them to the Arctic regions at once.

On the Finances.

SAYS CRISPIN, "Did not somebody say it was BOUTWELL in the Treasury now? A great mistake. About well, to be sure! When the newspaper men have 111½ of gold, and I haven't a round dollar! Where did they get it? And then the legal tender question. I never asked but *one* tender question in all my life, and that was to SUSAN; and she said, Yes. And then we were legally married. Nobody ought to ask such questions *out loud*; it's not *decent*. And *fine answering* an't much better. Financiering, is it? Ah! well. *Specious assumption*, too; but that requires brass, and I want *gold*. Meantime, who's got a twenty-five cent note?"

Massachusetts Flats.

MASSACHUSETTS must abound in Flats. Its Legislature is annually agitated from the sands of Cape Cod to the hills of Berkshire over the question. It is said to be wisdom to set a rogue to catch a rogue. Is it equally so to set a flat to catch one?



PERSONAL GOSSIP.

(From the Daily Press.)

"A SON OF ONE OF OUR WEALTHIEST RESIDENTS DISPLAYS GREAT TALENTS AS A SCULPTOR. HE IS BUT NINE YEARS OLD."

NATIONAL TAXIDERMISTRY.



PUNCHINELLO has for some time past carefully considered the subject of our national tariff of imposts, (that is to say, he happened to see, in a *Tribune*, the other day, that *lucifer matches* were now to be stamped separately, and not by the box, as heretofore,) and he has come to the conclusion, after duly weighing in his mind all the arguments for and against the present system of taxation, (that is to say, he made up his mind the minute he read the article,) that what the present tariff needs, is a more thorough application and a better classification; or, what the technologists call Taxonomy, which term is suggested to him

by a work on the subject which he has been recently studying. (That is to say, he looked in the dictionary to find out what *Taxidermy* meant, and seeing *Taxonomy* there, snapped it up for a sort of collateral pun.) As an illustration of what our impost legislators (or imposters) ought to be, let us take the Taxidermist. He is one who takes from an animal every thing but his skin and bones, and stuffs him up afterward with all sorts of nonsense. Now, our National Taxidermists ought to take a lesson from their original. Many of the good people of the United States have much more left them than their skin and bones. Why is not all that taken? The condition of the ordinary stuffed animal of the shops is strikingly significant of what should be expected of loyal communities. (That is to say, communities which vote a certain ticket which need not be named here.) It is often said that there are things which flesh and blood will not bear. Now, a thorough system of Taxidermy remedies all this. A stuffed 'possum, for instance, having no flesh or blood, will bear any thing. When the people of this country are thoroughly cleaned out, they will be just as docile. Among the things which PUNCHINELLO would recommend as fit subjects of taxation, is a man's expenses. They have not been taxed yet. If he pays for his income, why not for his outgoes? The immense sums that are annually expended in this country for this, that, and the other thing ought certainly to yield a revenue to the government. (That is to say, there ought to be a new army of collectors and assessors appointed. *P. knows lots of good men out of office.*) And then there's a man's time. Why not tax that? Nearly every man spends a lot of time, and he ought to pay for it. As it would be our tax, it could not be a very minute tax, although it is only the second tax which we have suggested. (That is to say—something pun-ny.) And besides these things, there's energy. We often hear of a man's energies being taxed; but, so far as the matter is apparent to the naked eye, it is difficult to see whose energies are taxed for the good of the government at the present day. This subject should certainly be investigated. (That is to say, a committee of Congressmen should be appointed, with power to send for persons, papers, and extra compensation.) Politics, too. Every man has his politics, (that is to say, every man except Bennett,) and they ought to be taxed, if for no other reason than the great impetus the measure would give to the erection of fences throughout the land. And letters, too. If every one sent by the mail should yield one cent to the Treasury, how the currency would be inflated in that locality! (That is to say, in the locality to which the collectors would abscond.) But it is impossible, with the limited time at his disposal, for PUNCHINELLO to enter into a full examination and elucidation of this subject. (That is to say, he can't think of any more illustrations just now, and the printer wouldn't stand any more, if he could.) But it must be admitted that the great task of opening up the country, of which we hear so much, will never be complete until the Washington skimmers and stuffers get us all into the prepared specimen condition. (That is to say, when the people are all willing to "dry up.")

JOHN CHINAMAN'S BILLING AND COOING.—Pigeon English.

CABLE NEWS.

(EXCLUSIVELY FOR PUNCHINELLO.)

QUEEN ISABELLA has sent her compliments to Señor CASTELAR, as well as to General PRIM, informing them that, on the whole, she thinks she will *not* return to the throne of Spain. It does not agree with her quiet and refined tastes and habits to live so much in public. All she wants now is a little *château en Espagne*. She proposes to send her son, Prince of ASTURIAS, to Professor CASTELAR, to study modern history. Is it not odd, by the way, that a country so long *Mad-rid-den* as Spain, should have now a governor with such a name as PRIM? But, what's in a name? BOURBON, by any other name, would smell as sweet. Some, however, prefer Old Rye. I prefer *water* to both; especially to BOURBON.

It's an old story that *two positives make a negative*. Paris news tells us that a late will case has exemplified this. COMTE, you know, was a positive philosopher. He had a positive wife. She had a will of her own. He wrote a will of his own. Consequently, it got into court. Mme. COMTE, it seems, who did not agree with the philosophy while the philosopher lived, wanted his MSS. after his death. Positively, the court did not see it in that light; and so the negative came out. It was a case of no go, or *non-ego*, as HEGEL might have called it. Did you ever read HEGEL? I didn't; and I advise you not to begin. It won't pay. I am told that he divided all things into Egos, She-goes, and Non-egos, or No-goes. The latter particularly. So do I.

But to return to Spain; or rather to Paris. Don FRANÇOIS D'ASSISSI has, it appears, suddenly discovered that his wife is not Queen of Spain so much as she was. Much less so. So, he has found her company rather expensive than agreeable; and proposes to abdicate it. Not so *very* much of an ass, is he? Bravo for Don FRANÇOIS!

In London, *to-morrow* will be made famous in literature by the great dinner in honor of the advent of PUNCHINELLO. Mr. PUNCH is talked of to preside. An unprecedented rush for tickets has begun. More about it in my next.

PRIME.

Cutting.

WE see extensively advertised the "Saxon Razor;" but have not yet summoned up sufficient courage to try this article, which "no gentleman's dressing-case should be without." We cannot dispossess our minds of the apprehension of cutting ourselves, remembering that line descriptive of the combat between FITZ-JAMES and RODERICK DHU, in which it is said, that,

"— thrice the Saxon blade drank blood."

Musical.

THE vocal abilities of hens are admitted; but they rarely attempt the Chro-matic scale.

De Jure.

No man can now be a juror who knows any thing about the case which he is to try. Thus a jurymen was challenged in the MCFARLAND case merely because he belonged to Dr. BELLOW'S church. It was held that he might possibly have got Wind of the matter while listening to the Doctor's discourse.

BOOK NOTICES.

AN OLD-FASHIONED GIRL. By LOUISA M. ALCOTT. Boston: ROBERTS BROTHERS. New-York: D. APPLETON & Co.

The author of "Little Women" seeks, and not without success, to draw from her "Old-Fashioned Girl" a contrast and a moral. She presents to our view two young ladies of opposite "styles." One is fresh and rural: the other isn't. The difference between country and city bringing-up is the point aimed at; and the difference is about as great as that between the warbling of woodside birds and the jingle of one of OFFENBACH'S tunes on a corner barrel-organ. The book is neatly set forth, with illustrations by Messrs. ROBERTS, BROTHERS, of Boston.

RED AS A ROSE IS SHE. By the author of "Cometh up as a Flower," etc. New-York: D. APPLETON & Co.

A readable book, notwithstanding that there are several naughty characters in it, or perhaps *because* there are. Probably it depicts with truth the kind of society presented. If so, all the worse for society. Shall we never again have healthful, virtuous novels of the old school, such as "Tom Jones?" The book is published in tasteful form by Messrs. D. APPLETON & Co.

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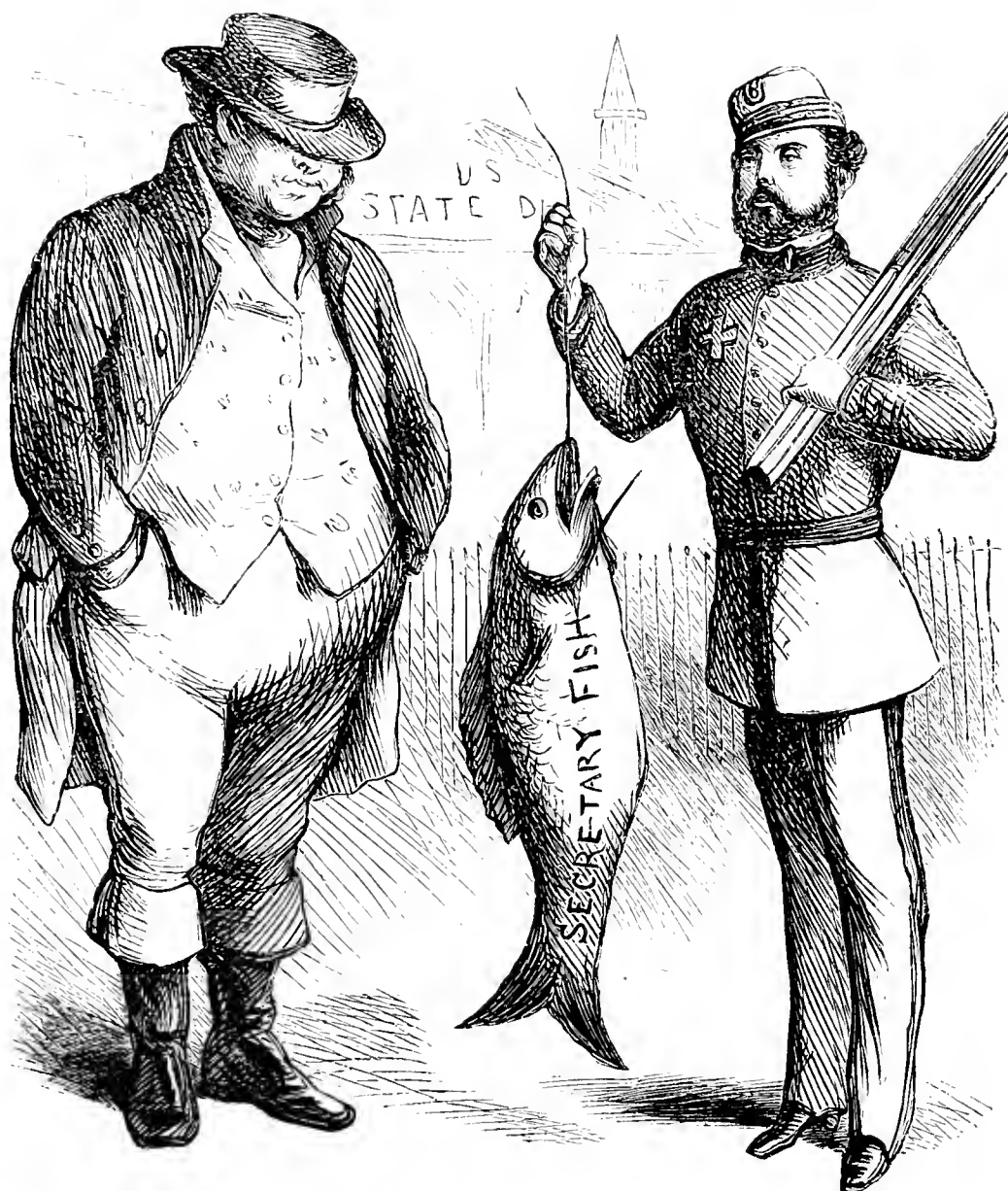
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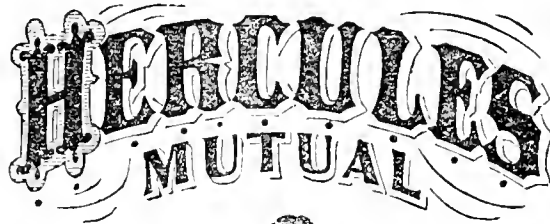
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Y^E YONGE MANNE OF MANHATTAN.

Y^e Yonge Manne is born, and his parents hasten with him to y^e abode of y^e BROWN, praying that he may be christened among y^e upper tenne.



And when y^e Yonge Manne takes a daughter of y^e upper tenne to wife, y^e BROWN sees that he is married in y^e BROWN his church.



Y^e BROWN demands if y^e parents put in their coal in y^e Summer time; and, being told that they do, he has y^e Yonge Manne christened in his church, and when he grows up y^e BROWN introduces him into Society.



And when y^e Yonge Manne he dies, y^e BROWN arranges with all y^e gardeners and black-goods men. And so, y^e Yonge Manne, he is done entirely BROWN.

THE BACHELOR'S MOVING-DAY.

Alas!
A mere half-hour's bother!
Suppose I were a father—
A luckless wight, called "Pa"!

I'd say,
"Now curse the restless rover
That first (despising clover!)
Invented Moving-day!"

O yes!
Especially, if moving
Was likely to be proving
(As usual) a mess!

Why, look!
You've got no end of articles,
Sure to be smashed to particles,
Or "snaked off" with a "hook"!

You've got
Chairs, bedsteads, tables, crockery—
(Recital seems a mockery!)
You've got—what have you not?

What's worse,
Your things won't fit new places,
Your wife won't like new faces—
Your very maid will curse!

Your hat
And other things *do* fall so!

And children they *do* bawl so!
Good heavens! think of that.

And think
Of possible colds and fevers—
Cartmen that prove deceivers—
Nothing to eat or drink!

Small bliss
For bachelors so lonely—
Tired of one thing only:
But they escape all this!

And pray,
What man with sons and daughters
Don't sigh for bachelor quarters
About the First of May?

THE DELIGHTS OF DOUGHERTY.

AT the Banquet of the Army of the Potomac in Philadelphia, Mr. DANIEL DOUGHERTY made one of the most extraordinary speeches on record, if we except certain forensic efforts of Mr. PUNCHINELLO delivered during the earlier stages of his career from his box. Mr. DOUGHERTY is a Soarer, and a Spreader, and a Screamer. Speaking metaphorically, he goes higher, measures more from the tip of one wing to the other, and is more suggestive of the warbling of a locomotive in his speech than any other Eagle in Philadelphia, which is saying a great deal. DANIEL is a Giant of Rhetoric, and would remind us of the Big Gentleman from Cardiff, only that mysterious personage is too heavy to Soar; for which reason he usually occupies the ground floor, which Mr. DOUGHERTY does not do by any manner of means.

It was this extraordinary capacity of Mr. DOUGHERTY for Soaring which caused him to be called upon by the Army of the Potomac for a speech. The great D. begins by declaring that he would rather speak for his country than for Pennsylvania, which, considering that he also declared that he came "as a modest spectator," does not strike us as the depth of humility. However, "my bosom," said Mr. D., "is not confined to any locality;" and we believe that Mr. PECKSNIFF said something like this of his own frontal linen. Yet, we should like to know what Mr. DOUGHERTY does for a chest when his own has gone upon its extensive journeys; something temporary is done, we suppose, with a pad. But the Bosom was at the Banquet, and the proprietor was there to thump it, until it must have sounded and reverberated; and if Mr. DOUGHERTY had also thumped his head, there would have been equal evidence of hollowness within. "May my tongue never prove a traitor!" cried the orator. Mr. PUNCHINELLO hastens to reassure him. The tongue is well enough, and is likely to be. It's something a little higher up that is likely to give out.

If the applause of the brave men before him was what Mr. DOUGHERTY wanted, (besides his dinner,) then of applause he got the Stomach under his Bosom full. The speech was received, according to the reporters, with a roaring which has not been equalled since the Lions in the Den roared at the other DANIEL, until they found that the good man was neither to be roared or sneezed at with impunity. The cheering was "tremendous." The cheering was "terrific." The cheering was "prolonged." And there stood "the Bosom not confined to any locality," but just then swelling, and expanding, and dilating—shall we for once be fine, and say like an Ocean Billow? Voices which shouted at Gettysburg now hailed Mr. DANIEL DOUGHERTY as a Conquering Hero—the conqueror of their ears! Once in a while there was "great laughter" when Mr. D. D. hadn't said any thing specially funny—that is, if Mr. PUNCHINELLO is a judge of fun; and if he isn't, who in all the world is? There are two kinds of laughter—the laughing *at* and the laughing *with*; and we have known "tremendous" and even "vociferous" applause to be very suspicious.

It must be a source of calm satisfaction to General GRANT to know that he is considered the "great and glorious GRANT" by Mr. DANIEL DOUGHERTY; although DANIEL once considered Mr. BUCHANAN, poor man! to be equally "great and glorious." So DANIEL also considers SHERMAN to be "immortal," and SHERIDAN "unconquerable," and MEADE "glorious." Adjectives are cheap, you know; and D. D., Esq., has evidently a great stock of them in his Wandering Bosom. Only, great soldiers, who know the precise value of Mr. DOUGHERTY's military opinions, might not care to have them laid on too thickly.

Mr. PUNCHINELLO has written to Mr. DOUGHERTY's Family Doctor to inquire into the state of Mr. D's health after this tremendous effort, and he sends us a bulletin that Mr. D. is "as well as could be expected." We do not know what he means by this; it seems to us to lack scientific precision. The point upon which we wished to be informed was, whether Mr. D. did or did not break any thing—not the tumblers on the table, for that we should expect; but any thing in the way of blood-vessels. Not to put too fine a point upon it, How's the Bosom?

AMERICAN CUTLERY IN FRANCE.

THE great pride, the *dulce decus* of Americans, has long been in their pocket hardware, and the skill with which they use it. But we must henceforth look to our laurels. France is competing alarmingly with us in the use of the revolver. They were always a revolutionary people, were the French, and revolving seems, therefore, to suit their temper to a T, (Gunpowder T, of course.) Since the slaying of NOIR by BONAPARTE, the affectation of readiness with the pistol has become

quite the thing in Paris. New-York and Paris will soon be exactly alike in the bullet business—especially Paris. PAUL DE CASSAGNAC, it seems, has been invited by some anonymous person to meet him at a certain hour in front of the *mairie* of the Seventeenth *arrondissement*, for the purpose of having his brains removed with a revolver. PAUL declined to go, however. The *Mairie* mentioned in the cartel was not the one for PAUL. Probably he would have gone to VIRGINIA, had he been invited to do so; but never a MAIRIE for the faithful PAUL. And he might have come by way of New-York, where he would soon have grown so used to having his brains removed with a revolver that the process would have become a pleasure to him.

PHILADELVINGS.

PUNCHINELLO cannot help liking Philadelphia, and always feels a pang of sympathy whenever any thing happens to that plain old city. One reason for this is, (and he is not ashamed of the weakness,) that Philadelphia likes PUNCHINELLO and takes, weekly, he would not be vain enough to say how many hundred copies of his journal. And now Philamalink, as her natives love to call her, is afflicted with a terrible disease—a fearful attack of chronic Legislature. Even when the active symptoms of this dread malady have subsided, the effects linger, and the consequent suffering is excruciating. One of the direst of the effects of the last attack is a dreadful bill—not a bile—which has caused a utilization sewage company to appear upon her body corporate. It is almost impossible for sister cities to understand the torments of such an affliction. Nobody can now clear away their own dirt—Councils, Board of Health, or any body else. If rooms are swept, the sewage company must take up the dust; if a pig-pen or a stable needs cleaning, the company must do it; if the lady of a house throws the slops out of her breakfast cups, the company must carry them away; if a man knocks the ashes from his cigar, he must save them for the company; if, anywhere in the city, a foul word is spoken, the company must have the benefit of it. Even the birds in the squares must not cleanse their nests without a printed permit from the company. If a bedstead is cleaned, the company must have the bugs. Only one dirty thing is safe from this all-powerful corporation, and that is the legislative delegation from the city. If the refuse matter were taken from that, there would be nothing left. It has been proposed that the Legislature itself should be purified; but this idea is Utopian, PUNCHINELLO fears. If Niagara were squirted through its halls, the water would be dirtied, but the halls would not be cleansed. Alas, poor city! Trampled under the heels of the aristocratic HONG and PENNY BUNN, what is there to hope for it?

But all has not been told. There are about eight hundred thousand inhabitants in the place. Some twenty thousand of these owe small sums for unpaid taxes, averaging about nine and a quarter cents to a man. To collect these sums, an army of seventy-two thousand able-bodied men, at salaries of one thousand dollars per annum, has been commissioned by the PENNY BUNN Legislature.

Alas, poor city! But all has not been told. A private firm has prevailed upon the imbecile old farmers from the western and interior counties to give them the right to build a private freight railroad through many of the principal streets of the Quaker City. This road will run through several school-house yards, and the time-tables are to be so arranged that trains shall always be due at those points at recess time. Every fiftieth private house along the lines is to have a road-station and freight-depot in its front-parlor, and all male residents on said routes are to serve in turn, without pay, as brakemen and switch-tenders. The owners of all vehicles injured by the trains are to be heavily fined, and the families of individuals allowing themselves to be killed are to be mulcted in heavy damages.

Alas, poor city! But all has not yet been told. A counterfeit tax-bill has been passed by the Legislature. All the sums handed in to the State Treasury by the tax collectors have been found to be "bogus" money. This action has been indorsed by the Legislature, and the action of that body is hereafter to be of the same character as the funds paid in by its creatures.

Alas, poor city! But all has not yet been told. Colonel FORNEY intends resuming his "Occasional" letters in the *Press*!

Enough! Humanity can bear no more.

Query by a Constitutional Student.

WHEN the Governor or President V-toes a bill, is he supposed to put his foot on it?

THE PLAYS AND SHOWS.



PECTACLES are proverbially fit for old eyes. Probably that is the reason why the spectacle of the *Twelve Temptations* is so dear to the aged eyes of the gray-haired old gentlemen who occupy the front seats at the Grand Opera House. It is certainly a brilliant spectacle, though, like the ideal scene to which Mrs. NICKLEBY's eccentric and vegetarian lover once referred, it consists principally of "gas and gaiters." Not that it is exclusively an Old Folks' entertainment; for, as the critics say of portentously dull juvenile books, "it will be found as interesting to the young as to the old." Though the

dullest of dramas, it is so brightened by brilliant legs that it dazzles every beholder. Why, then, should the stern advocate of the legitimate drama refuse to acknowledge that the *Twelve Temptations* has its redeeming legs? How runs the ancient proverb, "Singed milk is better than it looks;" or that equally ancient philosophical maxim, "There is no use in crying over spilt cats"? The stupid story of ULRIC's folly is made more attractive than one would suppose that it could be, and we need not weep over the fact that it is a spectacle, and not a SHAKESPEAREAN tragedy.

The bold explorers who have reached the remote Opera House, fought their way past the misanthropic door-keeper, and gained their seats, are first reduced to a state of mental chaos by the performance of a maddening overture, and are then fitted to appreciate the play, which proceeds after the following pattern:

Act 1. *Curtain rises upon a score of Unintelligible Demons, who sing this impressive chorus:*

"Oh! um um um um
For um um um um
And um um um um
To um um um um."

Exeunt Demons. Enter RUDOLPH THE TEMPTER. He remarks to the surrounding scenery—"ULLERIC's soul must be mine, or else the dark abodes of torment await me. I will tempt him. Great Master, appear."

The Great Master—a major-general of fiends—appears, and, approving of RUDOLPH's virtuous resolve, they descend to—well, they descend below the Erie Building, to drink to his success. Scene changes to ULRIC's home. Enter ULRIC and family, including Aged Mother, Virtuous Heroine, Hated Rival, and Demoniac Servant.

ULRIC. "Motherr, this slife is intollerrable; I will do any thing to escape frrom it."

Enter RUDOLPH and Unintelligible Demons (disguised.) They sing as before.

"Oh! um um um um," etc.

ULRIC. "The song says terruly. I will go with you, though you were the fiend himself."

Consternation on the part of every one. Demoniac Servant remarks, "Ha! ha!" ULRIC and the Demons sink through the floor. Scene changes to the Studio of Eblis.

RUDOLPH. "Take this collar. Behold these stripes painted upon it. Whatever you wish you shall have at the price of five years of your life. A stripe will vanish each time your wish is gratified. (*Aside.*) The stripes are only cloth, you know, and you can pull 'em off when your back is turned to the audience. Is it a bargain?"

ULRIC. "It 'er is." (*Malignant crash from the orchestra.*)

RUDOLPH. "ULLERIC, 'tis well. Now thou shalt behold our sports."

Enter ballet girls, dressed in red gaiters and torches. They dance the Demon Cunean, waving their torches and scattering the flames. Old Gentleman in the front row hears such charming little asides as, "Drat you, MARY SMITH, you've burnt my hand." "I'll slap your face, Miss, if you step on my foot again." "O NELLY! my hair's a-coming down."

Curtain finally falls upon a blaze of light and a bewildering wealth of legs.

Old Gentleman, in front row. "Well, he! he! that's pretty good; he! he! Devilish pretty girls some of 'em; he! he!"

Virtuous Matron. "My dear, isn't it shameful. I never saw any thing so disgusting."

Sceptical Husband. "Then perhaps we'd better go at once."

Virtuous Matron. "N—no. I'll sit through one more act, and see if it gets any worse."

Fast Young Man. "They're all padded, you know. You can't feel sure about one of 'em. There were gals in the *Crook* who used to pad their's from here to here"—(*adds explanatory pantomime.*)

Travelled Man, who has been to Paris. "These girls can't dance, I assure you. Now, at the Châtelet they do these things differently."

Admiring Friend to Travelled Man. "What spectacles did you see at the Châtelet?"

Travelled Man, (who was in Paris only two days, and never saw even the outside of the theatre.) "It was—let me see—Oh! *Moses in Egypt* was the name of the piece. It was gorgeous; full of Egyptian scenery, and Egyptian dancing girls and things."

Admiring Friend, (with aggravating persistence.) "Do you mean Rossini's *Moses*?"

Travelled Man, (quite desperate.) "Of course! He's the rival of OFFENBACH, you know. But come, let's go and take something." (*They go, the faith of the Admiring Friend in the Travelled Man's veracity being, however, perceptibly shaken.*)

Three more acts follow. ULRIC makes a dozen wishes, all of which are gratified, and all of which have the inevitable effect of transporting him into scenes pervaded by the female leg to an extent that easily reconciles him to the successive loss of five years of his life. He finally becomes King of Egypt, and, after having fought against the Crusaders in defence of those well-known Mohammedan gods, ISIS and OSIRIS, is carried down a trap by exulting demons. An Intolerable Comic Man opens up hitherto unknown wastes of dreariness, and sings a comic song that is positively more tedious than an article from the *Nation*. The Demoniac Servant is continually shot up through spring traps, in order to remark, "Ha! ha!" and to immediately disappear again. The Aged Mother travels from Flanders to Egypt without changing her dress or combing her back hair, for the vain purpose of begging "ULLERIC" to repent. Consumptive Knights fight terrific broad-sword duels with a thirst for combat that beer alone is subsequently able to allay. The Virtuous HEROINE displays a very neat pair of ankles, but without winning "ULLERIC" from the devil of his ways. Half a dozen ballets are successively introduced, in which the skirts of the dancers are seen to decrease as rapidly and steadily as the stripes on ULRIC's magic collar. Finally, a grand Transformation Scene, which has nothing whatever to do with the play, exhibits the best legs of the company in the most favorable attitudes, and the green baize curtain falls upon the great spectacle of the day.

Virtuous Matron. "Well, I never! It's positively indecent. I'd like to take a whip to those shameless hussies."

Sceptical Husband. "PAGE offered me a proscenium box the other day. Suppose we take it to-morrow night?"

Virtuous Matron. "I'll go to please you, my dear. And really the scenery is pretty."

Wretched Man, who is shameless enough to admit that he likes it. "I like it. The ballet's good, the scenery is splendid, and the music might be worse. Why don't these ladies, who come here and sit it through, have the honesty to admit that they come because they like it? But no; they go away, and at the next party, where they wear dresses lower in the neck than any I've seen on the stage to night, they'll abuse the poor girls who have danced here for their amusement. Their malignant modesty does not deserve the respect of an intelligent figurante. If they are sincere, why do they come here?"

Which question still puzzles the perturbed mind of MATADOR.

Give 'em Rope.

WE clip the following from the *Express*:

"There seem to be more legal loopholes for convicted murderers to escape through than for any other class of criminals."

That is too true, by a great deal. There should be but one "legal loophole" for a convicted murderer, and the authorities should not let him escape through the loop of it—they should Knot.



A MOVING INCIDENT.

Pat, (to Bridget.) "TAKE YOUR MASTHER'S TRUNK TO THE RAILROAD, IS IT? OCH! BOTHER—DON'T YOU SEE I'M MOVIN' A FAMILY?"

THE "TOBACCO PARLIAMENT" OF OHIO.

FOR genial law-making in America commend us to the Ohio House of Representatives. While we haven't learned that the legislation of this august body has been particularly hazy of late, we think it must have been wholesome, for we are assured that much of it has been thoroughly "fumigated" through the exertions of the majority of its members, who perform their functions with pipes in their mouths, while drawn up in semi-circle around a couple of fire-places built expressly for their accommodation—"one on each side of the speaker's desk." Who *wouldn't* legislate, (and early, too,) if he could do it with his feet on the fender, his well-flavored Havana or best Virginia leaf in his mouth, and the privilege of cracking jokes and telling naughty stories *ad interim*? Go it, ye Buckeye law-makers! Shall we hear of any sympathy for Cuba in that quarter?

A Woman's Physic.

(Mrs. C——N TO Mrs. McF——D.)

"MY Darling, I have found a panacea for all woes, in Man:
When one man will not suit or stay,
Then get another, right away."

CABLE NEWS.

[EXCLUSIVELY FOR PUNCHINELLO.]

GREAT BRITAIN.

THE Great PUNCHINELLO dinner has come off! JENKINS was there, and was to have telegraphed an account. But he was not so well as usual the next day, the Thames water having got into his head. JENKINS never *could* take much water. So your correspondent is obliged to trust to his memory—unaffected by the water, which he did not take.

Old London Tavern was the scene of this banquet, given by the *literati* of England in honor of the long-wished-for coming of PUNCHINELLO. The dining-hall was decorated for the occasion with appropriate portraits. There were HOGARTH, CERVANTES, ADDISON, MOLIÈRE, SWIFT, STERNE, GOLDSMITH, TOM HOOD, IRVING, THACKERAY, DICKENS, and ARTEMUS WARD. A number of the waiters were costumed in character. From my seat, I recognized SAM WELLER, (right behind me;) the Fat Boy of *Pickwick*; SANCHE PANZA, and JEAMES YELLOWPLUSH.

Mr. PUNCH was represented at the head of the table so well that you could know him at once from his weekly frontispiece. On one side of him sat CHARLES DICKENS; on the other, your humble ambassador. It would be rather invidious to name the other hundred guests; not to be there was to be nowhere in literature. Near me there sat Lord LYTTON, TOM HUGHES, PRÉVOST PARADOL, EDMOND ABOUT, CHARLES KINGSLEY, PAUL FÉVAL, and the Rev. JOHN CUMMING.

Asking, in a whisper, of Mr. PUNCH how the latter very staid individual came to be there, I understood that, of all the absurd men of this century, he was selected as the most representatively preposterous. The PRINCE OF WALES was not asked, lest his morals might be hurt by something that was said. And it is so important, you know, for the British nation—for the rest, see the *Saturday Review*.) And then Madame GEORGE SAND was to be there, who sometimes wears trousers.

MATTHEW ARNOLD was spoken to about it; but he replied gruffly, "PUNCHINELLO is Goliath of the Philistines!" and declined.

JOHN STUART MILL was too busy over his next book, which is to be "On the Subjection of Horses." But every body else was there, so we did not miss these grave and reverend seigniors.

How the twenty-five courses came on and went off, from the ox-tail soup and salmon to the dessert, it would need the tongue or pen of SOYER or PIERRE BLOT to narrate; as it needed the capacity of a FALSTAFF to do justice to them. And then, when the cover was removed, came the time of trial to your correspondent. "The Queen" and "the President" were drunk with all the honors. Then Mr. PUNCH called out, through his magnificent old nose, so that you might have heard him across the Channel, "Health and long life to PUNCHINELLO!"

Now, your correspondent had remembered Mr. HAWTHORNE's experience at a Lord Mayor's dinner, and had begged Mr. PUNCH by all means to let him off without a speech. But, more worldly-wise than HAWTHORNE, he didn't believe that Mr. PUNCH would keep his promise; so he had prepared a speech, beginning, "Not anticipating any occasion to open my lips in this illustrious company, you must allow me to speak altogether on the impulse of the moment." (Hear, hear.) So this had to be delivered; but for the rest of it, and of the dinner, you must wait for my next telegram. Mr. PUNCH is going to have the speech published in pamphlet form, for distribution among his numerous constituents. So, now for the rest of my *news*.

FRANCE.

THE PRINCE OF MONACO has declared war against France. OLLIVIER proposes to send the PRINCE IMPERIAL to extinguish him with a corps of infantry, armed with popguns; no one to be admitted to the corps who is more than four years old. MONACO aspires to be a sort of LOPEZ.

TURKEY.

Sultan ABDUL AZIZ has just had a visit from a friend of JOHN BRIGHT'S. To the surprise of every body, even his most intimate friends, the Sultan immediately made up his mind to turn Quaker! He came down stairs, and went into mosque, the other day, with a broad-brimmed hat, straight coat, and drab trousers; and insisted on all the ladies of his *hareem* putting on plain bonnets, and holding a "silent meeting" in the Seraglio! How it bothered them to do that last thing you may well suppose! More anon, from PRIME.

A Bit of Fish.

SECRETARY FISH is said to preserve a decidedly spruce appearance at the State Dinners. Fish is nothing if not Fin-ical.

FISH SAUCE.

THE sight of a thick, four-pound steak, just cut from a halibut that must have weighed, (the idea of a fish wading!) some two hundred pounds, reminds us that trout-fishing is just now in full operation. What a strange, weird mystery there is about mental associations! Long, long ago, we possessed a favorite trout-rod fitted with a Hollow Butt, and so it is that whenever we see a Halibut, trouting comes to our mind.

Yesterday, frogs were croaking, and insects all in green livery, with gilt buttons, contributed to Nature's Great Boston Jubilee of music with their hum. How ridiculous it seems that insects should have a hum!—and yet the Bee has its Hum in its hive.

It is at this season that enthusiastic anglers always get water on the brain. Their dreams are of gurgling brooks. They have visions of mill-ponds, with beautiful little cascades sluicing into them over dams. They stand, in imagination, on bridges, in the eddies beneath which they discern the wagging of silvery tails and rosy fins; and a very common form of nightmare with them is to fancy that the reel of the fishing-rod won't work, just as they are going to wind up a four-pound trout.

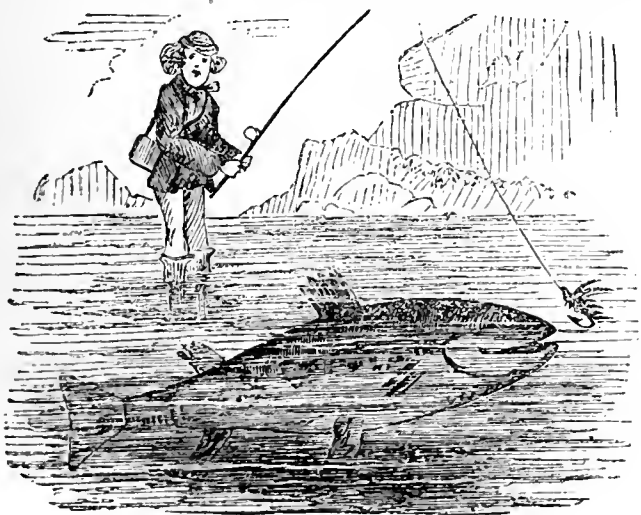
Now, also, is the time when friend gives much advice to friend on the subject of the "gentle art." (A trout's opinion on this branch of art, by the by, would be worth having. Perhaps he might not consider it so gentle.)

One student of the angle will say to another, "Always fish up the stream. Fish lie with their heads to the current and their tails in the opposite direction: therefore, by casting up-stream, you run the less chance of being seen by them."

Another says, "Be sure you make your casts down-stream; your bob-flies like it better, as you can see by the way they dance on the ripples."

Quoth another, "Always soak your casting-lines with water before you start for the river-side;" while a fourth instructs you *never* to straighten your lines with water, but by passing them through a piece of India rubber doubled between the finger and thumb.

Our advice is, Never cast against the wind. In fact, you can't do it; and if you try it, you run the risk of getting *strabismus*—that is, the Cast in your eye. Artificial flies, like artificial flowers, never should follow nature. Manufacturers of both articles perfectly understand this; and hence the superiority of their productions to the mere realities that flutter and bloom for their brief hour, and then die. There is nothing in entomology so beautiful as a well-busked trout or salmon fly. And then it is comparatively indestructible. Take a natural May Fly and squeeze it in your hand. It is reduced to a pulp. Try the same experiment with an artificial one, and its plumage remains un-



"SHOO! FLY."

ruffled—which is more than you do, since the chance is that you will have to employ a surgeon to extract the hook from the ball of your thumb.

We are assured by a broker, who, in Spring-time, always becomes a broker, that by far the surest lure for a large trout is the Greenback Fly. He is acquainted with a man who, whenever he goes a-fishing, always has a four-pound trout to pack in ice and send up to a friend in the city. By post, a letter is dispatched to the same quarter, containing a warm description of the playing and landing of that noble fish. The sender usually states that he captured it with the famous fly known to anglers as the Green Drake. Facts are against him, though; and it

is well understood by his friends that the fish was first taken by some poaching rascal with a scoop-net, and subsequently hooked by the angler with a five-dollar Greenback Fly.

Nothing in life is more beautiful than a five-dollar Greenback Fly—except, of course, a ten-dollar one, or one of indefinitely larger denomination.

Provided with this most charming and effective of lures, the angler is always sure to fill his creel. He incurs no fatigue in doing so, either, for all the boys of the village become his humble servants to command; and if there be a four-pound trout in the miller's pond, he is sure to hook it with the Greenback Fly, while the boys generally "hook it" also, lest the miller should catch them at their tricks.

How to make the Greenback Fly—Give it to your wife.

Much has been said concerning the efficacy of the Water Fly as a lure. For our own part, we have not tried it. We know rather less about it than we do about the Water Cure; but we cheerfully print the following directions on the subject, taken from the fly-leaf of an old book.

How to make the Water Fly: Fall into it.

HALL AND HAYES.

THE friends of Dr. HAYES and those of Captain HALL are engaged in a heated discussion as to which of the two ought to be sent by Congress in search of the North Pole. As the public does not know who is right and who is wrong, we present our readers with the arguments of each party; so that they can decide which explorer is the man for the post—we should say, pole.

WHAT THE HAYES PARTY SAYS.

1. The Pole being surrounded by water, must be reached by boats. HAYES is a sailor and HALL is not. Therefore HAYES is the man to sail to the Pole.

2. HAYES is a Bostonian; HALL is a Western man. Bostonians are famed for their skill in prying into every thing; while Western men stupidly mind their own business. Therefore HAYES is naturally fitted to become an explorer.

3. HALL spent his time while in the Arctic Region in the society of Esquimaux. HAYES attended to his ship, and lived on pork and beef like a Christian. Therefore HAYES is the better man.

4. HAYES understands the use of instruments, and can take observations of the temperature of hot springs, if any are found. HALL knows nothing about instruments, and could not tell the time by a barometer if his life depended upon it. Therefore HAYES should be the Congressional favorite.

5. HALL is hot-tempered and once killed one of his crew. HAYES is a cool man and never killed any body, except as a medical practitioner. Cool men are at home in the Arctic Region. Therefore send HAYES.

WHAT THE HALL PARTY SAYS.

1. If the Pole is surrounded by water, it must be a visible point of land. HALL is a landsman, and therefore the proper man to send in search of land. To send a sailor like HAYES in quest of land would be absurd. Therefore HALL is the right man.

2. HALL is a steady, hardworking, energetic Western man. HAYES is a meddling Yankee. Of course HALL is the better man for carrying out a difficult enterprise.

3. HALL has lived in the Arctic land as the Arctic people do; while HAYES knows nothing of the people of that region. Therefore HALL is by far the best man to send.

4. HAYES can have no use for his instruments in a place where there is nothing but ice. HAYES would, therefore, only add to the cost of the expedition. HALL can take all necessary observations with his eyes, which cost Congress nothing and are easily carried. Therefore HALL is by all odds the man for the expedition.

5. If HALL is hot-tempered, so much the better. He will keep warm with less consumption of fuel. That he killed a mutineer is proof of his resolute adherence to discipline. HAYES would never enforce discipline if he dared to inflict no more punishment for mutiny than a draught of Epsom salts. Therefore HALL is plainly the man to command an exploring party.

Here we have the arguments which both sides advance, and our readers can easily make up their minds. As for ourselves, the true course for Congress to pursue seems so plainly evident that if we were asked which is the best man, the Doctor or the Captain, we should unhesitatingly answer in the negative.



CINCINNATUS SWEENEY.

CINCINNATUS SWEENEY.

(Adapted from ANTHON'S *Classical Dictionary*, p. 351.)

"CINCINNATUS had retired to his patrimony, aloof from popular tumults. The successes of the Equi, (young Democracy,) however, rendered the appointment of a Dictator necessary, and CINCINNATUS was chosen to that high office. He laid aside his rural habiliments, assumed the ensigns of absolute power, levied a new army, marched all night to bring the necessary succor to the Consul MINCIUS, (W. M. TWEED,) who was surrounded by the enemy and blockaded in his camp, (Albany,) and before morning surrounded the enemy's army, and reduced it to a condition exactly similar to that in which the Romans had been placed. The baffled Equi were glad to submit to the victor's terms, and CINCINNATUS, returning in triumph to Rome, (New-York,) laid down his dictatorial power after having held it only fourteen days, and returned to his farm" (Central Park.)

SPRING FEVER.

O THOMSON, JAMES! how *could* you speak of Spring
In such a joyous way?
If it were as you say,
Wouldn't I know it, who know every thing!
"Ethereal mildness!" Pshaw! what nonsense, man!
Pooh! "Gentle spring," indeed!
It makes my liver bleed
To hear you talk as only idiots can.
But you're no idiot, THOMSON; *that* I'll say!
I'll yield another bit:
I'm ready to admit
The Seasons may have altered since your day.
At any rate, JAMES, in the windy West
(Which wasn't in your eye—
At least, not frequently)
Your boasted Spring is *not* a gentle guest.
My patience, no! She's the reverse of that!
Ah! hear her savage roar;

(So often heard before!)
And there (confound it!) goes my new Spring hat.
Alas! what means this stupid somnolence?
Why do my pulses go
So "melancholy slow"?
Why can't I think? why always "on the fence"?
O dews and fogs! O rain and snow and slush!
O various other things!
My soul! what need of wings:
Yes, "Spring's delights" are coming with a rush!
But stay, friend THOMSON—what you say is true:
Here *is* a nice warm day!
The breezes softly play—
Then why, oh! *why* then, do I feel so blue?
One "would not die in Spring-time," certainly—
Nor any other season,
For the same reason—
But if one can't eat dinner, why *not* die?
Is there no panacea for such ills?
Oh! yes, a jolly one:
I find it in the dun!
In landlords', butchers', grocers', tailors' bills!

The Difference.

GOLDEN calves were worshipped by men of old. Modern men prefer to worship saw-dust calves.

Dramatic Query.

Is Canada to be the Theatre of a Fenian War? It seems that the Canadian Volunteers think so; and, to do justice to the performance, they have taken possession of the whole Front-tier.

The Original Bow.

THE El-bow.

Not the Chimney for a Studio.
ONE that won't Draw.



THE SICK EAGLE.

COLUMBIA. "DO LET THE POOR BIRD OUT, MR. B.; HE DROOPS SADLY."

MR. BOUTWELL. "REALLY I DON'T SEE ANY THING THE MATTER WITH HIM, MA'AM. HIS CAGE IS ALL GOLD, AND HE SURELY OUGHT TO BE CONTENTED."



N EXCELLENT OLD SONG MADE NEW.

BY A DEFAULTER.

Is there for his dishonesty
Who hangs his head, and
a' that?
The coward slave, we pass
him by,
And dare to steal for a' that.
For a' that and a' that,
Our grabs and games,
and a' that,
Our business is to make
a pile
And swindle SAM, and
a' that.

What though the people
curse and swear
At losing gold, and a' that?
Their fiercest wrath we'll
proudly bear,
And cash is cash for a' that.

For a' that and a' that,
Their lawyers, courts, and a' that,
The lucky rogue who wins his pile
Is king of men for a' that.

The President knows how to beat
In battle, siege, and a' that;
But we're the lads for swift retreat,
Although he growl, and a' that.

For a' that and a' that,
Our bonds and oaths and a' that,
A bouncing swag's the better thing
For gentlemen, and a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it shall for a' that,
That plundering gents may keep the sway,
And help themselves, and a' that.

For a' that and a' that,
Leg bail's the thing, and a' that;
For travelling improves the mind,
The body saves, and a' that.

THE THIRTEENTH MAN IN THE OMNIBUS.

THE New-York omnibus was constructed to seat and carry twelve persons; certainly not more. Indeed, when twelve men, of nominal size, sit squarely on the seats and do not clownishly cross their legs, one may ride in an omnibus with comfort. Nay, with these conditions, he *may* generally escape having his toes crushed, his shins kicked, his shoes soiled, or his trowsers daubed with mud by his neighbor. But alas! how often is this paradisiacal state disturbed by the intrusion of "the thirteenth man in the omnibus."

Shall I attempt to portray the creature? He is pretty well known, and perhaps the picture will be recognized. Sometimes he may be seen standing at the corner of the street lying in wait for the "bus." He is never known to walk toward its starting-place, lest he might be confounded with the "twelve" by getting inside before the seats are filled. No; he is "nothing if not" odd. His very hat never sits squarely upon his head like the hat of a gentleman. It is either elevated in front like a sophomore's, or depressed on one side, as if he had just come from a cheap spree in the Bowery, or was troubled with some obtrusive "bump" that kept his hat awry. If by chance he gets a seat inside the omnibus, (as "accidents will happen," etc.) he must cross his legs and wipe the mud from his ill-shod feet upon your trowsers or your wife's dress.

Indeed, methinks it was he who invented sitting cross-legged in a public vehicle. Do savages ever sit thus when in close company? I have never been able to imagine what special human sin this ingenious mode of annoyance was meant to punish. It has been suggested that it might be the man's pantomimic protest against sitting at all. But the saddest commentary upon this vice of our hero is, that by some mysterious magnetism of awkwardness and ill-breeding, he has betray-

ed into imitation of it men whose early education has been less neglected than his own.

Sometimes, as he gets into the "bus," he carries in his hand or mouth the stump of a half-burned, extinct cigar, which fills the atmosphere with a rank and sickening odor. More frequently he is dressed in well-worn black, and his clothes reek with noisome exhalations of stale tobacco-smoke. Shall I finish his picture? I verily believe he is the original Loafer.

Methinks I see him in my mind's eye. I am riding in a Broadway omnibus. I have just handed up my fare, and, taking my seat, have surrendered myself to a sweet half-hour of reverie. I disdain to spoil my eyes or waste my time by newspaper-reading. I dream, and save my time for better things, as I conceive.

The stage is full. "Twelve inside." The driver does not seem to get along. He is constantly stopping or turning his horses to the sidewalk, right or left. You wonder what is the matter. You begin to think the whole town is striving to get a ride down with you in that particular "bus." At every street-corner we linger or stop. Suddenly the door is pulled open with a jerk and our enemy leaps in. He sees the seats are filled, but he does not hesitate. There is always room for him. Indeed, his "spirit rises with the occasion." He becomes pertinacious as he is offensive. He tramples upon more than one pair of feet in his struggle to reach the middle of the omnibus. The passengers patiently submit to the intrusion with that quiet good nature with which Americans usually suffer imposition invasive of good manners, or petty social rights. They seem to feel they can "stand it" if he can.

His mode of paying his fare evolves a climax of unconscious impertinence. In order to have free use of one hand to pass up his money, he grasps cane or umbrella with the other hand, by which he holds the pendent strap. By this means he loses control of the lower end of his stick, which thereby becomes an automatic instrument of torture, menacing your face and eyes in quite a savage way. Indeed, his apparent unconsciousness that he is a nuisance, and ought to be kicked out, really approaches the sublime.

He is a pet of the driver, of course. Some innocent people wonder that the drivers of omnibuses or cars should feel so very charitably disposed toward the human family in general, as to take up extra passengers when all seats are filled. Short-sighted mortals! Do you not see it? The more passengers, beyond the complement of the "bus," the more perquisites for an ill-requested profession.

To return to our black sheep. Look where he stands. As he grows weary, he grasps the straps on either side to steady him. His attitude is a cunningly devised mode of tormenting his fellow-passengers. Either elbow of our nondescript just reaches the hat of your opposite neighbor or yourself. With each jolt of the stage, by a little dexterity of movement, or want of it, he can knock the hats over the eyes of two persons at a time, and by a little shifting of his position he can frequently bring down four by a single spasmodic lunge. When he is fresher, as in the morning, and can hold his own weight, he falls in his more natural posture. Would you know what that may be? Did you ever observe one of the descendants of the Lost Tribes who inhabit Chatham street dreamily waiting for a passing rustic? He is apparently in a comatose state. His abdomen is drawn in; his body is bent like a section of a hoop; his eyes are cast down; while both his hands are thrust deeply into his trowser's pockets.

But I grow weary of the subject, and stop by commending the Thirteenth Man in the Omnibus to curiosity-hunters as a fungus growth of humanity nursed by over-virtuous forbearance.

Hyperborean.

THE hyperbole of bores it is, to bore Congress for a hundred thousand dollars to go to the Pole! If Captain HALL wants adventure, let him travel to the Halls of the MONTEZUMAS. If he wishes only to be left out in the cold, let him go to Chili; or else up in a balloon; or let him make himself Republican candidate for something in New-York. We believe the North Pole would rather be let alone. The whole subject is, at all events, too HAYES-y just now to be comprehended. There is a sort of KANE-ine madness, which shows itself not in fear of water, but in an insane disposition to do big things on ice. Haul off, Captain HALL!

Meteorological Query.

Is a temperance lecture synonymous with a Water Spout?

THE SPIRIT OF THE NAVY.

ITS PORTER. ITS SAILS.

Impressions on an Outsider.

MR. PUNCHINELLO: According to your instructions, your correspondent proceeded to Washington, and there interviewed our present efficient Secretary of the Navy, Admiral PORTER. I found him in his office, surrounded by bills-of-sale of main-tops, carronades, iron-clads, bo'sen's whistles, navy-yards, and other naval articles, the proceeds of which were needed for the future experiments of the Department. These papers were being bound up into bundles and stowed away by his assistant, ROBESON.

After the ordinary greetings had passed between the admiral and your correspondent, the following conversation ensued:

Cor. Admiral, what do you think of the Fifteenth Amendment?

Ad. All right. When Americans want votes, I say, give 'em to 'em.

Cor. (*A little apprehensively.*) Votes are different from boats, then, admiral?

Ad. Certainly. What do the negroes want with boats?

Cor. How are you satisfied, Mr. Secretary, with the plan of always providing you with a civilian as an assistant?

Ad. I don't like it. Can't help it, though. This one, however, (*pointing his thumb over his shoulder at ROBESON,*) don't give me much trouble. Quiet man.

Cor. What do you think of the condition of Cuba, sir?

Ad. Very nice indeed! Got Admiral POOR out there, cruising around. Just like a picnic, you know.

Cor. Are you in favor of the recognition of Cuban Independence?

Ad. No, sir! What's the good? POOR might have to come home, then.

Cor. You think, then, that recognition would not be a Poor policy?

Ad. Yes—no! No—yes! Doornat! You know what I mean.

Cor. (*quickly.*) Oh! yes. Certainly, sir! But what is your opinion upon the woman question?

Ad. Don't care a snap. Let 'em vote. Won't make any difference 'board ship.

Cor. You think, then, that women will never be sailors, Admiral?

Ad. Nothing they could do. Except to trim the boats; look out for the mizen sheets, or something o' that kind. Couldn't expect 'em, even in a calm, to be brisk in manning the yards, much less martingales.

Cor. What is your opinion, Admiral, of SHERIDAN'S work among the Piegans?

Ad. (*laughing.*) Neat job. How was that for Lo?

Cor. Good. Do you believe the Pope's infallible, Admiral?

Ad. The Pope's what?

Cor. Do you think that there is no such word as fail with Pio Nono?

Ad. No, no!

Cor. The Empress EUGENIE, Admiral, and Queen VICTORIA—which do you think is the prettiest of these women?

Ad. Never saw 'em swimmin'. Can't say.

Cor. What is your opinion about MCFARLAND? Was he justifiable, think you?

Ad. No! Poor shot.

Cor. Have you seen *Frou Frou*, Admiral?

Ad. Yes. In New-York.

Cor. How did you like it, sir?

Ad. Not much. Do for folks whose taste for that sort of thing is DALY bred.

Cor. What do you think of our new City Charter?

Ad. Is it a ship?

Cor. Yes, sir. It is a sort of hardship for New-York.

Ad. Well, the city must be used to that. Will take in its ale pretty much as usual, I reckon.

Cor. What, sir, do you think of Chicago?

Ad. Ah! go way.

Cor. (*oblivious of hint.*) Where do you buy your pantaloons stuff, Mr. Secretary?

Ad. (*sharply.*) Where the woodbine twineth.

Cor. Admiral, have you any children?

Ad. (*loudly.*) ROBESON!

Cor. My dear sir, you surprise me! Is he your son?

Ad. (*to assistant.*) ROBESON! Did you see MIKE HAINES?

Cor. One moment, Admiral! Let me ask of you, in which, if any, of our New-York companies is your life insured; and do you wear the patent perforated buckskin?

Here the interview terminated. Your correspondent suddenly discovered that he would have barely time to catch the N. Y. Express, and he took leave with a renewed respect for the spirit of our Navy and its head.

SNIQUE.

"COME, GENTLE SPRING."



SPRING has come. Now is the time to ask your friends for seed and roots, and to tell somebody they ought to see about the garden. Turn your chickens into your neighbors' grounds, and the cow too, if you think she would like to go there. Now also is the time for house-cleaning, as well as for settling up one's affairs generally; so, after you have called in all the money due you, and paid out as little as possible, perhaps you had better go out West for a week or so.

The sort of Liquor most apt to Tell upon a Man.

PEACH brandy.

Opinions of the Press.

THE *Sun* thinks that the *World's* end would be a god-send.

It also thinks that the *Tribune* is a try weakly and unique daily, besides being a four centenary.

It thinks that the fact of the *Times* being out of Joint is the reason it is getting the cold Shoulder from its subscribers.

It thinks that the *Herald* is not the leading paper, though it may have Ben-it.

It thinks that the *Sun* is awful shiny.

The Politician's Half-and-Half.

DEMAGOGUE and Demijohn.

CONDENSED CONGRESS.

SENATE.



OFFTY Mr. SUMNER wished to know what Mr. CARPENTER meant by pursuing him. He was used to being blackguarded by the enemies of his country, but now he was hounded in the house of his friends. He had looked through the whole Congressional Library and failed to find a precedent for the course of the carping CARPENTER, except in the case of the classic chap who had warmed a viper which had turned again and rent him. He did not mean to say that Mr. CARPENTER was a viper, but he thought nobody but an Adder would put this and that together as Mr.

CARPENTER had done.

Mr. CARPENTER said that the passion of his friend from Boston for maundering about himself amounted to a mild mania. All he had done was to suggest that SUMNER had upheld States Rights twenty years ago, and now pretended that he was never any such person.

Mr. SUMNER said that twenty years ago the States Rights boot was upon the other leg. ÆNEAS SILVIUS had well observed that it made a heap of difference whose ox was gored, and HORACE had pointed out the difference between tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee. Unless his reading of the Cyclopædia had failed to inform him, he believed that there was a game known as "Heads I win, tails you lose." That was his little game. When Massachusetts States Rights were invoked to aid the colored man, States Rights were good. When Southern States Rights were invoked to crush the colored man, States Rights were bad. As for him, give him liberty or give him rats.

Mr. HARLAN wished to know why the Pacific Railway grant should be passed. No officer of that railway had been to see him about it. He did not believe in legislation of this kind. If a thing were worth having, it was certainly worth asking for. He had no objection to breaking old "ties," but he was averse to paying for new ones, unless he had some personal reason for it. He wished he were altogether in the same position as some of his colleagues, including these "bonds."

WILSON, and CASSERLY, and THURMAN, and THAYER said that HARLAN was of no account, and that was the reason why he had not been "seen." As long as a majority was prepared, it was wasting money to conciliate any body else.

Mr. DRAKE said he had a better thing than the Pacific Railway. It was a bill to provide that the Army and Navy of the United States might be put on a war-footing on the application of any three colored persons. This did not seem to be profitable, but it was. The profit in it was a JOB, but much subtler than in the Pacific Railway. He hoped Senators would see the illimitable vistas of patronage opened by the bill.

HOUSE.

Mr. BUTLER insisted upon his bill to annex Dominica. Somebody had said that we had plenty of Dominicans already in the Southern States. This was not so. He wanted to be Governor-General of Dominica. It was true that silverware was not rife in that island, but there was an infinitude of potential voters, who could be converted into coin.

The House refused to see it, however, and proceeded to discuss the case of SYPIER. Mr. BROOKS said SYPIER was nothing. He did not see how SYPIER, who was a nullity, could be figured out to be a member of Congress. Besides, SYPIER lived in Pennsylvania.

Mr. KELLEY said that was the very reason why SYPIER should be admitted. Every body knew, who knew any thing of arithmetic, that a SYPIER in the proper place amounted to a great deal. He would like to know what objection there was to Pennsylvanians representing Louisiana? A Pennsylvanian was sure to be right on the tariff, and a Louisianian was sure to be wrong. Therefore a Pennsylv-

vanian was a much better representative than a Louisianian. Besides, SYPIER's hands were not red with loyal blood, neither had he waded knee-deep in patriotic gore.

Mr. BUTLER wanted to annex Dominica.

Mr. COX said he did not object to SYPIER's coming in because he was a Pennsylvanian. He was an Ohio man, and represented a New-York district. But he thought there were too many SYPIERS here now. An integer or two would be more useful to maintain the integrity of the House.

Mr. BUTLER said he would like to introduce a bill to annex Dominica.

Mr. FARNSWORTH said he didn't care any thing about the merits of the case. He knew the committee was all right. It was a matter of comity to go with the committee. If the House added a SYPIER, it would increase their strength ten fold.

Mr. STOKES said he would not weep for SYPIER if he were rejected. But he would sigh for SYPIER, if he could cipher SYPIER in.

Mr. BUTLER moved a bill to annex Dominica.

SYPIER tried to swear himself in, but he had been so much irritated by the previous proceedings that he found that he had sworn himself out.

The House adjourned, except Mr. BUTLER, who was preparing a bill to annex Dominica.

A REMONSTRANCE.

MR. PUNCHINELLO: In the *Express* of Saturday, April 17th, I read the following announcement, printed at the foot of the regular weather table, furnished for that journal by Professor THATCHER:

"Prediction.—It will not rain within 3¼ days from 8 P.M.

"A. E. THATCHER."

The positive character of this prediction made it very welcome. My wife and myself had been invited by friends in Westchester County to go to their house on Saturday evening, stay all night, and pass the following day—Easter-Sunday—with them. We had nearly made up our minds to do it. They are very pleasant folks to visit, especially about Easter time; for the man of the house has a mania for hens, and, being a dyer by trade, his poultry, using the refuse of the drugs instead of gravel to aid their digestion, lay natural painted eggs of the most varied and delicate tints. If I am strict in any matter of religion, it is with regard to having a blow-out of eggs at Easter. My wife is as fond of eggs as myself, (the yolk sits lightly, she says, which is a joke upon yoke,) and she required no egging on to persuade her to accept the invitation. We were doubtful about the weather, though; but the "Professor's" prediction decided us, and we went.

I thought it felt mighty like rain as we walked the short distance from the railway station to our host's. I had rain-pains in my back, and my wife said her corns were shooting. Nor did our punctual aches deceive us. Between that Saturday night and Easter-Sunday morning it began to rain. Easter-Sunday was the wettest day I remember ever to have experienced. There was no "let up" of the deluge throughout that day and Easter-Monday. We—my wife and I—are suffering dreadfully from the effects of Easter-eggs, which we were obliged to devour by the stack merely to kill time, as we could not walk out. Should we die, I will let you know; but really it was too bad of "Professor" THATCHER.

WEATHERBOUND.

P. S.—Who is "Professor" THATCHER?

THE BIRD OF WISDOM IN IOWA.

CIVILIZATION, it seems, is making some headway in Iowa. Boys are no longer allowed to shoot small birds there, especially song-birds. And so the little warblers can pipe it all day, if they like, and when they grow tired and hungry, they are welcome to refresh their small systems at the strawberry beds. There is one feature of the regulation in question, however, that *does* pain us. While vocal and fly-gobbling talents are tenderly fostered, dignified Wisdom is not only neglected, but persecuted. Our old friend the Owl is reputed by the people of Iowa to be rather particular in his diet, (as all wise creatures are,) and to prefer a nice young spring chicken to almost any other "delicacy of the season"—a proof of wisdom and refinement that proved too much for the people of Iowa. And so they have left the poor old Owl out of the protective enactment; and it is not only legal to shoot him, but meritorious. The legislators could have stood the wisdom, perhaps, by itself; and possibly they might have respected the taste; but the combination troubled them, and could not, of course, be tolerated.



“THE MERRY FIRST OF MAY.”

First Young Wife. “OH! THIS HORRID HOUSE-MOVING—AN’T YOU DISTRACTED ABOUT IT, DEAR?”

Second Ditto. “O DEAR! NO. WE HAVE ARRANGED IT NICELY. CHARLES WILL SEE TO THE FURNITURE AND THINGS, AND I WILL SUPERINTEND THE REMOVAL OF FIDO MYSELF.”

HOW A DISCIPLE OF FOX BECAME A LOVER OF BULL.

PHILADELPHIA, 4th Month, 13th, 1870.

FRIEND PUNCHINELLO: I know thee treats our good city with more consideration than thy brother journalists, and so it is that I address thee on this occasion. Last night I listened to the fiddle of OLE BULL. I had long known of this man, even from the time when I first attired myself in a coat, (called by the world after the name of the abdomen of a fish,) as one who

—“skinned a cat
And put the fur around his hat.”

But having recently been made aware of the fact that this fiddler only availed himself, in his vain exhibitions, of a part of the *felis* which was not necessary to its felicity after death, I determined to give a portion of my worldly goods toward the building of a light-house on the Norway coast, for which purpose, I heard it averred, this man’s performances were given; and I went to the building where the fiddling was to be, to see if it were done with fidelity for this end.

As I sat in the upper seats of the house, serenely elevated above the vain throng, the man BULL appeared before me. His mien was humble and his hair was of a gray tinge, which I attributed to the ceaseless gratings of the instrument which he held on his arm, as carefully as if it had been an immortal child.

At first, though I labored conscientiously toward that end, I could discover nothing in the sounds he made which reminded me in the least degree of a Norwegian light-house. But suddenly I forgot that useful monument. Against my will, I seemed to be wafted aloft, even to where the seats were cheaper; and anon, I felt as though I disported among the shameless figures on the ceiling of the house. I now forgot all things earthly, even that suspicious bill which friend HOPKINS paid in to my cashier on Second-day. Yea, my whole being became, as it were, strung upon the entrails of a cat and tickled with the tail of a horse. I felt as if I were wafted aloft on a blanket of shivering scrapes, while quivering angels gently swung me among the stickery stars! And there I heard a melody as though the edges of glass skies were softly rubbed together. Then all was stiller, stiller, until methought I heard nothing but one consumptive angel breathing in his sleep. But even that sound dribbled away, until the last drop seemed to me

about to be sucked down into a hole at the bottom of the airy void, when suddenly there came a rush as though a vast light-house of brass had fallen into a sea of tinkling cymbals, and I jumped so violently that my spectacles slipped from off my nose and fell among the vain ones below.

A second time now came the fiddler forth, and soon methought I stood within a surgeon’s operating hall. The player drew his bow as though it were a knife, gliding over the limb of a subject in a sleep.

So keen the blade, so soft the touch, the sleeper did not wake! I clutched my knees—my breath did cease!

The skin divides!

And still he sleeps.

The muscles and the tendons fall apart!

He moves not.

Oh! That glittering blade

It deeper goes!

A—Ah!

He wakes!

He yells!

Horror! And now, through flesh and bones that vengeful weapon grinds!

Mid screams and oaths!

Down falls the leg.

I staggered forward. My hat, which much clamor in the rear had not made me remove, fell over the iron rail and plunged, resounding like a sinful drum, upon the head of a painted Jersey belle below.

I heeded not, but groped me to the door.

And now I write to thee, friend PUNCHINELLO. Can thee buy me such a fiddle in New-York? Thy friend,

VENTER CLUPIÆ.

—♦♦—
A Puzzler.

THE Belgians, it is said, are anxious to have the letter *h* dropped from the French alphabet. As that contains no *re*, how, in the event of a new elision, will the Parisians, who are so fond of English words, manage to spell *wheelwright*?

—♦♦—
A Blow that Hurteth not.

THE Blow of a flower.

—♦♦—
A Pleasant Prospect.

IF the new Superintendent of the New-York Police Force is to be as severely tried as was his predecessor, then, surely, JOURDAN will have “a hard road to travel.”

“OUT OF THE STREETS.”

GEORGE W. McLEAN am I,
And potent was my name,
Till TWEED and SWEENEY
crossed my path
And spoiled my little game.

Our city roads I supervised,
Long time, with pious care,
The people’s Ways I strictly
watched—
Street, Avenue, and Square.

But now, from office rudely
swept
By Legislative BILL,
The crossing-sweeper’s broom
I ply,
My empty pouch to fill.



—♦♦—
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THE PLAYS AND SHOWS.



ATHOS and pathos are closely allied in sound as well as in sense. Mr. FECHTER evidently regards them as completely identical, and in his acting, as in his pronunciation, uniformly prefers the former to the latter. He has recently exemplified this by his personation of CLAUDE MELNOTTE, in that most tawdry specimen of the cotton-velvet drama, the *LADY OF LYONS*. This melancholy event took place a few nights since at the French Theatre, that mausoleum of the illegitimate French drama. Miss CARLOTTA LECLERCQ, an actress who deserves the highest praise, and who would receive

it were it not that a doubt as to the proper pronunciation of her name prevents the bashful critic from mentioning her when flushed with the generous enthusiasm of beer, played PAULINE, and a number of Uncertain People played the dickens with the rest of the *drumatis personæ*. Every one knows the play, and no one cares to hear how the Uncertain People mangled it. The audience naturally took no interest in it until the third scene of the first act was reached, and shouts of "Long live CLAUDE MELNOTTE" were heard from behind the scenes. After which every body remarked, "Now he's coming," and rubbed their lorgnettes with looks of expectation and corners of pocket-handkerchiefs.

Enter CLAUDE. "Gif me choy, dear mutter, I've won the brize."

Mother. "Humph! What's the wally of it, my boy?"

CLAUDE. "Every thing. It is wealth—the 'ope of vame—the ambition to pe worthier of PAULINE. Ah! I lofe her! I've sent a boem to her. My messenger ought efen now to be returned."

Enter GASPAS. "CLAUDE, your verses are returned! With kicks! I could show the marks of them, were it proper to do so in the presence of a mixed audience!"

Mother. "Now you are cured, Claude."

CLAUDE. "So! I do sgatter her image to the winds. I will peat her menial ruffians. I will do a fariety of voolish actions. What 'ave we 'ere? A ledder? (*Reads it.*) BEAUSEANT bromises I shall marry her! Oh! refenge and lofe! I will marry her, and pully her afterwards." (*Curtain.*)

Young Lady, who reads Dickens. "How sweet he is! So romantic! I do love this sweet, lovely play so much."

Accompanying Young Man, who regards himself a critic on the ground that he once knew a ticket-speculator. "Yes. It is one of the best plays out. It's so full of gags, you know."

Young Lady. "Gags? What are they?"

Accompanying young man, who, etc. "Gags is the professional name for nice tabloze. Scenes where they stand round in good positions, you know."

Enthusiastie Man, who has come in with a pass. "Well! I've never seen any acting like FECHTER's before. It's magnificent."

Veteran Play-goer. "I hope I'll never see anything like it again. He reminds me of a bull with delirium tremens in a china shop."

Rest of the Audience. "Only four more acts. Thank goodness we've got through with one."

Act II. Enter Uncertain People. They recite in a timid and indistinct tone the prescribed fustian. They are followed by CLAUDE, PAULINE, and others.

CLAUDE. "These are peautiful gartens. Who blanned them?"

Mdme. DESCHAPPELLES. "A gardener named CLAUDE MELNOTTE. He wrote verses to my daughter. Ha! ha! Also, he! he!"

CLAUDE. This GLAUDE must be a monsous imbudent berson."

PAULINE. "Sweet Prince, tell me again of thy palace by the Lake of Como."

CLAUDE. "A balacé lifting to eternal summer its marple walls, from out a clossy power of goolest voliage, musigal with pirds. Dost like the bigture?"

Enter Mdme. DESCHAPPELLES. "Oh! Prince, you must fly. The minions of the Directory are laying for you. Take my daughter; marry her, and go to Como." (*He takes her and flies R. U. E. Curtain.*)

Young Lady, who reads Dickens (wiping away the tear of imbecility). "How sweet! how sweet!"

Accompanying Young Man. "Yes. It is so natrual and touching. I have never seen a finer actor behind the footlights."

Everybody else. "Hey! What's that you say? Asleep? Of course I wasn't."

Act III. Enter Uncertain Persons as before. They ultimately go out again. Applause. Enter CLAUDE, his MOTHER, and PAULINE.

Mother. "This young man is of poor but honest parents. Know you not that you are wedded to my son, CLAUDE MELNOTTE?"

PAULINE. "Your son? Hold, hold me, somebody!"

CLAUDE. "Leave us, mutter. Have bity on ns." (*The old lady leaves.*)

CLAUDE. "Now, lady, 'ear me."

PAULINE. "Hear thee? Her son! Do fiends usually indulge in the luxury of parents? Speak!"

CLAUDE. "Gurse me. Thy gurse would plast me less than thy forgifeness." (*He rants in broken English with unintelligible rapidity for next half-hour, until his mother puts an end to the universal misery by carrying Pauline off to bed. Curtain.*)

Young Lady, who reads Dickens. "Oh, how sweetly pretty!"

Accompanying Young Man. "Yes. He is even a better actor than MCKEAN BUCHANAN."

Voices from all Parts of the House. "Let's go home. I can't stand two more acts of this sort of thing."

One of these voices was the soft, silvery and modest voice of MATADOR, who went out, and sitting upon a convenient hydrant, (not one of the infamous cast-iron abortions with an unpleasant knob on the cover,) contemplated the midnight stars, and seriously meditated upon Mr. FECHTER. And in spite of a previous unhesitating belief in Mr. DICKENS' critical judgment, and in spite of a desire to find in Mr. FECHTER the greatest actor of the age, he could not perceive in what respect that distinguished gentleman deserves his world-wide reputation. Is his manner natural? Is his elocution even tolerably good? Is his pronunciation of English words any thing but barely intelligible? To these questions a mental echo answered with a melancholy negative. And when the occupant of the meditative hydrant demanded to know what single merit could be found in Mr. FECHTER's acting, his only answer was a suggestion from a prosaic policeman that he cease to put idiotic questions to the unoffending lamp-post.

There are those—and enough of them to fill any theatre—who sincerely admire Mr. FECHTER; but it is impossible to resist the conviction that their admiration is only a dutiful acquiescence in the judgment of Mr. DICKENS. With the utmost desire to do no injustice to a genial gentleman, who conscientiously strives to carry out his theories of what acting should be, the undersigned is forced to confess that Mr. FECHTER in an English play is a spectacle so hopelessly and earnestly absurd, as to call for commiseration rather than for the laughter which it would deserve were it professedly a burlesque entertainment.

MATADOR.

EXCELSIOR.

THE *Gold Hill Daily News*, of Nevada, has found a big sapphire—a regular *Koh-i-noor* of gems. It says:

"While at San Francisco, a few weeks ago, we had the pleasure of seeing the SANGALLI ballet troupe at MAQUIRE'S Opera House, and the artistic, glowing beauties of the Sapphire dance yet pleasurably linger in our memory."

The dance in question, which the *Gold Hill* editor describes as "a higher order of the famous 'Can-can,'" is new to us. It makes us feel "blue" to think that we have never seen the Sapphire dance. "Higher" than the Can-can! Good gracious! if heels go higher in the Sapphire than in the Can-can, may we not be pardoned for inquiring, "What next?"

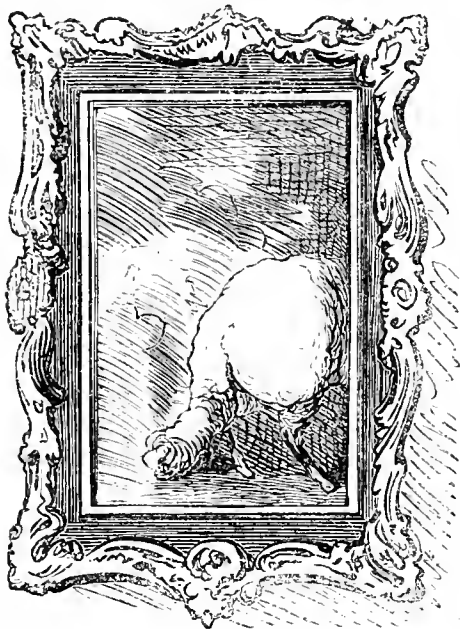
Nought for Nought.

ALAS! that poor SYIPHER should CIPHER to gain
A seat he must evermore Sigh for in vain;
But why should we Sigh for poor SYIPHER's defeat,
When his friends couldn't CIPHER him into his seat.

THE FINE ARTS IN PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA, April 12.

DEAR PUNCHINELLO: A few days since I received a card of invitation for admission to a private view of a very fine collection of pictures, by European and American artists. I visited the galleries, accompanied



by an amateur friend who has a fine artistic education, having travelled some six months on the Continent. Being engaged in the picture-auction business, I am not altogether a tyro in art, and determined to send you a few notes taken on the spot, the combined effort of amateur friend and myself. The walk to the gallery, extending over a half-hour in time, was taken up by my amateur friend aforesaid, with an endeavor to give me some general ideas, more than initiative, with reference to art matters. For instance, he said the public liked glitter and varnish in a picture, but

it does not follow on that account that the picture is good. He then mentioned the "Mimminée-Pimminée" style, and the "Pre-Raphaelite" style, and the Rarée shows of art, and I had the whole subject so jumbled up that my artistic ideas became quite confused. He made a quotation, giving me to understand that it was not original; it ran as follows: "Indifferent pictures, like dull people, must be absolutely moral." I am not sufficiently informed to quite comprehend this selection from another man, but as we were at the time about entering the galleries, I remained quietly ignorant.

The first picture that attracted our admiration was a "Sheep scene," by Lambdin. Every particular hair on the old ram is well made out. The frame on the picture is beautifully embossed, with a rich velvet border of sea-green mandarin pattern.

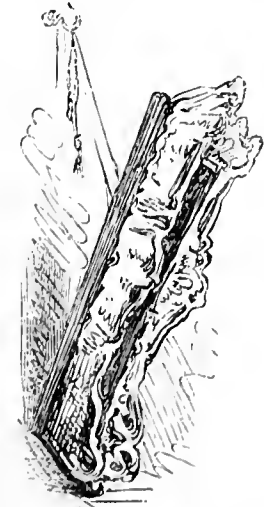
The next picture worthy of notice is a "Street in Venice," by Canal-etti—a singular specimen of this artist's first manner. The figure at the crossing is rendered with great feeling. It is needless to mention that the street is covered with water, which is beautifully clear and transparent, showing the depth of mud and slime during the dry season. The frame is ornamented with flowers in relief, and gilt in the very best manner.

"A Musical Party," by Bass-ano, is very highly finished, especially the party, who have evidently been inhaling stimulants. This picture is painted on a gold ground, and is considered a rare specimen of Italian art. It was formerly in the Campo-Santo-di-Pisa collection.

The frame is the blue-lotus pattern, very curiously gilt and chased. This style of frame would sell without difficulty.

The picture called the "Star of the East," by WEST, has a scalloped frame in the Tuscan style, with extra fine enamelling. This is a very singular picture. It must be admitted that this frame is finished with great care.

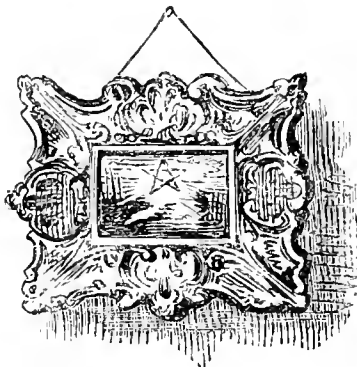
There is a frame made from a curious kind of wood, on a picture by CONSTABLE, entitled the "Midnight Arrest." The picture is certainly a matchless gem, very low in tone. The mosaic border to the frame is quite unique in its design.



Among the works by American artists, we notice some remarkably fine productions. The picture by a lady amateur, entitled, "The Toilet of a Girl of the Period," demonstrates the progress our artists are making in *genre* painting. The subject is rendered with great puri-

ty of feeling, and the smelling-bottle in the foreground adds greatly to the spirit of the composition. The frame is highly ornamented with scarce Japan gold, elaborately chased in a superior manner.

There is a picture by Miss T——n, called the "Blonde's Revenge,"



that evinces talent of a superior order. This picture has been noticed by various New-York and Western journals, but I do not consider with any degree of justice to its surpassing merits. The color is equal to a beautifully polished Pompeian brass door-plate; the drawing is immense, though truth must compel us to say that the costumes are rather slighted. The principal figure of the group, which is taken from a French model, seems to stand right out from the canvas; this I consider a very high point of excellence. Visitors should be cautioned against approaching this picture.

I regret that time will not permit me to give you any further notice of this collection, but I will endeavor to get my amateur friend to go often and obtain notes for me. Unless I accompany him, however, I fear he will not pay sufficient attention to the frames.

Yours,

G.



"Cometh Up as a Flower."

VERY likely it does; but there is one thing that don't go down as the Flour—and that's the price of bread.

ASTRONOMICAL CONVERSATIONS.

[BY A FATHER AND DAUGHTER RESIDING ON THE PLANET VENUS.]

No. II.

D. OH, FATHER, what funny things are caused by the revolution of a planet!

F. Well, revolutions are not *always* such funny things, as those wretched creatures on the earth up there must have found out by this time.

D. How dry you are, pa! I didn't mean the revolutions *on* a planet, but the revolutions *of* a planet.

F. Well, a distinction, I admit. But what are you driving at?

D. Several things. For instance, seven revolutions of the planet Earth produce a new number of PUNCHINELLO—a funny thing, as you often say yourself.

F. Well put, truly.

D. And seven revolutions also give rise to the *Revolution* itself, which (being a woman all Right in head and heart) I regard as about the funniest thing going.

F. "Funny," child? Why, I never saw any thing less so. It is *dreadfully* serious. It is even sanguinary; sadder still, abusive and vulgar. What is there comical about coarseness?

D. You don't take my idea, father. It is funny, because it assumes so much. It does not realize that womanly modesty is the great obstacle to its success, and that if it was as well endowed with that quality as the average of American women, it would promptly cease to revolve.

F. Why, HELENE! what has set you off? Where did you pick up this nonsense? What can you possibly know of Women's Rights, as I believe they call the new Movement?

D. Why *shouldn't* I know something about it, when it has been in your mouth for months? And ain't *I* a woman? Besides, don't we women know some things by *instinct*?

F. Well, well, child! I wish you could know Astronomy by instinct; for I begin to see I've a job before me, if only to keep you to the point.

D. The Compass-point, do you mean, father?

F. No; the Study-point. Do you call this studying Astronomy?

D. I think, pa, I like the *practical* part best.

F. Ah, that which allows you to study the Fashions in Broadway! Well, woman is woman, I believe, the Universe over! But, come; a short lesson, to begin with. Here is a fine view of Saturn, with his Rings.

D. "Rings?" Are they anything like the New-York Rings you have read about?

F. Well, yes; no, not exactly; but a Ring within a Ring, is a phrase that applies to both subjects, just now.

D. Oh, pshaw! I thought you meant finger-rings! What does Saturn want of Rings?

F. And what does New-York want of 'em. They are *there*, and there they'll stay!

D. But *I* mean, what does a *gentleman* want of rings?

F. Don't we find, every where, that the most Saturnine, the dullest, and stupidest, and lowest, are generally the fondest of this sort of ornament?

D. Oh, dear! Father, how you *do* try me! (Do see him, gazing away, when he *knows* I'm dying to get a squint! He pays me no more attention than though I was a mere ANTHONY! Why, what ails him?) Father! Father, dear! what—what's the matter? Why are you crying?

F. Come here, and look; quick! Oh, HELENE; isn't it horrible?

D. Why—what is it, father? Console yourself; it is a good way off, to say the least! [Looks a moment.] Why, it's those savage Freedmen, I do declare! about to sacrifice that amiable-looking white! A tender-looking man; is he what they call a Ku—Ku—

F. Klux? Oh, no. That is a Missionary; and the blacks are not Freedmen, as you suppose, but Cannibals. They are about to roast him. You see the fire?

D. Oh, quite distinctly! Look, father!—he is making a sign to them. What does it mean?

F. [Looking.] It means that he, has lost the use of his tongue—probably from fright—but would like to write something.

D. Like so many other tongue-tied scribblers! Do they let him?

F. Oh, yes; they bring a board, and a piece of chalk.

D. How large is the piece?

F. The usual size. He is writing.

D. What does the poor fellow say?

F. He is laconic. He merely writes—

COOK ME RARE.

D. Boo—hoo—hoo—hoo!

F. Boo—hoo—hoo—too!

WHAT I KNOW ABOUT FREE TRADE.

DEAR PUNCHINELLO: In a paper of such great influence as PUNCHINELLO, vast subjects should be set before the community. I know of none vaster than Free Trade. You see, every body understands that subject and nobody can explain it. I propose, therefore, to turn the light of my penny dip upon it, and to set forth, in concise language, what I know about free trade.

It must be premised that there is a great deal to be said on the other side, and that nothing can be more abominable than free trade to a protectionist, unless it be protection to a free trader. Free trade is—well—free trade is—well—let me illustrate: cigars made out of cabbages are not nice; not to put too fine a point upon it, they're nasty. We are greater at raising cabbages than we are at sprouting cigar tobacco. Under these circumstances the free trader (he's a smoker, or if he isn't, his aunt or sister is) says we want Havana cigars to enter our lips without the taint of revenue. That's free trade.

Every youth is a free trader. Don't you remember your own youthful follies? If you are of the male persuasion, would you have traded your jack-knife for TOM SMITH's bull-pup, if there had been a tariff on the pup. Or, if you are of the feminine persuasibility, would you have swapped your crying-doll for BETSY JONES' ring-tailed cat, if the cat had been compelled to crawl through the custom-house and pay duties? Besides, don't you remember how often your mother deprived you of a second cup of tea, on the plea that it would injure your health? Much as I respect your mamma, I can not refrain from informing you that that plea was false, and that it was the absence of free trade that deprived you of a second cup of China whiskey. Then you know that the lump-sugar, the raisins, the cake, etc., were always locked up in a pantry. All the result, my dear sir, of an absence of free trade.

Now that you have grown up, the result is the same. You must have your soup, and (I do not mean to be pathetic) what is soup without salt? You must travel on the cars, but what are cars without rails? But, alas, salt and rails are in the black list. What do you care whether or not TOM JONES and BILLY BROWN make money out of their salt and iron mines? You want cheap soup and cheap riding. Then every time that you pay one hundred dollars for your wife's dry-goods, you have the ecstatic pleasure of knowing that you are paying fifty dollars because Mr. JOHN ROBINSON can't make goods as cheap as the English manufacturers.

In the natural state, man is a free trader. When our good Christian brethren give an Indian a string of beads for a buffalo-skin, the Indian charges no custom duties. He don't want to keep beads out of his country. When LOT swapped his wife away for a pillar of salt, the trade was free. When the Americans traded away good ships and cargoes for Alabama claims, not a word was said about the tariff. These, however, are cases in which nature rather gets ahead of civilization.

See the result of the lack of free trade in our country. The brick manufacturers must be protected, so a heavy tariff was placed on the foreign article. Our brick men, finding that they had a soft thing, tried to solve that conundrum which the Israelites gave up: "How do you make bricks without straw?" They made a patent brick, built the Howard Museum in Washington, (was it a museum or a college?) the thing tumbled down, and a Congressional committee sat among its ruins. Poor Gen. HOWARD is in a muddle, and wishes, from the bottom of his heart, that we had free trade in bricks.

Then, morally, see the high position of the free trader. Poor men, who must have tea or cigars or English or French manufactures, are never driven to smuggling, where free trade prevails. The free trader would even abolish the tariff of two dollars and a half, imposed on human chattels who land at Castle Garden.

That's all I know about free trade. I thought I knew more. I'm afraid I haven't illuminated the subject; however, I will turn my lantern next week on protection.

LOT.



SHOCKING AFFAIR.

First Heavy Swell. "WHAT'S THE MATTER, OLD FELLOW?—UNDER THE WEATHER, EH?"

Second ditto. "WORSE THAN THAT. I've burst my shirt-collar!"

OUR FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

(BY ATLANTIC CABLE.)

YOUR representative's little speech at the great PUNCHINELLO dinner may be better imagined than described. A few words, however, may give you its *animus*.

"If," said I, "in this illustrious company, one may indulge in a Wellerism"—

"Spell it with a *we*, sir, if you please," whispered SAMIVEL, who stood right behind me.

I resumed. "I have to say, that my feelings at this hour are too many for me. Perhaps I might add, that the courses have been so also. As my friend SOYER used to observe when we were together in the Crimea, astronomical and gastronomical laws are alike fixed. And one of them is, that the precession of the dinner-plates, and the nutation of the glasses, do not promote the music of the spheres. But, Mr. PUNCH and gentlemen, although not one of the heavenly bodies, indeed altogether terrestrial, one feels, naturally, rounder in his orbit, and a little more likely to see stars, after such a dinner as this, than before. Do I not, indeed, see around me now, all the stars of the intellectual firmament? Are not SIRIUS and ARCTURUS here, in their glory, as well as ORION and the rest? As my old friend CRISPIN would say, their name is legion! I would blaze, gentlemen, too, if possible, in honor of the occasion; but, as I can't Comet, meteors fall in lamentation of my poor ability.

"The day we celebrate is truly a great one. Since the time of OLAF, the Northman, our Anglo-Saxon-Celtic race has loved its jesting philosophers. No fools are they, in fact, even when to that name they 'stoop to conquer.'

*'The wise man's folly is anatomized
Even by the equand'ring glances of the fool.'*

"The sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me, is a most humorous sadness.

"But, gentlemen, your walls have, if not ears, tongues, to recall the glorious humor and wit of our race. HOGARTH looks down upon us. ADDISON tells us of dear old Sir ROGER de COVERLEY; I am sure he must have been the grandfather of Mr. PICKWICK. STERNE makes us weep on one side and smile on the other, at the mention of my UNCLE TOBY; GOLDSMITH, at the remembrance of himself. And so does TOM HOOD, the prince of humorists. THACKERAY we all remember; and neither he nor his Vanity Fair will ever be forgotten. DOUGLAS JERROLD, and JOHN LEECH, too—the only tears they ever made men shed were at their graves. And who can fail to feel like a "pendulum betwixt a smile and tear," when he remembers our ARTEMUS WARD? Over the water now we have some yet; of whom we count "the TWAIN one;" and we can get up as good BILLINGS-gate as ever went to market. Then, for right Saxon wit, have we not SAXE himself? And, for the luminous, PETROLEUM, the ex-postmaster of the Cross-roads?

"I represent a name, gentlemen, new with us, yet old in Europe. You are well aware that, in Italy"—

"That might 'uv been tuk for granted; as the donkey said ven his dam called him a hass"—whispered, rather loudly, SAMIVEL, behind me.

Now whether it was the Thames atmosphere that had got into my head, or whether it was SAM WELLER's unexpected remark, I am unable, to this day, to say. But, somehow or other, my speech had, by this time, gone up. So I went down. If the speech was a rocket, I represented a stick. Perhaps JENKINS may yet wake up to the importance to the civilization of the century of reporting in full CHARLES DICKENS' speech, and BULWER's, and the rest. If so, I will send them on. PUNCHINELLO, however, was honored as he deserves, at this dinner. Now for a little serious news.

GREAT BRITAIN.

JOHN SMITH, Esq., (son of the elder Smith,) finds it necessary to contradict the rumor that he is going to the United States. He is fearful lest there may, possibly, be another person of the same name in America; which might cause confusion.

On dit that one of VICTORIA's daughters was to be engaged to be married to a young member of the house of ORANGE. But it is believed now to have been a sour orange.

Rev. Mr. MACKONCHIE has been warned by the Bishop of London that he must reform his ritual, in some particulars. The Bishop is especially incensed at the censer; and waxes censorious about the wax lights. He insists that Father MACKONCHIE must use Stearine or Spermaceti. Moreover, when water is mixed with wine, it must not come from the East River; and the wine must be red. Blue wine will do if he can find any.

Church parties are much excited about Mr. MIALl's Church-liberation scheme. But why so? Will not any Rev. who has a living, say, "Who takes my living takes away *my* all!" A bad pun; but a good argument. They should not *miaul* about it, at any rate.

FRANCE.

PIERRE BONAPARTE has gone to be king of the Feejee Islands. It has been stipulated that he shall not shoot more than one man in a month; and part of the tenderloin is to be given always to his Majesty's Prime Minister.

M. GUERRONIER's remark in the Senate, April 19th, requires explanation. He said that "Europe can be tranquil only when France is satisfied." He was alluding to the necessity of an early supply of copies of PUNCHINELLO; without which that excitable population can not be kept in a satisfactory state. I have made arrangements to have them forwarded accordingly.

GERMANY.

POTOCKIS, new Minister of Public Instruction, has offered his resignation. The reason is that a deputation of the professors and teachers called on him to say that it would take their pupils a year to learn how to spell his name. It is TSCHABUSHNIGG. PRIME.

POOR CAPTAIN EYRE.

It is really outrageous to find fault with poor Captain EYRE. If ever a man had a full and perfect defence to the accusations which are made against him, EYRE is that man. Not content with offering one excuse, he offers a large and varied assortment of excuses, any one of which ought to be quite satisfactory. For example he asserts:

That instead of running into the Oneida, the Oneida ran into him.

That his ship struck the Oneida so lightly that he never knew there had been any collision.

That he saw the Oneida just after he had run into her, and that she did not appear to have lost any thing but her skylights.

That he stopped his engines and blew his whistle, in order to show that he was ready to offer any needed assistance to the Oneida.

That the reason why he did not stop his engines and offer assistance, was that the collision had so injured his own ship that he thought best to make at once for the nearest port.

That he never dreamed that any assistance was wanted, and therefore did not offer it.

That he would have gone to the assistance of the Oneida had not one of his lady passengers been so frightened by the collision that she begged him to make all possible speed to land her.

That not a single one of his passengers knew there had been a collision, so light was the shock of the contact.

That it was only a Yankee ship, any how, and that it is all "blarsted" nonsense to make a fuss about it.

Captain EYRE has returned to England, and asks, on the above grounds, that he be reinstated in command of his ship. It would be absurd to refuse so just a request. His defence could not well be more full unless he were to strengthen it with an alibi. If Mr. SOLOMON PELL still pursues the practice of the law, Captain EYRE should at once employ that eminent barrister to prove an alibi for him. His justification would then be too conclusive to admit of question.

CRITICISM OF THE PERIOD.

[AFTER THE MANNER OF THE "NATION."]

Milton's Paradise Lost.—The demand for a new edition of this cumbersome piece of blank verse, proves what we have often said, that the want, in CROMWELL's time, of a literary journal of the character of the *Nation* has had a permanent effect upon literature. Had we been in existence when that obstinate and pedantic old Puritan wrote, we might have suppressed him. Still, there is no knowing what women and children will not read. While MILTON's lines certainly measure generally about the same length, it is preposterous to call by the name of poetry what could be written in prose with so little modification. It is true that the same objection might be applied to HOMER and SHAKSPEARE. The former has the advantage of being written in Greek, so that very few people can read it. SHAKSPEARE has a popularity that is partly accounted for by the low taste of the people who have gone to the theatre to hear SIDDONS rave and GARRICK declaim, or who will persist in admiring MACREADY and BOOTH.

As to MILTON, we have detected, with the aid of foot-notes to an old edition, a multitude of the most absolute plagiarisms from various authors. From the Bible mainly, and also from the Greek and Latin poets, he has taken nearly all his ideas; and every one of the words he uses are to be found in the dictionary. Talk of originality, after that! His conceptions also are sometimes absurd; for instance, the Address to Light. No one, who has not been stultified

by theological nebulosities, ought to fail to know, as *we* knew when we first began to go to school, that a blind man cannot see anything at all. Therefore it is an insult to the understanding, and paltering with all the rational inductions of modern science, for an educated writer, stone blind, to say a word about light.

In fact, the whole plot of the poem flies in the face of the cultivation of the Nineteenth Century. Such ideas as Paradise, Adam and Eve, and angels, are getting obsolete. While it is not to be expected that ordinary persons should have the intelligence or learning of the Editor and contributors of the *Nation*, we yet wonder that they are not always ready to abide by the instruction we are prepared to give them, at the small price of five dollars a year. Subscriptions received at this office.

INTERIOR ILLUMINATION.

It gives us joy to state that the celebrated Dr. MILIO (of whom we have never heard before) has invented a means of illuminating men's interiors. The doctor lives in Russia; and he takes you and throws inside of you "a concentrated beam of electric light;" and then he sees exactly what particular pill you want, and he gives it to you, and you go away (after paying him) exultant! This quite does away with the necessity of a bow-window in the bosom, so much desired by a certain ancient philosopher.

Mr. PUNCHINELLO begs leave most respectfully to announce that he has determined to import, at any expense whatever, one of Dr. MILIO's Concentrated Electric Beamers. With this Dr. PUNCHINELLO does not intend to engage in private practice. His purpose is to throw the light directly into the Body Politic, whether the B. P. requests him to do it or not. Dr. P. confidently expects to make some most extraordinary discoveries of various diseases—of greed, foolish ambition, ossification of the heart, moral leprosy, chronic stupidity, latent idiocy, and that very common and often unsuspected complaint usually known as Humbug. (*Humbugus Communis*.) His fee in no case will exceed ten cents per week; and patients WILL BE illuminated by the year.

THE DREADFUL STATE OF THINGS OUT WEST.

A DISPATCH received at this office from the office of the *Chicago Tribune* states that the utmost public distress is prevailing in St. Louis. A frightful pestilence is raging, complete anarchy prevails, most of the merchants have gone into insolvency, and ruin stares St. Louis in the face in the most aggravating way.

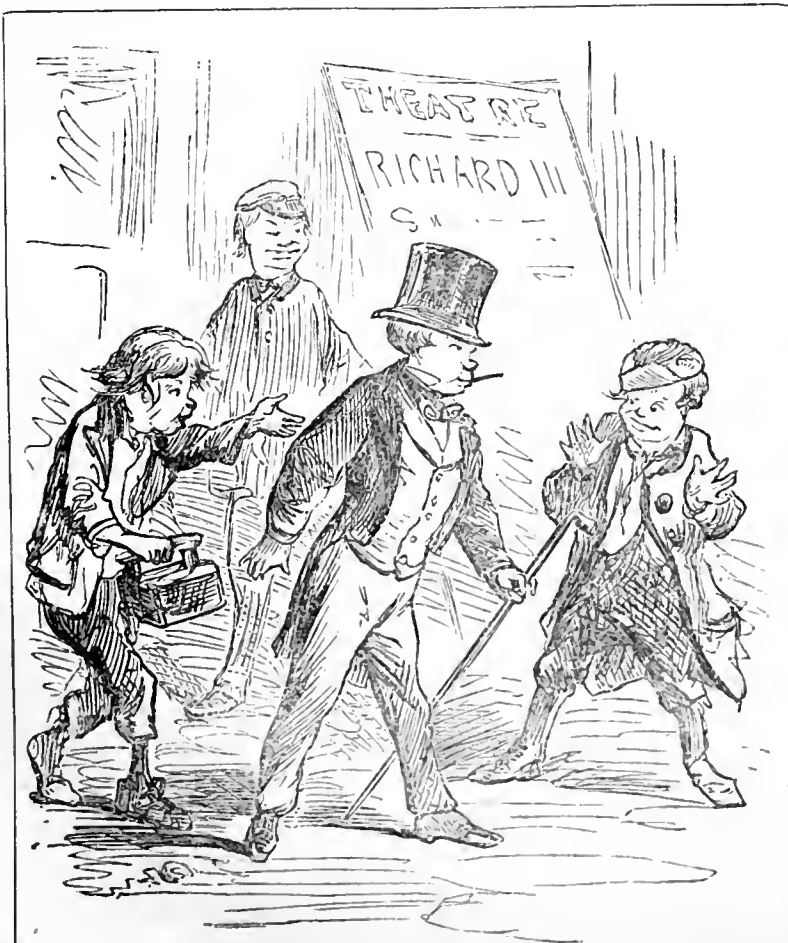
A dispatch from the *St. Louis Democrat* states that the utmost public distress is prevailing in Chicago. A frightful pestilence is raging, complete anarchy prevails, most of the merchants have gone into insolvency, etc., etc.

A dispatch from the *Cincinnati Gazette* states that the utmost public distress is prevailing in both St. Louis and Chicago. A frightful pestilence is raging, complete anarchy prevails, most of the merchants have gone into insolvency, etc., etc., etc.

The most painful part of the matter, in Mr. PUNCHINELLO's benevolent eyes, is that each city appears to be perfectly delighted with the misfortunes and miseries of both the others. Instead of getting up subscriptions for each other, they chuckle and crow in a perfectly fiendish manner. Until they can behave better, we shall postpone the subscription which we propose to open in their behalf.

A Capital Lotter.

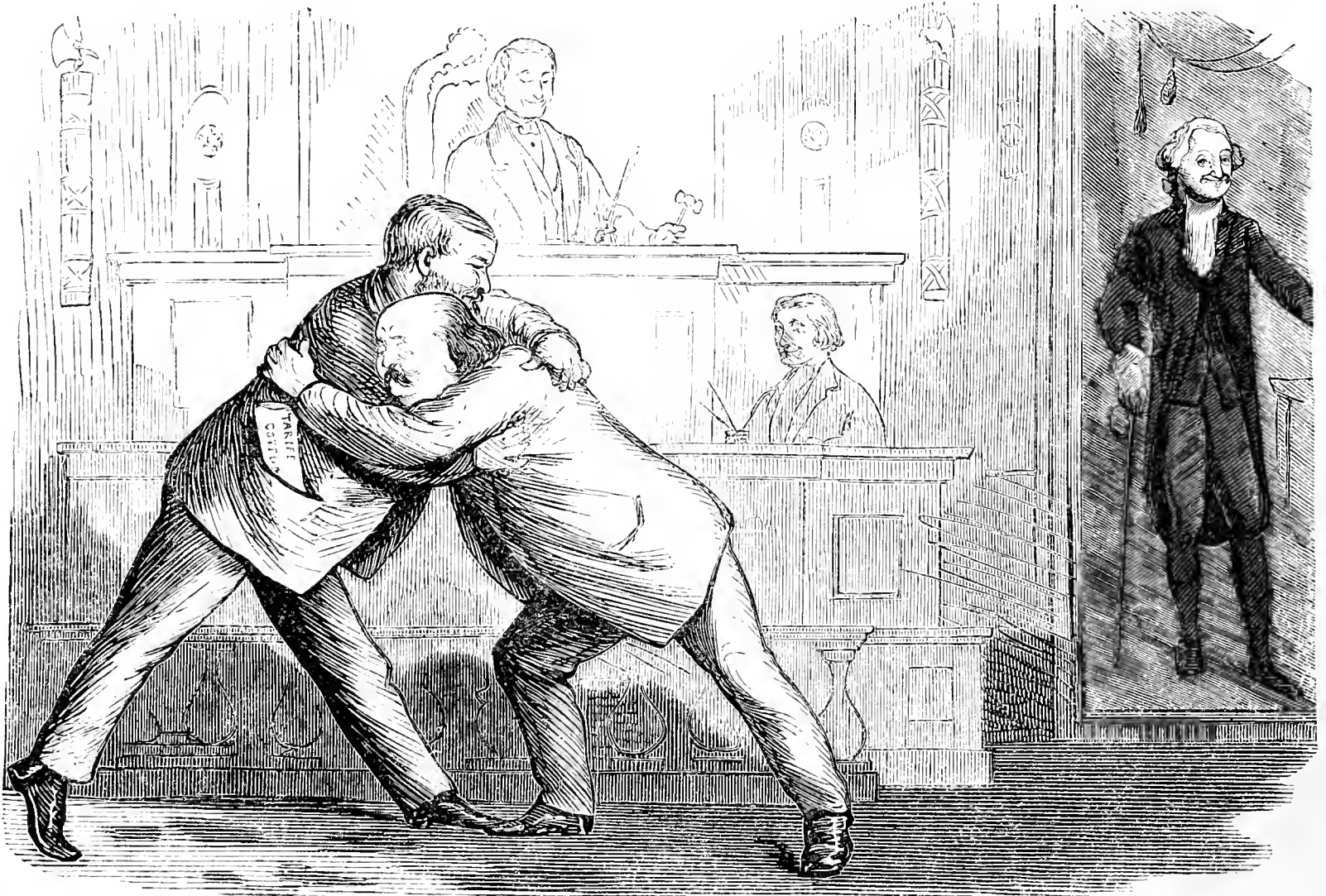
The property-holder who Lets his houses at reduced rents.



PERSONAL GOSSIP.

(From the Daily Press.)

"THE WINNER OF A \$25,000 PRIZE IN THE HAVANA LOTTERY IS A BOOT-BLACK OF BROOKLYN."



A TOUCHING INCIDENT IN CONGRESS.

THE RECONCILIATION BETWEEN GENERAL BUTLER AND GENERAL SCHENCK, ON THE SUBJECT OF THE TARIFF BILL.

COLONEL FISK'S SOLILOQUY.

THE NINTH TEMPTATION.

WOULD I were young enough to go to school,
Or could but pitch upon some golden rule
For knowing what I am, and what to do,
When to the public gaze I am on view.
I'm Colonel, Admiral, and President,
A theatre manager, and resident
Director of the Opera House, and mine
Are Erie and the Boston steamboat line.
Of merchant, banker, broker, every shade
Am I; in fact, a Jack of every trade.
More varied than the hues of the Chameleon;
Far heavier than Ossa piled on Pelion
Are all my duties! Really it's confusing,
At times, to a degree that's quite amusing.
When am I this, when that, when which, when what?
And am I always FISK, or am I not?
Thus, constantly I get into a fix,
And one thing with another sadly mix;
Many a time absurd mistakes I've made
In giving orders. When I'm on Parade,
And ought to say, "Fours Right," by Jove! I'm certain
To holloa out, "Come, hurry up that curtain!"
Going to Providence the other night,
I ordered all the hands, "Dress to the Right!"
I saw my error, and called out again,
"Hold on! I meant to say, 'The Ladies' Chain.'"
At Matinée the other afternoon,
When all the violins seemed well in tune,
I sang out to the Bell Boy, "What's the hitch?
If the Express is due, you'd better switch!"
My order seemed the boy to overwhelm—
"Lubber!" I cried, "why don't you port your helm?"
I made a speech the other night at mess,
And what my toast was, nobody will guess;

It should have been, "The Union"—'twas, "Be cheery,
Boys! the toast we have to drink is—Erie."
The boys laughed loudly, being the right sort,
And said, "Why, Admiral! you're hard a port."
One time, when GOULD and I were on the cars,
I thought th' officials of the train were tars;
Told them to "Coil that rope and clean the scuppers,
And then go down below and get your suppers."
This must be changed, or my good name will suffer,
And folks will say, JIM FISK is but a duffer.
To feel myself a fool and lose my head,
Too, takes the gilding off the gingerbread;
And makes me ask myself the reason why
On earth I have so many fish to fry?
The fact is, what I touch must have a risk
Of failure, or it wouldn't suit JIM FISK.
I'll conquer this, too—keep a secretary
To help me out when I'm in a quandary.
I will not budge! My banner is unfurled,
Proclaiming FISK the Problem of the world.

Query for Lawyers.

If a man throws a huge stone at his wife's head, would he escape punishment on the plea that he only meant to Rock her to sleep?

A Spring Blossom.

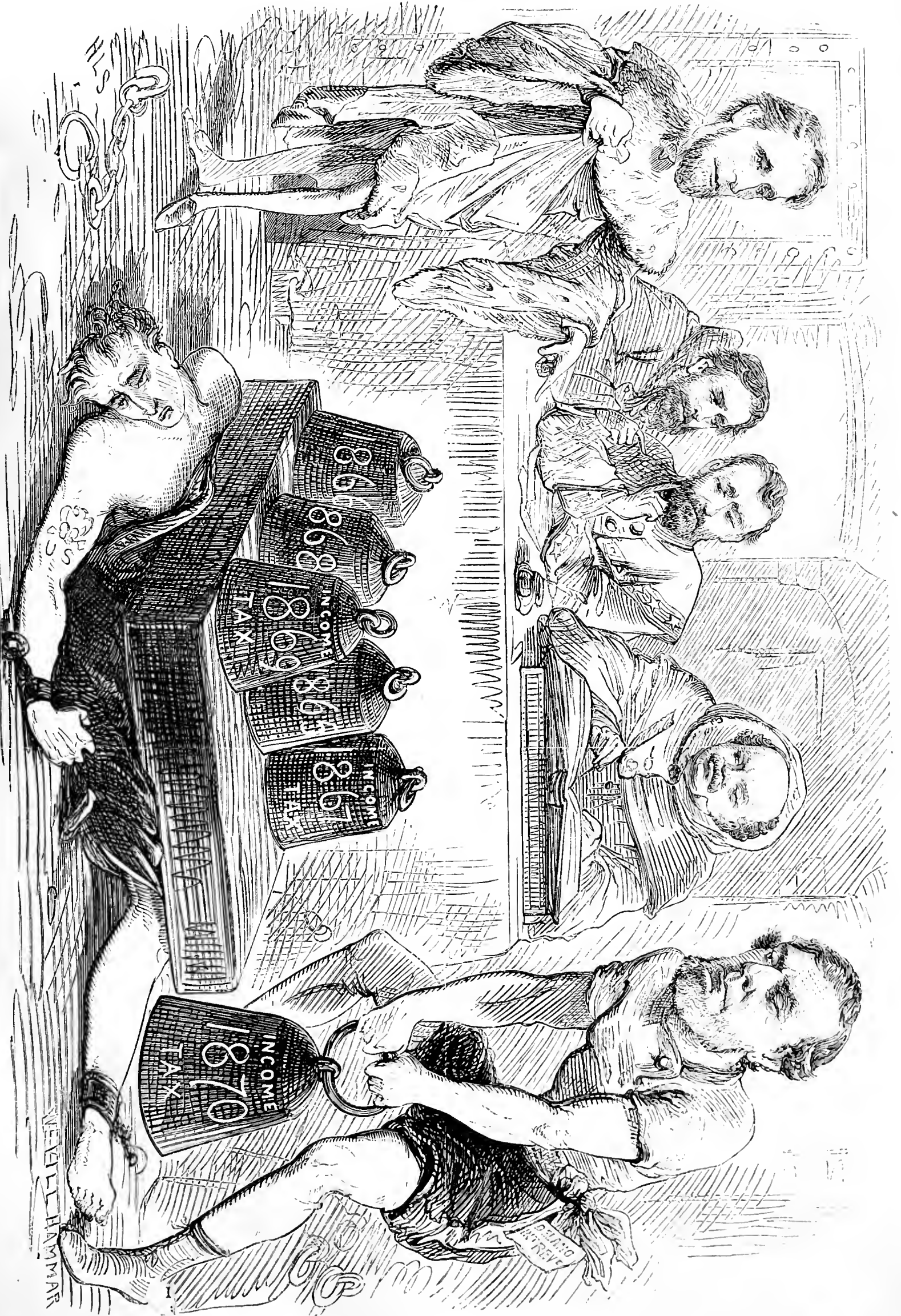
BLOSSOM ROCK, in San Francisco Harbor, has just been blown up with gunpowder. Of course Blossom Rock went "up as a Flower"

Justice in the New Territory.

WHATEVER lack of law there may be in Alaska, PUNCHINELLO is quite sure that there is Justice enough in that domain to satisfy all demands.

A Rumor.

It is rumored that the Fenian Organization have offered Mr. FECHTER the position of Head Centre, in recognition of the merciless manner in which he mangles the Queen's English.



THE FINANCIAL INQUISITION.

Grand Inquisitor, U. S. GRANT. *Associate Inquisitors*, G. S. BOUTWELL, F. E. SPINNER, JOHN SHERMAN. *Executioner*, C. DELANO. ASSOCIATE SHERMAN. "WELL, WELL, UNCLE SAM DOES STAND A GOOD DEAL OF PRESSURE. EXECUTIONER, KEEP PILING THE WEIGHTS ON."

NOW WE SHALL HAVE IT.

IT has always been one of the sorrows of our life that we were prevented (by business) from being present at the building of the Tower of Babel. To say nothing of the great knowledge which we should have acquired of the ancient languages, it would have been jolly to have marked the foreman of the works swearing at the laborers in Syriac, while they answered him in Hebrew, Chaldee, and the Chinese tongue. However, as a next best thing, we shall attend the meeting of the American Woman Suffrage Association, which will be held in Washington during the next session of Congress. We have as much regard as any body for the drums of our ears; but for the sake of a new sensation, we shall be willing to risk them. We can imagine at this moment, the astounding effect of the Grand Double Palaver! All the Senators and Representatives are either barking, or bawling, or screaming, or shouting, or yelling in the Capitol, while, to complete the elocutionary duet, all the American women are simultaneously indulging the unruly and unbridled member. What the precise effect will be we don't profess to say; but we confidently predict some valuable discovery in the science of acoustics.

FORTY-FOUR TO FOURTEEN.

[IN WHICH THE YOUNG MEN OF THE PERIOD ARE TAKEN IN HAND.]

FORTY-FOUR is going to talk (with a pen) to Fourteen. I am a female; and forty-four, as just hinted, is my age. Fourteen is also a female—just the age I was once. How I recollect that day! I was full of romance and hope; now I've no romance, little hope, and some wrinkles. It is a fine thing to be fourteen. I should like to go back there, and make a long visit. But that can't be. How much I wish it could! If only there were life-renewers as well as hair-renewers! They called me pretty at fourteen—said I had pretty ways, (one of them was one hundred and thirty-five avoirdupois,) and would certainly be a belle. But I proved too much for that. One hundred and seventy-five cut off all hope. I sighed, ate nothing, studied poetry, did a good deal of melancholy by moonlight and otherwise, but nothing came of it. I made myself as agreeable as possible; but it was the old story—I was too much for 'em—I mean the young men of the period. I dressed and gave parties. I took lessons in singing of Sig. Folderol, and in dancing of Mons. Pigeonwing, and could sing cavatins and galop galops with the best of them. Ma said I was an angel, and Pa declared I was perfect. But none of the young men said so. My dear Fourteen, it may be just so with you. Your ma and pa may say you are angelic and perfect; but where's the use of it, if nobody else can be made to see it? I tried my best to catch the young men in my net. But, provoking things, they wouldn't be caught. Between ourselves—mind, don't blab it out—young men are the greatest noodles that were ever put upon the face of the earth. I never yet saw one that could be depended upon to stand by. I am sure, as you know, no one ever stood by me—when there was a parson at hand. At fourteen I didn't much care where they stood, if it wasn't on my corns. Twenty years later I shouldn't have been so particular. But I don't much mind now, bless you! *You* went at forty-four. There's nothing to these young men. All talk, pretence, audacity, and paper collar, I assure you. I've studied all of them. They are the same now as then. Human nature, you know, my dear Fourteen, is the same yesterday, to-day, and week after next. I used to think it wasn't; now I *know* it is. These young men—monsters that they are—will pour the nectar of compliments over your face, and the acid and canker of abuse down your back; and all in the same breath, if they get a chance. Pray have an eye and an ear out for them. If you go to Long Branch, or Newport, or Saratoga, or the White Mountains this summer, just look out for them. They are dreadful creatures at home in the cities, but doubly dreadful at these resorts. You are young, simple, unsophisticated. I was at your age. But I soon got over such weaknesses. You must very soon, or be a ninny. "Simple," "artless," "unsophisticated," and such terms mean simply softness. Whatever else you are, or are not, don't be soft. The mistake of my fruitless life has been that I believed, in other years, all that was told me by the other sex. They said to my face that I was a beauty; at Mr. Jones's, they said I was a fright. They said I sang like a Patti; at Brown's, I screeched like an owl. They said I danced like Terpsichore; at Smith's, they declared I wobbled round like any other lame duck. They said my taste in dress was the pink of perfection; at the Duzenbury's, I was scandalously deficient in every thing of the sort. It's a

way the young men of that day had with all the girls; and they go the same vile way now. Pray don't have any thing to do with them. I don't, and I wouldn't for the world. Folks say I'm prejudiced against 'em; but it isn't so—I hate 'em. It is healthy to hate what is hateful. It is healthy to hate a bundle of broadcloth, kerseymere, buttons, and brass, and it's my delight by day and dream by night. I'm forty-four—you're fourteen. I've seen the world—you haven't. You look through rosy glasses; I through the clear, naked eye. My advice to you on the young men question is this: Discount nine words in every ten spoken to you as absolute trash—the gush of mere evaporative sentiment. If you are called pretty, graceful, accomplished, neat in dress, comely in person, that your eyes sparkle like diamonds, and your lips are poetic, with whole volumes of such, just make up your mind that there are plenty of fools around trying to make a sillier one than themselves. It may seem very fine for the moment, but it will realize something very different afterward. Suppose you are *not* caught up? All the better. I'm forty-four, independent, free, a slave to no man nor monkey. Better live to write your own tale than be the abject one to another. Better be forty-four and yourself, than a cipher belonging to some body else. Far better beware of the young men than be worn by them. At least so thinks and says

FORTY-FOUR.

A NEW RAILWAY PROJECT.

WHILE every one agrees that a railway running through the city of New-York, and transporting passengers with rapidity from one end of the island to the other, is an absolute necessity, no one has yet hit upon a plan which satisfies the public. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals objects to the Elevated Road, on the ground (though it is in the air) that the cars will continually run off the track, and, falling on the horses and dogs in the street below, crush them to a fatal jelly. The Arcade plan is objectionable to the shop-keepers, inasmuch as it will change the great thoroughfare into a street consisting exclusively of cellars, thereby driving the buyers elsewhere. Conservative people, who like old things, naturally dislike the Pneumatic Railway, and vehemently assert that "they'll be blown if they travel over it," which will undoubtedly prove to be true. Evidently a new plan must be devised if every body is to be satisfied. That plan PUNCHINELLO rather flatters himself that he has invented.

It does not seem to have yet occurred to any one that we are not necessarily shut up to the single plan of fitting a railway to the city. Why can we not fit the city to the railway? Every body remembers that when the Mountain wouldn't come to MOHAMED, that eminent preacher went to the mountain. Here we have a precedent worth following.

To build any sort of railway in New-York will take time and money. Why, then, should we do it when there are plenty of nice railways already built in every part of the country? There is a very nice railway completed and in running order from Pokertown, in Montana territory, to Euchrebend, just across the line in Idaho. All we have to do is to box up our buildings, together with the Central Park, the sewers, the docks, and the Tammany Hall General Committee, and express them through to Pokertown. The city can then be set up on each side of the Pokertown and Euchrebend Railway, and then we shall have the desired state of things—a railway running through the heart of our city.

This plan is both novel and easy. At all events it is easy of execution in comparison with the Arcade plan, and it presents no features to which any one can reasonably object. Drawings of the city as it will appear when this plan has been carried out are now in process of publication, and will soon be for sale at this office. (N. B.—Shares in the Pokertown and Euchrebend Railway, and lost along the route of that admirable road, also for sale on application to the gentleman whose able pen presents this scheme to our readers.)

"Curses Come Home," etc.

THE gay young men of New-York are said to be terribly addicted to the use of *absinthe*. They pick up the vice in Paris, and hence arises the singular paradox that, even after they return home, they still continue to be Absinthees.

A Logical Sequence.

PAPER made from wood cannot be claimed as a modern invention, for Log books, as every body knows, have been used by mariners since ever so long ago.



MODERN MATRIMONY.

Young Wife. "YES, DEAR, MY HUSBAND IS ALL I COULD WISH HIM TO BE."

Husband (who is making bread in the back room). "I WISH I COULD SAY AS MUCH FOR HER."

ABOUT A BLOCK.

A "COUNTRYMAN" writes to us, asking whether the extension of "Murderer's Block" is among the current city improvements. He says that, on recently visiting this city, he had great difficulty in determining the exact locality of the sanctuary in question. Some said it was in the Eighth Ward; others located it in the Seventeenth. A policeman in East Houston street, in reply to the query, "Which is Murderer's Block?" waved his hand with a gesture indicative of unlimited space, and said, "You are on it." Not pleased with the impeaching tone of this reply, our informant made his way to another ward, where he put the same question to the first policeman who came along. Without giving him a direct reply, the officer winked, shifted his quid of tobacco so as to display his cheek to full advantage, and pointed with his thumb over his shoulder at indefinite city "slums" behind him. Let the "Countryman" understand that, as things are at present, he may stand almost any where in the city and be within a marble-shot of "Murderer's Block." Perhaps Superintendent JOURDAN is quite aware of this.

Neptunian.

Is it correct to speak of the waters of the Black Sea as the colored element?

SONG OF THE RETURNED SOLDIER.

[WITH REMARKS BY PUNCHINELLO.]

I'll hang my harp on the willow-tree,

(And that's a very sensible thing for him to do. A hand-organ is what he wants now.)

And I'll off to the wars again;

(Not much. A fellow with only one leg, and perhaps but half the regulation number of arms, is not wanted in the ranks.)

My peaceful home has no charms for me,

(Of course not. He gave up his home and business to go to the wars, and he can't expect to have all these things when he comes back again, you know.)

The battle-field no pain.

(A great many other fellows besides him found the battle-field no payin' place.)

The country I love stands up in her pride,

(That's so. He's right this time.)

With a diadem on her brow;

(Referring probably to what SUMNER calls the "dire Democracy.")

Oh! why did she flatter my boyish pride?

(Because she wanted men; that's all.)

She is going to leave me now!

(By no means. He can play his organ on the corner as long as he wants to.)

She took me away from my child and wife,

(That was all right enough. He couldn't take his wife and child into camp.)

And gave me a shoddy suit;

(Entirely the fault of the contractors.)

I quite forgot my good old life,

(That was perfectly proper. People in camp have to forget that sort of thing.)

While they taught me to march and shoot.

(Good lessons; worth learning.)

She seemed to think me above the men

(Made him corporal, most probably.)

Who staid at their homes, you see;

(And if he fought on principle he was above most of them.)

Oh, had I jumped the bounty then,

(Horrible idea!)

It would have been better for me.

(That's not so certain. To be sure, in that case he might have got a good office in some of the Departments, or been made a Consul, but why should he complain? He has a first-rate organ, and nobody hinders him from sitting on the corner and grinding it the livelong day, if it pleases him. And then there's the honor! His country may not think about it, nor the people who give him pennies, but if he feels it himself, what more need he want? How ridiculous it is for some persons to insinuate that a rich and powerful people, who can grant hundreds of thousands of dollars to railroad companies, and North Pole expeditions, ought to be ashamed to see their disabled soldiers begging on the corners! Absurd beyond comparison!

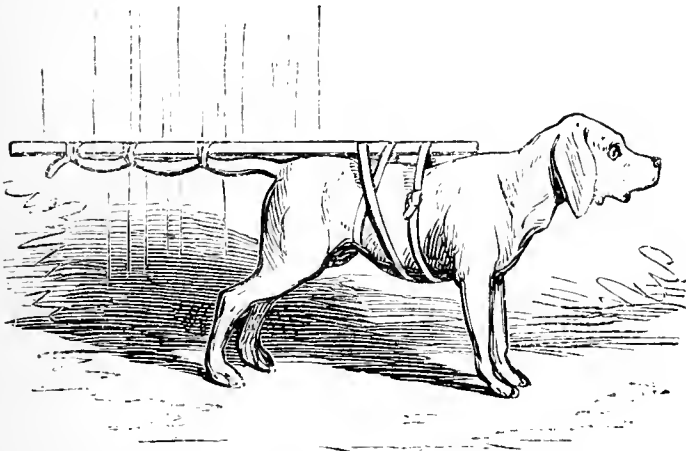
NO GHOST AFTER ALL.

MR. PUNCHINELLO, having been often scared out of his senses (which are usually very good and trustworthy senses), by double tattoos on his library table, and also by the eccentric movements of the table itself, is happy to announce that, after all, there is nothing in it. There is a Dr. HAMMOND who has sent all necessary explanations to the *North American Review*. We do not understand them at all, but they are highly soothing and satisfactory. It seems that Mr. P. (in common with less distinguished characters) has "a gray tissue." This does not refer to his coat, but to something inside of him which renders him the nervous creature that he is. Well, not to make too scientific a matter of it, it appears that our "gray tissue" operates upon our "spinal cord," and raises the old boy (if we may be allowed the expression) with our brains; and this, in some way, but really we do not exactly see how, produces the raps, and leads us to suppose that we are hearing (dear old lady!) from our grandmother. It is astonishing how simple these mysterious matters appear after a scientific explanation.

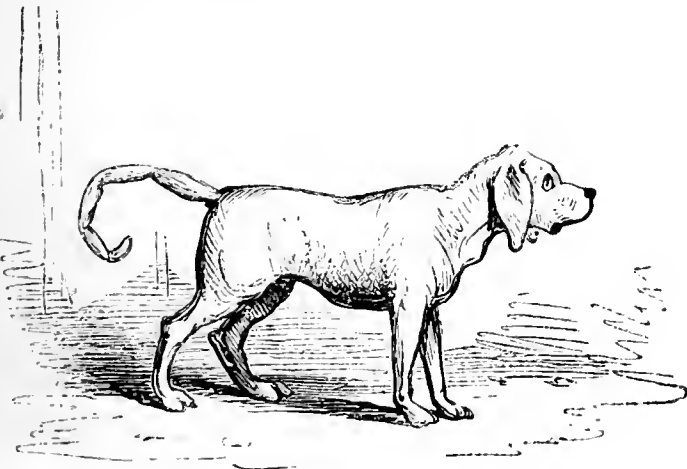
THE DOG-BREAKER'S DIFFICULTY.



THE DOG'S HEAD IS VERY GOOD FOR A POINTER, BUT THE CONFOUNDED TAIL *will* CURL.



A PLAN IS DEVISED FOR STRAIGHTENING IT.



RESULT.

Philological Query.

Is the following sentence, which Mr. PUNCHINELLO finds in that respectable paper, the *Boston Advertiser*, to be considered as English or Latin?

"The constitutio de fide has been adopted by the Ecumenical Council, nemine contradicente."

Absurd to Ask It.

THE Belgians propose to drop the letter "h" from the French language. In France itself the proposition is received wrathfully, and it is no wonder, when we remember that Perfidious Albion has been the great dropper of "h" from time immemorial.

A Place Appropriately Named.

SIGH-BERIA.

FISCALITIES.

LET no one read this title—rascalities. Fiscalities are very different things. (*That is to say, out of Wall street.*) PUNCHINELLO always had a strong liking for fiscal subjects, and even now he would be glad to write a fiscal history of the United States, provided he was furnished with specimens of all the various coins, bank-notes, greenbacks, bonds, and such mediums of exchange that have been in circulation from Colonial times until now. (*That is to say, he'd like very much to have the coins and things, but if any one takes up this offer, and wants to keep his coins, a money-order for a corresponding amount, or ordinary bills, in a registered letter, will be entirely satisfactory.*) But as he can not write a book this week, he desires to draw the attention of his readers to the fact that fiscal expansion ought to be the great end of man. (*That is to say, it often is, but in a different way from what PUNCHINELLO means.*) For instance, look at Colonel FISK, of the glorious Ninth! Had not his vigorous intellect been closely applied to the great questions of fiscal economy, is it likely that the steady expansion of his corporeal being would have given such a weight to his wisely-planned movements? (*That is to say, if he hadn't got rich he wouldn't have got so fat, and then buildings would not tremble when he drills.*) A man who is perfectly proportioned in a fiscal point of view, can call himself a monarch of the world. The elements will own they are his servants, and the seasons will mould themselves to suit his will. (*That is to say, he can have one hundred and fifty fine young women to dance the Devil's Torchlight Cotillion in his own theatre, and he can sit there, if he wants to, all alone and look at them just as long as he pleases; and not one of them dare stop till he's ready.*) Space bows before such a man, and shrivels itself up into a mere nothing. Land and water are alike to such a one. It matters not to him whether the waves roll beneath his possessions, or the solid ground upholds them.

ST. CECILIA sits at the feet of this great exponent of fiscal expansion, and TUBAL CAIN dwells serenely in his court-yards. (*That is to say, just wait until you hear his new brass band!*) Now, who would not be as this financial monarch? Who would not say: "I, too, can do these things?" (*That is to say, which of us would not gladly take every cent the good FISK possesses, and let him beg his bread from door to door, if we only got a decent chance?*) If it were not for such shining examples of the power of wealth and the glories that it is capable of placing before our eyes, the souls of ordinary men would much less frequently be moved to extraordinary effort in the line of pecuniary progress. (*That is to say, if old FISK did not change the bullet in his Twelve Temptations so often, and did not keep on getting new dancers, and dressing them all up different every week or two, we would not have to raise a dollar and half so frequently to go and see the confounded thing.*) But it is of no use to try and calculate the vast advantage of fiscal expansion. Even with a WEBB's Adder, PUNCHINELLO could not do the sum, and it's pretty certain that it would make WEBB Sadder, if he tried it. Among other things, a man of fiscal solidity is never unprepared for emergencies, and, if necessary, he can resort to extremities of which ordinary people would never dream. (*That is to say, have you seen FISK's last legs?*) Therefore, it becomes us all to endeavor to have a share in the prosperity of which we see such a shining example, (*that is to say, PUNCHINELLO does not mean for us all to go buy stock in Erie,*) and mayhap, even the humblest of us may, in time, be able to whistle "Shoo Fly" in marble halls. (*That is to say, even a poor ostler may get along very well if he attentively and industriously waters his stock.*)

Interesting to Mr. Bergh.

"DOG'S-EAR" shirt-collars (the ones that stick up and are doubled down at the points,) are coming into fashion.

Says young SOLOMONS, the other day, "I want something new in collars; I shall cut my Dog's-ears." And he went and did it; which is decidedly interesting to Mr. BERGH.

An Interesting Patient.

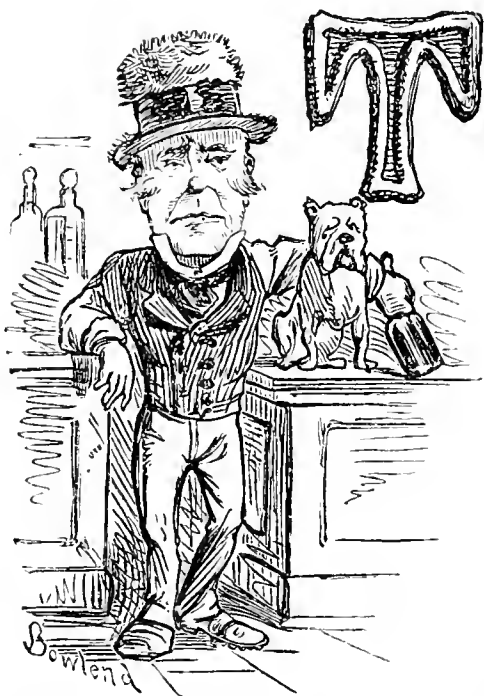
NEW-HAVEN enjoys an elephant that has corns, and is about to be operated on by a chiropodist. There is a largeness, approaching to sublimity, in the idea of an elephant with corns, though it naturally suggests the query, "What Boots it?"

A Dogged Problem.

IF SIR WALTER SCOTT's dog was worth—say—ten "pounds," what was his Kenilworth?

CONDENSED CONGRESS.

SENATE.



HE gentle CHANDLER is occasionally goaded to rage and rhetoric by perfidious Albion. The other day he had one of these deliriums. In the language of the bard,

He shook his fists and he tore his hair
Till they really felt afraid;
For they couldn't help thinking
the man had been drinking.

He wanted to annex the Winnipeg district. It was true that the Winnipeg district was an unmitigated nuisance to England; and probably it would prove an unmitigated nuisance to us if we annexed it. But it would make Great Britain mad. The dearest object of his life was to madden Great

Britain. What was Great Britain? What business had she on this continent? None but the right of conquest. It occurred to him that that was all we had ourselves; but that made no difference. His motto was, Great Britain *est* Carthago, or *delenda* must be destroyed, or something of that sort—he forgot exactly what. He knew we could whip Great Britain, and he wanted to fight her. That is, he wanted some body else to fight her. It would be the proudest moment of his life to serve, exclusively as a sutler, in the grand American army which should go forth to smash Great Britain. Queen VICTORIA was only a woman. Therefore he would fight her single-handed. Let her come on. Let her son, who was a snob, come on. Let Mr. THORNTON come on. Let every body come on. He defied every body. He expectorated upon every body. (Mr. CHANDLER by this time became so earnest that seven Senators were constrained to sit upon him, but it produced no sedative effect.) Mr. CHANDLER kept on in this manner until he had challenged the population of the planet to single combat, and then subsided, and ordered five hundred copies of the morrow's *Globe* to send to various potentates and constituents.

Mr. DRAKE said of course no body minded CHANDLER. But there were some glimmerings of sense in CHANDLER, and he thought the Winnipeg war would be a good thing. Perhaps CHANDLER might be induced to go out there, which would make it pleasant for the Senate.

Mr. SUMNER said he was disgusted, not with CHANDLER's principles, which were excellent, but with his quotation, which was incorrect. He considered correct quotation far more important than correct principles. Every school-boy knew that *delenda est Carthago* was what Mr. CHANDLER attempted to cite. To be sure Mr. CHANDLER was not every school-boy. (Cheers for every school-boy.) Mr. SUMNER took advantage of this occasion to relate several incidents of the life of HANNIBAL, and closed with a protest against the accursed spirit of caste. In support of this view he sent to the clerk's desk, and had read a few chapters from KANT's Critique of Pure Reason.

HOUSE.

SCHENCK scatters members to flight whenever he introduces his tariff bill. This disgusts SCHENCK, and he has been trying to bring back the erring Representatives by the use of the Sergeant-at-Arms and fines. The House has lately amused itself by listening to excuses.

Mr. BUTLER's name was called. Mr. BUTLER was not there. Mr. SCHENCK proposed to fine him.

Mr. COX objected. Why, he said, should the sweet boon of BUTLER's absence rouse the anger of SCHENCK. He would suggest an amendment that BUTLER be fined when present and blessed when away. The less they had of BUTLER the better.

Mr. AMES was making money, and therefore he could not come.

Mr. DAVIS was prosecuting MCFARLAND, which he considered better fun than discussing the tariff.

Mr. FITCH had gone to take a bath. Mr. LOGAN said that was ridiculous. He himself had never found it necessary to absent himself on such a ground. No representative of the people ought to take a bath.

He was sorry to see this tendency to aristocracy on the part of members. West Point and the bath-tub were undermining our institutions.

Mr. POLAND said that he had been to call on a clergyman. Mr. LOGAN said that was worse if possible than the bath. He much preferred immersion to sprinkling.

Mr. SWEENEY (who is Mr. SWEENEY?) had been superintending the birth of an infant SWEENEY. Mr. KELLEY said a man who would basely look after his young when the fate of pig-iron was trembling in the balance, was unworthy to represent American freemen. What was the interesting situation of any individual, male or female, compared to the interesting situation of "fish-plates." The same fiendish spirit that animated the Confederate armies was still alive. But it now found expression in vile and insidious attacks upon the "scrap-iron" which was the pride of every true American heart. He did not hesitate to say that the man who would vote against an increase of 7000 per cent, *ad valorem*, upon railway iron would, if his cowardly soul would let him, have aimed the pistol of the assassin at the late Mr. LINCOLN.

Mr. LOGAN said there was no occasion for Mr. KELLEY to say any thing about any man from Illinois. He, LOGAN, could take care of that State without KELLEY's assistance. He had observed with grief and shame that KELLEY had made several more speeches this session than he (LOGAN) had. He did not intend to suffer this in future.

Mr. KELLEY said he voted for his constituents, who were iron-mongers; but he spoke, in an iron-ical way, for the whole country. He meant to speak early and speak often.

Mr. SCHENCK upheld the income-tax. He said it bore very lightly on Congressmen, for none but honest men were compelled to pay it.

OUR LITERARY LEGATE.

MINISTER MOTLEY is a gentleman, a scholar, and, though last not least, as genial a diner and winer as ever put American legs under a British peer's mahogany. There was a time when he was for avenging British outrage by whipping John Bull out of his boots, but now, clad in a dress-coat of unexceptionable cut, he deprecates the idea of international breaches. As a diplomatist he could scarcely show more indifference to the Alabama claim, if the claim itself were All a Bam. He roars for recompense more gently than a sucking dove. When he presented our little bill a *grand coup* was expected, but the transatlantic turtle seems to have shut him up. Listening to compliments on the "Dutch Republic" he forgets his own, and renders but a Flemish account to his country. Not content with following the festive footsteps of his illustrious predecessor, REVERDY, he has made new tracks to every hospitable nobleman's door. The scented soft-soap of adulation is his "particular vanity," and under its soothing influence he seems to be washing his hands of his official responsibilities. In point of fact, MOTLEY has deserted his colors, and, as a diplomat, is by no means up to the American Standard. As it is clear he cannot maintain the *prestige* of the Star Spangled Banner abroad, we call upon the Government to give him Hail Columbia, and order him home.

CONS BY A WRECKER.

WHERE are women wrecked? Off the Silly Islands.

Where are men wrecked? Some off Port, some Half Seas over, some off the Horn, or wherever they Chews.

Where are rogues wrecked? In the Dock.

Where are brokers wrecked? On the Breakers.

Where are children wrecked? Some in Babycome Bay, and some on the Coral Islands.

Where are bad musicians wrecked? On the Sound.

Where are would-be sharpers wrecked? On the Mighty Deep.

BOOK NOTICES.

IN SPAIN AND A VISIT TO PORTUGAL. By HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN. New-York: HURD & HOUGHTON.

A good summer book of nearly three hundred pages. As usual, ANDERSEN is not abstruse in his way of putting things. His narrative is adapted alike for the juvenile mind and for the adult. There is no periphrasis in it. One understands his meaning at a glance; therefore the book should be a very popular one when summer time sets in, and people look for some quiet *délassement* which will not compel them to think.

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\$5.00.**"The Baby in Trouble."** Chromo, 13 by 16 1-4,
price \$6.00 or any other at \$6.00, or any two Chromos at \$3.00,
and a copy of the paper for one year, for \$6.00.**"Sunset,—California Scenery,"** after A. Bierstadt,
18 1-8 by 12, price \$10.00, or any other \$10.00 Chromo, and
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and four copies of the paper for one year in one order, for
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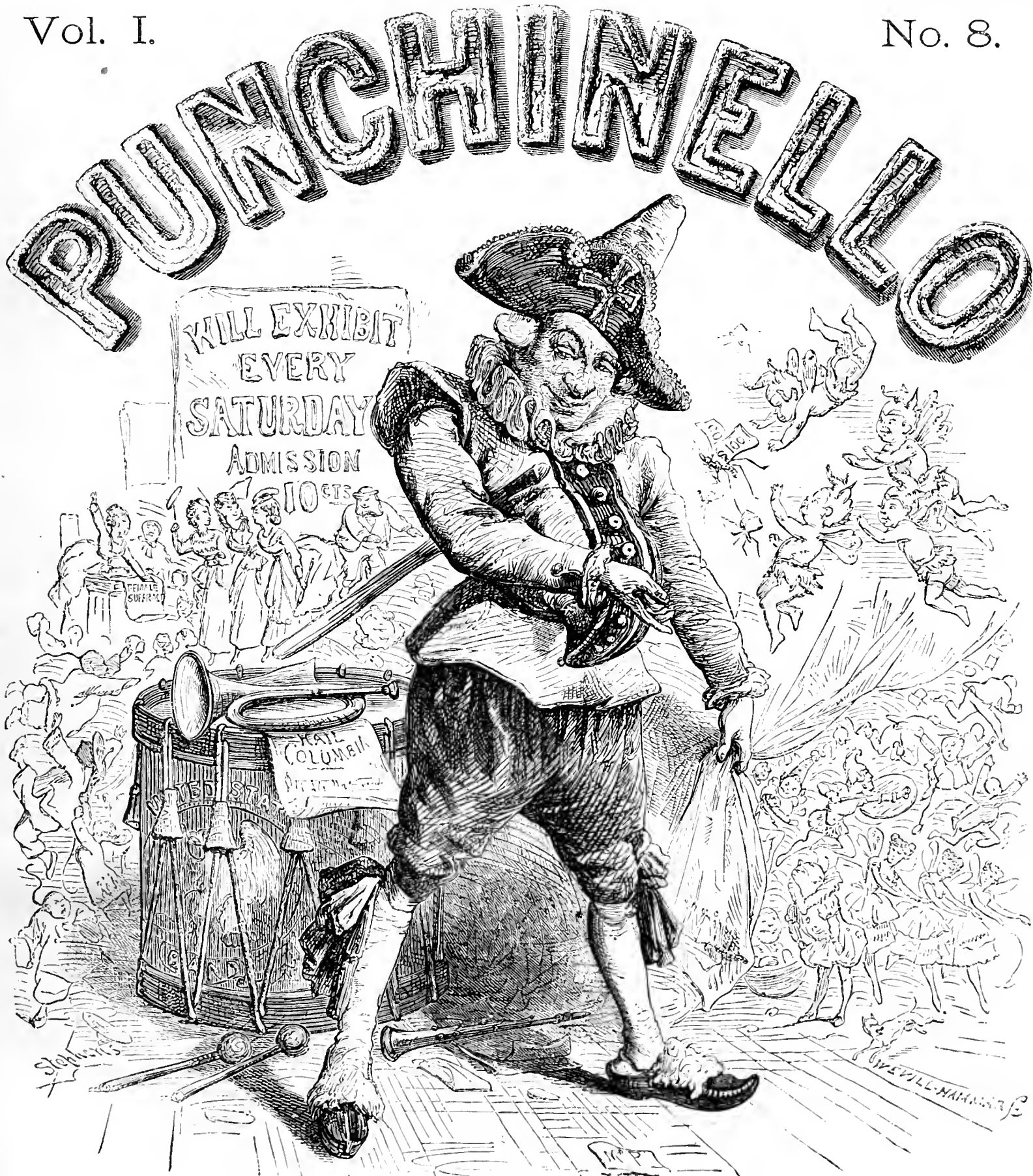
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Vol. I.

No. 8.



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COURTESIES IN OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

Teacher. "BY THE BY, DEAR, CAN YOU LEND ME A COUPLE OF SMALL PUPILS FOR ANNIVERSARY, MY CLASS IS SO LITTLE? YOU SHALL HAVE THEM BACK AGAIN NEXT SUNDAY."

THE GREAT CANAL ENTERPRISE.

[FROM OUR SPECIAL BOSTON CORRESPONDENT.]

BOSTON, May 8th, 1870.

WE Bostonians are greatly surprised that your valuable journal has as yet taken no notice of the great undertaking of the century—the Cape Cod Canal. However, you New-Yorkers are quite out of the world, and unless you read the *Boston Transcript* regularly, can not be expected to know much about the enterprises with which the earnest men of the nation are occupied. The great Cape Cod Canal is, however, not meant simply for the benefit of the Bostonian nation, but for the commerce of the civilized world. It is destined to work a more important revolution in the trade of Plymouth, Barnstable, and Nantucket, than the Suez or Darien Canals.

Of course you are familiar with the peculiar conformation of Cape Cod. It juts out into the Atlantic like an immense elbow, and, indeed, is understood to be modelled after the brawny arm of the gallant CHARLES SUMNER. Vessels passing between ports on the western and those on the southern coast of Massachusetts, are now obliged to make a wide *detour* in order to circumnavigate the Cape. It is now proposed to cut a canal across the Cape just where it juts out from the mainland, and thus avoid the tedious circumnavigation. The enormous importance of this work will be at once perceived. The Canal will be nearly four miles in length, and will be made of a uniform width of four feet, with a depth of two. This gigantic undertaking will of course cost an immense amount of time and money, but under the able supervision of ELKANAH HOPKINS, the gifted engineer who constructed the board-walk in front of Deacon BREWSTER'S house, at Standish Four Corners, there can be no doubt of its success. Advantage will be taken of the duck-pond of Captain JEHOIAKIM BROWN, which is situated in the course of the proposed canal. By leading the Canal directly through this pond, at least a quarter of a mile of excavation will be avoided. M. DE LESSEPS is known to have decided upon making a similar use of the Bitter Lakes in the construction of his Suez ditch, after having seen ELKANAH HOPKINS' plans for our great Cape Cod Canal. Vessels will hereafter pass through this Canal instead of taking the long voyage around the Cape; and it is believed that the *saving* which will be effected in the transportation of cod-fish and garden-sass

by the consequent shortening of the voyage, will be something enormous. There are those who believe that the Canal will yield a yearly revenue of from eighty to ninety dollars in tolls alone. It is understood that the European Governments have already proposed to the Mayors of Boston and Barnstable to guarantee the neutrality of the Canal in case of war; but it is not possible that the proposition will be acceded to. Bostonians should have the exclusive control of this magnificent work, and the Selectmen of several of our prominent towns have drawn up petitions against the proposition of neutrality. The opening of the Canal will be the most splendid pageant of modern times. Mrs. JULIA WARD HOWE will recite an original poem on the occasion; Mr. W. H. MURRAY will preach a sermon; Mrs. STOWE will read a new paper on BYRON, and the State authorities will proclaim a solemn day of fasting and festivity. A procession of ten fishing-schooners, headed by a flat-boat, containing the Mayors and Selectmen of all the Massachusetts towns, will pass through the Canal. After this, literary exercises are ended; and the following month will be devoted to the delivery of an oration by Hon. CHARLES SUMNER, on "The Classical Ditches of Ancient Times, and their Influence on the Cause of Truth and Freedom."

You, and the minor New-York papers, expect to devote most of your space to this wonderful undertaking. It is more important than any event which has taken place since the election of Mr. SUMNER to the Senate. It is a subject which will interest all your earnest readers, who will be greatly obliged to me for calling your attention to it.

A FRIEND OF FREEDOM.

OLD SAWS RE-SET.

THAT must be a pernicious agitation of the circumambient atmosphere, which conduces not to the benefit of any individual.

The common table utensil which is too frequently conveyed to the fountain, to obtain the thirst-slaking beverage, will ultimately become fractured.

By devoting our attention chiefly to the smaller copper coin, the larger denominations represented by paper currency will require no *surveillance*.

Persons who inhabit residences composed of a brittle, transparent, silicious material, should refrain from forcibly casting fragments of granite, etc.

When the optic image of a given object is not projected upon the *retina* of the visual medium, that object fails to be desired by the chief vital organ of the human anatomy.

When the vigilant feline quadruped, frequently observed in the abodes of man, is absent, the common domestic animal of the *genus mus* may indulge in various relaxations of an entertaining nature.

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Drugs in the Market.

AN English chemist has discovered a process by which wood of any kind can be dyed a beautiful and permanent violet hue.

Should that chemist fail to succeed in his profession, he might profitably turn his attention to writing for the stage, seeing that he has a decided turn for Dye-a-Log.

THE PLAYS AND SHOWS.



burlesque.

Mosquito is a play written expressly for Miss THOMPSON, by DUMAS père. There is the more reason to believe this assertion, inasmuch as DUMAS, or somebody else, has already written it expressly for a variety of other people. It was written for MENKEN, under the title of "*The Pirates of the Savannah*," some six years since, and was written for somebody else and played at the Porte St. Martin about seventeen years ago. We should not be surprised if the "*Veteran Observer*" of the *Times* were prepared to prove that it was written expressly for him about the year 1775. In view of these facts, no one will regard it as improbable that it was also written for Miss THOMPSON. Be that as it may, however, there is no doubt that Miss THOMPSON appeared in it on Monday evening last, and that the following synopsis is much more accurate than even the play itself.

After an overture, performed principally on an exasperating drum, the curtain rises on a scene in a seaport town in South America, or, to be exact, in Bolivia. Various disreputable pirates, whose appearance is a libel on a profession adorned by such men as Captain EYRE and the managers of cheap American republishing houses, conspire together in such mysterious words as these:

Valderrama (a pirate chief.) "To-night we must—"

Pierre (a comic pirate.) "We will, or—"

Val., etc. "You have your—?"

Pierre. I have; and—"

Both Together. "S-s-s-s-l. Some one comes. Swear to—"

Enter LYDIA THOMPSON, clothed on with crinoline. (To various pirates.) "Well! How's things? Are you still the—?"

Various Pirates. "We are; and if—"

Enter BRENTANO, the father of LYDIA. He addresses her in tender accents. "Me cheyld, the hour is come. I must away. (To *Valderrama*.) Shall we—?"

Val., etc. "We shall. Come, my friend, and—"

They come. Scene changes to a lonely glen. *Comic Pirate* explains to LYDIA the secret of her birth in terms which leave it more unintelligible than ever. Various pirates conspire to murder BRENTANO. Scene again changes to BRENTANO's garden. Various pirates enter and shoot the old man. Applause. Somebody sets the house on fire. *Enter LYDIA* disguised in boy's clothes. She vows eternal fidelity to VALDERRAMA. The audience wildly welcome her familiar legs, and the curtain falls amid tempestuous applause and the frantic beating of the fiendish drum.

Rather Dull Old Gentleman. "I can't make out what it's all about. Why does she want to follow VALDERRAMA when she knows he has killed her father?"

Theatrical Person, who has seen the manuscript play. "Don't you see? She means to avenge herself by reading the *Nation* to him, or by singing Shoo-fly. She'll make his life a burden."

Dull Old Gentleman. "Oh! I see. But will she turn pirate, too?"

Theatrical Person. "By no means. There were no strong-minded women on the Spanish main. The pirates were bad enough, but they didn't have all the vices of the present day. She'll go to Paris with VALDERRAMA, and he will take the title of MARQUIS of FONSECA, and

live sumptuously on old BRENTANO's money. Just you wait and see."

Curtain rises on second act, showing the Hotel Fonseca, at Paris. Several French noblemen repeat ponderous witticisms to one another. Enter Miss MARKHAM with clothes on. She represents the icy DIANA DE MAULEON.

Diana. Mon Doo! there is my lover LEON DE BEAULIEU. I won't have him, for he ain't rich enough."

Leon. "Mademoisel! I love you."

Diana. "Mosshure, what's your name? who are your parents? and what's your income?"

Leon. "Alas! I have none."

Diana. "Then leave. Ah! Good evening, Mosshure, the MARQUIS DE FONSECA."

Fonseca (aside.) "LEON is the son of somebody, I forget who. Never mind, I'll murder him and marry DIANA."

Mosquito (in other words, *Lydia Thompson in a dress that shows her legs*.) "I love LEON. I must save him. I will save him."

Scene changes to an inn on the coast within a few yards of Paris. Enter PIERRE and other pirates. They conspire to murder LEON and the French language. Enter MOSQUITO disguised as a serving maid. She dances, sings, and overhears the plot. Enter LEON in order to be murdered. By a neat little stratagem MOSQUITO contrives to have the pirates shoot each other, and saves LEON. Curtain falls, followed by more muddening performances on the drum.

Dull Old Gentleman. "I begin to see into it a little; but who is LEON, and why does FONSECA want to murder him?"

Theatrical Person. "Well, I can't just now remember. It is all cleared up in the last scene, though. You see, MOSQUITO is the daughter of BRENTANO, who was killed. She has another father who comes on later. Somebody else is LEON's father, and you see FONSECA is the brother—no, the aunt of PIERRE—no, that's not it precisely—but you'll see."

Dull Old Gentleman (doubtfully.) I hope so; but that infernal drum makes such a noise that I can hardly think. Who is that tall, awkward woman with the turned-up nose, who plays 'DIANA'?"

Theatrical Person. "Hush, GRANT WHITE is sitting right behind you. That is Miss MARKHAM, and she is considered to be very handsome. She is a little awkward in clothes, but she'll get used to them in time."

The third act begins. Every body, from the Comic Pirate down to a Dramatic Writer who is in the play, go to a ball at the Palace Gardens. MOSQUITO, disguised as a Gipsy, dances and tells cheerful fortunes. Fonseca proposes for DIANA's hand and roars the subject over in a private conversation with her father, while he and the old gentleman stand on opposite sides of the garden. Every body quarrels with every body else. The Comic Pirate challenges LEON to fight a duel, intending to murder him. MOSQUITO, backed by the REGENT of ORLEANS and the entire court, stops the duel and denounces FONSECA. The latter tries to murder her and is shot by the Comic Pirate. Then explanations take place, by which every body is proved to be the father or daughter of every body else, and the play is ended by an appropriate suggestion from the REGENT, that the entire party should engage in a congratulatory dance.

Dull Old Gentleman. "Well, I must say I don't understand any thing about it. I can't even make out the different actors. Who is the rather pretty, fat woman, dressed like a boy. She don't act a bit, but she dances nicely."

Theatrical Person. "Why, that is LYDIA THOMPSON. The play was written for her, you know."

Dull Old Gentleman (evidently getting irritable.) All I've got to say is this, that I don't know which is the worse, she or the play. What is the stage coming to? In my day we used to have something like acting at the old Park. Ah, there was PLACIDE, and ELLEN TREE, and—"

The old gentleman goes slowly out, muttering reminiscences from ancient history. A tall, intellectual-looking man is seen to withdraw into the grass-plat in the court-yard, and is there heard to appeal to the chimney-pots and stars to note the surpassing beauty of the vocal velvet of the fair MARKHAM. And the undersigned wends his way homeward with the conviction that *Hamlet*, with the part of HAMLET omitted, would be intelligible and attractive in comparison with LYDIA THOMPSON and PAULINE MARKHAM with their legs banished from public view.

MATADOR.

PUNCHINELLO IN WALL STREET.

THE great art of Doing others as they would like to Do you has always commended itself to PUNCHINELLO as a very happy rendering of a certain fusty old rule which, in its original shape, did very well some nineteen hundred years ago, but is altogether out of date in these brisk times. Hence the gambols of the merry bulls in that Broad Street which leadeth to DIVES' palace are just now highly entertaining. In that illustrious quarter of this amazing metropolis there is a beautiful game going on which is vastly more interesting to watch than to join in, and this little game is much as follows:

A number of the members of that worthy family of undoubted ancestry and opulence, and known the world over as the "Cliques," have gone into the dairy business. The cheese-presses are kept and the churning is done in the big offices by the wayside; but the milking is carried on in a very Long Room, found, from considerable experience, to be peculiarly adapted to this profitable line of trade. Now, in the pastoral realms of Finance, it is an odd fact that not only is the milk all cream, and golden cream into the bargain, but it is sometimes hard to tell which are the dairy-maids and which are the kindly animals with the crumpled horns which furnish the lacteal supply which is so particularly sought after. Of course every body wants as much cream as possible, and all have faith that, at the nick of time, it will be given to them to milk instead of the other thing. There is a pleasant amusement known among juveniles as "SIMON says up," etc. This is the very milk in the stock-market cocoa-nut. When some great member of the big Clique family cries "DANIEL says up," and every body shouts by mistake "DANIEL says down," then the Long Room does a very huge business indeed, and the number of cheeses made is marvellous to relate. When, on the contrary, Clique says "down," and the crowd cries "up," and it really should be up, then the great Clique discover that their dairy-maids have become the other thing, and that all the cheese is going the other side of the way. This is exceedingly damaging to the Clique firm; and as it is very painful indeed to be the other thing, since it makes sore heads and brings on a tendency to "bust," requiring much careful nursing to recover from the effect, the Clique family is always careful to arrange every thing in a manner that shall best insure the monopoly of the lacteal element to itself.

At present the Cliques have made most excellent provisions. It is a rule that nothing so stimulates the production of cream in the financial pastures as that curious esculent, the greenback. Oddly enough, also, although this esculent is greatly sought after by the other useful animals in Uncle SAM's plantation, yet, from one and another cause, vast quantities of this exhilarating food have been amassed in and around the banks of Wall street—those banks where the woodbine vainly twineth, and by whose side our allegory unhappily lies. With plenty of greenbacks, therefore, to make every one gay and festive, with the pumps hard at work to keep the stocks well watered, and with all sorts of devices to lead the Street family (and a very low but ambitious and prolific family it is) to cry "up" when DANIEL says "down," the jubilant Cliques have set their mind upon a thriving Spring business.

PUNCHINELLO gazes down upon the game with equal and serene mind. Since all wish to milk and not to be the other thing, and as it is not clear which is going to be which, he is content to watch the cheeses as they come from the press, and to declare that they at least are seemly and good to behold. If PUNCHINELLO could only believe that the Street family was likely to succeed, he would certainly doff his cap to them. Success is beautiful. It is to Do others as they would Do you. That is the Nineteenth Century. It is, therefore, sublime. One gets exhausted in hurrahing for the Cliques. They are always getting the best of it. But the Street people need encouragement. It is not pleasant to be the other thing. And if the bloated Clique party are not some time brought to a turn, the day will come when we shall find all Clique and no cheese—a consummation devoutly not to be wished for!

—♦—
"Too Much for Good Nature."

THE acting at Wood's Museum.

—♦—
A Question for the "Veteran Observer."

WHO was the "Oldest Inhabitant"—Old PARR, or old Grand Par?

—♦—
Miss-Conductors.

THE young ladies who bring back the Trains.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

[BY ATLANTIC CABLE.]

GREAT BRITAIN.

HAVING a peculiar privilege as the correspondent of PUNCHINELLO, I was on the floor of the House of Commons when Mr. GLADSTONE made his short speech, on the 25th, about England and her possessions. I was standing by the O'DONOHUE when the Minister said, "*A free and voluntary contract is the only basis for continued union.*" I whispered to O'DONOHUE—Good for Ireland! He did me the honor to repeat it aloud; but the Minister's answer was not heard.

Mr. EASTWICK had just been making a speech about "tightening colonial relations." The *Press Ass* made this charge somebody or other with "making tight the Colonel's relations." It was just like that fellow. I only succeeded by chance in saving him from sending across some stuff about the Cardinal Archbishop of CRANBERRY, instead of CHAMBERY. I got a dispatch from him quoting the *Virago* of Paris—meaning the *Figaro*, of course. And then that *Schena*: a Sphinx could not have made it more of a puzzle, whether he meant that the bishops voted that the Pope should be *deified*, or *defied*, or that the *de fide* should pass by their vote.

CYRUS W. FIELD has been here, in communication with AIRY, the astronomer Royal, about a telegraph to the moon. A lunatic observation taken makes it wax plain that it will not be in wane to attempt it. STOKES and HUGGINS, moreover, have been taking views of people through the spectroscope. *Absorption bands* are very striking in the *spectra* of the ROTHSCHILDS and other bankers. *Bright lines* are seen in TENNYSON and WILLIAM MORRIS; *dark lines* in SWINBURNE.

Gaseous substances are shown to exist in certain bodies and people; a great deal of gas was discovered in VICTOR HUGO. Traces of iron are visible in NAPOLEON III.; and still more, at the last observations, in BISMARCK. VICTOR EMMANUEL had more of the phosphorus; the Pope, of sulphur; the PRINCE of WALES, of mercury; the editor of the *Times*, of lead. GARIBALDI and MAZZINI have a carbon-ari appearance through the instrument; with some look of nitrous incandescence, also. Laughing-gas is evidently abundant in PUNCH.

The Lords of the Admiralty have observed that Mr. HALE has proposed in Congress a 16 million bill for a new American navy. It will be at once proposed to the House of Commons that 32 millions be spent in iron-clads here. And the Cabinet of the French Emperor have already prepared their little bill, demanding of the *Corps Legislatif* a sum of sixty-four millions for monster ships. All this is, of course, encouraging. Mr. HALE had better try again.

Of course you have heard of the great Fenian raid, which really is to come off. You know there are immense amounts of vegetables and other provender brought to London from the Continent every day. Now a large number of sworn Fenians are to go to Holland and learn Dutch, so that they can go over disguised as petty dealers in food, get to London armed with revolvers, and carry off the Queen! As the Fenians always do exactly what they promise to do, this may be relied upon as certain to happen. It is said that the Queen is studying Dutch as an amusement; which may be very convenient on the way; she can expostulate with them better in Dutch than in Irish.

From GERMANY, we learn that JANUSCHIEK is coming to London to play in English. Also that a ballet corps is coming over to dance in Spanish, and an opera troupe, to sing phonographically, in Hindoostanee. A new opera, by BALFE, is spoken of; subject, the Tower of Babel. This was suggested by the Eccumenical Council; where some body must have been LISZT-ening.

A World's Congress of Croquet Players will be held next month at Baden. They will not hold their debates in Latin. Among the points discussed will be, whether it is allowable to pop the question on the croquet ground. Old maids are quoted as thinking that it distracts the game. Younger ones would consider it allowable in certain cases.

What people some travelling Americans are! There is one *nouveau riche* from New-York, who has been going about all over Germany, asking every body for the sculptor—he thinks his name was METTERNICH—whose most famous work was the *Statu quo*! He wants one of these, he says, for his *jardin des plantes*; which is going to be as big as the one near Paris. He has also heard of the Marquis of BUTE; and wants to buy one or two of his things; because somebody once read to him, out of a copy-book, that "a thing of Bute is a joy forever." I have not time to tell you, to-day, about my late interview with the Pope.

PRIME.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN POLICEMAN.

EXEMPLIFIED BY THE FOLLOWING DESIGNS OF PUNCHINELLO'S PATENT ARMOR.



OPEN CASE.



IN CASE OF ASSASSIN.



IN CASE OF STAGE ACCIDENT.



IN CASE OF PICK-POCKET.



IN CASE OF MAD BULL.

OUR PORT-FOLIO.

UPON opening our mail, the other morning, a communication signed "Tragedian," purporting to come from the father of three boys, (each remarkable in his way,) particularly attracted our attention. He stated with peculiar succinctness some singular developments of genius in the second of these prodigies, which do not always accompany such tender adolescence. "But twelve years old!" exclaims the enraptured parent, "and yet my FRITZ has produced a tragedy in three acts, entitled 'The Drewid's Curse.' No less a judge than our leading town lawyer, squire MANGLES, was so kind as to say that such an instance of the histrionic flux in a child of FRITZ's years, was utterly unparalleled. If PUNCHINELLO could find space for a few specimens of the 'Curse,' they shall be cheerfully furnished."

(It might as well be stated here that curses of this character are already quite abundant, and that PUNCHINELLO can not find space for any of them. Still a kind word may not be misunderstood.)

To the son of a man who spells "Druid" with a "w," all things must be possible, from a hangman's noose to a Presidential nomination, and the danger to be apprehended in this case is, that some of "Tragedian's" posterity may slip into one or the other of them. A parental raid upon all the pens, ink and paper that could possibly come within the reach of a youth whose soul revels in Druidical reminiscences, is the only effective remedy which at present occurs to us. The "histrionic flux" is a kindred disease, and would, of course, be susceptible of the same treatment.

DEAR PUNCHINELLO: I am not mad, but to you, alone, I confide the secret of my sanity. Nevertheless I thirst for blood.

Feelings over which I have no control, render it imperative that I should shoot somebody. Precisely who may be the victim of this insatiable desire, fate alone can decide. I propose some day next week to commence a general fusillade from the windows of my office upon the passers-by. My sole security in this affair, is a maiden aunt now in the Lunatic Asylum. I look with confidence to her malady as my triumphant vindication. My object in writing to you is to ask whether, in your opinion, the fact is sufficient to *guarantee* a verdict of "Not Guilty," in case I am prosecuted for murder, or whether an unscrupulous jury could sacrifice me to the unsettled condition of the popular mind on the subject of justifiable insanity. Yours sanguinarily,

RABIES.

PUNCHINELLO expresses his opinion in reference to the above letter with great reluctance. He fears that if he gives his advice according to his real convictions, he may be overrun with similar applications, and if he gives advice that he doesn't feel, he will condemn "RABIES" to the mortification of the gallows. He therefore takes a middle course, and observes that the possession of an aunt in the Lunatic Asylum is certainly strong presumptive evidence that her nephew is no better than she is. Here in New-York, it would be difficult to upset such evidence, but elsewhere the result might be different. "RABIES" gives no clue to his whereabouts. PUNCHINELLO, therefore, presumes that he does not contemplate murder here. Very well, then, it would be unadvisable to kill any one, until at least two respectable physicians could testify that either before or after the act they had called upon "RABIES," fully interviewed him on the subject of the maiden aunt, and found that the slightest allusion to her was productive of any of the following phenomena:

- 1st. Sudden and violent twitching of the eyes.
- 2d. Discoloration of the veins of the nose, resulting in an appearance abnormally rubicund.
- 3d. Manifestations of extravagant thirst, which water could not satisfy.
- 4th. Tendency to reach for his boot-straps, as if with the view of lifting himself by the same.
- 5th. Rapid rise of the pulse from 50 to 500—say within the space of ten seconds.
- 6th. Shoo-fly! movement of the hand toward the cheek as if some thing had alighted there, and patient were trying to rub it off.
- 7th. The presence of a cicatrix on the left temple (This is a most irrefutable proof of insanity).
- 8th. Psychological developments indicative of "moral alienation."
- 9th. Gangrenous condition of the tongue, proceeding from a disordered liver, and mysteriously communicated to the brain.
- 10th. Any symptoms going to show that patient might mistake another man's wife for his own.

11th. Discovery at the last moment that patient's father suffered himself to be hung for murder.

PUNCHINELLO offers these as the accepted *data* by which RABIES may measure his chances for life in case he executes his avowed purpose, but I would impress upon him the fact that these are necessary *outside* of New-York only. Here proof of the lunacy of the maiden aunt would be sufficient.

UNCLE SAMUEL

To His Lit-tle Lads in Con-gress.

[A LESSON IN EASY WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE.]

My lads! I will be plain with you:
I am not pleased with all you do.
I hate to scold, and yet I must;
And you will take it well, I trust.

When first I saw you, nice and clean,
It was a sight to show the Queen!
I was an ass to like you so;
But where we *wish* to like, we do.
I should have known it could not be:
For luck, of late, is gone from me.
No more I see the good old times
When fools were fools, and crimes were crimes,
And boys and men had work to do,
And did not play till work was through.
The times have changed; so have the boys!
I know this, when I hear your noise.
And note your slack work, day by day;
Each lad must have his own small way,
If it is but to loaf and loll,
Or else, not to come in at all,
Or not to care for what is done
If so be it can yield no fun,
Or else, to be as coarse and rough,
As rash and rude, and grum and gruff,
As though it were some bear that spoke,
Whom all the world must long to choke.

For shame, my lads! I let you draw
All I can spare to you by law;
Each lad of you takes all he can,
But not a soul acts like a man!
What do you *do*, for such fine pay?
What have you done these five months? Say!
You know you ought to do some good;
The friends that sent you, think you should.
Have you no pride, no sense! In fine,
Why do you waste their time and mine?

If it could move you, I'd tell how
The boys that sat where you sit now
Once *earned* their pay, and got the name
Of fine, brave lads! But you!—for shame!
Boys, I could thrash you all, I fear!

It may be, times will change, this year—
Your friends all tire of you, I know,
And what, if they should let you go!
The school, through you, has such a *name*
All good men feel a kind of shame;
They feel the world must laugh, at last—
The world that could not scorn the past!

Oh, think of that, my lads! I see
You do not mean to turn from me.
From *me*, your best of friends? Oh, no!
I may seem grave, and dull, and slow,
But you and I, my lads, are one!
Your fame, your blame, I can not shun.
Much have I borne for you, of late;
But you are small, and I am great!

A Reflection for Recorder Hackett.

THE GRAHAM bread bakers are useful members of the community, but the same can not be said of GRAHAM bred lawyers.



CRITICAL INTELLIGENCE.

Able Critic. "BUT WHAT SORT OF A CREATURE IS THAT UPON WHICH THE YOUNG WOMAN STANDS?"

Artist (who likes to "sell" bores.) "O! THAT'S A GONOPH."

Able Critic. "AH! YES. I THOUGHT SO." (And he wonders what in thunder a "gonoph" is.)

A SONG OF THE NEW BABEL.

[Dedicated with sentiments of the most inexpressible respect to the Members of the Forty-First Congress.]

I.

Oh! who, for any payment auriferous or argent,
Would undertake to do the work that Mr. Speaker does—
With nobody to help him except the trembling Sergeant,
While still begin and never end the shout and scream and buzz?
Oh, never any where, save in desert groves Brazilian,
Was ever heard such endless and aimless gabble yet.
For there the tribes of monkeys to the number of a million,
Screech and chatter without ceasing, from the sunrise to the set.

Rap! rap! rap!
To quell the rising clamor;
Order! order! order!
Hammer! hammer! hammer!

II.

O strength of tongue how awful! O power of lungs how mighty!
Whence draw ye, honest gentlemen, your constant wind supply?
Whence comes your inspiration, belligerent or flighty?
Your common-place that grovels and your metaphors so high?
Pray, why not try, for novelty, a kind of solo speaking?
One man upon his legs—only one upon the floor?
For eloquence, 'tis possible, does not consist in shrieking,
And really where's the argument in all this thundering roar?

Rap! rap! rap!
To quell the rising clamor;
Order! order! order!
Hammer! hammer! hammer!

III.

The country listens sadly to the racket most distressing,
And wonders, in its bother, if e'er the time will come
When the Fates and Constitution will vouchsafe to us the blessing
Of a House of Representatives completely deaf and dumb;

Or if, perhaps, in exile these noisy mischief-makers,
The stream of elocution run most fortunately dry,
In seats of legislation, rows of ruminating Quakers ["Aye."
May shake their heads for "Nay" and may nod their heads for
Rap! rap! rap!
To quell the rising clamor;
Order! order! order!
Hammer! hammer! hammer!

IV.

But if these mighty nuisances we cannot stop or flee 'em,
If past all other remedy the sounding evil reaches,
Oh, why not send for GILMORE of the Boston Coliseum,
That he may drill the Members in a chorus to make speeches?
Then shall stop the fierce *rencontre*—shall cease the idle rating;
Then debates shall be no longer without a head or tail;
And while the power of song every soul is demonstrating,
Each member cherubimical will scorn to rant or rail.

Rap! rap! rap!
To quell the rising clamor;
Order! order! order!
Hammer! hammer! hammer!

V.

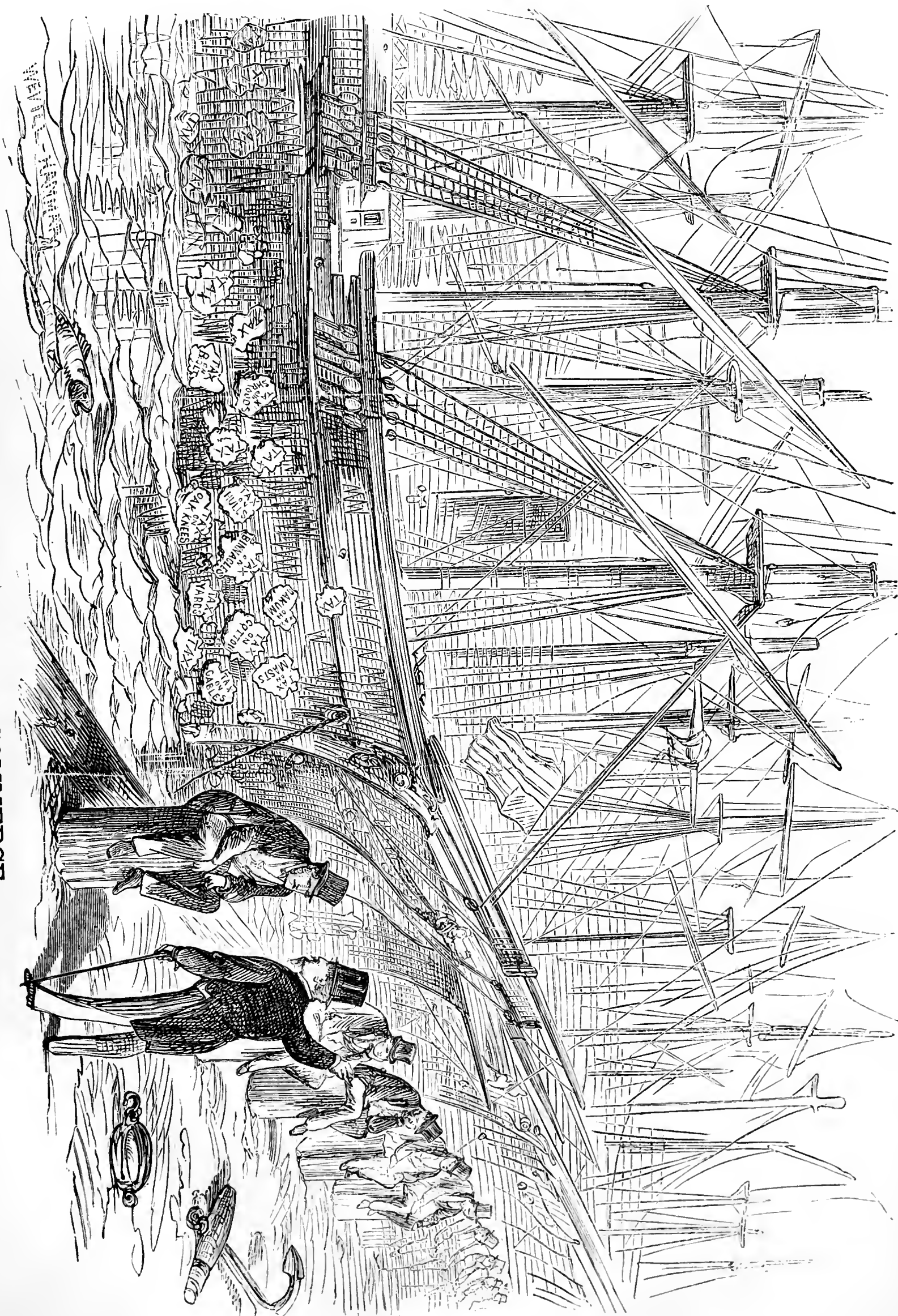
But if for solo speaking Members still feel an avidity;
If they burn to make orations of most uncommon zest,
Let them just take our precaution against intense stupidity!
Let them study PUNCHINELLO and learn how to make a jest;
But away with dreams chimerical and projects vain, though clever!
The power of tongue's proportionate to wondrous length of ear;
The beast that carried BALAAM is as garrulous as ever,
And still the lobby listener must be content to hear

Rap! rap! rap!
To quell the rising clamor;
Order! order! order!
Hammer! hammer! hammer!

BARNACLES ON OUR COMMERCE

Intelligent Foreigner. "WHY ARE ALL THESE AMERICAN SHIPS LYING IDLE IN THEIR DOCKS, SIR, INSTEAD OF EARNING MONEY AT SEA?"

Dependent Ship-owner. "IT'S THE BARBACLES, SIR. NO SHIP CAN SAIL WITH THEM ON, AND WE DON'T KNOW HOW WE'RE GOING TO GET THEM OFF."



CONDENSED CONGRESS.

SENATE.



UST as usual, WILSON had another little scheme on hand. There was no money in it—nothing but a little Massachusetts glory. It was to set apart a day to decorate the graves of the Union dead. Mr. WILSON remembered that it would have been more consonant to his own feelings to confine the ornamentations to the graves of colored men and the men of Massachusetts. But for the sake of peace and harmony he was willing to decorate all round.

Mr. GARRETT DAVIS suggested that it didn't make any difference whether they set apart a day or not. If people wished to decorate, they would decorate, and if

they didn't, they wouldn't.

Mr. DRAKE said Mr. DAVIS's hands were dripping with loyal gore.

Mr. DAVIS said he would reply to that insinuation the first leisure week he had. In the meantime he contented himself with hurling the foul slander back into Mr. DRAKE's teeth, if Mr. DRAKE had any.

Lest Mr. DAVIS should execute his threat of making a speech, the Senate referred the subject.

Then there was a first-class wrangle about giving pensions to Mrs. LINCOLN and Mrs. RAWLINGS. It was represented that Mrs. LINCOLN was given up to riotous living upon pumpernickel and ganzebroost, at a German watering-place, and that there was a rumor afloat that unless Congress pensioned her at once, she might marry a German prince. Mr. SHERMAN, on behalf of the Finance Committee, represented that German princes were notoriously expensive and impecunious, and that it would be much cheaper to pension Mrs. LINCOLN alone than to pension her and a German prince together. He submitted some statements, showing what it had cost Great Britain to have German princes marrying into the Royal family. The Senate, therefore, incontinently passed the bill.

Mr. Morrill introduced a neat little swindle, which does equal credit to his hand and heart, providing that the United States should have the free use of all patents granted under it. He said this was to discourage that pernicious class of men, the inventors. In many branches of industry, such as arms, the Government was the only customer of the inventor. In those cases, the inventor's gray hairs would be brought immediately to the grave. And inasmuch as the Government had a finger in almost every body's pie, the future FULTONS and GOODYEARS would starve to death before the completion of their diabolical devices.

Some land-grabs were rushed through, when Mr. SAULSBURY objected. He said nobody made any thing out of this except the Western Senators. He called upon the men of the Eastern States to stand up for their share. He had a little game in the interest of his own constituents. It was no chimerical railway. It was a good, substantial, practical concern. He demanded six million acres in behalf of the Delaware Balloon Navigation Company. If this demand were not complied with, it would show that the Senate were actuated by the basest personal motives.

HOUSE.

The gentle JULIAN insisted upon proposing his sixteenth or seventeenth amendment. He said that he understood several women intended to vote, and he introduced this to preserve his domestic peace.

Mr. JENCKES, for the forty-fifth time, called up his Civil Service bill.

Mr. BUTLER, for the thirty-seventh time, introduced a bill to annex San Domingo.

Mr. KELLEY and Mr. SCHENCK raved a neat but not new duett, "Give us Tariff or give us Death."

Mr. LOGAN gave a fine rendering of his famous bass solo, "The Tariff be Hanged."

Mr. SCHENCK intimated that Mr. LOGAN was an insect. At first he said he was a pismire, but the Speaker said pismire was not parliamentary, and he modified it to grasshopper.

Mr. KELLEY said that he took his stand upon American pig-iron, for which our fathers fought and bled. Did they never hear of Valley Forge? Our fathers suffered in that forge for the sake of protecting their children in the right to smelt in other forges. He said that the man who could smelt two pigs of iron where only one was smelted before, was a public benefactor.

Mr. COX said he could not smelt a pig, but he thought he smelt a rat.

Mr. JENCKES said he thought his Civil Service bill would tend to diminish stealing.

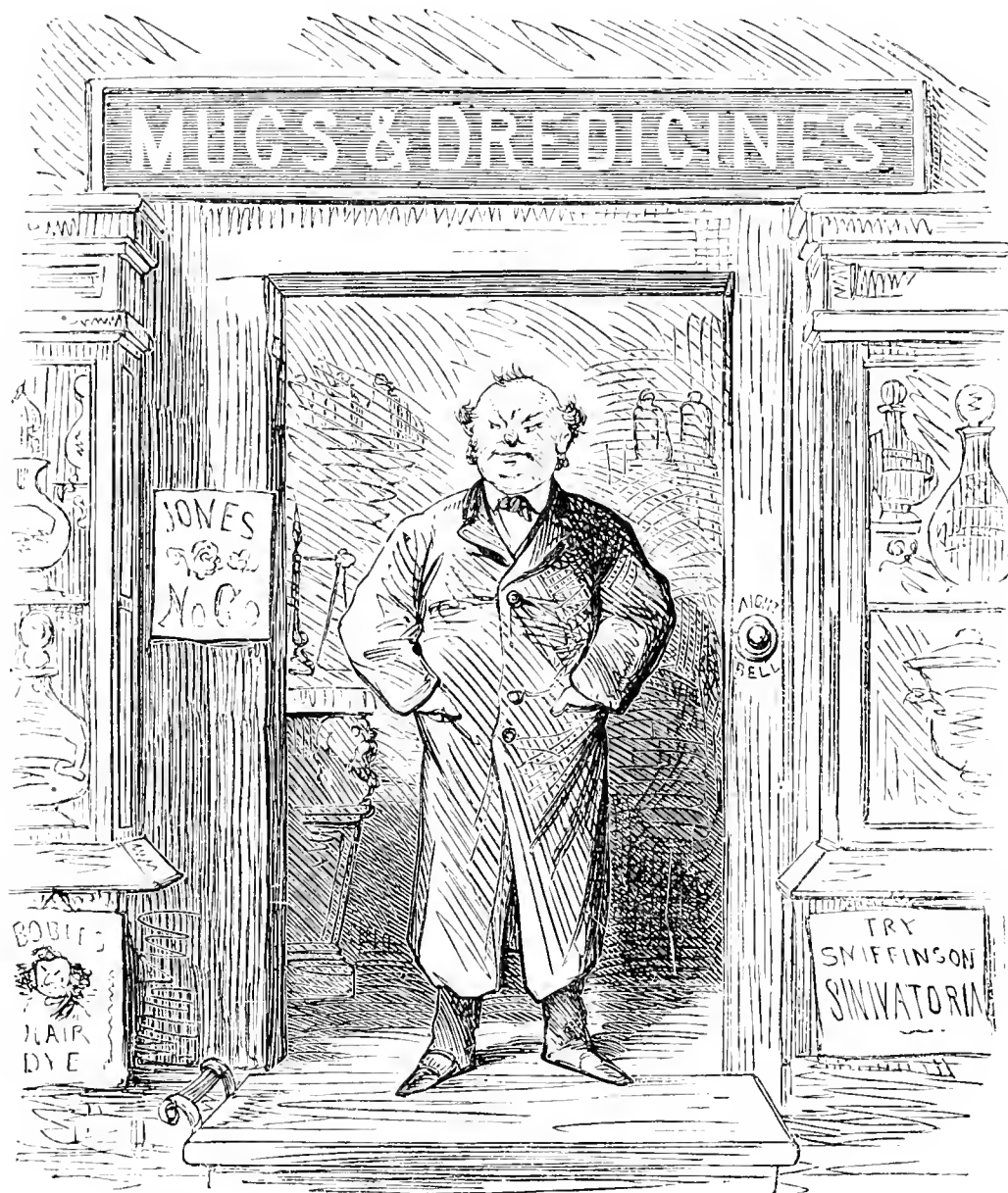
Mr. PETERS said he would oppose it for that very reason. He wished to reward his friends. It was no reward for a man who stood by his country in her hour of peril, to be given an office in which he had to work for a living. What patriot would not be disgusted by the ingratitude of a country which dared to insult him like that? There was nothing in this bill to prevent a man dripping with loyal gore from holding office, if he was honest and intelligent; whereas, one of his, Mr. PETERS's staunchest supporters might be refused an office, if he had the misfortune to be dishonest and dull. The notion of making "capacity and integrity" a qualification for office-holding was unprecedented, and was preposterous. If things went on in this way, even members of Congress would be compelled to do something for their pay. Now he preferred to administer the public service on the good old principle they all had practised, of "You tickle me and I'll tickle you."

NOTES FROM CHICAGO.

THE Garden City seems to be in a quiescent state at present. There is no startling divorce case on the *tapis*, and the main portion of the Court House has not yet fallen in, and Mr. H.'s wife has not recently surprised him in any well-matured plan for putting a *quies* upon her existence. Domestic felicity is unusually prevalent. The scarlet-fever and measles have prevailed to a somewhat alarming extent; but the most contagious of all has been the *French fever*. This malady seems to have spread amongst all classes; the fashionable and the unfashionable, the strong-minded and the frivolous. French teachers swarm like bees, here, there, and every where, and all speaking the purest Parisian French; even Mons. L' HARMONIQUE, who comes from that wee little town in Canada, where the Canucks "most do congregate." But he says "the Americans do love so much numbug," that he gives them their fill of that article.

We have had French parties, French plays, French lectures. We read French, speak French, sing French, and look French; and, if you are so barbarously ignorant as not to understand that language, why, you might just as well retire for an old fossil or petrification. You're obsolete, that's all; as much behind the times as RIP VAN WINKLE himself, after his memorable sleep. English is out of date here—a relic of the Dark Ages. Fashionable ladies return from Paris, bringing with them accomplished *bonnes*, and every one is prohibited from speaking a word of English to the children; but, in spite of every precaution, the vulgar little creatures will drop the musical foreign tongue, and speak their own native language. They are christened ADELE, MARIE, or CLAIRE; the SUSANS, MARYS, and ELLENS having ceased to exist.

Parisian fashions, of course, reign triumphant, and the pretty young girls in French frizzes and furbelows, shrug their fair white shoulders exactly as they see "that elegant Madame DE—" do, and gesticulate with what they imagine to be the true French grace and vivacity. They all have a charming young teacher, with whom they carry on a most romantic flirtation, that of course means nothing; and each one of these fair students, (who conscientiously puts a "g" to every termination possible, and who says *monseer*.) will tell you, with a complacent smile, that Professor — considers her pronunciation unusually excellent. They are all studying in the blissful anticipation of a trip to Paris, where they will be presented to the Empress in yellow satin gowns, and then, when they return, how eagerly will they be sought by the fashionable young snobs, who long will see upon their fair brows the reflection of imperial glory. That is, if the dark-eyed ROMEOS abroad allow them ever to return to their native country.



MR. GLAUBER, DRUGGIST, WHO HAS HAD A DISPUTE WITH HIS SIGN-PAINTER, IS NOT AWARE THAT THE LATTER HAD COME IN THE NIGHT, AND TRANSPOSED THE LETTERING OF HIS NEW SIGN-BOARD. THIS ACCOUNTS FOR THE COMPLACENCY OF MR. G., AS HE VIEWS THE CROWDS OF PEOPLE OVER THE WAY WHO STOP TO GAZE AT IT.

COMIC ZOOLOGY.

Order—Reptilia.

SPECIES—BULL-FROG.

ALTHOUGH the batrachian is of the genus *bufo*, he is by no means a *bufo* genius. He may be styled the solemn organist of the swamp; slough music being his specialty. Like other out-door performers on wind instruments, he is chiefly heard in pleasant weather, and during the summer his organ is without stops. Being a Democrat, he appreciates the dignity of labor, and consequently is not ashamed to blow his own bellows.

Winter shuts the bull-frog up like a four-bladed jack-knife, and he does not open until the blades are started by the Spring. He seldom leaves his mud bivouac for active service before April, but a Forward March sometimes induces him to move earlier. As a rule, however, the smaller varieties of the species begin to ply their bog-pipes some weeks before he volunteers a voluntary.

Originally, this member of the Frog family had no surname, but about two thousand years ago, in consequence of his disastrous failure in an attempt to rival a male animal of the bovine species, the prefix "bull" was incorporated with his patronymic by a crooked little Greek. The name, however, more appropriately belongs to the Horned Frog of Sumatra.

The habits of the Bull-Frog are believed by observant naturalists to be strictly temperate, although there is a rumor afloat that he has been seen Over the Bay in New-Jersey. It is suspected, however, that the originators of the story were persons who visited that State to avoid the restrictions of the Sunday liquor-law, and consequently saw as through a glass darkly. Be that as it may, it is certain that this species of reptiles (unlike the "paragon of animals") is never too drunk to navigate.

Mankind is deeply indebted to the Bull-Frog. We should never have known how to keep our heads above water but for their example, and, though Mr. CHASE may not be aware of the fact, their greenbacks were the first that ever issued from the Banks of America. Naturally, therefore, they are in advance of SALMON, and, long before he put our currency on its present footing, the hinder limb of a bull-frog was a legal tender.

The frog exists in most parts of the world, and at one time all the varieties of the species were Plaguily abundant in Egypt. They were introduced there to punish the people for their rascality, and appeared in such numbers among the Egyptian blacklegs that they stopped the game of PHARAOH. There is nothing poetic in the aspect of the frog. It is simply a tenacious bag of wind, yet it has occasionally given an impulse to the divine *afflatus*. We have it on the authority of the celebrated traveller Count SMORLTORK that the distinguished Mrs. LEO HUNTER once wrote an "Ode to a Perspiring Frog."

The costume of a Bull-Frog consists of a green coat with yellow vest and brownish breeches, and when he requires a change of uniform, he pulls off the old one and swallows it. This fact has been doubted; but why should it be deemed incredible? Are there not parallel cases in the human family? GOLDSMITH tells us that he once lived for a fortnight on his coat and waistcoat; and every pawnbroker knows that a cast-off suit often furnishes the material for a family dinner. Why should not a frog sustain life with his Pants as well as a Christian?

Common brown frogs are good baits for FISH in most of the counties in this State; but when you go to HAMILTON try the greenbacks.

The unlicked cubs of the batrachian family are known (irrespective of sex) as Pollywogs, and are the meanest of all the reptile race except the radical Seali-wags. They are all heads and tails, and then, not the toss of a copper to choose between the two ends, as regards hideousness. The manner in which the tails are gradually developed into legs is very curious, but, as this is not a Caudal lecture, it is unnecessary to describe the process.

It has been metrically stated that the fast young batrachian goes a wooing in an Opera hat, irrespective of his mother's consent, but this assertion is not borne out by BUFFON or CUVIER, and may be set down as a *lapsus lyre*. Upon the whole the Bull-Frog, though harmless as a lamb, is nearly as stupid as a donkey, which accounts for his taking up his abode among Morasses, when he might dwell in the woods with the turtle and "feel like a bird." Furthermore, and finally, the subject is a slippery one and difficult to handle, and, therefore, with this remark we drop it.

A Clerical Error.

A PRESBYTERIAN clergyman, the Rev. CHARLES B. SMYTHE, has been scandalizing a community in New-Jersey by putting gin in his milk, and that on a Sunday afternoon. From the rebuke administered to Rev. SMYTHE by the authorities of his church, it appears that his case must have been a very aggravated one. They admonished him to "walk more correctly in future," the inference to be drawn from which is that the amount of milk-punch, outside of which Rev. SMYTHE had placed himself, was sufficient to impart a stagger to his gait.

Right to a T.

THE employment of Chinese laborers to build railroads is very suggestive of a well-known product of the Celestial Empire, since railroad tracks are usually laid with T rails.

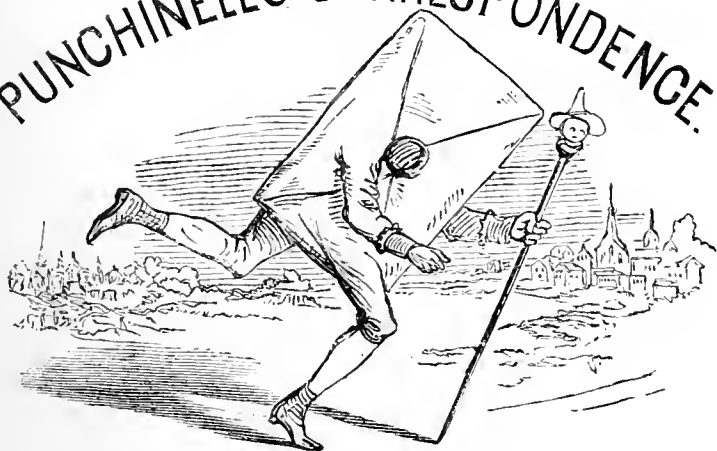
"What's in a Name?"

LETTERS of the Alphabet.

A Be-Knighted Set.

THE Canadian Government.

PUNCHINELLO CORRESPONDENCE.



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Anxious Inquirer. Can you give me any clue to the whereabouts of Collector BAILEY? I have advertised repeatedly for information concerning him without the slightest success.

N. B. PUNCHINELLO begs to give notice that he doesn't keep a detective police agency, but the gentleman in question is said to be in *Esse*.

Economist. Is a gentleman who invites a lady to the theatre obliged to hire a carriage to take her in?

Answer. Not at all. He can Take her In by not keeping his appointment, or—he can charter an omnibus if he likes.

Vinous. Can you give me any information about high wines and dry wines? Can wines be high and not dry, or both high and dry, or how? Please explain. Was HENRI de BOURBON the last of the Bourbons?

Answer I. DELMONICO'S *Clos Vouquet* at \$16 per bottle is a high wine but not a dry wine. It might be, though, if it wasn't wet. II. Not by a good many.

X. Please, Mr. PUNCHINELLO, who were CASTOR and POLLUX?

Answer. Twins. (By Gemini you ought to have known that!)

Scissors. Where can I have access to old files of the leading newspapers?

Answer. In the editorial rooms of the same. You must be brief, however, as their time is valuable, and these Old Files are apt to be crusty, if bored.

Old Salt. How can sea-sickness be avoided?

Answer. By never going to sea.

Linnæus. Does a knowledge of botany necessarily involve a knowledge of square root and cube root?

Answer. Our correspondent is evidently trying to quiz us. PUNCHINELLO will pay no attention to levity of this sort.

Claude. I desire to make a few presents to a young lady who is intellectual but very timid. What shall I give her?

Answer. Presents of Mind.

M. C. I am going to buy a new faro-table for my place up-town—you know where. What is the best shape and material?

Answer. A Square Deal table generally suits *players* the best.

Williams. No, sir; the term Fiscal year has no reference to Col. FISK, Jr.

Gardener. Haydn's Book of Dates is not a Horticultural book.

Byron, Jr. Your verses would be much better if you would pay less attention to your Feet and more to your Head.

M. J. B. Dear Mr. PUNCHINELLO: Our darling little pet, Tinkums, is not well, and does nothing but cry all night, to Charlie's great vexation. What will stop the little darling's crying?

We would suggest a hot pitch plaster directly over the mouth—that is, if the child was in the house with us.

Ego Sum.

I AM some. (Pumpkins understood.)

The Milky Way.

THE road from Orange County.

Edwin to Emma.

FLAX Vobiseum.

SAILING DIRECTIONS

FOR ENTERING AND LEAVING YOKOHAMA BAY.

FROM our special correspondent in Washington we have received the following Special Order of the Navy Department, directing United States men-of-war how to approach and leave Yokohama:

SPECIAL ORDER NO. 999.

In consequence of the late disaster to the U. S. sloop *Oncida*, the following rules are hereby published for the guidance of vessels of war approaching the Bay of Yokohama:

I. On making the land, or if at night, on striking the soundings, all hands will be called to prayers.

II. After prayers all boats will be lowered and towed astern, to be out of the way of damage.

III. The gunner, under direction of the executive officer, will dismount all guns, and strike them into the hold. The reasons for this action will be at once apparent to commanders of vessels, when they reflect that, in case of collision, the guns would be useless as signals, owing to the extraordinary deafness of the officers belonging to the Peninsular and Oriental Mail Steamship Company; and a reference to the details of the *Oncida*'s disaster will show the danger of the guns breaking loose and destroying human life. They will, therefore, be at once stowed in the hold.

IV. On entering the bay, the helm must be kept amidships. The rule of the road, according to English interpretation, is so difficult of comprehension that the above is by far the safest plan.

V. Each officer and man will be directed to secure upon his person such valuables belonging to him as he can conveniently carry.

VI. Finally, it shall be the duty of the commander to see that all hands are provided with life-preservers.

VII. The same rules will apply to vessels leaving Yokohama and proceeding to sea.

VIII. Having taken the above precautions, vessels may stand boldly into the bay, and in case they are run into and sunk by any other vessel (say for example one of the Peninsular and Oriental Company's ships) their officers and men will stand some little chance of saving their lives. But should all precautions fail, the gallant crew will be no doubt greatly consoled, as they sink to their graves, by the reflection that a pious Congress will pass resolutions of sympathy for their widows and orphans.

A PLEA FOR PROTECTION.

MR. PUNCHINELLO: I like your paper, though it is altogether too light and trifling in its treatment of serious subjects. Besides, it never treats of any thing serious. This won't do. The earnest men and women of the nation require something better at your hands. I have an essay on the "Origin of Evil," which I forward to you by this mail, and which, when published, will give an entirely different character to your journal. I want you, moreover, to advocate our American doctrine of Protection. Even our ablest statesmen, KELLEY, GREELEY, and DANIEL PRATT, have never carried this doctrine far enough. They are willing to protect American iron-masters by prohibiting the introduction of foreign iron, but why don't they protect American laborers by forbidding foreign workmen to land on our shores? I demand protection for the native ditcher. Forbid the Irishmen to land here and to lower the price of labor by competing with our own ditch-diggers. Put a stop to the influx of German tailors and bootmakers, who prevent native artists from earning the wages that would otherwise be theirs. Protect our authors by prohibiting the sale of works written by foreigners. Keep all foreign pictures out of the country, and give our own POWELLS and ROSSITERS a chance. And, above all, protect our American girls by preventing any pretty English, French, or German girls from coming in competition with them. These foreign girls bring their pretty faces here and glut the matrimonial market. The fewer the marriageable girls, the higher their market value. We protect iron-workers, and decline to protect our own daughters. This is an outrage. Shall we prevent the railroad companies from laying rails made of foreign iron, and permit husbands to marry foreign wives? Every patriotic and protectionist instinct revolts against it. I want you to take this matter up. Let us have no more foreign manufactures, foreign iron, foreign books, foreign laborers, or foreign girls. This is the true American system, and I look to you to aid in carrying it out.

MOTHER CAREY.

PUNCHINELLO IS SORRY.



LAS! it is with tears in his eyes, albeit unaccustomed to such humor, that PUNCHINELLO condoles with the ladies of Massachusetts on the defeat of the proposition to endow them with the right of suffrage. The Puritan Patriots in the State Legislature, who unanimously recognize the "inborn right" of the black field-hands of South Carolina and Georgia to make laws for the white women of the Republic, have scornfully denied, by a vote of 133 to 68, that the white women aforesaid have any political rights at all; thus officially proclaiming to the world that they consider their wives,

their daughters, and the mothers that bore them, inferior to the ignorant male African; unworthy to vote with him at the polls or to sit with him in council.

PUNCHINELLO is aware that the ladies of Massachusetts had set their hearts upon rising to the negro level "before the law," and can therefore appreciate their disappointment; but they ought to have known that neither the ties of nature, the bonds of wedlock, nor the claims of intelligence, are of any force in the Home of the Pilgrims, as compared with the influence of the Ebony Lords of Creation, whose reign as sovereigns commenced with the ratification of the Fifteenth Amendment.

The STANTONS, the BLACKWELLS, and the ANTHONYS, the Members of the Women's Parliament and the Sisters of Sorosis, advocated negro suffrage with the full expectation of sharing the franchise with PETE and CUFF; but alas! while these wool-dyed Africans are conducted in triumph to the ballot-box, *they* are ignominiously thrust back from it. For this black wrong there is no colorable pretext. There is not a shade of excuse for it, and PUNCHINELLO hopes that it will open the eyes of the ladies of the land, and prevent them henceforth and for ever from placing the slightest confidence in the gallantry or impartiality of the Puritanic prigs of New-England.

ASTRONOMICAL CONVERSATIONS.

[BY A FATHER AND DAUGHTER RESIDING ON THE PLANET VENUS.]

No. III.

D. Now then, father, for that Description of the Telescope!

F. Very well, my child. The great Object of the telescope—

D. Is the Object-Glass, is it not, father?

F. Come, come, HELENE; no nonsense, now. The great object had in view by the inventors of the telescope—

D. Father, don't you mean the Great Object they *expected* to have in view, when they got it made; a Distant World, for instance?

F. Pshaw, child! be serious. Don't spoil a good thing by untimely interjections. They are as *mal à propos* as a mosquito coming across the Field of View.

D. I'd rather he'd do that than come across *me*!

F. Well, HELENE, you are positively exasperating!

D. Not more so than your mosquito.

F. Well, I declare—this is too bad!

D. So is his bite!

F. Well, well; I must walk out and take the air. [Going.]

D. Yes, pa, (and see that you don't take any thing else!) Now, then! for a grand look for my Charmer! Really, I am getting quite Earthly! [Looks through the instrument a few moments.] Why, what is this? Oh, pshaw! I see! I've got JUPITER by mistake! I mistook one of his Belts for a new Belt Railroad. It would have been a Big Thing, that railroad; not less than 75,000 miles long, as I figure it. Perhaps those Belts *are* Railroads! Perhaps they have Rings there, as they have at Saturn, only less conspicuous. JUPITER is rather a slushy planet, if I am correct in regard to its Specific Gravity; of

about the consistency, perhaps, of the New-York Poultrice Pavement I've been reading about. I should think that JUPITER's lack of gravity and consistency would make him a favorite with Aldermen—not the less for having so many Satellites. I wonder if the New Charter is the celebrated Magna Charter under a new name? Probably it is no better. Oh, dear! the annoyance of living so far away! Nothing here attracts me. The distant, the unattainable, is all I think or care about!

F. [Coming in quietly.] What's that, HELENE, about the charms of the Unattainable? You don't seem to see any thing very attractive in MERCURY or MARS!

D. Well, some things may be both unattainable and undesirable. That's the case with the little thieving god MERCURY, and that big red-skinned Prize-Fighter, MARS. I can't understand, however, why these disreputable deities should be worshipped in your favorite New-York.

F. Well, as near as I can see, (a matter of a few million miles, more or less,) when you speak of Worship, they have more regard there for Millinery than any thing else. The Christian Religion is based on Humility, which has Purity and Simplicity for her Handmaids. Look into some of these New-York churches! see how the jewels glisten, the rich stuffs fall gracefully in massive folds. Observe the sumptuousness, the elaborate display! A fine Humility this! Then look at the ceremonial. Here is a church edifice, belonging to a denomination that assumes to be Decent and Orderly in ceremony. Is it so in *this* church? What means all this tawdriness of color, the crimson, the blue, the gold; what signify these fantastic designs and figures, these monkey-like genuflections; this wilderness of sign and symbol, this elaborate abasement, this theatrical show of exaltation? *This* an improvement on the old dignified simplicity? Do you tell me that childishness, and prettiness, and pettiness, are valid substitutes for a genuine, manly modesty and simplicity?

D. (Oh, dear! he's been drinking again! How bitter the Bitters do make him!) Look! Father, come, quick! Here is a Railroad Accident, such as you have often wished to see. Two trains have collided, and both have rolled down an embankment at least seventy feet high! into a river, I do declare! They are all lost!

F. Do let me see at once, HELENE! [Looks eagerly.] Ah, yes; all gone; nothing visible but one smoke-pipe, three stove-pipe hats, four bits of orange-peel, some pea-nut shells, and thirteen copies of the *New-York Ledger*. Sad fate! But see! Some dry-goods—no, a young lady flounders along toward the shore! The bystanders rush up; she is nearly exhausted; pants rapidly; they congratulate her. A well-dressed young man approaches. She instantly begins to think of her looks; her hand flies to her back hair. Heavens! there is so much gone there that she shrieks in alarm! Her fall in the water has detached her Waterfall! *That* gone, every thing is gone! She springs to her feet! Glancing hurriedly over the watery waste, now plentifully strewn with fans, little canes, and certain objects which are either mail-bags or *chignons*, she deseries her better part, and with a wild cry, (as when a mother rescues her babe from tigers,) dashes in and seizes the darling object! She presses it to her lips, and impetuously breaks for the shore! Alas! too late, by about ten and a half seconds! "Save it!" she seems to cry; tosses the wad ashore, and down she goes, with her hand on the back of her head, her last thoughts, evidently, more or less, connected with that sympathizing young man on the bank above.

D. Father, you talk like a brute! Have you no feeling? Boo—hoo hoo—hoo!

F. Child, I am *all* feeling. Boo—hoo—hoo—too!

HORTICULTURAL HINTS.

KITCHEN GARDEN.—Plant pickles early, if you are up in time; if not, later. But don't *eat* them late, unless you are equally fond of dyspepsia.

In planting peas, select that kind that does not grow hard and yellow; that is, unless you supply boarding-houses, or have a government contract for the supply of shot.

Grated turnips, mixed with horse-radish, for the table, will assuage one's grief for one's grandmother.

Rice-puddings can be grown, ready-made, by sowing rice with cow-cumbers. Try it.

NURSERY.—Transplant from hot-beds to bath-tub as soon as possible, using sponge with palm-soap and cold water. Top-dress with comb and brush. Trim limbs according to age. Train with rods. Much depends on starting right, so start to school right after breakfast.

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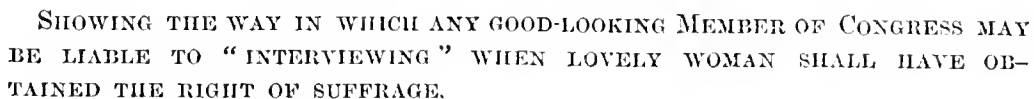
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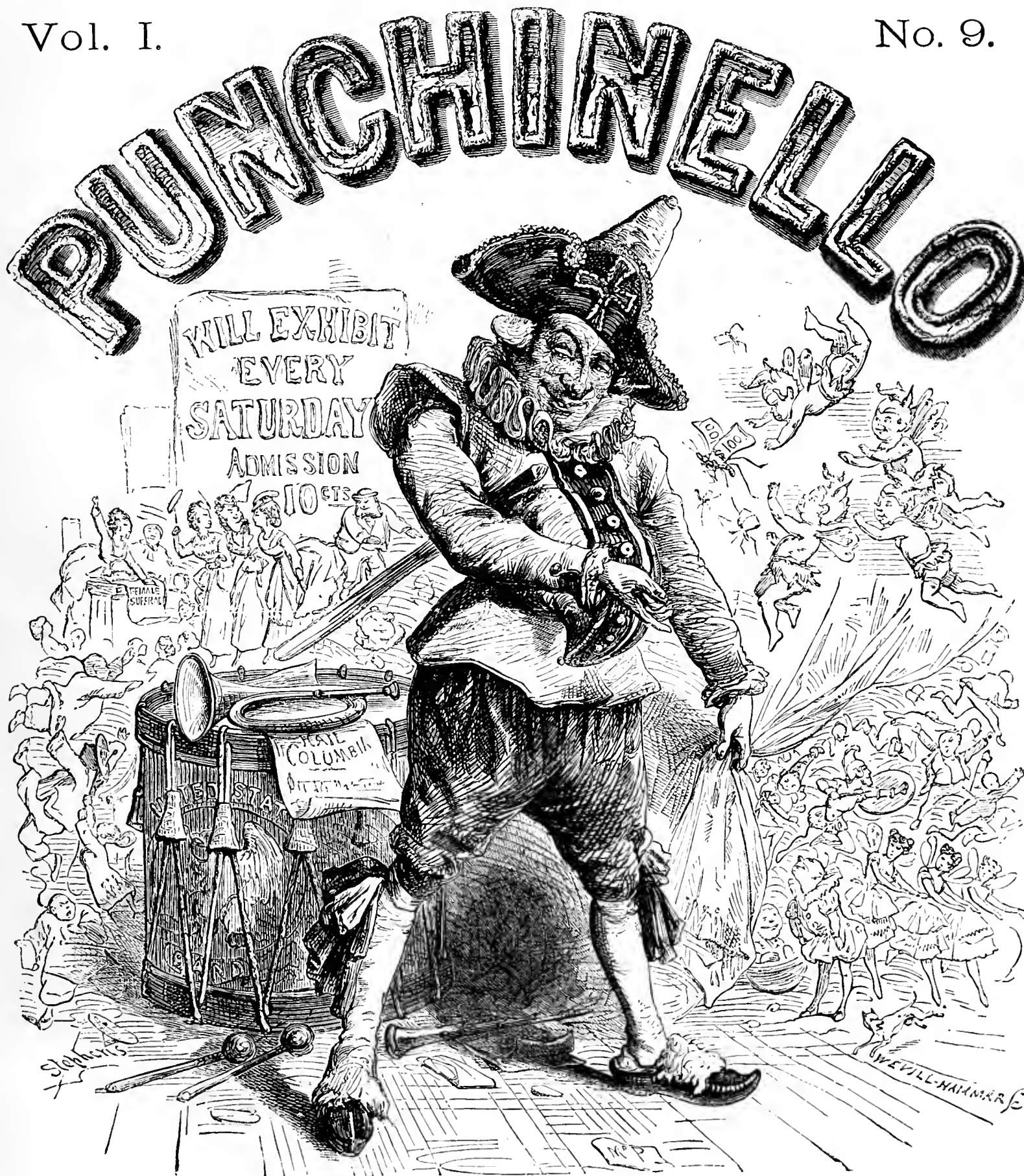
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HIGH NOTES BY OUR MUSICAL CRITIC.

PUNCHINELLO's critic, always the friend of fair-play, resents the insinuation that Mr. CARL ROSA has been a careless director of Opera. The truth is that Mr. ROSA has not produced the smallest work without a great deal of Pareparation.

FLÖTOW's *Shadow* is to be brought out in London. It will not stand the ghost of a chance unless well mounted. Music light and sketchy; remarkable for a Chorus of Fishermen, well known as the "Shad oh! song."

Lohengrin has had a run of eight nights at Brussels, with average receipts of little less than four thousand francs. This sort of tune is the only one in the music of the Future which managers can understand. Nevertheless Herr WAGNER is not out of spirits. Intent upon laying the foundations of future wealth and fame, he can lay Low and Grin. Brussels gold will serve him as well as *Rheingold*.

THE difference between BACH's music and a music-box is yet an unsettled conundrum. Such is likely to be the fate of the question raised with so much temper over the Passion-Music of that great man by the English critics. Shame on all critics that condemn MOZART as a foggy and BACH as a nuisance. Of course it is going back on BACH with a vengeance, but what sympathy can exist between the old fuguemakers and the modern high-flyers?



Lady Superintendent, (blandly but firmly.) "EXCUSE ME, SIR, BUT IT'S AGAINST THE RULES FOR GENTLEMEN TO PLACE THEIR FEET ON CHAIRS."

LATEST NEWS ITEMS.

A SHEFFIELD paper has been prosecuted for asserting that the Prince of Wales was a fast young man. The prosecution was withdrawn as soon as the editor confessed that the Prince was loose.

THE Treasury Department is much distressed by the great genius for smuggling displayed by the Chinese immigrants. They secrete opium in all sorts of wonderful places, and so worry the custom-house officers dreadfully. Several children have been arrested for bringing their "poppies" over with them, and feeling in favor of the offenders ran so high that a number of women were fined for having a share in laud'n'm.

THE bull fights in London have come to a mournful conclusion. The bulls refused to take part, and the principal combatant instead of being all Matted O'er with the blood of his taurine victims, has been sent to prison for trying to Pick a Door lock.

THE Last of the Piegans is travelling East, on his way to Philadelphia, to see "SHERIDAN's Ride." He was away from home when PHILIP was there, and is very anxious to know the young man when he sees him again. Hence his laudable anxiety to study the picture.

The Fenian Army.

IF the Fenians send an army to aid the Red river insurgents, it may probably be the only "RIEL" work they will attempt this year.

WHAT I KNOW ABOUT PROTECTION.

DEAR PUNCHINELLO: Having skilfully illuminated Free Trade, I now proceed to elucidate Protection. You see when we reach Protection, the boot is on the other leg; *you* make the conundrums then, and the other man tries to guess them. There are many kinds of protection; there's the kind which a State's prison-keeper gives to one of his birds; the kind which a black-and-tan terrier, or a freshly-imported Chinaman, extends to a good fat rat; the kind which a pious young man offers to a fair and tender damsel, when he places his arm around her dainty waist, and gently absorbs the dew of innocence from her rosy lips, (that idea, is, I think, plagiarized from TENNYSON,) and the kind which a delicate mother-in-law, blessed with nerves, pours out upon her son-in-law. But I leave the discussion of such things to weaker birds, and soar myself to a higher kind, *i. e.*, that Protection which is diametrically opposed to Free Trade.

Protection, in this sense, is—well, let me follow my own admirable example, and illustrate: You own a coal mine in Pennsylvania, which contains tolerably poor coal, with which you mix a proper amount of stone, and then sell the mixture for a high price. ICHABOD BLUENOSE owns a coal mine in Nova Scotia, which furnishes good coal; he puts no slate in it, and yet sells it at a low figure. You reflect that with such opposition you will never manage to dispose of all your stone, so you apply to Congress, and have a high tariff put on coal. That's Protection. Metaphysically defined, Protection is the natural right, inherent in every American citizen, to obtain money in large quantities for goods of small qualities.

Protection is not a natural production; it was invented about the time taxes were, though it must be admitted that those very annoying articles appeared very early in the history of the human race. I've no doubt that ADAM levied taxes, though it's very doubtful if he could put as many things in a tax levy as a New-York politician can. Certainly there was a very high tariff on apples in his day—so high that humanity has not yet succeeded in paying off the duty on the one ADAM ate. ABRAHAM paid taxes, and, as he was his own Senate and House, doubtless he passed a tariff bill to suit himself, and had any quantity of Protection. I have always regretted that NOAH didn't pass a bill protecting native industry, because he could have enforced it, and had no wrangling about it.

There are one or two points about Protection which a wayfaring man, even if people labor under the impression that he is a fool, can understand. If you are JOHN SMITH and own a coal mine or an iron mill, you go to Washington, see your Congressman, (by see I mean look at him, of course,) donate large sums of money to certain poor, but honest men, who adorn the lobby of the House, while they are waiting for generous patrons like unto you, then go home and calmly await the result. Your representative makes a speech, the exordium of which is Patriotism, the peroration of which is Star-Spangled Banner, and the central plum of which is your coal mine or iron mill. Your poor and honest friends wear out several pairs of shoes, the tariff bill is passed, your mine or mill is abundantly protected, and the country is saved. If, on the other hand, you are JOHN BROWN, and raise cabbages and turnips on a farm, you are allowed to pay high prices for SMITH's coal or iron, but you expect no Protection, and you've a sure thing of getting what you expect.

Of course you don't imagine that I shall explain the details of this profound subject. There are only two men in this country who think they can do that, and each one of those says that the other is an idiot. As a rule, figures can't lie; but look out for the exceptions when you run across the subject of Protection. The very same figures have an ugly way of proving both sides of a question. You run down a fact, and think you've got it, but, before you know it, it has slipped, like the "little joker," over to the other side.

Personally, I am a Protectionist. Formerly I indulged in that monstrous absurdity, Free Trade, but then I was an importer; now, being a manufacturer, the scales have fallen from my eyes, and I am of the straitest sect a Protectionist. You can't give me too much of it. Of course I can't see why pig-iron should be protected, and pigs not. I think every native production should be cared for, and that there should be an excessively high tariff on foreign food. In that case poor REVERDY JOHNSON would have been compelled to have passed a Lenten season at Halifax, until he had eradicated from his system the rich English dinners, before he could have entered this favored land. And MOTLEY—bless me, he has eaten so much that I don't believe he could

get it out of his body if he fasted for the remainder of his natural life.

I am informed, however, that Protection does us one injury. All the *World* says that there is a Parsee in our land, who is loaded with rupees, but who is unable to spend them here because of our protective system, and what all the *World* says, you know, must be true. However, there are 40,000,000 of us, and, if Congress will make all Americans buy my patent door-knobs, the Parsee can go to—Hindostan.

I don't think any thing more can be said about Protection. Any body who doesn't understand it now had better go to Washington, and listen to the debate on scrap-iron. That will sharpen his wits. Pig-iron, of course, is interesting, but then that's a light and airy subject. Hear the debate on scrap-iron, by all means.

LOT.

A LITERARY VAMPIRE.

No greater mistake was ever made than the supposition that PUNCHINELLO is to be assailed with impunity by rival publications. It is well known that he never courted controversies or quarrels, and his best friends understand perfectly his love for a peaceable career. But when that flippant sheet, known as *Rees's American Encyclopedia*, comes out with a violent attack upon PUNCHINELLO's past life and present course, the assault is such as would provoke a retort from any honest man. The vile insinuation that PUNCHINELLO is printed and published for the sole purpose of making money out of its subscribers and the reading public in general, is too mendacious for refutation; and when the reckless editor of the periodical in question gravely announces that he can never read PUNCHINELLO without laughing at its contents, it will be readily seen that he goes so far as to make use of the truth to serve his wicked purposes. But the descent which this shameless conductor of a journal, confessedly the organ of our ignorant masses, has made into the private life of PUNCHINELLO, is without precedent. He states that for the first fourteen years of his life, PUNCHINELLO was, to all intents and purposes, a person of little or no fortune, and that he depended entirely upon his parents for support; that, until he had reached his fifth birthday, he had absolutely no knowledge of English literature, and was entirely ignorant of even the rudiments of the classics; that he never paid one cent of income tax at that period of his life; and that his belief in the fundamental principles of political economy was, at that time, doubted by all who knew him best! Are such statements as these to be submitted to by a man of honor? Never! PUNCHINELLO dares the recreant editor of the dirty sheet to do his worst! Of that base man he could tell much which would render him unfit for the association of any person living, but he forbears. This much, however, he will say. It is well known that the said calumniator did, at many periods of his life, make use of the services of a *calceolarijus*. Think of that, freemen of America! He has often been known to submit to indignities, such as nose-pulling from the hands of a common *tonsor*, and has been frequently in such a condition that he could not appear in public without the assistance of a *sartor*! Is it fitting that a high-toned journalist should engage in petty recriminations with such a one? "Revenge," says JAMES MURDOCK, "is the sweetest morsel cooked in its own gravy, with *sauce moyennaise*." "Yes," said Dean SWIFT, "and let us have some, and a little gin, say five fingers, and a trifle of milk." Thus it is that we regard the editor of the *Encyclopedia*.

CARLYLE remarks, "Many a vessel, (for if not a vessel, then surely we, or our progenitors, in counting ships, and the assumptive floatative mechanisms of anterior and past ages; or as the Assyrians [under-estimating the force of the correlative elements] declared a bridging, or a going over [not of seas merely, but of those chaotic gaps of the mind] are all wrong enough indeed,) has never got there."

We also think of that editor in this way, and trust that enough has been said to make it plain that PUNCHINELLO is not to be attacked with impunity by every little journal of the day.

Encouraging for Travellers.

THE managers of a leading railroad announce that they take passengers "to all principal points of the West without change." Such unusual liberality, at a time when Change is so scarce with many people, ought to insure for that railroad a great success.

Alike, but Different.

POETRY sometimes has a Ring in it. So has a pig's nose.

THE PLAYS AND SHOWS.



MILITARY dramas might, as a rule, be called with equal propriety millinery dramas. In other words, their success is generally due to their costumes. In this respect they afford a marked contrast to ballet spectacles. The latter give us inanity without clothes; the former, inanity in particularly gorgeous clothes. Which, again, leads to the further remark that the difference between the two styles of inanity is, after all, a clothes thing. This is a joke.

The *Lancers*, now running at WALLACK'S, (a proceeding which implies no want of bravery on the part of that distinguished corps,) is, however, unlike most military dramas, inasmuch as it is a bright and brilliant play. Moreover, it is acted by the best members of the company in their very best manner. Miss LOUISA MOORE, whose golden hair and silvery voice become an actress of genuine mettle as well as gentle grace, is ESTELLE, the heroine; Miss EMILY MESTAYER is the Commanding Sister of Col. EPÉE, who is personated by Mr. FISHER; Mr. WYNDHAM is the Graceless Private, who, having spent his last penny, enlists in the *Lancers* and spends vast sums in beneficiary beer in company with his comrades; Mr. WILLIAMSON is the Kindly Sergeant; Mr. RINGGOLD is the Genial Artist, whose velvet coat suggests that he has recently managed a *Starr opera bouffe* enterprise; and Mr. STODDART is happy in the congenial character of a Clumsy Trumpeter. If any speculative manager pretends that he has a better hypothetical cast in his eye than the present cast of the *Lancers*, let him be given to the surgical tormentors to be operated upon for malignant *strabismus*.

The curtain rises upon the Genial Artist searching for his friend, the Graceless Private, in the empty jugs and glasses at the *Golden Sun Inn*. To him enters the Clumsy Trumpeter.

Genial Artist. "Where can he be? It—it must, and yet—"

Clumsy Trumpeter (without Stoddart's usual oath.) "He's got 'em. Hallo! friend. Do you want any thing?"

Genial Artist. "Yes—no—that is—or rather it isn't—" (Exit, while Trumpeter makes faces at the gallery.)

Enter ESTELLE and her maid, disguised as peasants, and pursued by a troop of lancers.

All the Lancers. "Let me kiss 'em."

Both the Girls. "Scr-r-r-e-e-e-ch."

(Enter Graceless Private.)

Graceless Private. "I will protect you. Get out, all you fellows." (They get out.)

A flirtation between the Private and ESTELLE is at once begun, from which it appears that she came to catch a glimpse of the Colonel, who wants to marry her. She and the Private sit on the table, and fall instantaneously in love. As soon as they are well in, the Lancers return, and ESTELLE flies. Graceless Private, having no money, pays for the co-indebriation of the entire corps, and while engaged in this praiseworthy occupation is found by the Genial Artist, who makes him promise to attend a ball at a neighboring *château*. Enter Kindly Sergeant, who arrests the Graceless Private, and puts him in the guard-house. Curtain falls amid faces from STODDART (without his usual oath) and applause from the audience.

Veteran Play-goer. "Well, I've seen STODDART in every thing he has played this year, and this is the first time he has failed to swear on every ineligible occasion."

Young Lady who frequents Wallack's. "Who is that Clumsy Trumpeter? I don't know him."

Accompanying Young Man. "Why, don't you know STODDART?"

Young Lady. "Nonsense; that isn't STODDART. Why, he hasn't sworn once."

Fast Young Man. "STODDART isn't himself to-night. He hasn't

the spirit to swear. Did you hear the good thing he said Monday night about Miss MOORE? It was devilish good. Says he—" (Repeats an indelicate joke.)

Irate Old Gentleman who overhears the story. "If he said that, sir, he ought to have been hissed off the stage, sir; and turned out of the company, sir! It was an insult to an estimable lady, and an outrage on the audience, sir!"

The second act takes place in the salon of ESTELLE. The Colonel and his Commanding Sister lay siege to ESTELLE'S heart. Graceless Private, in evening dress, countermines the Colonel's forces and routs them, wading deeper than before in the exhilarating surf of love, hand in hand with ESTELLE. (This metaphor has been leased for a term of years to a distinguished hydropathic poet.) Clumsy Trumpeter drops books and things all over the room, and recognizes the Graceless Private. Finally the Colonel and the latter quarrel, and go out in the back yard to fight, where the Private is wounded in the arm. The Colonel returns and announces the result to ESTELLE, who swoons, or at all events, makes an admirable feint of so doing. Curtain.

Fast Young Man. "STODDART didn't try his good joke to-night. He'll say something yet, though, before the play is over."

Everybody Else. "Did you ever see better acting than WYNDHAM'S and Miss MOORE'S? And how capitally FISHER and Miss MESTAYER are playing? STODDART positively hasn't sworn yet. What can be the matter with him?"

Inquiring Maiden, to her travelled lover. "Are the uniforms just like those of the real French Lancers?"

Travelled Lover. "Very nearly. There is one button too many on the front of the Colonel's coat. I know the regiment well. It's the crack artillery regiment in the French service."

Act III. shows us the Graceless Private brought before the Colonel for examination. He feigns drunkenness, but the Colonel suspects him of having been his adversary at the ball. ESTELLE visits the Colonel in order to save her Private lover. He is proved to have broken his arrest, and is sentenced to death. ESTELLE offers to marry the Colonel if he will pardon the Private. The latter's discharge arrives in the nick of time, and as he is thus beyond the reach of the Colonel's vengeance, he graciously pardons him, and joins his hand to that of ESTELLE. He remarks—or ought to—"Bless you, my children." Everybody suddenly finds out that every body else is noble and generous. And so the curtain falls upon a happy garrison, including a Trumpeter who has not sworn a single oath.

One Half of the Audience. "How do you like it? I like it so much."

The Other Half. "I like it immensely."

Chorus from Everybody. "Why didn't STODDART swear?"

Answering Echo from the Tipperary Hills. "Because WALLACK has told him that the public won't stand it any longer."

And the public is right. Mr. STODDART is an exceptionally able actor, but of late he has grown intolerably coarse and vulgar while on the stage. His profanity has disgraced himself and the theatre, and his gratuitous insult to an estimable lady, who had the misfortune to appear in the same scene with him on Monday night, should have secured his instant dismissal from the company, and his perpetual banishment to *Tummany* or *Tony Pastor's*. Let him turn over a new leaf at once. He does not swear in the present play, and the fact is creditable to him. He is a gentleman in private life; let him be a gentleman on the stage. By so doing he will soon be recognized as one of the best comedians of the day. And PUNCHINELLO will be the first to praise him when he lays aside the unnecessary vulgarity with which he has latterly bid for the applause of the gallery.

MATADOR.

THE RELIGION OF TEMPERANCE.

SAYS Poet to Parson—To save men from drinking,
Not many religions are good to my thinking;
To be sure a good Baptist a man of true grace is,
But a Hard Shell, my brother's the hardest of cases.
Your Shouter's too noisy for temperance talking,
Your Come-outer too harsh for right temperate walking.
A Quaker's not steady enough on his beam-ends,
And a Shaker is bad for *delirium tremens*.
But of all the hard drinkers religion has warned,
To my mind the most hopeful's the German Reformed.



THE PET DOGS OF NEW-YORK PRESENT THEIR COMPLIMENTS, WITH THE ABOVE CUT, TO MR. BERGH, AND REQUEST THAT HE WILL CUR-TAIL THE SPORTS OF THOUGHTLESS CHILDREN WHO INSIST UPON PLAYING AT "HORSE" WITH THEM.

THE CONGRESSMAN TO HIS CRITICS.

WELL, talk, if you like; I suppose it's your way;
Each citizen, surely, should say all his say;
I did just so, when I'd nothing to do;
And if I felt like doing so, why shouldn't you!

It's republican, pleasant, and safe, to find fault;
If a man can't do *that*, why he's not worth his salt.
And never, since critics (and fleas) learned their powers,
Was a country more blest with such vermin than ours.

You've learned much about your old friend, it is said;
The farther I'm from you, the plainer I'm read!
When "one of the people" comes here to make laws,
The "people" disown him. Now, what is the cause?

You say I'm not "dignified." Well, friends—are you?
My language, my manners, are rough, it is true;
My tones, and my jokes, (since you say it,) are coarse;
But very few streams rise above their own source.

If we're all "politicians," and *they* are such trash
As you have declared them, why were you so rash
As to give us your votes? What! will nobody "run"
But a "mere politician?" Why, then we're undone!

Come, come—this is nonsense! Be fair, my good sirs!
Let us look at this question. Suppose it occurs
That a long, prosy speech is about to be made;
If you say, "Stay and hear it," must you be obeyed?

But ours is a "serious business." True!
And so are some other things serious, too!

Logical.

ONE PULLMAN, who preaches the "milk of the word," (not without gin, PUNCHINELLO supposes,) declares that the BIBLE is full of lies. Well, according to his own view of it, PULLMAN must be full of Scripture.

The Real Fact.

MR. COLFAX, says the Cincinnati *Gazette*, intends to call his new-born son CASABIANCA, the Vice-President having once "stood on a burning deck," etc. PUNCHINELLO discovers a shrewder reason. The plain English for *Casabianca* is White-House.

Concealed Weapons.

DETROIT drunkards, says an exchange, use a stocking with a stone in it to avoid arrest—just as if a hat "with a brick in it" were not enough!

Written With a Steal Pen.

So great is the habit among editors of cribbing from each other, that if one were to write an article about an egg another would immediately Poach it.

The Battle of Hastings.

THE fight between the *Commercial Advertiser* and THEODORE TILTON.

Triumphs of the Chisel.

THE Wall street "busts." Good judges pronounce them Per Phidias.

What an Asthmatic Artist can not Draw.

A LONG breath.

"The American Working-woman's Union" Most Sought After.
MARRIAGE.

The Latest Edition of "Shoo! Fly."
Mosquito" at Niblo's.

Such as courtships, and dinners, and headaches, and blues,
And sight-seeing friends, whom 'tis death* to refuse!

Now, many of us (though it should not be said!)
Are really stupid, and haven't much head.
We don't take that view of our duty that *you* do;
We're often so bothered we don't know what *to* do!

Our votes look decided—as though we *did* know;
But that's because BUTLER or SCHENCK voted so.
Such points may come up, in the course of the day,
As would puzzle the Seraphim some, I should say!

Besides, gentle friends! did you ever think so?
Perhaps we are paying you all that we owe.
If you want better service, why send better men,
And be better yourselves. It will all be right, then.

Come on, Ladies!

AN Anti-mustache movement has begun in Boston. PUNCHINELLO begs to explain that it begins altogether with the ladies, and is, of course, Right Against the mustaches.

For Lunatics Only.

THE latest whim of the Lunatics in one of the Indiana Asylums is the notion that they can design and build opera-houses. Well, we have lots of crazy architecture, and more than one gentleman has acknowledged himself insane for investing in opera-houses. But PUNCHINELLO thinks that the tastes of the insane would be better encouraged if directed to the building of Courts of Justice. Every Court-house, thus constructed, would be a monument to the Plea of Insanity

* Political death, of course.

GLIMPSES OF FORTUNE.

YOU may not think so, my dear PUNCHINELLO, but it is true. I have had them. I am not one of your bloated aristocrats—just at the present moment—but I know as well as any one what WHITTIER meant when he said “it might have been.” As an instance of this, I will just state that it has not been a very long time since, in looking over the columns of one of our principal dailies, I saw something among the personals which seemed to touch my interests in a very decided way. I often look over the “Personals,” for I know well the connection between fortune and the Press. I have not forgotten the success of A. T. STEWART and many other millionaires, and their dependence on the newspapers—but never until that day had I seen any thing in that mystic column which could possibly be construed to apply to me. As for the rest of the paper, I knew that there was nothing to interest me there. You see I was after Fortune. The advertisement to which I refer read as follows:

“If the gentleman in a dark hat and gray pantaloons, who, in a Broadway stage, one day last week, passed up the fare for a lady with blue eyes and high-heeled boots, will call at 321 Dash street, second floor, he will hear of something to his advantage.
A. R. R.”

Now, it so happened, that during the whole of the preceding week I had worn a black hat and gray pantaloons; indeed, I had them on yet, and, to tell the truth, I had no others. Therefore, this part of the case was all clear enough. There was no reason why the gentleman inquired for should not be me. I had certainly ridden in a stage in the last week, and I remember very well that I passed up the fare for a lady with blue eyes. I performed a similar service for several ladies; but one of them, I am sure, had blue eyes. As to the high-heeled boots I suppose she wore them, but how was I to know that? At all events it would be a piece of the most culpable indifference to my welfare to neglect this chance. Fortune! and through a lady, too! To think of it! The promised advantage might be great or small, but whatever it was, it would be most welcome. And the honor, too! A piece of positive advantage for an act of manly gallantry!

I immediately put on that black hat, and with those identical gray trowsers upon my legs, I strode down to 321 Dash street, and mounted instantly to the second floor. As there was but one entrance door from the stair-way on this floor, I felt certain that I had found the right place.

The business of Mr. A. R. R. was evidently a very profitable one, for his room was quite full of people. I inquired of a boy for the author of the notice I held in my hand, (I had carefully cut it from the paper,) and was informed that this was the right place, and that the gentleman would see me in a few moments. I took a seat and regarded the persons who were standing and sitting about the room. They were all men, and in a few minutes I discovered, to my great surprise, that they all wore black hats and gray pantaloons!

I must admit, that when I made this discovery, I experienced a very peculiar sensation, as if some one had suddenly dropped a little ice-water down my back. Was it possible that all these men were here in answer to that advertisement, which I considered addressed to me alone? There were all sorts of them; old gentlemen with heads grayer than their pants; young fellows who looked like clerks; and middle-aged men, who seemed like very respectable heads of families. Was it possible that each one of these individuals had, in the last week, passed up the fare of a blue-eyed lady with high-heeled boots? And did each one of them expect to enjoy that advantage for which I came here? One thing was certain; they did not announce to each other their business, but looked at their watches and tapped their boots, and knitted their brows as if each one of them had come on very particular business, which had nothing to do with the affairs of the general crowd. But all those gray trowsers! There was no concealing them.

A door, leading into an adjoining room, now opened quickly, and Mr. A. R. R. made his appearance. No one doubted that he was the man, for he bowed politely, and seemed to expect the company. He was a tall, thin, and well-dressed man, and held in his hand a small package. Instantly upon his appearance every man in the room stuck his thumb and forefinger into his vest pocket, and pulling out a little piece of printed paper, said, “Sir, I called—”

A. R. R. waved his hand.

“Gentlemen,” said he, “I know why you called, and you will allow me to remark—”

“But look here,” said a tall man with a blue cravat. “I think that I am the person you want to see, and as I am in a hurry, I would like to see you for a few minutes in private.”

Dozens of angry eyes were now directed upon this presumptuous individual, and dozens of angry voices were about to break forth when the benign A. R. R. again waved his hand.

“Gentlemen,” said he, “I wish to see you all. No one more than another. I have reason to believe that every one of you is the person to whom that advertisement referred. I see you are all gentlemen, and you would not have made your appearance here had you not fulfilled the conditions mentioned in the paper.

Here was a smothered hum, which seemed to precede a general outbreak, but A. R. R., blandly smiling, continued:

“Gentlemen, do not become impatient. What I have to say is to the advantage of every one of you. You all move in good society—I can see that—and you therefore are well aware of some of the penalties of social pleasures and high living. Consequently, gentlemen,” and now he spoke very fast, as if fearful of interruption, “you must have, all of you, experienced some of the evils of indigestion, and it is to relieve these that I have prepared my Binocular Barberry Bitters—”

A roar of rage here broke forth from every man of us, and a rush was made towards the smiling impostor, but he quickly slipped through the door behind him, and locked it in our faces. And then, before we could rush from the room where we had been so shamefully duped, the head of A. R. R. appeared at a little window in the partition-wall, and he called out:

“Gentlemen, this mixture is, as my initials declare, a Radical Relief, and retails at one dollar per bottle. I hope you will take some of my circulars home with you,” and he threw among the crowd the package of circulars which he had held in his hand.

This, O friend PUNCHINELLO, was only one of my Glimpses of Fortune. I may yet see the jade more nearly. IMPECUNE.

Query.

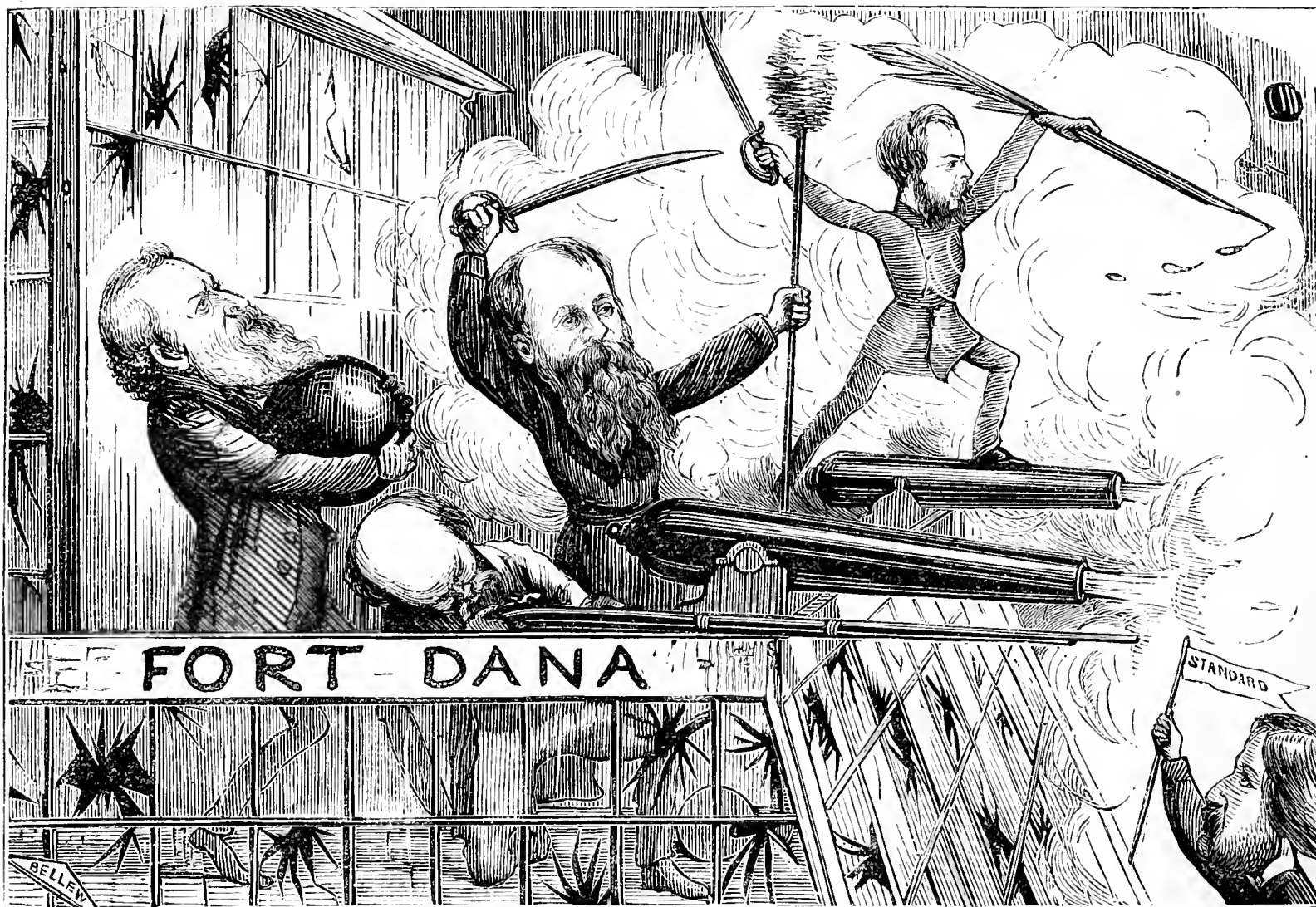
UNDER the conditions of the Fifteenth Amendment, should things continue to be put down in Black and White?



“COMPARISONS ARE ODIUS.”

Fond Mother. “YES, HE’S A PRETTY GOOD BOY, BUT HE DON’T TAKE TO HIS LETTERS.”

Squire. “WELL, HE OUGHTER, FOR HIS MOUTH IS LIKE THE SLIT OF A POST-OFFICE BOX.”



A TABLEAU OF THE DAY.

GENERAL DANA, WHO HAS BROUGHT THE FIRE OF THE "SUN" TO BEAR UPON EVERY BODY, NOW BEGINS TO REALIZE THE FORCE OF THE PROVERB—"FOLKS WHO LIVE IN GLASS HOUSES SHOULD NOT THROW STONES."

THE INDIAN QUESTION.

[AS VIEWED IN THE WEST.]

THIS is *our* business, understand!
You Eastern folks, with tempers bland
All get your views at second-hand.

We are the ones that take the brunt
Of every lively Indian-hunt,
So don't be angry if we're blunt.

If any body's scalped it's *us*!
So we've a well-earned right to cuss,
And you've *no* right to make a fuss.

Talk as you please about their "rights;"
That don't include their coming nights,
And cutting out our lungs and lights.

You get your wife and children shot!
(Here it might happen, like as not,)
You'll make your mind up on the spot.

"Humanity" 's played out for *you*!
You've got some active work to do;
No doubt you'll see it well put through.

Until you've settled that small bill,
(As honorable debtors will,)
We fancy you will not keep still.

You will admit the tender plea
Of "broken faith;" but when you see
Your Red Skin, you won't let him be!

Just so with us. We don't go back
Of *our* affair! We were not slack
In justice to this Devil's pack!

They settle with the wrong concern;
And as they never, *never* 'll learn,
We shoot 'em, and don't care a *dern*!

EDITORIAL WASHING-DAY.

OBSERVE PUNCHINELLO's Cartoon, in which you shall behold the editorial laundresses of New-York city having a washy time of it all around. There is a shriek of objurgation in the air, and a flutter of soiled linen on the breeze. Granny MARBLE, to the extreme left of the picture, clenches her fists over the pungent suds, and looks fight at Granny JONES, of the *Times*. The beaming phiz of Granny GREELEY looms up between the two, like the sun in a fog. But the real *Sun* in a fog is to be seen to the extreme right. There you behold Granny DANA, shaking her "brawny bunch of fives" in the face of Granny YOUNG, whose manner of wringing out the linen, you will observe, is up to the highest *Standard* of that branch of art. Further away, Granny TILTON flutters her linen with spiteful flourish, nettled by the vituperation of Granny HASTINGS, who hangs up her *Commercial* clothes on the line. The *tableau* is an instructive one; and it is to be hoped that all the U-Lye soaps used by the washerwomen is used up by this time, and that they will replace it with some having a sweeter perfume.

BOOK NOTICES.

MRS. JERNINGHAM'S JOURNAL. New-York: Charles Scribner & Company.

A very cleverly-written narrative, in smooth verse, detailing the experience of a bride who took to flirting early in her matrimonial career, but was saved from coming to grief by the decisive action of a stern husband. The book contains a capital lesson for the Girl of the Period, whose follies are satirized in it with a sharp pen.

NOTICE.

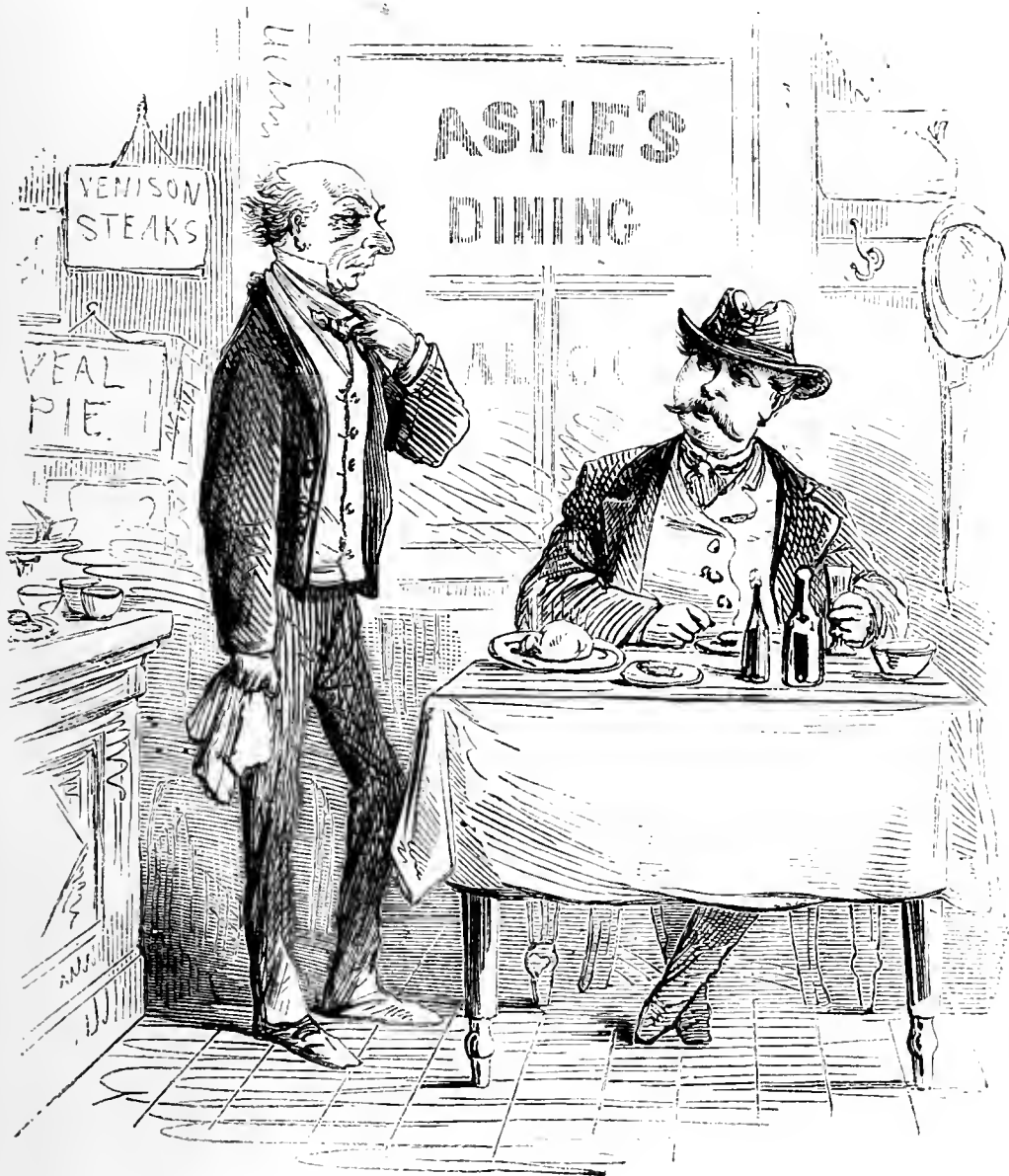
THE attention of the Public is requested to PUNCHINELLO No. 10, which will be issued upon Thursday, May 26th. It will be a very brilliant number, illustrated with flights of fancy by ten comic artists of renown.

In PUNCHINELLO No. 11 will be commenced a new burlesque serial, "The Mystery of Mister E. Drood," written expressly for this paper by the celebrated humorist, ORPHEUS C. KERR.



EDITORIAL WASHING-DAY IN NEW-YORK.

(See paragraph on opposite page.)



MAKING A HASH OF IT.

Customer. "I THOUGHT YOU HAD A GOOD PLACE WITH MR. ASHE; WHY ARE YOU GOING TO LEAVE?"

Cockney Waiter. "FACT IS, SIR, HASHE IS IN THE 'ABIT OF MAKING USE OF HODIOUS LANGUAGE TO HIS WAITERS, SIR, AND NO MAN OF HEDUCATION COULD STAND *that*, SIR, YOU KNOW, SIR."

JUMBLES.

MR. PUNCHINELLO, do you know when a woman is perfection itself? "No." I do. It is when she is from sixteen to nineteen. Of course you take her judgment. At sixteen she is the coming flower that has come—the first Rose of Summer, and about the best that may be looked for. Her ideas may not be solid, but they are expansive. Her mind may not make a very great show, but her hair (real and otherwise) is sure to. She is very deep in love—with herself. The supremest divinity is seen when she looks in the mirror. Call her ARABELLA if you like. ARABELLA is mistress of that portion of the dictionary which includes the common-place compliments of society. In her mouth they have a common place, indeed. Some people call such utterances "stuff," "nonsense," "puerilities," but nobody is so prejudiced and unreliable as the above-named some people. They complacently think they know a thing or two, but that is all it amounts to. ARABELLA hasn't any doubt about her being perfection. Unfortunately there is a question about some matters in this world in politics, religion, morality and other kindred things, but on the doctrine of perfection, as applied to her individual self, ARABELLA is clear and settled. Did any body, she says *sotto voce*, to herself, ever put vision on such an ensemble countenance? Were eyes ever more sparkling? Were ever dimples dimpler? Had ever peach such artistic hue, and teeth such pearly pearliness, and lips such positive sweetness, and brow such loveliness? We suppose not. ARABELLA is eighteen, is of elastic notions, sees life as a romance, believes the ground on which she walks ought to be grateful for the honor, and wonders if every body who goes out don't go straightway to talking rapturously about her. ARABELLA is a type—the type of a class of perfectionists. ARABELLA is neither a worm nor a butterfly, but the bridge between. For all this ARABELLA believes herself to be the best of butterflies, with the ca-

capacity to fly in the highest manner. At twenty-five her wings will be clipped, her colors will modify, her notions renovate, and her eyes open. She will perceive that the doctrine of perfection is mythical, and angels upon earth only so in name.

Going to church is a good thing. All good people go, and from good motives, of course. Mrs. BROWN, says a wicked gossip, goes to show a bonnet; Mrs. JONES her shawl; Mrs. SMITH her silk; Mrs. JENKINS her gloves and fan. No sane person believes that these ladies go for any such purpose. The case isn't presumable. They are nice, high-toned people, sit in £800 pews, adore Rev. Dr. CANTWELL, and give very freely (of their husband's money) to the heathen in the uttermost corners of the earth. They prefer, good souls, to give to the heathen under the equator to these under their noses. It is *not* true that ladies go to church for the display of dress. It is true Mrs. JONES does not wish to be outdone by Mrs. JENKINS, and isn't if STEWART can help it, but she is a good pious woman of simple tastes, though Mr. J. thinks she tastes rather often. Going to church is a good thing for example's sake. It is so nice and strengthening to reflect that, as the minister preaches piety, and you practice poetry, (with a pencil in the prayer-book,) you set an example to the rising generation. One can never do too much for the rising generation, though it often rises too frequently and too high. Besides, it encourages the minister. Only think of talking to emptiness instead of fulness—to people instead of plush. How can the dear Rev. SPLURGE SPLUTTER have the heart or tongue to drop his pearls of eloquence to the swine of empty pews? And how dreadful for the gifted soprano, Miss SCREECH, to tune her melodious voice to earless aisles! And then it is so easy to "set" examples by sitting in soft pews. Going to church should be a matter of conscience. Every body not a dolt admits conscience to be a good thing, though a thing every body cannot boast of possessing. I like people of conscience—that is, I should like them if I knew any. It is such a nice thing to talk about—and how much nicer to have. Mrs. TODD often wishes "to conscience" she could reach mine. I am sorry to say that at times Mrs. T. is an irreverent wo-

man. She doesn't perceive that some where under that hairless, proud dome of mine there must be a conscience—I may proudly say, an imposing conscience. I said to Mrs. T. one day, "I *have* an imposing conscience," and she really thought so—adding the cruel expression that she didn't know of any thing about me but *was* imposing, and that she first became aware of the sad fact when she married me.

TIMOTHY TODD.

THE REIGN OF COUPS.

THE situation of France is always striking. This is because its people are always being struck with a succession of Napoleonic ideas. They labor, for example, under a constant *coup d'état*. Their Press is the victim of a regular *coup de main*; their Strikes are daily evidences of *coups de mains*; their Legislature suffers continually from *coup de théâtre*; and their Emperor is perpetually threatened with a *coup de grace*. The energies of Frenchmen are not imprisoned; no, they are only *couped*.

ELEVATED STATESMANSHIP—INSOBRIETY THE BEST POLICY.

SIR JOHN MACDONALD, the Premier of Canada, though an eccentric leader, is a happy illustration of the most elevated statecraft. "He has been drunk," says the *Toronto Globe*, "for several days, and incapacitated for public affairs." Considering what Canadian affairs are, (including Sir JOHN,) this does not follow. Evidently it is not his policy to keep sober. But Sir JOHN is often drunk, says the *Globe*; he was tight before Prince ARTHUR, and he rushes to the bottle whenever the Fenians give alarm. Now this strikes us as very good policy. It helps us to see how convenient it was for Sir JOHN to magnify a few O'BRIENS and O'SHAUGHNESSYS into an army with green banners, and how opportunely the Dominion became intoxicated with its fears.



A POWERFUL PROTECTOR.

Mother. "WHY, ROSIE, HOW LATE YOU ARE TO-DAY!"

Rosie. "YES, MA, BUT I COULDN'T HELP IT. THERE WAS A POOR LITTLE GIRL AT SCHOOL WHO HAD NO ONE TO TAKE CARE OF HER, AND SO I HAD TO SEE HER HOME."

COMIC ZOOLOGY.

Order—Reptilia.

THE VIPER.

THE supposition that this snake prefers a file to any other species of nourishment is a vulgar error, and belongs to the same mendacious category as the stories that ostriches are fond of ten-penny nails and soldiers of hard tack. It is true that old files are sometimes bitten by vipers in localities where these serpents abound, but in the lizard and hop-toad they usually find metal more attractive. The viper, when in a state of repose, is of an olive-brown color; but, if trodden upon, turns rusty. He is about twenty-four inches in length, as you may see by applying a two-foot rule to him, but it is a good rule to keep two feet away from him. As a bosom friend he is not to be trusted—a fact in natural history that was discovered many years ago by a green countryman, who got into a bad box by placing a viper on his chest. It is a peculiarity of this serpent, that when held suspended by his posterior extremity he can not raise his head to a level with his tail. In consequence of this provision in the economy of nature, he finds it as impossible to make both ends meet as if he were a human prodigal. In this respect he presents a marked contrast to the hoop-snake, which has no more back-bone than a timid politician, and can put its tail in its mouth, and roll in any direction with the utmost facility. The viper was at one time supposed to have an envenomed tongue, and although this error has been exploded, it is as well to avoid his jaw if possible, as, when irritated, he is very snappish.

This snake, according to some naturalists, is oviparous, and according to others viviparous; but all authorities agree that it is viperous in the extreme. Serpents are generated in various ways; the horse-runner, for instance, being derived from the fibres of horses' manes and tails, which probably receive the breath of life in a mare's nest. That such is the origin of the horse-runner the reader can verify for himself, by putting a few horse hairs in a basin of water and watching them till they begin to squirm. Possibly the shorter fibres from the *caput* of an African might in like manner produce vipers. The experiment is worth trying. There are several varieties of the species in this country; the most malignant and treacherous being the Political Vipers—snakes in the grass—bred from the spawn of the Original Cockatrices, and a curse to the land we live in.

WOMAN IN THE CENSUS.

A FRESH blow has been struck at Woman's Rights! Gallant ladies, eager to cope with figures, have been compelled to yield to numbers—inferior numbers at that! Man, the minority, remains the popular tyrant of population. Women, the majority, don't count, can't count for any thing—even for women—at least in the sense of being Census-takers; for General WALKER has decided that Assistant Marshals LAVINIA PURLEAR and SARAH BURGOYNE (hear it, shades of NEY and BLUCHER!) are ineligible to such a warlike title. General WALKER is not firm in his mind that Marshals PURLEAR and BURGOYNE [would it be as well to say Marshal WALKER and Generals PURLEAR and BURGOYNE?] are feminine. "These *appear* to be the names of women," he says. Why might they not be the names of men? Is there no right or reason in these days of domestic revolution for men to name themselves LAVINIA and SARAH if they like it, and their wives like it? And suppose LAVINIA and SARAH that ought to be, or might have been, choose to call themselves MAHALALEEL and METHUSALEM—who's to prevent? Why should not the Rev. Mr. — style himself Miss NANCY if he pleases? Why should not the Hon. Mr. — re-christen himself BETTY if he has a mind to? H'm! A pretty pass we are coming to if these women folks who ask men's rights and take men's names won't lend us theirs! And alas, alas, ye lasses! What if some-day ye do indeed abstract our census, and marshal us into helpless minority. What if we have to disguise ourselves, and shave our beards, and change our names even to get on the police! Or will ye—ye bullying Syrens!—grow whiskers and wear pantaloons, and put us in station-houses, and clear us out of the Census altogether?

A LETTER FROM A FRIEND.

FRIEND PUNCHINELLO: Thee has doubtless sorrowed, in spite of thy motley, with those bereft at Richmond. Circumstances made that disaster a calamity which we have all felt in common. But thee knows that "Blessings come often in disguise." Let us find what small comfort we can in this thought.

Circumstances, however, alter cases. How different the feeling—how thin the disguise would have been—had *our* Capitol fallen, at Harrisburg! Before another Session we trust the proper spirit will move some underpinning there, for the greater good of the Commonwealth. It was formerly said that "Law is law;" but not even a Philadelphia lawyer now knows what law is or what law is not—for "any thing" is law hereabouts. Of one result we may boast, if that be not sinful, we are ahead of thy wicked city. Thee had thy delinquent Tax Collector, *but thee has him not*. We sorrowed, for we had him not, but now we rejoice in one whose name is—not BAILEY—but HILL. We did not want him, but got him involuntarily, as thee might get the small-pox.

Doubtless he will make it more up-Hill work than ever with our taxes, but, if he would only shoulder them and be off, what a blessing? For, verily, it cannot be said, as of old, that a man "heapeth up riches, and knoweth not who shall gather them."

But, perhaps, thee pays taxes also? If so, thee can affirm to the gatherer, as well as thy friend,

PHINEAS BRODBRIMME.

Philadelphia, 5th month, 9th day, 1870.

OLD IRON.

SOMEBODY talks of the Iron Men of Congress. Does he mean the Cast-iron members or the Pig-iron members? For instance there are the rusty Heavy-weights, and then there are the fellows who are greedy about Tariff. Members of the scrap-iron and ten-penny nail order are, of course, not alluded to. All these are iron men, but, as every body knows, are not men of Iron. In view of its rusty legislation and legislators, we recommend Congress to hang out a sign—"Highest prices paid here for old iron."

Bar That!

THE *Toronto Globe* is at present treating the Premier of the Dominion to a course of lectures, advising him not to get drunk so often as he does. Now this is too much to expect, since the gentleman referred to has, by virtue of his official position, the run of the Bar.

CONDENSED CONGRESS.

SENATE.



Learn how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.

MR. MORRILL expressed his views upon what he is pleased, for MORRILL is mirthful in his heavy way, to designate the reduction of taxes. He said that we had been for some time in a state of peace, and our expenses were not so large as they had been. Therefore he thought we might leave direct taxation alone. To be sure he was not prepared to suggest any specific reductions in direct taxation. But, doubtless, they would be made some day or other. In the meantime let us pile on the tariff. This was his notion of reducing taxation. Let the importers and the consumers who don't like it—

Then the Senate betook itself to considering an appropriation for educating the colored infant. Mr. WILSON strongly approved it, not only on account of the colored infant, for whose education he did not in a general way feel any particular solicitude, inasmuch as the less educated he was, the likelier he would be to give his voice and vote to him, (Mr. WILSON,) and his like; but also because the appropriation would provide for a number of the supernumerary female school-teachers of Massachusetts, who had become a great trial to him, and particularly to his colleague, Mr. SUMNER.

Mr. SUMNER said "that's school," and explained that he believed he was venerated by the women of Massachusetts, but that their reverence for him was too great to allow them to approach him with importunities. Nevertheless, he was in favor of the bill, as tending to break down the accursed spirit of caste, and to disseminate throughout the South the three or more R's which he had so often had the honor of reverberating throughout the Senate.

Mr. YATES approved of the bill. It was his general principle to vote for any thing that looked to the disbursement of money. He was particularly in favor of this measure, because he wanted an uniform education for every body. He didn't want any body else to know more than himself, and he didn't want to know more than any body else. (Voices—You don't.) Take spelling. There was only one correct method of spelling—the one that he pursued. And yet he had never found any other person who agreed with him in it. Evidently, this was not right. He demanded that the children of the country should be taught to spell on proper principles, so that his works might be intelligible to posterity, as they were not to his contemporaries.

Of course Mr. SUMNER seized the occasion to quote crowds of authorities on education, which debilitated the Senate to a dissolution.

HOUSE.

Mr. LYNCH wanted to revive American commerce in behalf of the ship-builders of Maine. If he were a judge, as a celebrated namesake of his once was, he would do it by hanging a majority of members of the House he had the honor of addressing. In default of that he wanted them to legislate sensibly upon it.

Of course nobody paid any attention to the suggestion. The House did itself credit by refusing one land-grab, out of a thousand or so submitted.

Mr. BUTLER actually produced again his bill to annex San Domingo, and refused to be comforted, because every body laughed.

Then came up the Tariff. COVODE said he supposed it would be admitted that he had as little regard for the right and wrong of the thing as any body. But this thing had really gone so far that any man with any regard for his re-election must protest. Nobody but SCHENCK and KELLEY cared about the tariff. Every body cared about the taxes.

SCHENCK could not regard COVODE with any other sentiment than

disgust. He wanted a duty upon foreign oysters. The oyster of Long Island and the oyster of New-Jersey ought not to be trodden down by the pauper oysters of Europe.

OUR PORTFOLIO.

PERSONAL advertisements having reference to the matrimonial exigencies of divers widows, old maids, and bachelors, are not without their influence upon the sympathies of the age. Particular attention has been recently directed toward an announcement made in a Cleveland paper to the effect that "Two widow ladies, strangers in Cleveland, wish to form the acquaintance of a limited number of gentlemen with a view to happy results. Please address in confidence, ———."

One involuntarily regrets that a prospect thus bounded by an horizon of "happy results" should have been confined to a "limited number of gentlemen."

There is nothing so calculated to impair the usefulness of what purports to be a purely benevolent enterprise, as its selfishness. If a widow, or any number of widows, really possess the means of realizing "happy results" with a "limited number of gentlemen," they should either remove the limitation themselves, or make known the secret to those who would be less sparing of the joys which it is capable of communicating. A quack who peddles a valuable remedy upon which he may have stumbled, and yet refuses to disclose its ingredients for the benefit of the whole medical fraternity, violates the *esprit du corps* of the profession, and is by general consent deemed a fit person to be kicked out of it. Therefore, if any widows or single ladies in Cleveland have knowledge of any "happy results" which they advertise to share with a limited number of gentlemen, we shall deem them unworthy of their sex, unless they explain the process by which these results are attained, for the benefit of those who are fast verging toward the autumnal stage of maidenhood.

It may well be doubted whether the thought ever occurred to ADAM that one day or other a hen would be charged with the care and custody of a brood of goslings. The pastimes of Eden were perhaps not favorable to vaticinations in the line of Natural History, but in the progress of the world since those most primitive times, men have come to contemplate the spectacle of that familiar barn-yard fowl made wretched by the aquatic propensities of her supposed offspring, without a particle of astonishment. The wicked and unfeeling even go so far as to seek amusement in her misery. Her "cluckings" and other symptoms of maternal agony at beholding the feathered darlings tempting the dangers of a neighboring duck-pond, do not move their stony breasts. On the contrary, they decidedly relish that sort of thing, and greet with positive hilarity the efforts of some sympathizing rooster to cheer her. Fie, upon such natures! If they must have an outlet for their ribaldry, let them take PUNCHINELLO's advice and select such instances as that recently furnished in Sacramento, where a hen took charge of a nest of kittens, and resolutely maintained it against the parent cat. Here the case was different. The hen had become a trespasser. She had no business with kittens. There was no hypothesis by which she could claim them as her own. Kittens are not hereditary in the family of fowls, and she knew it. It was an usurpation without any pretext of justification. What would become of us if such a precedent could be extended to the genus *Mammalia*? Hundreds of rapacious old maids would be seizing all sorts and all sizes of babies from agonized mothers, and asserting for themselves the hallowed duties of maternity. Our infant days would have been days of ceaseless motion. We should have been shuttle-cocked from maiden to mother and from mother to maiden after a fashion calculated to defeat the wise purposes of ipecac and paregoric, and to frighten our natural curls into a state of painful perpendicularity. The mere presentment of such a possibility, carries its refutation, and puts the aggressions of this Sacramento hen in the category of outrages which all society is banded to suppress. If you must laugh, O generation of scoffers, make your jokes and gibes the instrument of protecting the altars of all such feline households as may be thus assailed.

Flag and Rag.

WHAT is the difference between a railroad danger signal and a lost pocket-handkerchief?

The one is a red flag, the other is a fled rag.



SOCIAL SCIENCE.

Lecturer. "THERE IS A CUMULATIVE APPROXIMATIVENESS, SO TO SPEAK, A PERIOD WHEN THE RECALCITRANT CORPUSCLES BEGIN TO"—

Stenographer. CON-FOUND THE FELLOW! I KNEW HE'D BREAK MY PENCIL WITH HIS INFERNAL JAW-SMASHERS!"

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

[BY ATLANTIC CABLE.]

ROME.

BEING uneasy about our agent's course at the Vatican, I have come over to Rome to see about it. He is an Irishman, with a little of Father TOM in him, and has got into a "controversy" with his Holiness about infallibility. Our African bishop (otherwise PHELM BURKE) insists that PUNCHINELLO is infallible! The Pope says this is ridiculous! Father PHELM replies that "there are two that can play that same game." I found them in the midst of this when ANTONELLI ushered me into the Papal presence. PIUS was up on his feet, talking Latin like a crack student of the Propaganda. PHELM had his sleeves rolled up. ANTONELLI, with a "*Pax vobiscum*," got the two contending powers quieted down; and, after a proper salutation from me, we began our talk. His Holiness is not much on English. Says he, "I speak vat-I-can English." Had he said *non possumus* to it, it would have been better. However, PHELM translated him; so we got on.

"Your Holiness enjoys, I hope, a good constitution?"

"The *constitutio de fide* is, indeed, very good. Catholics must every where subscribe to it,"

"Dr. DÖLLINGER, I trust, don't disturb your appetite?"

"*Anathema maranatha!*" which means (said PHELM,) "Oh no, I never mention him." Whereupon PHELM, who had breakfasted on gin-and-milk, began to hum that tune. I at once trod upon his toe, and he stopped.

"On the whole, what does your Holiness think of the prospect?"

"From this window, it is very fine. But I'm getting a little dim-sighted.

"Don't you see that crowd of people coming up?"

"No I don't—it's only a herd of cattle from the Campagna."

"Take my glass. There, now; don't you see, I am right?"

"Yes," and the old man crossed himself, "it is so; I was mistaken."

"Thru for you!" gobbled out PHELM; "we've got to make a note of that! PUNCHINELLO never made the likes of a mistake!"

"But, *what's in your glass?* I see strange men there. GARIBALDI, and MAZZINI, and HYACINTHE, STROSSMEYER, DÖLLINGER, DUPANLOUP, and CUMMING, all together! I see a troop of schoolmasters; a larger one of newspaper-venders; and a whole army of *colporteurs*, each with a bag of Bibles on his back! And, what do I see? They enter ST. PETER'S; they leave the door wide open. Did I hear it? They are singing LUTHER'S Hymn!"

The old man fell now into his seat, and I took the glass from him. "Only one of his attacks," said ANTONELLI. "He is not quite so strong as he was." "Thru again," said PHELM. With that sense of propriety for which your representative has ever been distinguished, I took PHELM by the arm and retired.

Poor PIUS! He means well, and if we only had him for a while out West, where I came from, we might make something sensible out of him yet. But, when a man will live so far away from the Rocky Mountains as away over here, what can be expected? We can't civilize the whole world at once.

Father PHELM, by the way, is to be proposed as the new King of Spain. His father's uncle's second cousin by the mother's side partook of a good deal of BOURBON. That's reason enough, you know especially as they only want a King Log.

FRANCE.

Those infernal machines, so called, with which the Emperor was supposed to be about to be blown up, turn out to have been pewter plates. Out of one of them the bottom had been cut, and the edges rolled up; and this gave rise to a terrible suspicion. Two thousand people have been arrested in consequence.

That *Press Ass* has been at his blunders again. He telegraphed to me that a conspiracy was afloat to enact a kind of petticoat government. He meant to tell me some gossip about Madame PATTI-CAUX. Then he wanted me to believe that the "smaller catechism" talked about at Rome was the catechizing of SMALLEY of the *Tribune*, concerning GUSTAVE FLOURENS. That man never will learn. PRIME.

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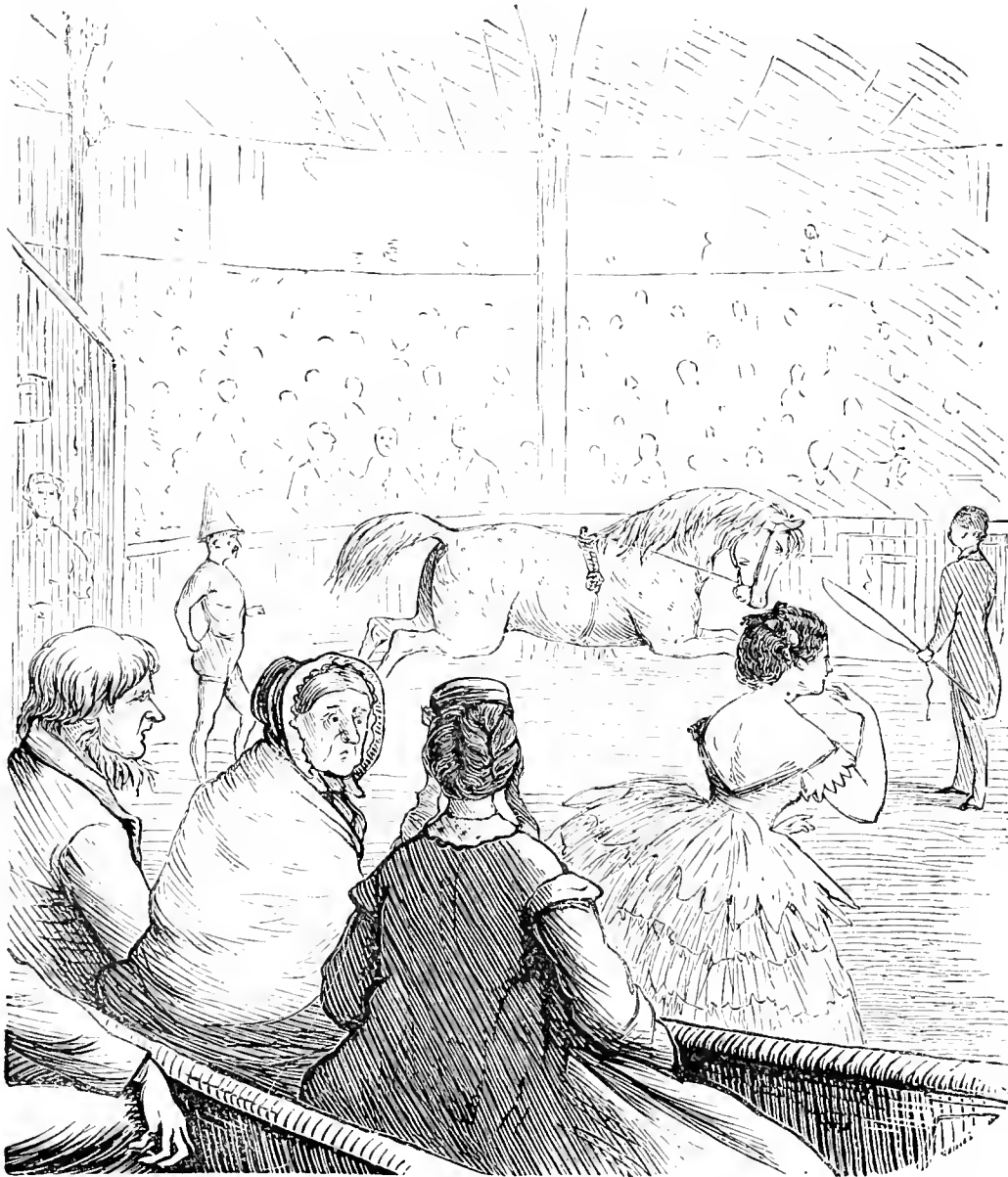
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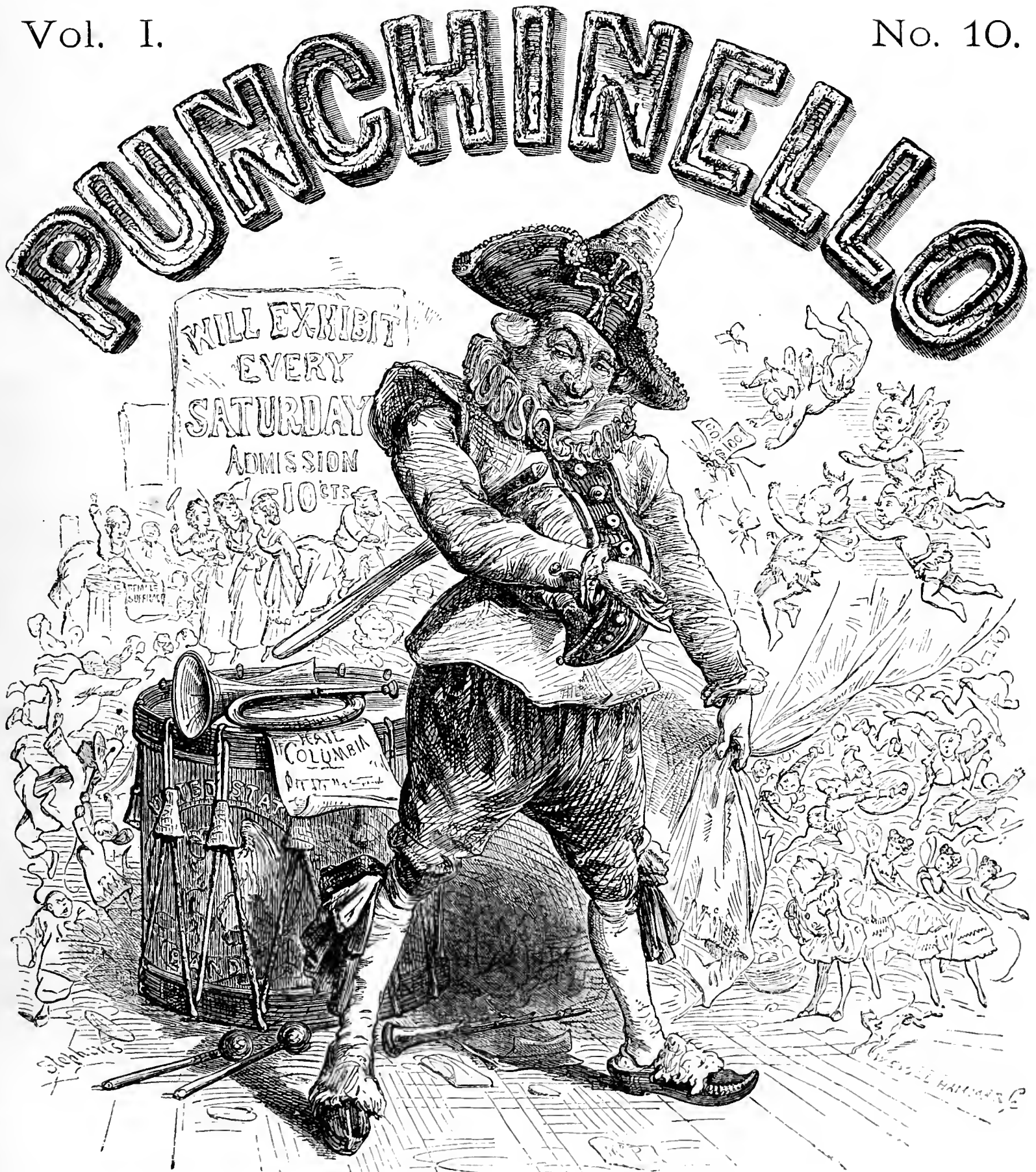
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Vol. I.

No. 10.



SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1870.

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WHAT WE MAY CONFIDENTLY LOOK FOR.

Jurywoman. "I BEG TO INTERRUPT THE COURT WITH THE REQUEST THAT, BEFORE THE CASE PROCEEDS ANY FURTHER, THE SHERIFF BE DIRECTED TO PROVIDE THE JURYMAN ON MY RIGHT WITH A BOTTLE OF LUBIN'S EXTRACT, OTHERWISE THE FEMALE MEMBERS OF THE JURY WILL NOT BE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE CONSEQUENCES," etc., etc.

A CONSISTENT LEAGUE.

IMMEDIATELY upon MCFARLAND'S acquittal, the Union League of Philadelphia determined to give a grand ball. And they did it. And, what is more, they intend to do it every time the majesty of any kind of Union is vindicated. Except, of course, the union of the "Iron interest" and the public good.

One of the most valuable and instructive features of this ball was, the grand opportunity it offered to the members of the League to show their respect and affection for the spirit of the Fifteenth Amendment. Accordingly, they invited a large number of colored ladies and gentlemen, and the accursed spirit of caste was completely exorcised by the exercises of the evening. The halls were grandly decorated with blackberry and gooseberry bushes, and other rare plants; sumptuous fountains squirted high great streams of XX ale and gin-and-milk; enormous piles of panned oysters, lobster salad, Charlotte Russe, and rice-pudding blocked up half the doorways, while within the dancing-hall the merriment was kept up grandly. The ball was opened by a grand Cross-match waltz in which Hon. MORTON MCMICHAEL and Mrs. DINAH J—N; GEORGE H. BOKER and Miss CHLOE P—T—N; WILLIAM D. KELLEY and Aunty DI. LU—V—I—A—N; A. BORIE and Miss E. G—N; Gen. TYNDALE and Miss MAY OR—TY, and several other distinguished couples twirled their fantastic toes in the most reckless *abandon*. Virginia reels, Ole Kentucky break-downs, and other characteristic dances diversified the ordinary Terpsichorean programme, and the dancing was kept up to a late hour. It was truly gratifying to every consistent supporter of the enfranchisement of the African race, to see such gentlemen as *Senator* REVELS, FREDERICK DOUGLASS, Mr. PURVIS, and other prominent colored citizens, in the halls of this patriotic and thoroughly American Society. The members of the League were evidently of the opinion that it would be a most flagrant shame, on an occasion of this kind, for them to deny to their colored fellow-citizens the rights and privileges that they are so anxious shall be accorded them by every one else; and, while they do not believe that they are bound to invite any one—black or white—to their private re-unions on

account of political considerations, they do not attempt to deny that, on an occasion of this kind—a celebration in fact of the success of a political party—it would be most shameful to ostracize the very citizens for whom that party labored and conquered. Therefore it was that they so warmly welcomed, within their gorgeous halls, their colored fellow-citizens, and by so doing won for themselves the approbation of every consistent American. It was one of the most affecting sights of the evening to see these gentlemen of the League, nobly trampling under their feet all base considerations of color and caste, and walking arm and arm with their colored sisters; smelling the exotics; admiring the groups of statuary; sipping the coffee and the punch; prizing the crimson curtains; inhaling the perfumes from the cologne-water fountains; ascending and descending the grand walnut staircase (arranged for this occasion only); listening to the birds in the conservatories; and fixing their hair in the magnificent dressing-rooms. When, in the midst of the festivities the band struck up the beautiful air, "Ask me no more!" the honored guests of color looked at each other with pleasant smiles which seemed to denote a perfect satisfaction. And so, whatever may be said of the friends of the colored race in other parts of the country, it must be universally admitted that the Union League of Philadelphia has done its duty!

Good Reading for Toppers.

MR. GREELEY'S "Recollections of a Boozy Life."

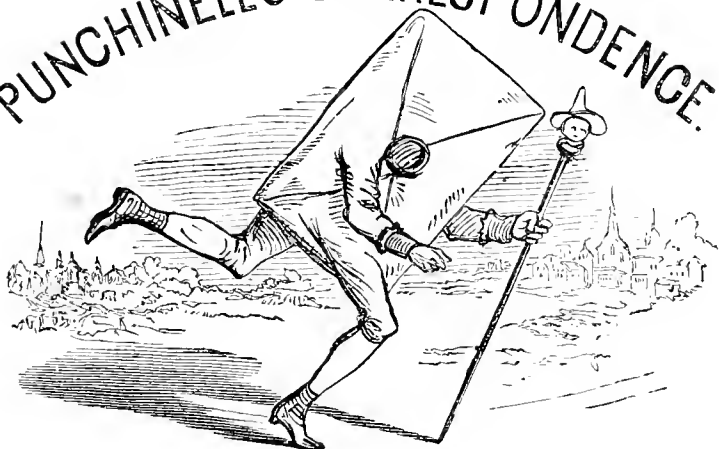
Sporting Intelligence.

A NEWSPAPER item says that "a Mexican offers to shoot JUAREZ for \$200."

That's nothing. TAYLOR, of Jersey City, offers to shoot any man in the world for \$2000.

The Favorite Drink of the Canadian Government.
CABINET Whiskey.

PUNCHINELLO CORRESPONDENCE.



THE public still labor under misapprehensions of our character and calling. We are in daily receipt of letters of the most heterogeneous description, the task of answering which we are compelled to utterly forego.

We subjoin a few specimens :

"MR. PUNCHINELLO. *Dear Sir:* My wife died yesterday, and would you be so kind as to come and make her will? I would not give you the trouble of coming, but the young woman I intend to marry next is going away to-morrow, and I don't want to leave home. My wife had five hundred dollars which I want left to me, and a feather bed, which you may divide amongst the children.

"Yours in affliction, SOLOMON SNIPP."

"SIR: I calculate to give a funeral down at my place shortly, that is, if things go right; but we have no preacher to do the work. Would you please to send us one? Not particular what kind, so long as the work is *sure*. Party is not dead yet, but I make arrangements beforehand as I expect to be insane. Good pay for good work.

"Sincerely, P. McFINIGAN.

"P. S. Do preachers warrant their burials?"

"DEAR MR. PUNCHINELLO:—You were so good as to prescribe a hot pitch plaster for the baby's mouth. Next day I took the prescription to your office, but failed to get it made up, as the devil, they told me, was busy. Will you please inform me when you will be at leisure? Meanwhile baby yells.

"Yours truly,

C. PUGSBY.

"P. S. *Later.* Mrs. PUGSBY says if I apply that plaster she will go insane. True, she does not understand fire-arms, but then I should be afraid to drink any coffee for a month. In the meantime, if the baby keeps on, I shall go crazy myself; so there is likely to be a casualty somewhere. What's to be done? Shall I bring the child to you?

"C. P."

Answer. At your peril. Go crazy and shoot it; then we will go crazy and turn counsel for the defence. The result will probably be that you are handed over to the ladies to be kissed into reason; but if you would rather be hung, you must do the shooting over in New-Jersey.

"BEAUTIFUL SNOW."

CIRCUMSTANCES having rendered it probable that the dispute respecting the authorship of the poem "Beautiful Snow" may shortly be revived, PUNCHINELLO takes this opportunity of setting the public right on the subject, and silencing further controversy regarding it for ever.

It is the production of Mr. PUNCHINELLO, himself; was composed by him so long ago as July, 1780, and copyrighted in August of the same year. It may be asked how the idea of snow-flakes happened to occur to him in July. That question is easily settled. The day was sultry; thermometer 98° in the arbor. Drowsed by the sultry air—not to mention the iced claret—Mr. PUNCHINELLO posed himself gracefully upon a rustic bench, and slept. Presently the lovely lady who was fanning him, fascinated by the trumpet tones that preceded from his nose, exclaimed: "Beautiful Snore!" This was repeated to him when he awoke, and hence the origin of the poem.

Fish Culture.

THE Grand Duke ALEXIS, of Russia, proposes to come to these shores and inspect the American system of fish culture. With this end in view, he will, of course, be the particular guest of Gen. GRANT, and will, no doubt, be surprised to find that our principal FISH is a cultivated man. But he will better understand our FISH system by witnessing its operations in Spanish and Canadian waters, as also in those of Sault St. Marie.

—:O:—

Linsey-Woolsey.

THE regular troops for the Canadian Red River Expedition have been supplied by Gen. LINDSEY, and



TOO TRUE!

Scene—Academy. Time—Spring of '70.

Miss Smith. "WHAT DOES 'N. A.' MEAN AFTER SOME OF THESE ARTISTS' NAMES?"

Miss Brown. "N. A. WHY IT MUST MEAN 'NEEDY ARTISTS.' POOR FELLOWS!"

are commanded by Col. WOLSLEY—a fact oddly coincidental with the reported flimsy character of the expedition, so far as it has gone.

—:O:—

Bivalvular Intelligence.

It is stated that the clams along the Stratford shore are dying by thousands of a malignant disease, which a correspondent of the Bridgeport Standard calls "clam cholera."

This is a sad calamity for the people of the Stratford shore.

—:O:—

The Fifteenth Amendment.

THE appointment of colored postmasters in Maryland may be all very well; but PUNCHINELLO would like to know whether the Post-office authorities intend to revive the custom of Blackmailing.

THE PLAYS AND SHOWS.



OMEDY personified, in Mr. CLARKE, has now reigned at BOOTH'S for nearly six weeks. During that time there has been a perceptible change in the metaphorical atmosphere of the house. The audience no longer wears the look of subdued melancholy which was once involuntarily assumed by each mourner for the memory of SHAKSPEARE, who passed the solemn threshold. The ushers no longer find it necessary to sustain their depressed spirits by the surreptitious chewing of the quid of consolation, and are now the most pleasant, as they were always the most cour-

teous, of their kind. Persons have even been heard, within the past week, to allude to BOOTH'S as a "theatre," instead of a "temple of art;" and though the convulsions of nature which attend the shifting of the scenery, and cause castles to be violently thrown up by volcanic eruptions and forests to be suddenly swallowed by gaping earthquakes, impart a certain solemnity to the brightest of comedies, still there is a general impression among the audience that BOOTH'S has become a place of amusement. And in noting this change PUNCHINELLO does not mean to jeer at the former and normal character of BOOTH'S. BEETHOVEN'S Seventh Symphony, DANTE'S Inferno, JEFFERSON'S Rip Van Winkle, and EDWIN BOOTH'S Hamlet are not amusing, but it does not follow that they are therefore unworthy of the attention of the public, which is pleased with the rattle of De Boots, and tickled with the straw of Toodles.

FOX vs. GOOSE is a three act comedy in which Mr. CLARKE last week made his audience laugh as freely as though the tomb-stones of all the Capulets were not gleaming white and awful in the lamp-light of the property-room; or, at all events, would be gleaming if any body were to hunt them up with a practicable lantern. The opening scene is the tap-room of an inn, where Mr. FOX FOWLER, an adventurer, is taking his ease and his unpaid-for gin-and-milk.

Enter Landlord, presenting his bill. "Here, sir, you've been drinking my beer for several years, and now I want you to pay for it."

Fox. "My friend! why ask me to pay bills? Do you not perceive that I wear a velvet coat? And, besides, even if I wanted to pay I could not until my baggage, which I gave to an expressman ten years ago, shall reach me. It will probably arrive in a month or two more."

Landlord. "Here comes Sir GANDER GOSLING. I'll complain to him of your conduct." (*Enter Sir Gander.*)

Fox. "My dear Sir GANDER. Allow me to embrace you."

Sir Gander. "I don't know you. I'm not my son JACK."

Fox. "But I am Jack's dearest friend. I have saved him from drowning, from matrimony, from reading the *Nation*, from mothers-in-law, and all other calamities mentioned in the litany."

Sir Gander. "Describe him to me, if you know him so well."

Fox. "He is tall, dark, slender, and quiet in manner."

Sir Gander. "My dear fellow he is short, fat, light, and noisy. I am convinced that you know him. Permit me to pay your bill, lend you money, and tell you all about our dear JACK's intended marriage." (*He pays, lends, and narrates accordingly. A terrific rattling of dish-pans simulates the arrival of a train. Sir GANDER departs and JACK GOSLING enters.*)

Fox. "My dear JACK, allow me to embrace you."

Jack. "I don't know you. I'm not my father."

Fox. "But I am your father's dearest friend. Sit down and have a bottle of wine, and tell me all about ROSE MANDRAKE, your intended bride. 'Rose! Rose! the coal black Rose!' as MILTON finely remarks." (*They sit down and JACK immediately gets very drunk, thereby affording another proof of the horribly adulterated condition of the*

liquor used on the stage, which infallibly intoxicates an actor within two minutes after it is imbibed. [Let the Excise authorities see to this matter.] Finally JACK falls, and the curtain immediately follows his example.)

Critical Young Man, who reads all the theatrical "notices" in the Herald in the leisure moments when he is not selling yards of tape and ribbon. "I don't think much of CLARKE. He ain't half the man that NED FORREST is. There ain't a bit of spontaneous humor in him. Them San Francisco Minstrels can beat him out of sight."

Accompanying Young Female Person. "Yes, I think so, too. I hate to see a man act drunk. It's so low and vulgar. I like pretty plays, like they have at WALLACK'S."

Respectable Old Gentleman. "PLACIDE—BLAKE—BURTON—"

Every Body Else. "Well, this is real humor; I haven't laughed so much since I heard BEECHER preach a funeral sermon."

The second act takes place in the house of Major MANDRAKE. FOX has successfully assumed the character of JACK GOSLING, and is having a pleasant chat with the family, when the gardener enters to inform the Major that a flock of crows is in sight.

Major Mandrake. "I love the pleasures of the chase. Bring my gun, and I will shoot the crows." (*He goes out, and shoots JACK, who is climbing over the gate. Re-enter Major and men carrying JACK.*)

Major. "Alas! I have missed the crow over the cornfield, and lost the crow over my shooting which I would otherwise have had. Also I have shot a man out of season, and the sportsmen's club will prosecute me."

Jack. "I am not dead, though my appearance and conversation might induce you to think so. My name is JACK GOSLING. The chap in the velvet coat is an impostor."

Major, Fox, and other dramatis personæ. "Away with the wretch! He himself is the impostor. Call a policeman who will club him if he makes no resistance."

JACK is dragged away, but perpetually returns and denounces his rival. He is bitten by suppositious dogs cunningly simulated by stage carpenters, who remark "bow-wow" from behind the scenes. He is cut by ROSE MANDRAKE, and also by rows of broken bottles, which line the top of the wall on which he makes a perilous perch, not having a pole or rod with which to defend himself against the dogs. He is challenged by FOX and seconded by Miss BLANCHE BE BAR in naval uniform. Finally he takes refuge in the china closet, and hurls cheap plates and saucers at his foes. With the exhaustion of the supply of crockery, the act naturally comes to an end, and, as frequently occurs in similar cases, the curtain falls.

Comic Man. "Why does CLARKE, when he slings china at the company, remind you of the Paraguayan war? Of course you give it up. Because he carries on a war on the Plate. Do you see it? Crockery plates and the river Plate, you know. Ha! ha!"

And two ushers, reinforced by a special policeman, drag the miserable man away, and lead him to MAGONIGLE'S private room, there to be dealt with for the hideous crime of making infamous jokes in BOOTH'S theatre. He is never seen again, and so the Philadelphia *Day* loses its brightest ornament.

The third act consists of a duel between JACK and FOX, each of whom is too cowardly to fight. They therefore follow the safer example of rival editors, and swear and scold at each other. At last a small millennium of universal reconciliation takes place, and the usual old comedy "tag" ends the play.

(Parenthetically, why "tag?" Does it receive this name because its invariable stupidity suggests those other worthless commodities "rag" and "bob-tail," which, outside of theatres, are generally associated with the name.)

And every body goes away murmuring of the genial humor of CLARKE, the magical violin of MOLLENHAUER, the elegance, convenience and comfort of the theatre, the matchless memory of BOOTH'S Hamlet and Iago, and the golden certainty of the coming of Rip Van Winkle. And every body is supremely satisfied, and says to every body else, "This theatre needs only a company, to be the foremost theatre of either continent." MATADOR.

Remarks by Our Stammering Contributor.

THE up-town theatrical sensation is, we hear, produced "regardless of expense." We had reason to think that its managers would show more Frou-frou-frugality.



PISCATORY DISCUSSION.

Uncle Walton. "THAR! DIDN'T I TOLE YER? KNOW'D HE COULDN'T KETCH NO FISH WID DAT 'AR BUGGY-WHIP OF A THING!"

Isaac. "YAH! DON'T TALK!—WAIT TILL HE TURNS DAT 'AR CRANK, AND SEE IF DE PEERCH DON'T COME A-WINDIN' IN!"

COMIC ZOOLOGY.

THE MONKEY TRIBE.

OF this genus there are countless varieties, differing widely in the cut of their monkey jackets, as the untravelled American naturalist will doubtless have observed on traversing his native sidewalk. The educated specimens met with in our cities are upon the whole well Organized, and appear to have music in their soles. For its feats *à pied*, the tame monkey is indebted to a Piedmontese who accompanies him.

To behold the monkey race in their glory, however, they must be seen in their native woods, where they dwell in genteel independence, enjoying their entailed estates and living on their own cocoa nuts. There will be found the Gibbon, whose Decline and Fall when yielding the Palm to some aspiring rival is swifter than that of the Roman Empire; the Barberry Ape, so called from feeding exclusively on Barberies; the Chimpanzee—an African corruption of Jump-and-see, the name given to the animal by his first European discoverers in compliment to his alertness; the Baboon, a melancholy brute that, as you may observe from his visage, always has the blues; to say nothing of a legion of Red Monkeys, which are particularly Rum Customers.

Some men of science have advanced the theory that man is the climactic consequence of innumerable improvements of the monkey; the negro as he now exists being the result of the Fifteenth Amendment. These philosophers erect a sort of pyramid of progress, placing an Ape at the base and a Caucasian at the Apex. This wild hypothesis of a monkey apotheosis can of course only be regarded Jockolarly, in other words, with a grin. Nevertheless the Marmozet is sufficiently like a little Frenchwoman to be called a Ma'annoiselle, and there are (in New-Zealand for instance) human heathen with a craving for the Divine, to whom the Gorilla, though not a man, is certainly a brother. Possibly the Orang Outang, if able to express his thoughts in an har-

angue, might say with Mr. DICKENS, "I am very human." He certainly looks it.

There is a strong facial resemblance among the simious races—*Simia Similibus*. This likeness does not, however, extend in all cases to the opposite extremity. Some monkeys have no tails. Of the tailless Apes it is said that they originally erased their rear appendages by too much sitting—perhaps as members of the "Rump" in some Anthropoid Congress. Be that as it may, the varieties that have retained their tails seem disposed to hang on to them, and will doubtless continue to do so by hook or by crook.

The natives of Africa believe that the monkeys would converse with them if they were not afraid of being set to work; but it is quite apparent that they are not averse either to labor or conversation, inasmuch as among themselves they frequently Mow and Chatter.

THE GREAT AFRICAN TEA COMPANY.

MR. PUNCHINELLO: If I can induce you to take a few shares in the above-named Co. (at a merely nominal price, I assure you,) I think I shall do you a very great favor, and at the same time secure to the Co. the benefit of your enormous influence.

The Grand Points, in this unequalled Scheme, may be explained as follows:

The Tea is from the new African Tea Fields, (that is the holds of ships in which it has spoiled, or become musty, or lost its *bouquet*, and the old chests of the usual dealers,) and is delivered in our ware-rooms for a mere song, so to speak: say the Song of Sixpence (a pound.)

At a small additional outlay, we dye and scour this Tea, or otherwise Renovate it to such an extent that Nature herself would be deceived, at least till she began to sip the decoction from it, when, perhaps, she would conclude not to try any further issues with this Co.

These African Tea Fields (cultivated by Ourselves) are "situated near the Cape of Good Hope." From the

recent appreciation of African Interests (and, of course, technology,) you will perceive that in our Name and Scheme is Good Hope indeed, for the Stockholders, if not the tea-drinkers.

Our system of business embraces, in part, the following ingenious and strictly novel features: By means of circulars and extensive advertising we convince the public (an easy task) that, in consequence of Raising the Tea Ourselves, from "Our Own Tea Fields," (and thus saving a great many profits to different absorbents of the people's money,) we can afford it at ruinously low prices, yet the Tea is always A. 1. (which, in familiar language, might be construed as A Wonder, especially to the Chinese.) We make a great variety out of the same stock! One may always know the Great A. Co.'s Tea from the circumstance of it's never having either odor or flavor. We find, after ample experience, that the presence of either of these qualities directly injures the sale. Give it plenty of Astringency (an easy knack) and it will be sure to *go down* in this country. It is our experience (and that of many other Operators of our kind—or *upon* our kind, if you prefer the phrase,) that people *like to be imposed upon*, and can always be taken with the Economical hook. If an article (of Tea, for instance) is only "cheap" enough, it may be ever so nasty and unwholesome, and yet it will Sell! Sell! Bless you! you can't produce it fast enough—even from your Own Tea Fields!

We make an article of Coffee (which we have almost decided to call Cuffee) that has as much Color in one pound as the real (an inferior) article has in six! Boarding-house keepers praise it! It goes far, and is actually *preferred* to Mocha! We sell it for less than the latter could be bought for at wholesale, in Arabia, and yet you will readily believe we make money by it.

A few shares will be sold to *you* for a mere fraction of their nominal value. Call and see us, at the sign of the GREAT AFRICAN (TEA CO.)

T. T. T. (for the Co.)

OUR CUBAN TELEGRAMS.

WE are happy to inform our readers that we have made a special arrangement with the telegraph companies, by which we shall receive the only reliable news from Cuba. The following telegrams from Havana, which were received at this office at a late hour last night, will show how full and accurate our Cuban news will henceforth be:

FIRST DISPATCH.

HAVANA, May 26th, 9 P. M.—(*From a Cuban Patriot.*)—A great battle was fought yesterday between the National army and the Spanish Cut-throats. General CESPEDES, with five hundred men, attacked VALMESADA, who had eleven thousand men in a strong position, and completely routed him. The Invaders lost ten thousand in killed and wounded, and nine hundred prisoners. Twenty pieces of artillery were captured. This blow will crush the Spanish brigands, and make certain the independence of the island. Our loss was trifling—only a drummer-boy or two.

SECOND DISPATCH.

9:30 P. M.—(*From the Spanish Authorities.*)—A great battle was fought yesterday between the loyal army and the rebel hordes. General VALMESADA, with five hundred men, attacked CESPEDES, who had eleven thousand men in a strong position, and completely routed him. The brigands lost ten thousand in killed and wounded, and nine hundred prisoners. Twenty pieces of artillery were captured. This blow will crush the rebels, and make certain the establishment of order in the island. Our loss was trifling—only a sutler or two.

THIRD DISPATCH.

10 P. M.—(*From a Cuban Patriot.*)—Our victory was more complete than at first believed. Only two Spaniards escaped. Our only loss was one drummer-boy slightly wounded.

FOURTH DISPATCH.

10:30 P. M.—(*From the Spanish Authorities.*)—Our victory was more complete than was at first believed. Only two rebels escaped. Our only loss was one sutler somewhat demoralized.

FIFTH DISPATCH.

11 P. M.—(*From a Cuban Patriot.*)—CESPEDES had only two hundred men, and VALMESADA eight thousand. The latter is reported killed. The victory was complete.

SIXTH DISPATCH.

11:30 P. M.—(*From the Spanish Authorities.*)—VALMESADA had only two hundred men, and CESPEDES eight thousand. The latter is reported killed. The victory was complete.

SEVENTH DISPATCH.

12 M.—(*From a Cuban Patriot.*)—The battle was not so bloody as was at first reported. The Patriots had fifty men, and were greatly outnumbered. Several dead Spaniards were left on the field. No artillery was captured, but a great quantity of supplies was taken.

EIGHTH DISPATCH.

12:30 A. M.—(*From the Spanish Authorities.*)—The battle was not so bloody as was at first reported. The loyal force consisted of only fifty men, and many dead rebels were left on the field. No artillery was captured, but a great quantity of bananas was taken.

NINTH DISPATCH.

1 A. M.—(*From a Cuban Patriot.*)—It is now known that the battle was only a skirmish. The Spaniards attacked our men in order to seize upon their extra linen. They were repulsed however.

TENTH DISPATCH.

1:30 A. M.—(*From the Spanish Authorities.*)—It is now known that the battle was only skirmish. The rebels attacked a hen-roost in search of eggs, but were repulsed.

ELEVENTH DISPATCH.

2 A. M.—(*From a Cuban Patriot.*)—The rumor of a battle seems to have originated in a fight between a Patriot and a mob of blood-thirsty Spaniards in an alley in this city. The latter managed to escape.

TWELFTH DISPATCH.

2:30 A. M.—(*From the Spanish Authorities.*)—The rumor of a battle evidently grew out of a fight in an alley of this city, between a Volunteer and a mob of rebel sympathizers. The latter were all arrested.

THIRTEENTH DISPATCH.

3 A. M.—(*From the American Consul.*)—Yesterday a Cuban boy threw a stone at a dog belonging to one of the volunteers. The dog ran away. All is quiet in the city, and elsewhere on the island.

At this point we were compelled to go to press. The above dis-

patches, however, furnish the latest and only reliable intelligence from Cuba.

A Good Turn Meant.

THERE is some talk of reviving the Tournament in this region, and the young men are expected to show their skill in "riding at the ring." If our young men were to put any number of good sharp lances through a few of our City Rings, they would be noble and chivalrous fellows, surely.

The Dumb Beasts' Friend.

MR. BERGH, the philodoggist, is an honest oracle in his way, and when he opens his mouth we hope no cur will be ungrateful enough to bark. He says in his last lecture that dumb animals are creatures like unto himself. That accounts for Mr. BERGH being Deer to the quadrupeds, and such a Terrier to their enemies.

Land and Water.

AN Ocean Cable Company has just asked Congress for a grant of lands. The request is natural, as the Company, of course, wants to see its cable well Landed.



Merrill

ONE VIEW OF THE QUESTION.

Nervous Man. "UP FOUR FLIGHTS OF STAIRS, AND THROUGH NO END OF CROOKED PASSAGES. HOW AM I TO GET OUT IN CASE OF FIRE?"

Polite Waiter. "NO OCCASION WHATEVER FOR ANXIETY, SIR; THE HOUSE IS FULLY INSURED."

The Kellogg Testimonial.

GIFTS should be seasonable. We therefore signify our highest approval of the judgment of those "key ind" friends who lately gave to Miss CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG, our own beloved nightingale, an elegant "Fruit Receiver." Birds, as a rule, are prohibited by law from partaking of fruit, but that is only while it is the on branches; and, perhaps, if EVE had only possessed an elegant "Fruit Receiver," she might have put the apple into it, instead of eating that most unfortunate pippin, so greatly to human distress and detriment. And, now that Miss CLARA has such a beautiful article to hold them, we suggest that, at her next benefit, instead of the fading and comparatively worthless bouquets, she be presented with a bushel of the very best pippins—and we intend to do it.

Latest About Garibaldi.

IT is stated, now, that GARIBALDI, foiled in his attempts to join the Italian insurgents, is about to throw himself, sword in hand, among the Red River malcontents. This rumor has its origin, probably, in the fact that GARIBALDI usually wears a red shirt.



BROADWAY SAVED!

GOVERNOR HOFFMAN PUTS HIS FOOT DOWN UPON THE MOLE THAT WAS GOING TO UNDERMINE OUR GREAT THOROUGHFARE.

Stridor Dentium.

THE Massachusetts Dentists (excellent men, not to be spoken of without a shudder) have been holding an annual meeting in Boston. They talked, discussed, suggested and explained; and then, to show that they were physicians who could heal themselves, they parook together of a most beautiful dinner. We are not told so, but we suppose that the viands on this occasion were of the very toughest description—geese of venerable age, fried heel-tops, and beef like unto the beef of a boarding-house. Whether, considering their facilities for mastication, a landlord should not charge the members of a Dental Association double, is a question for casuists.

English News.

It is noted, as a very remarkable fact, that "the Member of Parliament for Sheffield first entered that town as an Italian image boy." He was the image of his mother.

In the Air.

Voice at Rome. "I am the infallible Pro Nono."

Echo, everywhere. "No! no!"

Ancient Inscription on the Throne of Spain.

M. T.

THE ROBINS.

[Compare a much more "poetic" effusion, under this head, in all the American newspapers.]

THERE'S a screech upon the housetop, a creak upon the plain,
It's a libel on the sunshine, its a slander on the rain;
And through my brain, in consequence, there darts a horrid thought
Of exasperating wheelbarrows, and signs, with torture fraught!
So, all these breezy mornings through my teeth is poured the strain:
Confound the odious "Robins," that have now come back again!

They bring a thought of strawberries, which I shall never taste;
Plums, cherries, ditto, ditto, which these mauraunders waste—
Who never will catch worms and flies, as smaller "warblers" do,
But want precisely those nice things which grow for me and you!
I muse on all their robberies, and mutter this fierce strain:
Confound these odious "Robins," that have now come back again!

Oh, bah! What bosh these "poets" write, about this humbug pet!
Firstly, they're not true "Robins," but a base, inferior set;
Second, there is no music in their creaking, croaking shriek;
Third, they are slow and stupid—common birds from tail to beak!

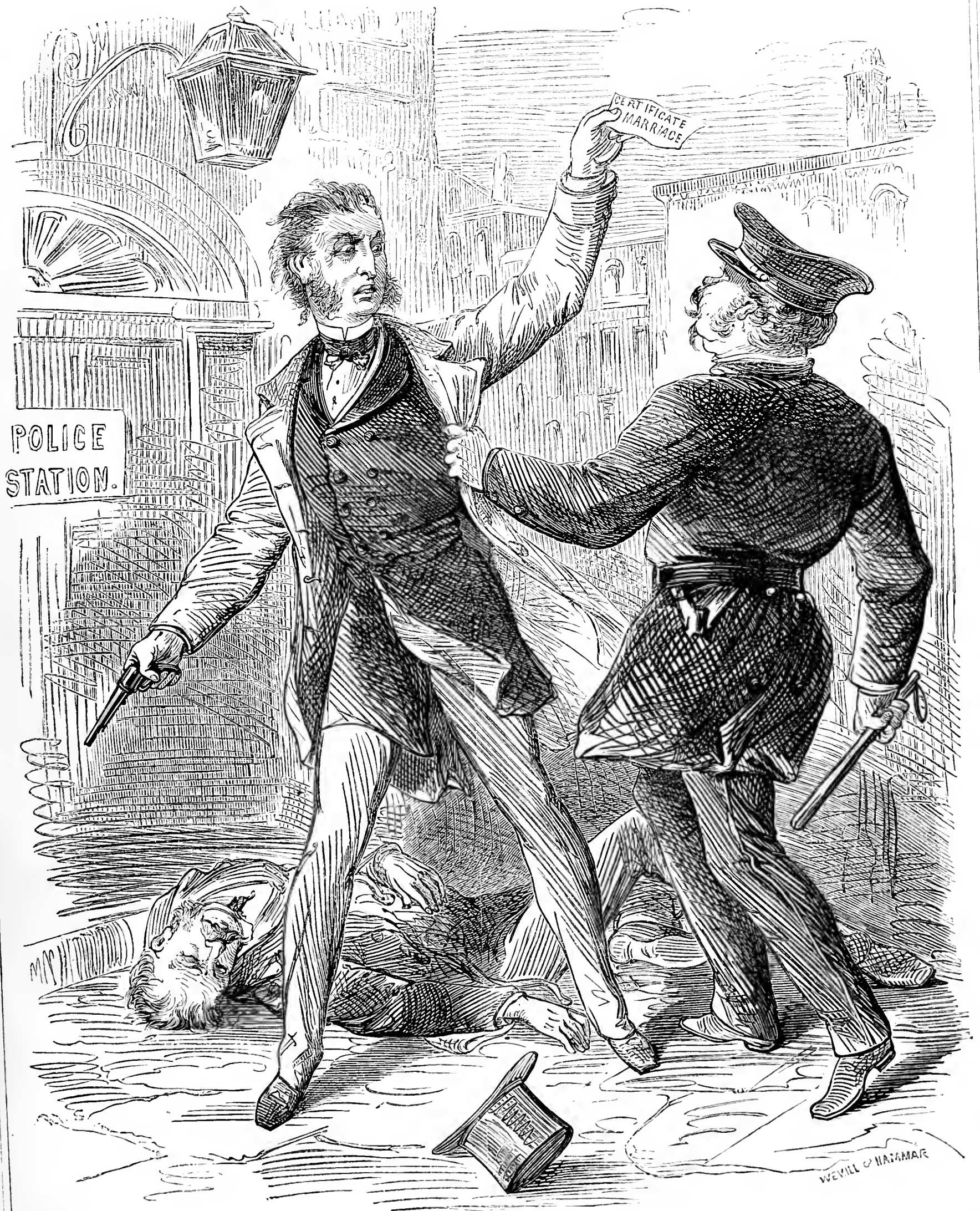
'Tis said, "they come so early." Well, I'd rather they'd come late.
They're simply made for pot-pies, and deserve no better fate.

Who ever thought to welcome the ingenious, sprightly Wren?
With his pretty, joyous carol, which should thrill the heart of men?
Now that is music, mind you! And how small the throat that sings!
Bes des, he lets your fruit alone, and lives on other things!
Inspired by this trim fairy, many souls will swell the strain:
Confound the odious "Robins," that have now come back again!

CAUTION!

THERE is shortly to arrive in Paris a dwarf aged about fifty-five years, having a beard reaching to his feet, but with only one arm and a completely bald head. He possesses 2,000,000 francs, which he is willing to share with any young girl about twenty years old, who is pretty and good tempered.

The person above alluded is, unquestionably, our eldest son, Mr. PUNCHINELLO, Jr. He is—we say it with many tears—as great a rascal as any in the world, although no child was ever flogged more regularly and affectionately. His conduct broke his mother's head; and he was put under bonds to keep the peace at the age of two years. After a long period of flagrant insubordination, he ran away with a part of our money, and of his plunder he may possibly have 2,000,000 francs left—but we don't believe it. This is to warn all tradesmen in Paris from trusting him on our account, as we shall pay no debts of his contracting.



THE NEW PLEA FOR MURDER.

MAN WITH REVOLVER. "OF COURSE I'VE KILLED HIM, BUT IT'S NO MURDER, FOR I'M INSANE. IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE IT, THERE'S MY MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE!"

CONDENSED CONGRESS.

SENATE.



RAKE quacked according to his custom—this time about the propriety of hanging people in the Southern States. There were several people in Missouri whom he particularly desired to see extinguished. He referred to the fiends in human shape, whose hands were dripping with loyal gore, and whom the unrepentant rebels of his State actually desired to send to the Senate, in the place of himself. He lacked words to express his sense of so gross an outrage. He thought that he could be comparatively happy if forty thousand men were hanged or otherwise "disabled" from voting against him. That

would make his reelection a pretty sure thing.

Mr. FERRY said he really thought this thing had gone far enough. People were coming to understand that the general run, he did not refer to Bull Run, of the Northern army was just about as good, and no better, than the general run, he did not refer to Gettysburgh, of the Southern army. As for DRAKE, he was a *canard*, and his statement was another. He did not approve of the bloody Drakonian code.

Mr. MORTON said FERRY was very easily crossed. As for him he considered that FERRY was a Copperhead.

Mr. REVELS was in favor of removing disabilities as soon as it could be done with safety. They all knew what he meant by safety. As soon as not only his calling, which was formerly clerical, although now legislative, and election were made sure, he was ready to let every body vote. While his election was doubtful, he was in favor of keeping out votes enough to insure it. He believed that to be the view of every Senator. (Hear. Hear.)

Mr. SAWYER thought his opinion as good as REVELS's, if he was white. He considered that he was safe in South Carolina, and he disapproved of the glut of Republican Southern Senators. Upon these grounds he went for the removal of the disabilities.

HOUSE.

Mr. DAWES did a neat thing. He represented that the Naval Appropriation bill contained a number of most nutritious jobs (as indeed it turned out that it did.) Upon this hint SCHENCK agreed to let the tariff "pass" for the present, though he reserved the right to order it up at any time. Thereupon the astute DAWES moved to postpone it indefinitely, to the huge disgust of Mr. SCHENCK, who said he ought to be ashamed of himself. Here was the oyster pining for protection, the peanut absolutely shrivelling on its stalk under the neglect of Congress, and the American hook-and-eye weeping for being overrun by the imported article. He hoped the pig-iron, whose claims they had refused to consider, might lie heavy on their souls.

KELLEY was too full of pig-iron for utterance.

SPENCERIAN CHAFF.

BY A CONFIRMED GRAHAMITE.

IF, in the "opening" of my learned friend
(Whose record I intend
Most handsomely and warmly to defend,
You fancy that you now and then perceive
A word or phrase one hardly can conceive
Was uttered "by your leave;"
If—going further in my supposition—
You fancy his condition
In some respects was not above suspicion;
If (Ah! there's virtue in an "if" sometimes—

As there may be in crimes,
You think it strange, what men will do for dimes;
Why, it is plainly due
To you,

And noble SPENCER, too,
That I should straightway boil with legal rago
At such injustice, and at once engage
To right the matter, on this virtuous page.

I fear, my captious friend,
(To speak the truth,) you do not comprehend
The Majesty of Law!
Of Reason it is clearly the Perfection!
It is not merely Jaw!
Great Heaven! (excuse the interjection.)
If for this thing you have no greater awe,
You need correction!
Pray, do you fully realize, good Sir,
The Legal is a Gentlemanly cur?
True, we are sometimes forced to treat a Judge
As though he were a plain American.

But, fudge!
He never minds; he's not a gentleman!
True, it is now and then our legal lot
To teach a stupid witness what is what,
Or show that he (or she)
Is rather worse than he (or she) should be;
We find it necessary,

Very,
To blacken what we have no doubt is white,
And whiten what is very black indeed.
Agreed!

But ask the Client what *he* thinks is right!
He may not care to see us fairly *fight*,
(It is not a pleasant sight,)
Or hear us curse till all is black as night,
For the whole Jury might perchance take fright;
But *he* knows whether he is ably served!
Stern Duty's line, he'll tell you (if he's bright)
Is always either angular or curved.

Now, pray, no bosh
About the *habit of defending crime*
Dulling the sensibilities in time!
The theory won't wash!
Once place my colleague on the other side,
You'd say, This lawyer should be deified!
Oh, what a conscience he would then reveal!
Sinners would tremble at his dread appeal!
You would perceive
(At least, you would be ready to believe,
That, noting all the most abhorred deeds
Known to our records, this affair must needs
Be judged the blackest. Nothing like, since Cain.
And then, again —

But, pshaw! coming to look at you, I see
You're one of those odd folks who don't agree
With *any* body. *You* are not to pass
On these high questions; plainly, you're an ass.
I'd like to have you on the stand a minute!
You'd think the deuce was in it!
I'd shake the humdrums out of you, I guess!
You'd presently confess
You thought that No was Yes.
It's just your sort—provided there's no hurry—
We like to worry.
In twenty minutes, Sir, you wouldn't know
Your father from JIM CROW,
Or your illiterate self from LINDLEY MURRAY!
And now then, dunce,
Please move your boots, at once!
If 'twere not for some twinges of the gout,
I'd *kick* you out!



A NEAT TURN.

Mrs. Twigg. "GOOD GRACIOUS! JOHN—YOU'VE BEEN DRINKING!"

Mr. Twigg. "NORADROP, MY DEAR, *hic*, NORADROP. I'VE ONLY COME UP *hic*, BY THE *hic*, *hic*, EL'VATED RAILWAY!"

OUR PORTFOLIO.

SINCE "gin-and-milk" has been declared to be an uncanonical beverage, much uncertainty prevails among the brethren of the cloth as to what refreshment would be considered orthodox and proper. There is no doubt that some men are so constituted as to require fluid aids to religion. To deprive them of it would be to strike a blow at popular piety. As the laborer is worthy of his hire, so is the minister, whose throat becomes parched by reason of much exhortation, worthy of the liquid balm which is to renew his powers and strengthen his organs. PUNCHINELLO has had under consideration the question of inventing some drink which might happily satisfy the wants of the thirsty and avoid the scandal which "gin-and-milk" has created among the godly. Many correspondents have suggested to him various decoctions, but, as they all involved spirituous ingredients, he has felt compelled to reject them. After considerable trial, he flatters himself, however, that he has fallen upon a discovery which may remove every objection. It is very simple, and that of itself should be a strong recommendation.

Take some raw potatoes; thoroughly extract the juice; mix with it about three ounces of horse-radish, (this to give it pungency,) flavor the same with any aromatic root to suit the taste, and then let the whole boil for one hour. After cooling, tightly bottle the mixture, and within twenty-four hours it will be fit for use. The process then will be to drink it in the same quantity that one would take either gin or whisky, being careful to hold to the nose during the act of swallowing, a sponge well saturated with pure alcohol. Between the pungency communicated to the taste by the horse-radish and the fumes of the spirit invading the nasal avenues, the illusion of a good "square drink" will be complete.

AN instance of singularly vitiated taste has just come to the knowledge of PUNCHINELLO. A caterer in Baxter Street provides juvenile boot-blacks with the hind legs of rats, and declares that his guests eat them with great avidity and experience no ill effects. They are rolled

in pulverized crackers, and cooked in lard. The dish is considered a great dainty, and is only within the reach of the aristocratic portions of that community. One chief cause of this culinary success is the fact that the provider keeps the knowledge of it to himself, going upon the French principle of "eat what's put before you and ask no questions." Fried horse liver has risen to great popularity with Americans in Paris, owing to the adoption of a similar caution. Fastidious tourists have been known to smack their lips over horse tenderloin, under the impression that the peculiarity of its flavor was to be attributed entirely to the devices of a Parisian *cuisine*.

This pleasant hypothesis has unquestionably prevented many a stomach from revolting, and increased the reputation of French cooks. It is related of the astronomer LALANDE that he often ate caterpillars and spiders, affirming that the former tasted like almonds and the latter like walnuts; but no American who ever feasted inadvertently on horse liver or a savory sirloin of the same flesh, has yet been found to acknowledge the fact, much less to promote a taste for it by any seductive comparison. The Baxter Street purveyor imitates the Parisian *restaurateur* in the mystery with which he surrounds his art, and so both prosper.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Georgia. Mistaken. The columns of PUNCHINELLO are not for sale. If you want to buy editorial columns you should apply to the managers of the Washington *Chronicle*. For tariff of rates consult Governor BULLOCK of your State, who is thoroughly informed on the subject.

Anxious Inquirer. Our story of the "Mystery of Mr. E. DROOD," will shortly be published in weekly parts, and it would be unfair to Mr. DICKENS as well to Mr. ORPHEUS C. KERR to tell you the Mystery.

Traveller. We believe that the Street Car Conductors are obliged to pass a preliminary examination in packing herrings, before a car is given to them.

Dramatical. Can you tell me the origin of the expression, "Let's have a smile," meaning of course, to take a drink?—Yes; it is from *Julius Caesar*, where CASSIUS says to BRUTUS:

—"Farewell BRUTUS!"

If we do meet again we'll smile, indeed." Act V. Scene I.

Hoyle. The old remark, "When in doubt play a trump," has fallen through, as, when in doubt, the player generally plays the Deuce.

Henry Jones. No. You are wrong. *Sic semper tyrannis*, does not mean "Tyrants are always sick."

Villikens. Mr. HORACE GREELEY, although an intimate personal friend of WESTON, the pedestrian, is not, as you suppose, the Compiler of WALKER'S Dictionary.

Cornet. The critic was wrong in attributing "freshness" to the air of "Walking down Broadway." If you walk down Broadway at this season you will find the air any thing but fresh.

Gin-and-Milk. It is a mistake. THEODORE TILTON never sang Comic Songs in a Houston Street Free-and-Easy.

Chutney. Somebody has been "selling" you. BABOO BRAHMIN CHUNDER SEN is not a relation of HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

Sculp. Is it in your power to give the proportions of a perfect human figure?

Answer. Your question implies a doubt of the genius of a great American Sculptor. It is in our Power. Look at his figure of the Greek Slave.

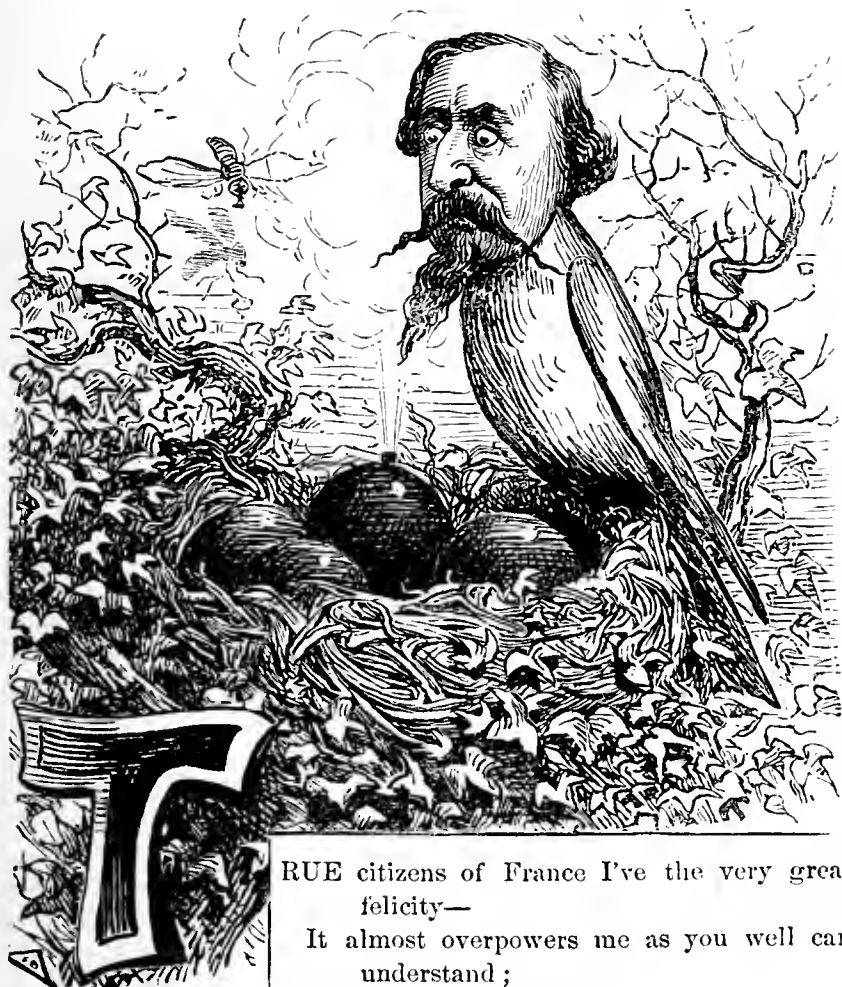
Richard III. My friends think that I have a decided talent for the stage. How can I be fitted for it?

Answer. By a theatrical costumer. Pay great attention to "Measure for Measure."

Debrett. Who were the Knight's Companions of the Bath?

Answer. Towels and Soap.

NAPOLEON'S LATEST MANIFESTO TO THE FRENCH PEOPLE.



RUE citizens of France I've the very great felicity—

It almost overpowers me as you well can understand ;

To give to the proud triumph of my policy publicity,
Majority six millions. Ah! *Mon Dieu!* but it is grand.

'Tis true the Empire's Capital, the centre of authority,
Went against me in a fit of Red Republican romance ;
But the Provinces in rolling up their glorious majority
Have proved, despite of precedents, that Paris is not France.

Self-contained and unembarrassed, I awaited at the Tuileries
The issue, for I trusted the Nation's Common Sense ;
And although the rowdy *Faubourgs* tried a few of their Tom-fooleries,
My soldiers soon let light into each trumpety defence.

I smile in cold contempt at the Old-time Barricade tricks—
Each street, did I so order, were a cannon-swept defile,
I've bound Fortune to my Chariot, and defying all her jade tricks,
More in pity than in anger hear the roar of the *Canaille*.

The *Drapeau Rouge* is down—HUGO, BLANC and LEDRU ROLLIN
Are as harmless as three kittens with their teeth and talons drawn ;
And now my own loved France, with returns from every poll in,
I bid thee hail of Liberty the true and genial dawn.

Though the Left's intemperate oracles, political and clerical,
Deny there's force or purpose in the People's mighty "Aye!"
They stultify their principles, for by ordeal numerical
Their Creed declares all policy should either live or die.

To Franco I said, "My Country, behold I freely tender thee
All swords e'er won for freedom in the ages long ago,
All prerogatives that clash with it I offer to surrender thee,
Wilt take or spurn the guerdon? prithee, answer "yes" or "no."

She has answered, France has answered, in thunderings articulate,
From the Alps and either Seaboard, to the Pyrenees, the Rhine ;
And though a horde of demagogues may bellow and gesticulate,
They *know* this is a victory of the PEOPLE'S RIGHT DIVINE.

••••• The Dominion Again.

WHAT a set of grumblers the Canadians are. They seem never to be satisfied with their public men. First they were berating the minister of Justice for too large a practice at the Bar. Now they have turned their attention to the gentleman (Mr. LANGEVIN) who is to engineer the domestic relations between the Confederate Provinces, on the ground of looking after his own Domestic Relations first. Surely, this is "factious opposition," as their Mr. HOLTON would say.

SCIENCE FOREVER!

MR. PUNCHINELLO is pleased to observe that there is to be a meeting of the Western Social Science Association in Chicago, and he hereby announces his intention of attending as a Volunteer Delegate. He will, if he is well treated by the Convention, so that he may reach the elevation of soul necessary, read exhaustive and exhausting papers on the following subjects:

1. On the complete removal of the buildings now constituting the City of Washington to Chicago.
2. On Free Drinks; their origin, history, purpose, and influence.
3. On a curious fluid known as Drinking-Water; observed in other parts of the world, but entirely unknown in Chicago.
4. On Virtue its Own Reward, as exemplified in the Lives and Adventures of the Chicago Police.
5. On the Various Smells to be observed in Chicago (with pungent experiments.)
6. On the Exact Trigonometrical Measurement of a Corner in Grain.
7. On the feasibility of working an Elevator entirely by whisky power.

MR. PUNCHINELLO has prepared forty-nine other papers on different scientific subjects, including Pugilism, Base Ball, the Velocipede, Female Suffrage, and Lake Navigation; and he now awaits an invitation from Chicago to come on with his largest drum and his most melodious trumpet. He is aware of the general impression among the Children of the West that they already know every thing. He hastens to assure them that they labor under the most hideous of delusions.

••••• A Midsummer Reading of Shakspeare.

It must have been in "fly-time" that Shakspeare wrote—
"When we have Shoo-flied off this mortal coil."

••••• A Dead Beat to the Windward.

MR. ASHBURY of "Cambria" fame.

••••• THE FISHERY QUESTION.



OME trouble with regard to the Gulf fisheries appears to be anticipated, and loud calls are being made upon Government by the fishermen, who demand that immediate steps be taken for securing their rights. The unmasterly inactivity of President GRANT, in the matter, is considered by the fishermen as indicating a want of Porpus. They are also very much chagrined with the Government for sending out to the fishing-banks a dispatch boat bearing the inappropriate name of "Frolic." There is a levity about this quite out of keeping with the serious character of the question, and it is doubtful whether the fishermen would not prefer a fight on the banks to a Frolic.

Although the Government appears to Flounder sadly in the mud-banks of this fishery question, still there is some hope that coercive measures may yet be taken for restraining the Dominion fishermen from having every thing on their own hook. Rumor has it that the monitor Miantonomah, Captain SCHUFELDT, is awaiting orders for a cruise to the troubled waters. This will doubtless prove to be a very summary and complete way of settling the difficulty, inasmuch as a few broadsides from the huge thunderer referred to would kill every fish upon the banks, and blacken each particular fisherman into an OTHELLO with an "occupation gone." The Canadian fishermen, of course, would suffer equally with those of our own shores. They are a light-hearted people, though, are these Canadians, fond of music and dancing, and they would doubtless find consolation for their troubles by addressing the skipper of the Miantonomah in a grand MASANIELLO strain, chorussed with "SCHUFELDT don't bother us!"



DEPLORABLE ACCIDENT TO THAT FASHIONABLE YOUNG MAN ALGERNON TYBALT PIPKINS, WHOSE HAT HAS BEEN BLOWN THROUGH THE RAILINGS OF WASHINGTON PARK JUST AS THE MISSES ABINGDON ARE PASSING.

OF MYTHOLOGY.

MYTHOLOGY is the term by which the ancient Greek or Roman used to distinguish his religion from the rival religions of other and heretical pagans. Just as Orthodoxy, according to DEAN SWIFT, means "my doxy," and Heterodoxy, the doxy of other people; so the pious Roman used to speak of "my thology" as the only genuine religion; the "thologies" of other men being cheap and worthless counterfeits, of the real article. The classic mythology had a large and varied assortment of deities, from which every man could select a supply to suit himself. Thus the lawyer could place a bust of Mercury, the god of chicanery, in his office, and so secure the patronage of the god and save the expense of a tin sign announcing his profession. The editor could dedicate his paper to the service of Janus, the two-faced deity, and thus pursue his business without perilling his reputation for religious consistency. The advantages of this sort of thing need hardly be enlarged upon.

We propose to give easy and familiar descriptions of the more important gods of classic mythology, for the benefit of our younger readers. We therefore begin without further delay, with the chief deities of Olympus, the celestial Tammany Hall of the period. The Olympians formed a sort of Ring which governed the entire celestial and infernal world, and as they were the only judges of elections, they retained the power undisturbed.

JUPITER. This individual was a jolly, good-tempered, old Olympian who lived in great terror of his wife, JUNO, and was sadly addicted to surreptitious beer, and undignified flirtations with the female servants. He was fond of disguising himself, and staying out late at night in search of adventures. It is difficult, however, to believe that he really disguised himself as a swan, in order to present his bill to LEDA. The story, doubtless, originated in the fact that JUNO called him "an old goose," to which he very probably replied that "other woman appreciated him better, and that LEDA, for example, would be more apt to call him a duck or a swan, than a degraded and abject goose." So, too, in

regard to the story that he disguised himself as a bull, and in that eccentric costume made love to EUROPA. One legend expressly states that he pretended to be an Irish bull. This is, of course, a figurative way of saying that he proclaimed himself an Irish gentleman, a descendant of BRIEN BORU and a graduate of Trinity College. EUROPA was probably a child's nurse, and the fascinating Irish gentleman was accustomed to meet her in the Park, and enliven her with his national witticisms. One can easily believe that he made love to DANÆ by throwing a shower of gold in her lap—a story which shows that women were much the same in ancient times as they are to day. There is no denying that JUPITER was a sad old dog, and that he would have been killed a dozen times by insane husbands had he not been immortal. However, he was pretty severely punished by JUNO, who was the leader of the Olympian Sorosis, and who used to hear of all his disreputable flirtations from the respectable spinsters of that Wild Goddess Association, and would keep him awake night after night, with curtain lectures on the subject. JUPITER was, *ex-officio*, the chairman of the Olympian Society, and he once crushed a rebellion of the Titans, who were the Roughs of the period, by locking them out of the Olympian Hall, and shying all sorts of heavy missiles, such as charters—a Greek word signifying a mountainous burden—out of the upper chamber at them. He had a large number of relatives whom he placed in all the fat offices, and though there was some dissatisfaction with his government, it was generally agreed that he was better fitted for his position than any one of the Titans would have been. No one knows what was the ultimate fate of JUPITER. He was, however, dethroned by the Emperor CONSTANTINE, and was never afterwards heard of; though it is well known that the inhabitants of certain inland counties of New-Jersey still believe in his existence, and have not yet heard of CONSTANTINE's reformation.

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Vol. I.

No. 11.



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THE MYSTERY OF MR. E. DROOD.

AN ADAPTATION.

BY ORPHEUS C. KERR.

[THE American Press's Young Gentlemen, when taking their shady literary walks among the Columns of Interesting Matter, have been known to remark—with a glibness and grace, by Jove, greatly in excess of their salaries—that the reason why we don't produce great works of imagination in this country, as they do in other countries, is because we haven't the genius, you know. They think—do they?—that the bran-new localities, post-office addresses, and official titles, characteristic of the United States of America, are rife with all the grand old traditional suggestions so useful in helping along the romantic interest of fiction. They think—do they?—that if an American writer could write a Novel in the exact style of COLLINS, or TROLLOPE, or DICKENS: only laying its scenes and having its characters in this country: the work would be as romantically effective as one by COLLINS, or TROLLOPE, or DICKENS; and that the possibly necessary incidental mention of such native places as Schermerhorn Street, Dobb's Ferry, or Chicago, *wouldn't* disturb the nicest dramatic illusion of the imaginative tale. Very well, then! All right! Just look here!—O A. P.'s Young Gentlemen, just look here—]

CHAPTER I.

DAWNATION.

A modern American Ritualistic Spire! How can the modern American Ritualistic Spire be here! The well-known tapering brown Spire, like a closed umbrella on end? How can that be here? There is no rusty rim of a shocking bad hat between the eye and that Spire in the real prospect. What is the rusty rim that now intervenes, and confuses the vision of at least one eye? It must be an intoxicated hat that wants to see, too. It is so, for ritualistic choirs strike up, acolytes swing censers dispensing the heavy odor of punch, and the ritualistic rector and his gaudily robed assistants in alb, chasuble, maniple and tunic, intone a *Nux Vomica* in gorgeous procession. Then come twenty young clergymen in stoles and birettas, running after twenty marriageable young ladies of the congregation who have sent them worked slippers. Then follow ten thousand black monies swarming all over everybody and up and down everything, chattering like fiends. Still the Ritualistic Spire keeps turning up in impossible places, and still the intervening rusty rim of a hat inexplicably clouds one eye. There dawns a sensation as of writhing grim figures of snakes in one's boots, and the intervening rusty rim of the hat that was not in the original prospect takes a snake-like—But stay! Is this the rim of my own hat tumbled all awry? I' mushbe! A few reflective moments, not unrelieved by hiccups, mush be d'voted to co'shider-ERATION of th' posh'bil'ty.

Nodding excessively to himself with unspeakable gravity, the gentleman whose diluted mind has thus played the Dickens with him, slowly arises to an upright position by a series of complicated manœuvres with both hands and feet; and, having carefully balanced himself on one leg, and shaking his aggressive old hat still further down over his left eye, proceeds to take a cloudy view of his surroundings. He is in a room going on one side to a bar, and on the other side to a pair of glass doors and a window, through the broken panes of which various musty cloth substitutes for glass ejaculate toward the outer Mulberry Street. Tilted back in chairs against the wall, in various attitudes of dislocation of the spine and compound fracture of the neck, are an Alderman of the ward, an Assistant-Assessor, and the lady who keeps the hotel. The first two are shapeless with a slumber defying every law of comfortable anatomy; the last is dreamily attempting to light a stumpy pipe with the wrong end of a match, and shedding tears, in the dim morning ghastliness, at her repeated failures.

"Thry another," says this woman, rather thickly, to the gentleman balanced on one leg, who is gazing at her and winking very much. "Have another, wid some bitters."

He straightens himself extremely, to an imminent peril of falling over backward, sways slightly to and fro, and becomes as severe in expression of countenance as his one uncovered eye will allow.

The woman falls back in her chair again asleep, and he, walking with one shoulder depressed, and a species of sidewise, running gait, approaches and poises himself over her.

"What vision can *she* have?" the man muses, with his hat now fully upon the bridge of his nose. He smiles unexpectedly; as suddenly frowns with great intensity; and involuntarily walks backward against the sleeping Alderman. Him he abstractedly sits down upon, and then

listens intently for any casual remark he may make. But one word comes—"Wairzernat'chal'zationc'tif'kits."

"Unintelligent!" mutters the man, wearily; and, rising dejectedly from the Alderman, lurches, with a crash, upon the Assistant-Assessor. Him he shakes fiercely for being so bony to fall on, and then hearkens for a suitable apology.

"Warzwaz-yourwifesincome-lash'—lash'-year?"

A thoughtful pause, partaking of a doze.

"Unintelligent!"

Complicatedly arising from the Assessor, with his hat now almost hanging by an ear, the gentleman, after various futile but ingenious efforts to face towards the door by turning his head alone that way, finally succeeds by walking in a circle until the door is before him. Then, with his whole countenance charged with almost scowling intensity of purpose, though finding it difficult to keep his eyes very far open, he balances himself with the utmost care, throws his shoulders back, steps out daringly, and goes off at an acute slant toward the Alderman again. Recovering himself by a tremendous effort of will and a few wild backward movements, he steps out jauntily once more, and can not stop himself until he has gone twice around a chair on his extreme left and reached almost exactly the point from which he started the first time. He pauses, panting, but with the scowl of determination still more intense, and concentrated chiefly in his right eye. Very cautiously extending his dexter hand, that he may not destroy the nicety of his perpendicular balance, he points with a finger at the knob of the door, and suffers his stronger eye to fasten firmly upon the same object. A moment's balancing, to make sure, and then, in three irresistible, rushing strides, he goes through the glass doors with a burst, without stopping to turn the latch, strikes an ash-box on the edge of the sidewalk, rebounds to a lamp-post, and then, with the irresistible rush still on him, describes a hasty wavy line, marked by irregular heel-strokes, up the street.

That same afternoon, the modern American Ritualistic Spire rises in duplicate illusion before the multiplying vision of a traveller recently off the ferry-boat, who, as though not satisfied with the length of his journey, makes frequent and unexpected trials of its width. The bells are ringing for vesper service; and, having fairly made the right door at last, after repeatedly shooting past and falling short of it, he reaches his place in the choir and performs voluntaries and involuntaries upon the organ, in a manner not distinguishable from almost any fashionable church-music of the period.

CHAPTER II.

A DEAN, AND A CHAP OR TWO ALSO.

Whosoever has noticed a party of those sedate and Germanesquely philosophical animals, the pigs, scrambling precipitately under a gate from out a cabbage-patch toward nightfall, may, perhaps, have observed, that, immediately upon emerging from the sacred vegetable preserve, a couple of the more elderly and designing of them assumed a sudden air of abstracted musing, and reduced their progress to a most dignified and leisurely walk, as though to convince the human beholder that their recent proximity to the cabbages had been but the trivial accident of a meditative stroll.

Similarly, service in the church being over, and divers persons of piggish solemnity of aspect dispersing, two of the latter detach themselves from the rest and try an easy lounge around toward a side door of the building, as though willing to be taken by the outer world for a couple of unimpeachable low-church gentlemen who merely happened to be in that neighborhood at that hour for an airing.

The day and year are waning, and the setting sun casts a ruddy but not warming light upon two figures under the arch of the side door; while one of these figures locks the door, the other, who seems to have a music book under his arm, comes out, with a strange, screwy motion, as though through an opening much too narrow for him, and, having poised a moment to nervously pull some imaginary object from his right boot and hurl it madly from him, goes unexpectedly off with the precipitancy and equilibriously concentric manner of a gentleman in his first private essay on a tight-rope.

"Was that Mr. BUMSTEAD, SMYTHE?"

"It wasn't anybody else, your Reverence."

"Say 'his identity with the person mentioned scarcely comes within the legitimate domain of doubt,' SMYTHE—to Father Dean, the younger of the piggish persons softly interposes.

"Is Mr. BUMSTEAD unwell, SMYTHE?"

"He's got 'em bad to-night."

"Say 'incipient cerebral effusion marks him especially for its prey at this vesper hour,' SMYTHE—to Father DEAN," again softly interposes Mr. SIMPSON, the Gospeler.

"Mr. SIMPSON," pursues Father DEAN, whose name has been modified, by various theological stages, from its original form of Paudean, to Pere DEAN—Father DEAN, "I regret to hear that Mr. BUMSTEAD is so delicate in health; you may stop at his boarding-house on your way home, and ask him how he is, with my compliments. *Pax vobiscum.*"

Shining so with a sense of his own benignity that the retiring sun gives up all rivalry at once and instantly sets in despair, Father DEAN departs to his dinner, and Mr. SIMPSON, the Gospeler, betakes himself cheerily to the second-floor-back where Mr. BUMSTEAD lives. Mr. BUMSTEAD is a shady-looking man of about six and twenty, with black hair and whiskers of the window-brush school, and a face reminding you of the BOURBONS. As, although lighting his lamp, he has, abstractedly, almost covered it with his hat, his room is but imperfectly illuminated, and you can just detect the accordion on the window-sill, and, above the mantel, an unfinished sketch of a school-girl. (There is no artistic merit in this picture; in which, indeed, a simple triangle on end represents the waist, another and slightly larger triangle the skirts, and straight-lines with rake-like terminations the arms and hands.)

"Called to ask how you are, and offer Father DEAN's compliments," says the Gospeler.

"I'm alright, shir!" says Mr. BUMSTEAD, rising from the rug where he has been temporarily reposing, and dropping his umbrella. He speaks almost with ferocity.

"You are awaiting your nephew, EDWIN DROOD?"

"Yeshir." As he answers, Mr. BUMSTEAD leans languidly far across the table, and seems vaguely amazed at the aspect of the lamp with his hat upon it.

Mr. SIMPSON retires softly, stops to greet some one at the foot of the stairs, and, in another moment, a young man fourteen years old enters the room with his carpet-bag.

"My dear boys! My dear EDWINS!"

Thus speaking, Mr. BUMSTEAD sidles eagerly at the new comer, with open arms, and, in falling upon his neck, does so too heavily, and bears him with a crash to the ground.

"Oh, see here! this is played out, you know," ejaculates the nephew, almost suffocated with travelling-shawl and BUMSTEAD.

Mr. BUMSTEAD rises from him slowly and with dignity.

"Excuse me, dear EDWIN, I thought there were two of you."

EDWIN DROOD regains his feet with alacrity and casts aside his shawl.

"Whatever you thought, uncle, I am still a single man, although your way of coming down on a chap was enough to make me beside myself. Any grub, JACK?"

With a check upon his enthusiasm and a sudden gloom of expression amounting almost to a squint, Mr. BUMSTEAD motions with his whole right side toward an adjacent room in which a table is spread, and leads the way thither in a half-circle.

"Ah, this is prime!" cries the young fellow, rubbing his hands; the while he realizes that Mr. BUMSTEAD's squint is an attempt to include both himself and the picture over the mantel in the next room in one incredibly complicated look.

Not much is said during dinner, as the strength of the boarding-house butter requires all the nephew's energies for single combat with it, and the uncle is so absorbed in a dreamy effort to make a salad with his hash and all the contents of the castor, that he can attend to nothing else. At length the cloth is drawn, EDWIN produces some peanuts from his pocket and passes some to Mr. BUMSTEAD, and the latter, with a wet towel pinned about his head, drinks a great deal of water.

"This is Sissy's birthday, you know, JACK," says the nephew, with a squint through the door and around the corner of the adjoining apartment toward the crude picture over the mantel, "and, if our respective respected parents hadn't bound us by will to marry, I'd be mad after her."

Crack. On EDWIN DROOD's part.

Hic. On Mr. BUMSTEAD's part.

"Nobody's dictated a marriage for you, JACK. You can choose for yourself. Life for you is still fraught with freedom's intoxicating—"

Mr. BUMSTEAD has suddenly become very pale, and perspires heavily on the forehead.

"Good Heavens, JACK! I haven't hurt your feelings?"

Mr. BUMSTEAD makes a feeble pass at him with the water-decanter, and smiles in a very ghastly manner.

"Lem me be a mis'able warning to you, EDWIN," says Mr. BUMSTEAD, shedding tears.

The scared face of the younger recalls him to himself, and he adds: "Don't mind me, my dear boys. It's cloves; you may notice them on my breath. I take them for nerv'shness." Here he rises in a series of trembles to his feet, and balances, still very pale, on one leg.

"You want cheering up," says EDWIN DROOD, kindly.

"Yesh—cheering up. Let's go and walk in the graveyard," says Mr. BUMSTEAD.

"By all means. You won't mind my slipping out for half a minute to the Alms House to leave a few gum-drops for Sissy? Rather spoony, JACK."

Mr. BUMSTEAD almost loses his balance in an imprudent attempt to wink archly, and says, "Norrin'-half-sh'-shweet-'n-life." He is very thick with EDWIN DROOD, for he loves him.

"Well, let's skedaddle, then."

Mr. BUMSTEAD very carefully poises himself on both feet, puts on his hat over the wet towel, gives a sudden horrified glance downward toward one of his boots, and leaps frantically over an object.

"Why, that was only my cane," says EDWIN.

Mr. BUMSTEAD breathes hard, and leans heavily on his nephew as they go out together.

(To be Continued.)

JUMBLES.

PUNCHINELLO has heard, of course, of the good time coming. It has not come yet. It won't come till the stars sing together in the morning, after going home, like festive young men, early. It won't come till Chicago has got its growth in population, morals and ministers. It won't come till the women are all angels, and men are all honest and wise; nor until politicians and retailers learn to tell the truth. You may think the Millennium a long way off. Perhaps so. But mighty revolutions are sometimes wrought in a mighty fast time. Many a fast man has been known to turn over a new leaf in a single night, and forever afterwards be slow. Such a thing is dreadful to contemplate, but it has been. Many a vain woman has seen the folly of her ways at a glance, and at once gone back on them. This is *not* dreadful to contemplate, since to go back on folly is to go onward in wisdom. The female sex is not often guilty of this eccentricity, but instances have been known. It is that which fills the proud bosom of man with hope and consolation, and makes him feel really that woman is coming; which is all the more evident since she began her "movement." The good time coming is nowhere definitely named in the almanacs. The goings and comings of the heavenly bodies, from the humble star to the huge planet, are calculated with the facility of the cut of the newest fashion; and the revolutions of dynasties can be fixed upon with tolerable certainty; but the period of the good time coming is lost in the mists of doubt and the vapors of uncertainty. It is very sure in expectancy, like the making of matrimonial matches. Everybody is looking for it, but nobody sees it. The sharpest of eyes only discern the bluest and gloomiest objects. But PUNCHINELLO may reasonably expect to see, feel and know, this good time. The coming will yet be to it the time come. Perhaps it will be when it visits two hundred thousand readers weekly, when mothers sigh, children cry, and fathers well-nigh die for it. At all events, somewhen or other—it may be the former period, but possibly the latter—the good time *will* come. And great will be the coming thereof, with no discount to the biggest or richest man out.

What a luxury is Hope! It springs eternal in the human breast. Rather an awkward place for a spring, but as poets know more than other people, no doubt it is all right. Hope is an institution. What is the White House, or the Capitol at Washington, to Hope? What is the Central Park, or Boston Common, or the Big Organ, to Hope? Not much—not anything, like the man's religion, to speak of. Hope bears up many a man, though it pays no bills to the grocer, milliner, tailor, or market man. It is the vertebra which steadies him plumb up to a positive perpendicular. A hopeless man or woman—how fearful! They very soon become round-shouldered, limp and weak, and drink little but unsizable sighs, and feed on all manner of dark and unhealthy things. It is TODD's deliberate opinion that if a cent can't be laid up, Hope should. Hope with empty pockets is rich compared to wealth with "nary a" hope. Hope is a good thing to have about the house. It always comes handy, and is acceptable even to company. So believes, and he acts on the faith, does

TIMOTHY TODD.

Capitol Punishment.

Abolition of the franking privilege.

SKETCH OF ORPHEUS C. KERR.

It is now nearly a twelfth of a century since the veracious Historian of the imperishable Mackerel Brigade first manœuvred that incomparably strategical military organization in public, and caused it to illustrate the fine art of waging heroic war upon a life-insurance principle. Equally renowned in arms for its feats and legs, and for being always on hand when any peculiarly daring retrograde movement was on foot, this limber martial body continually fell back upon victory throughout the war, and has been coming forward with hand-organs ever since. Its



RESIDENCE OF THE ADAPTER: BEGAD'S HILL, TICKNOR'S FIELDS, NEW JERSEY.

complete History, by the same gentleman who is now adapting the literary struggles of Mr. E. Drood to American minds and matters, was subsequently issued from the press of CARLETON, in more or less volumes, and at once attracted profound attention from the author's creditors. One great American journal said of it: "We find the paper upon which this production is printed of a most amusing quality." Another



THE ADAPTER AS HE APPEARS EVERY SATURDAY.

observed: "The binding of this tedious military work is the most humorous we ever saw." A third added: "In typographical details, the volumes now under consideration are facetious beyond compare."

The present residence of the successful Historian is Begad's Hill, New Jersey, and, if not existing in SHAKESPEARE's time, it certainly looks old enough to have been built at about that period. Its architecture is of the no-capital Corinthian order; there are mortgages both front and back, and hot and cold water at the nearest hotel. From the central front window, which belongs to the author's library, in which he keeps his Patent Office Reports, there is a fine view of the top of the porch; while from the rear casements you get a glimpse of blind-shutters which won't open. It is reported of this fine old place, that the present proprietor wished to own it even when a child; never dreaming the mortgaged halls would yet be his without a hope of re-selling.

Although fully thirty years of age, the owner of Begad's Hill Place still writes with a pen; and, perhaps, with a finer thoughtfulness as to not suffusing his fingers with ink than in his more youthful moments of composition. He is sound and kind in both single and double harness; would undoubtedly be good to the Pole if he could get there; and, although living many miles from the city, walks into his breakfast every morning in the year. Let us, however,

"No longer seek his virtues to disclose,
Nor draw his frailties from their dread abode,"

but advise PUNCHINELLO's readers to peruse the "Mystery of Mr. E. DROOD," for further glimpses of Mr. ORPHEUS C. KERR.

The Fall of Man at the Falls.

It is a very lamentable fact that the married people of Niagara have not attained even the dignity and comfort of insanity. A paragraph informs us that "The Niagara hotels have already forty-seven men trying to look as if married for years, and who only succeed in resembling imbeciles." To a Niagara tourist this must be an Eye-aggravating spectacle. But, fortunately, none of this class of the Double-Blest will shoot anybody. They don't look as if they had been married long! They are imbecile, not insane!

Green and Red.

THE *Southern Celt* proposes that the Fenians shall make a new Ireland of Winnipeg. Except on the principle of Hibernating, PUNCHINELLO cannot discover why his Irish fellow-citizens are ambitious to winter in the Red River country. Wouldn't Greenland do as well, and wear better?

TAKE CARE OF THE WOUNDED

THOUGH but one of the Fenian leaders was killed in the late Frontier Fizzle, yet many of them are reported as being badly wounded—as to their feelings. General O'NEIL's feelings are dreadfully hurt by the ignominy of a constable and a cell, which was a bad Cell for a Celt. The feelings of General GLEASON (and they must be multitudinous, since he is nearly seven feet high,) were so badly wounded by circumstances over which he didn't seem to have any control, that he retired from the field "in disgust." Mental afflictions, in fact, are so numerous among the Fenians since their Fizzle, as to suggest the advisability of their Head-Centre founding a Hospital for Wounded Feelings with the surplus of the funds wrung by him from simple, hard-working BRIDGET.

Interesting to Bathers.

PERSONS who are drowned while bathing in the surf are said to experience but little pain. In fact, their Surferings are short.

Fenian Tactics.

THE first movement of the Fenians on reaching Canadian soil was to "throw out their skirmishers into a hop field," where the Hops gathered by them were of the precipitate and retrogressive kind sometimes traced to Spanish origin.

THE HOLY GRAIL AND OTHER POEMS.

(This is one of the other Poems.)

BY A HALF-RED DENIZEN OF THE WEST.

SIR PELLEAS, lord of many a barren isle,
On his front stoop at eventide, awhile,
Sat solemn. His mother, on a stuel,
At the crannied hearth prepared his gruel.

"Mother!" he cried, "I love!" Said she, "Ah, who?"
"I know not, mother dear," he said. "Do you?"
I only know I love all maidens fair;
My special maid, I have not seen, I swear.
Perhaps she's fair as Arthur's queenly saint;
And pure as she—and then, perhaps she ain't."

Turned then his mother from the hearth-stone hot;
Dropped the black lid upon the gruel-pot.

PELLEAS glistened with a wild delight;
And good King Arthur soon got up a fight.
And on the flat field, by the shore of Usk,
SIR PELLEAS smashed the knights from dawn till dusk.

Then from his spear—at least he thought he did—
He shook each mangled corpse, and softly glid,
And crowned ETTARRE Queen of Love and Truth.
She wore the crown and then bescorned the youth.
Now to her castle home would she repair;
And PELLEAS craved that he might see her there.

"Oh, young man from the country!" then said she,
"Shoo fly! poor fool, and don't you bother me!"
She banged her gate behind her, crying "Sold!"
The noble youth was left out in the cold.

He shoo-ed the fly from the flower-pots,
From blackest moss, he shoo-ed them all.

Shoo-ed them from rusted nails and knots,
That held the peach to the garden-wall;



"I know'd a Qua-aker feller, as often as tow'd me this:
"Doan't thou marry for munny, but goa wheer munny is!"
She's a beauty, thou thinks—wot's a beauty? the flower
as blaws,
But proputtty, proputtty sticks, and proputtty, proputtty
graws."

Then said her son, "If I may make so bold,
You quote the new-style poem, not the old.
The Northern Farmer whom you think so sage
Is not born yet. This is the Middle Age."

He said no more, and on the next bright day
To Arthur's court he proudly rode away.
And on the way a maiden did he meet,
And laid his heart and fortunes at her feet.
Smiling on him—ETTARRE was her name—
"Brave knight," she said, "your love I cannot blame.
Your hands are strong. I see you have no brains,
You're just the man for tournaments. Your pains,
In case for me a battle you shall win,
Shall be rewarded," and she smiled like sin.

And broken sheds, all sad and strange.
He shoo-ed them from the clinking latch,
And from the weeded, ancient thatch,
Upon the lonely moated grange.

He only said, "This thing is dreary.
She cometh not!" he said.
He said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I wish these flies were dead."

So PELLEAS made his moan. And every day,
Or moist or dry, he shoo-ed the flies away.
"These be the ways of ladies," PELLEAS saith,
"To those who love them; trials of our faith."

But ceaseless shoo-ing made the lady mad,
And she called out the best three knights she had,
And charged them, "Charge him! Drive him from the
wall!

If he keeps on, we'll have no flies at all!"
And out they came. Each did his level best;
SIR PELLEAS soon killed one and slew the rest.

A bush of wild marsh-marigold,
That shines in hollows gray,
He cut, and smiling to his love,
He shoo-ed more flies away.

He clasped his neck with crooked hands;
In the hot sun in lonely lands,
For several days he steady stands.
The wrinkled fly beneath him crawls,
He watches by the castle walls—
Like thunder then his bush it falls,

(To be Continued.)

ASTRONOMICAL CONVERSATIONS.

[BY A FATHER AND DAUGHTER RESIDING ON THE PLANET VENUS.]

No. IV.

D. OH, PA, if we only had a Moon! What is life without one?

F. Well, my child, we've wiggled along, so far. It is true, our Telluric friends may be said to have the advantage of us; but then, there's no lunacy here! Everything is on the square on this planet!

D. I don't care; I want a Moon, square or no square! There's no excuse for being sentimental here. Who is ever imaginative, right after supper? And yet Twilight is all the time we have.

F. But still, HELENE, I think our young folks are not really deficient in sentiment. What they would be, with six or seven moons, like those of SATURN or URANUS, is frightful to think of! Heavens! what poetry would spring up, like asparagus, in the genial spring-time! We should see Raptures, I warrant you! And oh, the frensies, the homicidal energies, the child-roastings! Yes, Moonshine would make it livelier here, no doubt. A fine time, truly, for Ogres, with their discriminating scent!—And what a moony sky! How odd, if one had a parlor with six windows.

D. Seven would be odder.

F. Well, seven, and a moon looking into each one of 'em! An artist would perhaps object to the cross-lights, but he needn't paint by them.

D. What kind of "lights" were you speaking of?

F. Satellites.

D. Oh, pshaw! don't tantalize me!

F. Well, cross-lights.

D. Now, pray, what may a cross-light be? An unamiable and inhospitable light, like that which gleams from the eyes of an astronomer when he is interrupted in the midst of a calculation?

F. No, nor yet the sarcastie sparkle in the eyes of a witty but selfish and unfilial young lady! Cross-lights are lights whose rays, coming from opposite quarters, cross each other.

D. (Then yours and mine are cross-lights, I guess!) If two American twenty-five cent pieces were to be placed at a distance from each other, and you stood between them—

F. My child, I could never come between friends who would gladly see each other after so long an absence!

D. I was only trying to realize your idea of "light from opposite quarters."

F. The most of 'em must be far too rusty to reflect light.

D. Oh, I dare say their reflections are heavy enough.

F. And so will mine be, soon, if you go on in that style.

D. Well, pa, I do drivel—that's a fact! Let us turn to something of more importance.

F. Suppose we now attend the Celestial Bull Fight always going on over there in the sky. On one side you perceive that gamey *matador*, ORION (not the "Gold Beater,") with his club and his lion's skin, *a la Hercules*. You observe how "unreservedly and unconditionally" he pitches into the Bull, and how superb is the attitude and ardor of his opponent. It is a splendid set-to, full of alarming possibilities. Every moment you expect to see those enormous horns engaged with the bowels of ORION, or, in default of this, to behold that truculent Club come down, Whack! on that curly pate!

D. And yet, they don't!

F. True enough,—they don't. It reminds me of one JOHN BULL, and his familiar *vis-a-vis*, O'RXAN the Fenian. As the celestial parties have maintained their portentous attitudes for ages, and nothing has come of it, so we may look placidly for a similar suspension in the earthly copy.

D. But their very attitudes are startling! Wasn't ORION something of a boaster?

F. Oh, yes; he was in the habit of declaring that there wasn't an animal on earth that he couldn't whip. He got come up with, however. By the way, ORION was the original Homœopathist. His proposed father-in-law, DON CEROPION, having unfortunately put out his eyes, in a little operation for misplaced affection, he hit on the now famous principle, which, if fit for HAHNE-MAN, was fit for ORION. He went to gazing at the sun. What would have destroyed his vision if he had had any, now restored it when he didn't have any, and his sight became so keen that he was able to see through CEROPION—though, I believe, he reinforced his powers of ocular penetration with a pod-auger.

D. (Drivelling again! More Bitters, I guess!) Father, why were the Pleiades placed in the Head of TAURUS?

F. Well, my child, there are various explanations. On the Earth, they pretend to say it was meant to signify that the English women are the finest in the universe—the most sensible, the most charming, the most virtuous. No wonder, if this is so, we find their sign up there! What said MAGNUS APOLLO to young IULUS,—"Proceed, youngster, you'll get there eventually!" And MAG. was right.

D. Pa, why do they say, "the Seven Pleiades," when there are only six?

F. Well, dear, [kissing her,] perhaps there's a vacancy for you! I expect the Universe will be called in, one of these nights, to admire a new winking, blinking, and saucy little violet star—the neatest thing going! But not, I hope, just yet.

D. Boo—hoo—hoo—hoo!

F. Well, hang the Pleiades! Boo—hoo—hoo—too!

Good for Something Better.

We like enthusiasm. We are ourselves quite given to the admiration of great people, as they, in their turn, we have reason to believe, are given to admiration of their dear PUNCHINELLO. But when an English adorer says that he considers "MR. CHARLES SUMNER fit for a throne," we are tempted to inquire what throne there is fit for him? The fact is, thrones have come to be rather more disreputable than three-legged stools. "Every inch a king" may mean six feet of mad-man, or five feet of mad-woman. We sincerely hope that there is no intention in England of making MR. SUMNER the King of Spain—we mean of abducting him for the purpose; for of course, he would never voluntarily assume the purple.

The Difference.

FENIAN General O'NEILL bore down upon Canada with a martial charge, but he was sent back in a Marshal's charge.



AWFUL SCARE OF THE BRITISH LION AT THE ADVANCE OF THE FENIAN HEAD CENTREPEDE.

Woman's Right to Ballot and Bullet.

IN a speech which sounds like a six-shooter, that deadly woman, Mrs. F. H. M. Brown, of San Francisco, gives notice that "when she goes to cast her ballot, if any man insults her, she will shoot him!" Who will now dare to question woman's ability to exercise both the franchise and the franchised? PUNCHINELLO sadly foresees that Shooters for the hands of women will take the place of Suitors. Nevertheless, he guarantees that the Constitutional right of women to bear arms shall not be infringed, and that they shall enjoy the inestimable privilege to shoot and be shot at. Every woman shall be at perfect liberty to cast her bullet for the man of her choice!

How to Make Ends Meet.

MISS BRITAIN delivers a lecture on the High-caste women of India. She should supplement it with one on the High-strung women of Indiana, and thus illustrate the extremes of marriage and divorce.

From the Vermont Border.

Voice. "Has anything been gained by General O'NEIL?"

Echo. O Nihil!



A CABINET ORNAMENT.

THE FISH REPRESENTED IS ONE OF THE UPPER CRUST-ACEA.

The Dominion of King Whiskey.

THE London *Illustrated News* calls the new Province of the Dominion, Manetoda, instead of Manitobah. Perhaps the mistake originated from the rumor of the Many Tods by which certain members of the Canadian Cabinet are said to be habitually inspired.

A Blue-grass Reflection.

HARD, indeed, is the life of the poor trapper of the Plains. Driven by stress of hunger, he is often obliged to eat rattle-snake; but, as he cannot eat the head of the reptile, though the tail is good at a pinch, he fails, you perceive, to make both ends Meat.

A Bright Idea.

THE HON. JOHN BRIGHT is said to while away the time, in his retirement, by knitting garters. It seems very strange that such a usurpation of Woman's Rights should be carried into effect by one of the stoutest advocates of them.

The Green above the Red, at last.

ONE of the narrators of the late Fenian fizzle on the Canadian border describes General O'NEIL as having invaded the Dominion, "mounted on a small Red horse."

OUR PORTFOLIO.

AN exchange, after praising our recent Cartoon representing the "Barnacles on American Commerce," moves to refer us to the House Committee on Commerce and Manufactures. PUNCHINELLO never did love the ways of the Washington Circumlocution Office, but if there is one thing which he dislikes more than anything else, 'tis the idea of being pigeonholed by the Committee on Commerce. The uses to which valuable information is put by that august body of traffickers in public credulity, are not for us. That we might penetrate their benighted minds with many rays of knowledge is not to be doubted, but that we should be snubbed in proportion to the value of our opinions is also equally clear. There are some pretty dark places in this world: the Black Hole of Calcutta; the oubliette of Chillon Castle, the Torture Chambers of Nuremberg, and the grottoes of the Mammoth Cave, for instance; but there is no such utter exclusion of light, such profound oblivion, such blackness of darkness, as awaits anything which may be committed to the dungeon of a Congressional Committee. Most decidedly, therefore, we would rather not be referred.

LEARNED men in Massachusetts are just now confronted with an alarming possibility. They have been racking their brains to solve the problem whether population is increasing there faster than the means

of subsistence, and with the expectation of discovering that it is, they have reached a precisely opposite result. The awful announcement is put forth, that the supply of babies is diminishing, and the question "What shall we do to remedy it?" is asked. So persistently is this interrogatory urged, that young unmarried men perambulating the streets of Boston, or sauntering leisurely about the Common, are liable at any moment to be accosted by advanced single ladies with wild, haggard looks, who stop them face to face, seize them by the shoulders, and gazing at them with keen, imploring glances, as if they would read their souls through their eyes, seem to cry "And what have you got to say about it, O wifeless youth? and why do you let the precious moments fly when we are willing and ready to be sacrificed? and what are we all coming to, and where are you all going to, and where will Boston be if this thing goes on?" But these thoughtless and jeering bachelors will not stop to hear the wail of their challengers; they feel no pity for their despair; they have no stomach for their agony; but go their ways, leaving the wretched females rooted, transfixed, the picture of perfect hopelessness, and greeting them, ere they disappear from sight, with shouts of scoffing laughter, which the winds catch up and carry away out of earshot.

Something that most People would like a Little Longer.

STRAWBERRY Short Cake.



INTERNATIONAL YACHTING.

JOHN BULL, NETTLED AT THE DEFEAT OF LITTLE ASHBURY, WHO IS SETTING UP A HOWL ABOUT IT, ORDERS MASTERS DOUGLAS AND BENNETT AWAY WITH THEIR BOATS, LEST THEY SHOULD "FOSTER MISCHIEVOUS JEALOUSIES."

CONDENSED CONGRESS.

SENATE.



N spite of the obstinate silence of SUMNER, the Senate has been lively. Its first proceeding was to pass a bill—an interminable and long-drawn bill—ostensibly to enforce the Fifteenth Amendment. But the title is a little joke. As no single person can read this bill and live, and as no person other than a member of the bar of Philadelphia could understand it, if he survived the reading of it, PUNCHINELLO deemed it his duty to have the bill read by relays of strong men. What is the result? Six of his most valued contributors sleep in the valley. But what are their lives to the welfare of the universe,

for which he exists. The bill provides,

1. That any person of a darker color than chrome yellow shall hereafter be entitled to vote to any extent at any election, without reference to age, sex, or previous condition, anything anywhere to the contrary notwithstanding.

2. That any person who says that any such person ought not to vote shall be punishable by fine to the extent of his possessions, and shall be anathema.

3. That any person who shall, with intent to prevent the voting of any such person, strike such person upon the nose, eye, mouth, or other feature, within one mile of any place of voting, within one week of any day of voting, shall be punishable by fine to the extent of twice his possessions, and shall be disqualified to vote forever after. Moreover he shall be anathema.

4. That any person who shall advise any other person to question the right of any person of the hue hereinbefore specified to vote, or to do any other act whatsoever, shall be punishable by fine to the extent of three times his possessions, and shall be anathema.

5. That all the fines collected under this act shall be expended upon the endowment of "The Society for Securing the Pursuit of Happiness to American Citizens of African Descent." And if any person shall call in question the justice of such a disposition of such fines, he shall be punishable by fine to the extent of four times his possessions, and shall be anathema.

Mr. WILSON objected to anathema. He said nobody in the Senate but SUMNER knew what it meant. Besides, it was borrowed from the syllabus of a degraded superstition. He moved to substitute the simple and intelligible expression, "Hebedam."

The Senate settled their little dispute about who was entitled to a medal for coming first to the defence of the Capital. They decided to give medals to everybody. Mr. CAMERON was satisfied. If the Senate only medalled enough, that was all he asked. There were about five thousand wavering voters in his district, whom he thought he could fix, if he could give them a medal apiece.

Mr. CONKLING said he would like to medal some men. But he did not like such meddlesome men as CAMERON.

Mr. DRAKE moved to deprive anybody in Missouri who differed from him in politics of practicing any profession. He said that many of the citizens of that State were incarnate demons—so much so that when they had an important law case they would rather intrust it to somebody else than himself. Was this right? He asked the Senate to protect him as a native industry.

HOUSE.

Mr. INGERSOLL floated his powerful mind in air-line railroads. He wanted "that air" line from Washington to New York. This 'ere line didn't suit him. He appealed to the House to protect its members from the untold horrors of passing through Philadelphia. He had no doubt that much of the imbecility which he remarked in his colleagues, and possibly some of the imbecility they had remarked in him, were due to this dreadful ordeal. He admitted that good juleps were to be had at

the Mint. But juleps had beguiled even SAMSON, and cut his hair off. His colleague, LOGAN, might not be as strong as SAMSON, but he would be as entirely useless and unimpressive an object with his hair off.

Then there was a debate upon the proposition to abolish the mission to Rome.

Mr. BROOKS said most of his constituents were Roman Catholics. Therefore there should be a mission to Rome.

Mr. DAWES said that BROOKS used to be a Know-Nothing. Therefore there should not be a mission to Rome.

Mr. COX said that they used to burn witches in Massachusetts. Therefore there should be a mission to Rome.

Mr. HOAR said they didn't. Therefore there should not be a mission to Rome.

Mr. VOORHEES said they burnt a Roman Catholic Asylum in Boston. Therefore there should be a mission to Rome.

Mr. DAWES said they burnt a Negro Asylum in New York. Therefore there should not be a mission to Rome.

Mr. VOORHEES said DAWES was another. Therefore there should be a mission to Rome.

Mr. BINGHAM said POWELL was a much better painter than TITIAN, and VINNIE REAM a much better sculptor than MICHAEL ANGELO. Therefore there should not be a mission to Rome.

Republican Chorus. You are.

Democratic Chorus. We ain't.

Republican Chorus. You did.

Democratic Chorus. We didn't.

Solo by the Speaker. Order.

Democratic Chorus. There should be (*da capo* with gavel accompaniment.)

Republican Chorus. There should not be (*ditto, ditto.*) After weighing these arguments, the House adjourned without doing anything about it.

A BAD "ODOR" IN THE WEST.

"The Coroner's Jury investigating the Missouri Pacific Railroad slaughter have found that it was all caused by the disobedience and negligence of WILLIAM ODOR, conductor of the extra freight train!"—*Daily Paper.*

This "conductor" is as dangerous as some (of the "lightning" species) which we have seen dangling disjointed from the roofs and walls of dwelling-houses in the country. At the first shock, good-bye to you! if you are anywhere around. Or, rather, he may be compared to the miasma from ditches and stagnant ponds, inhaled at all times by our rustic fellow citizens, with the trustfulness (if not relish) of the most extreme simplicity. And yet, it kills them, all the same. No one out West would have cared a pin about WILLIAM'S "disobedience" and "negligence," if these trifling eccentricities hadn't occasioned the killing or maiming of several car-loads of passengers. It is hard to shock these Western folks' sense of honor and fidelity; but kill a few of them, and the rest begin to feel it. We suppose that just now this BILL can't pass there. But, our word for it, he'll soon be in circulation again. Perhaps he may yet have the pleasure of Conducting some of us to that Station from which, etc., etc. Before we take our contemplated trip to the West, therefore, we fervently desire to have this ODOR neutralised, even though one should do it with strychnine.

INFORMATION WANTED.

THE correspondent of a Boston paper writes as follows, after having visited the *Reichstag*:

"You may be sure that that man is BISMARCK; if from time to time he irons out his face wearily with his hands, as he studies a long document, or if by chance some unlucky member, attracting his disdain, calls his mind to the fact that he is in Parliament, then he starts to his feet like a war-horse, and talks with great grace and case, always rapidly, always briefly."

Why is it that BISMARCK irons out his face? Is it because he has just washed it—or is it to conceal his identity, as the features of the Man in the Mask were ironed out?

And why does the great Minister start to his feet like a war-horse? PUNCHINELLO, not having been an Alderman or Member of Congress, recently, is not very familiar with the getting up of war horses; but the ordinary equine animal does not assume the upright posture with great readiness or grace. If PUNCHINELLO were to become a member of the *Reichstag*, an event now highly probable, he would like to have every adversary in debate "start to his feet like a war-horse."



ILLUSTRATED LITERATURE.

Boy (with basket.) "WHAT'S THEM PICTERS, JIM?—ANOTHER MURDER, OR A NEW DIVORCE?"
 Jim. "NOT MUCH. ONLY AN OLD EXECUTION, WARMED OVER!"

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

(By Atlantic Cable.)

LEAVING Rome, I have called next on NAPOLEON, at Paris. He sent word, through OLLIVIER, that he wanted to see me. He looks *old*. Some medical man has put forth the idea that he has BRIGHT'S disease. An English *attache* just asked me whether that has any reference to JOHN BRIGHT. As the latter is a Quaker, the first symptom of this disease must have been shown long ago, when the Emperor said, "The Empire is Peace." I satisfied my friend, however, that the case was not one of that Kidney.

Well, the Emperor asked me, "What do they say of me in America?"

"Sire, we think you are very wise, to accept the inevitable, and make a virtue of it."

"Wise, of course. Disinterested, too!"

"*Pardonnez moi.* Not ever *wise*, of course. Mexico was a folly, you know."

"I know; though if you were not PUNCHINELLO, you should not say it. Will my son reign in France?"

"Sire, I am not an oracle. But they have a proverb in my country, that it never rains but it pours."

"*Je n'entends pas.* The *plebiscite* was rather a neat thing!"

"Worthy of its author. The old story; heads I win, tails you lose. But, will your Majesty say what you think of the Pope?"

"That old Popinjay! He has been my folly, greater than Mexico. He would have gone to Gaeta, or to perdition, long ago, but for *Madame!*"

"And the Council?"

"Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!"

"What do you think of BISMARCK?"

"Monsieur, I detain you too long. You have, I am sure, an engagement. *Bon jour!*"

Apropos of the Emperor, it is said that, on the suggestion of England's proposal to take charge of Greece, and clean out the brigands, if the King and ministers there would resign,—Col. FISK telegraphed on to NAPOLEON, offering to take charge of the government of France, as a recreation, among his various engagements. He does not even require the Emperor to withdraw; he can run the machine about as well with him as without him.

As to the *Plebiscitum*, they say that EUGENIE asked for masses to be

said in all the churches for its success. NAPOLEON preferred to make his appeal to the *masses outside* of the churches.

ITALY.

Bishop VERELLI last week declared, in a sermon, that railroads, telegraphs, and the press, were all inventions of the devil. A correspondent of the *Tribune* at once sent him word that this was a mistake. HORACE GREELEY had already proved that railroads and telegraphs were inventions of British Free Trade; and that the press had been invented by his grandfather, for the promulgation of protection.

Since the telegram came through Florence, of a serious riot at Fildelfia, in Italy, a tourist from Penn's city of brotherly love understood it to be that Col. TOM FLORENCE was seriously hurt in a riot at Philadelphia! I telegraphed for him, to my old friend the Colonel, and learned, with satisfaction, that not a hair of Tom's head had been shortened.

ENGLAND.

In Parliament, an interesting debate occurred the other night. Mr. DAWSON moved a resolution condemning the raising of large revenue in India from opium. Mr. WINGFIELD opposed the resolution, arguing that opium was less hurtful than alcohol. Mr. TITMOUSE, a young member, added that arsenic is less hurtful than strychnine; also, that this is less injurious than prussic acid. Mr. GLADSTONE did not see what that had to do with the case. Neither did I.

Mr. DENNISON hoped that mere sentiment would not be suffered to interfere with the prosperity of India. Mr. TITMOUSE then suggested the sending of the volunteer Rifles to take immediate possession of China; that would not be sentimental, but practical. Mr. HENLEY believed that to be a more costly affair than he was prepared for; but, whenever the interest of England required it, he was ready. What are the lives of a hundred million Chinese to the financial prosperity of England? Mr. GLADSTONE considered that opium was merely a drug, after all. It was not worth while to consume the time of the House about it. And so the resolution was lost.

PRIME.

A Mathematical Problem.

If one United States Marshal can capture a Fenian General surrounded by his army, in five minutes, how long would it take him to capture the army?

THE ROMAUNT OF THE OYSTER.

In the moonlight at Cattawampus
 We sat by the surging sea,
 "And O how I long for an oyster,"
 Said FELICIA FITZ-SNYDER to me.

Then I said, "Would were mine the
 power,

Deep, deep, to the deepest sea
 I would fly on the wings of an oyster
 To gather a pearl for thee.

"Where the oysters are roystering together
 In the caves and the grotts where they
 lie,

And the clams with a musical clamer
 Rejoice when the water is high,"

"O, there would my spirit conduct thee
 Till, as waves began to swell,
 Thou should'st rise o'er the crest of the
 billows,

Like a VENUS upon the half-shell!"

'Twas enough: for I saw her eye stir,
 And ope like an oyster wide,
 As in accents hysteric she whispered,
 "No, FELIX—I'd like 'em fried!"

Did she take me, alas! for a friar,
 Or a man of a soul austere,
 That pearl of my heart's Chincoteague?
 Oh, no, she had nothing to fear.

Then we reached the hotel together
 And partook of two plates of fry,
 And I marvelled to think than an oyster
 Had hoisted her spirits so high.

THE PLAYS AND SHOWS.



ANT is admitted to be one of the greatest of the German philosophers. (That fact has nothing whatever to do with the Plays and Shows, but the artist insisting upon making K the initial letter of this column, the writer was obliged to begin with Kant—Kelley being hopelessly associated in the public mind with pig-iron, and all other metaphorical quays from which he might have launched his weekly bark being unreasonably spelled with a Q.)

German philosophy, however, resembles Italian Opera in one particular: it consists more of sound than of sense. Both have a like effect upon the undersigned, in that they lead him into the paths of innocence and peace; in short, they put him to sleep. A few nights since he went to hear Miss KELLOGG in *Poliuto*. He listened with attention through the first act, drowsily through the second, and from the shades of dreamland in the third. Between the acts he lounged in the lobbies and heard the critics speak with sneering derision of the complimentary notices of the American Nightingale which they were about to write, while they expressed, with sardonic smiles, a longing for the day when they would be "allowed"—such was their singular expression—to "speak the truth about Miss KELLOGG as a prima donna." And while he sat with closed eyes during the third act, wondering whether he should believe the critics in the flesh, or their criticisms in the columns of their respective journals, he saw rehearsed before him a new operatic perversion of *MACBETH*, as unlike the original as even *VERDI*'S *MACBETTO*, and quite as inexplicable to the unsophisticated mind. And this is what he saw:

Scene, the Dark Cave in Fourteenth street. In the middle a Cauldron boiling. Thunder—and probably small beer—behind the scenes. Enter three Witches.

1st Witch. Thrice the Thomas cat hath yowled.

2d Witch. Thrice; and once the hedge-hog howled.

3d Witch. All of which is wholly irrelevant to our present purpose, which is to summon what my friend Sir BULWER LYTTON would call the Scin-Læca, or, apparition of each living critic from the nasty deep of the cauldron, and to interview him in order to hear what he really thinks of Miss KELLOGG.

1st Witch "Round about the cauldron go,
In the poisoned whiskey throw
Lager, that on coldest stone,
Days and nights hast thirty one."

Enter MACSTRAKOSCH. "How now, you secret black and midnight hags, what is't you do?"

All "A deed that under present circumstances it would be superfluous to name."

MacStrakosch. "I conjure you by that which you profess, (howe'er you come to know it,) answer me to what I ask you."

1st Witch. "Speak."

2d Witch. "Proceed."

3d Witch. "Out with it, old boy."

MacStrakosch. "What do these fellows really think, whom we compel to write so sweetly of our own Connecticut *prima donna*?"

All "Come high or low, come jack or even game,
We'll answer all your questions just the same."

Thunder. *An apparition of a critic rises.*

MacStrakosch. "Tell me, thou unknown power, what thinkest thou
Of our own native nightingale?"

Apparition. "Her voice is clear and bright, but far too thin
For a great singer.—Such in truth she's not.
Dismiss me!" (Descends.)

MacStrakosch. "Dismissed thou shalt be if thy editor
Will listen to our singer's and MÆCENAS' plaint.
But one word more."

Thunder. *Second apparition of a critic rises.*

Apparition. "Her voice is good in quality, but then
There's not sufficient of it for a queen
Of the lyric stage. Yet such she claims to be,
But is not. Now dismiss me." (Descends.)

MacStrakosch. "Yea; and I will unless thy master's ear
Be deaf to the demand of good society.
Let me hear more!"

Thunder. *Third apparition of a critic rises.*

Apparition. "Her lower notes are bad, her upper notes
Forced, reedy, and most sadly often flat;
'Tis folly to compare her with the great
Full-voiced and plenteous Parepa. Now
Dismiss me if thou wilt."

MacStrakosch. "Sacrilegious wretch! I have thy name
Upon my tablets. Thy official head
Comes off at once. Call up, ye midnight hags,
Another of these villains."

Thunder. *Fourth apparition of a critic rises.*

Apparition. "Her acting, like her voice, is cold and hard;
Not thus did GRISI, GAZZANIGA or
CORTESI act when their warm Southern blood
Throbbled in the passionate pulse of VIOLETTA,
NORMA, or the Spanish LEONORE.
Dismiss me, quick."

MacStrakosch. "Thou diest ere to-morrow's sun shall set,
Or never more advertisement of mine
Shall grace the columns of thy journal. Next."

Thunder. *Fifth apparition of a critic rises.*

Apparition. "She is the same in everything she sings;
Her 'Gilda,' her 'Amina,' or her 'Marguerite,'
Her 'Leonora,' or her 'Daughter of
The Regiment,' are one and all the same
Fair lady decked in different stage costumes.
Better dismiss me, now. I've told the truth,
And may continue that unseemly practice."

MacStrakosch. "This is past bearing. Are there any more
Of these rude fellows waiting to be summoned?"

Thunder. *Eight apparitions of critics rise and pass over the stage, reciting the following chorus:*

Apparitions. "She has a pretty little voice, and uses it
In pretty little ways. If she would sing
In pretty little theatres she'd make a hit
In pretty little parts. That's everything
That can be said for her. Cease then to claim
That "KELLOGG" should be writ next GRISI's name."

The apparitions vanish. An alarm of drums is heard, and MATADOR awakes to find that he is still enduring Poliuto, and that a sporadic drum in the orchestra, which has broken loose from the weak restraints of the conductor's discipline, is making Verdi unnecessarily hideous.

And as he passed once more and finally through the lobby, he heard a critic remark, "She is the same in everything she sings;" and another reply, "Yes, she has a pretty little voice, and uses it nicely, but she is by no means a great singer." Struck by the similarity of these remarks to those made by the apparitions in his vision, he began to doubt whether his dream did not, after all, contain a large alloy of truth, and the more he thought on the subject the more he was led to believe that for once he had really heard the critics of the New York press indulging in an unrestrained expression of honest opinion. MATADOR.

Bingham on Rome.

"TALK to me at this time of day about Rome being the Mother of Arts!" cries Mr. BUNCOMBE BINGHAM, M. C. PUNCHINELLO fervently hopes that at no time of the day will anybody ever talk to BINGHAM about Rome being the Mother of Arts. The reason therefor is obvious. "Why, sir," says BINGHAM, there is more of that genius which makes even the marble itself wear the divine beauty of life, more of that power to-day in living America, than was ever dreamed of in Rome, living or dead!" We think we hear BINGHAM exclaim, with the gladiator-like championship of Art for which he is renowned—"Bring on your MICHAEL ANGELOS; produce your CHIAROSCUIROS, your MASANIELLOS, your SAVONAROLAS and the rest of 'em—but show me a match for VINNIE REAM!"



PERSIFLAGE.

Jenkins (*Chaffing glazier, who is mending basement window.*) "Now, MY FRIEND, DON'T TRY TO GET OUT THAT WAY. YOU KNOW YOU MUST HAVE BEEN PUT IN FOR *something*, AND YOU'LL ONLY AGGRAVATE MATTERS IF YOU TRY TO BREAK JAIL."

GRAVESTONES FOR SALE.

Bargains in Immortality.

THE undersigned offers for sale to the highest bidder, up to Doomsday next, several choice lots of tombstones. Bidders will state price and terms of payment, and accepted purchasers will remove the monuments from their present localities, at their own risk. The lots are:

1st. A gravestone of white marble. It is about 65 feet square at the base, and is the frustrum of a pyramid, truncated at about 140 feet. It is filled with a square hole, upon the sides of which are inscriptions let into various colored marbles, and in the languages of the peoples who inhabited a great country ages ago. The stone was designed to be put over the remains of PRO PATRIA, a personage once celebrated for loyalty and wisdom, but whose teachings are now well nigh forgotten, and whose name even is fast being obliterated from the memories of radical improvers of governments and republican institutions. This lot may be seen south of the mouth of Goose Creek, in a district called Columbia.

2d. A gravestone consisting of a square house of Illinois marble, with a piece of a smoke-stack protruding from the roof. About one-third of the estimated cost had been expended, when the persons who were to furnish the means suddenly concluded that the Little Giant could sleep just as well in a filthy unmarked hole in the ground, as under a pile of marble. Besides, being dead, he couldn't get any more offices for his constituents, so they found out they didn't care a cuss for him. Further information about this stone can be obtained by applying to any citizen of Chicago.

3d. A monument which we haven't seen, and so can't describe. It is supposed to be at Springfield, Illinois, and was intended for a person once called a railsplitter—a man much homelier than the typical hedge fence, but as good as homely. He was thought to be a second PRO PATRIA, MOSES, or some such person, and was sworn by, by millions of people who would now almost deny ever having heard of him. At the

time he went out everybody wanted to put up a gravestone immediately—almost before he needed one. Now, everybody isn't altogether enough to provide one. For further particulars about the Springfield stone, inquire of any red-hot radical.

There are some other lots, but we will not offer them until we see how the present ones go off.

GHOU, Undertaker.

LATEST ABOUT "LO!"

THE Irrepressible Black having been repressed, here comes the Irrepressible Red! HIAWATHA is cutting up a great variety of capers as well as of unfortunate settlers. Should you ask us why this bloodshed, Why this scalping and this burning, Why this conduct most disgraceful, Why these crimes of the Piegan, Why this sending forth of soldiers, Why the perils of the railway, known as and called the way Pacific, (which it won't be if these actions are allowed to go unpunished,) We should tell you—whiskey! to say nothing of the indomitable propensity which rises in the Piegan bosom for scalps. The noble Son of the Forest is an amateur in scalps; as some of us are all for old books and others for old coins. But however much we may respect the enthusiasm of the wild Rover of the Plains, in making these collections of cranial curiosities, we feel that the red virtuoso is really going too far—at least we should feel so, we have no doubt, if he were taking off our own private scalp, which is a very handsome one, and which we hope to be buried in. No; the Piegan passion for scalps must be suppressed. But how? Some say by more whiskey. Some say by less. Some say by none at all. We are for the more instead of the less. There is whiskey and whiskey. Now our idea would be to send an unlimited supply of the more deadly variety of that exhilarating fluid, (highly camphened,) to the convivial Piegans. After an extensive debauch upon this potent tippie, very few Piegans would be likely to take the field, either this summer or any other. They would be Dead Reds, every rascal of them.

Chinopathy.

DID the gentleman who threw a brick at a dog on a very hot day (when no doubt that inoffensive animal was in a stew) imagine that he had hit upon the whole of the common Chinese *materia medica*? PUNCHINELLO is gravely told that a Celestial doctor is about to come to New York, whose favorite prescriptions, in accordance with Chinese practice, "will be baked clay-dust, similar to brick-dust and dog-soup." In one of these remedies the medical acumen of PUNCHINELLO recognizes a homœopathic principle. Man having been made out of the dust of the earth, nothing is so well adapted to cure him as baked clay. Every man's house is now not only his castle, but his apothecary shop. A brick may be considered a panacea, and may be carried in the hat. Taken internally, it will go to the building up of the system. Applied to the head it is good for fractures. Dog-soup has an evident advantage over the usual prescriptions of Bark.

Greek Meeting Greek.

WE learn that "a naval architect named DUNKIN claims to have constructed a new style of vessel, impervious to rams, shell, or shot." Now, then, where is our friend, Captain Ericsson? The Captain has a torpedo which he is anxious to explode, near a strong vessel belonging to somebody else. He says it will blow up anything. DUNKIN says nothing can blow up his vessel. A contest between these very positive inventors would be a positive luxury—to those who had nothing to risk. We bet on the torpedo.

The "New Muscle."

It was a mere joke, that stuff about the "new muscle in the human body," said to have been found by an English anatomist. It simply meant that, the Oyster Months being past, the "human body" begins to be nourished with soft-shell clams.

Extraordinary Bargains

IN

REAL INDIA, CASHMERE AND SUMMER SHAWLS,

Paris and Domestic Made Silk Cloaks,

Embroidered Breakfast Jackets, in all Colors,

CHILDREN'S & MISSES' SACKS,

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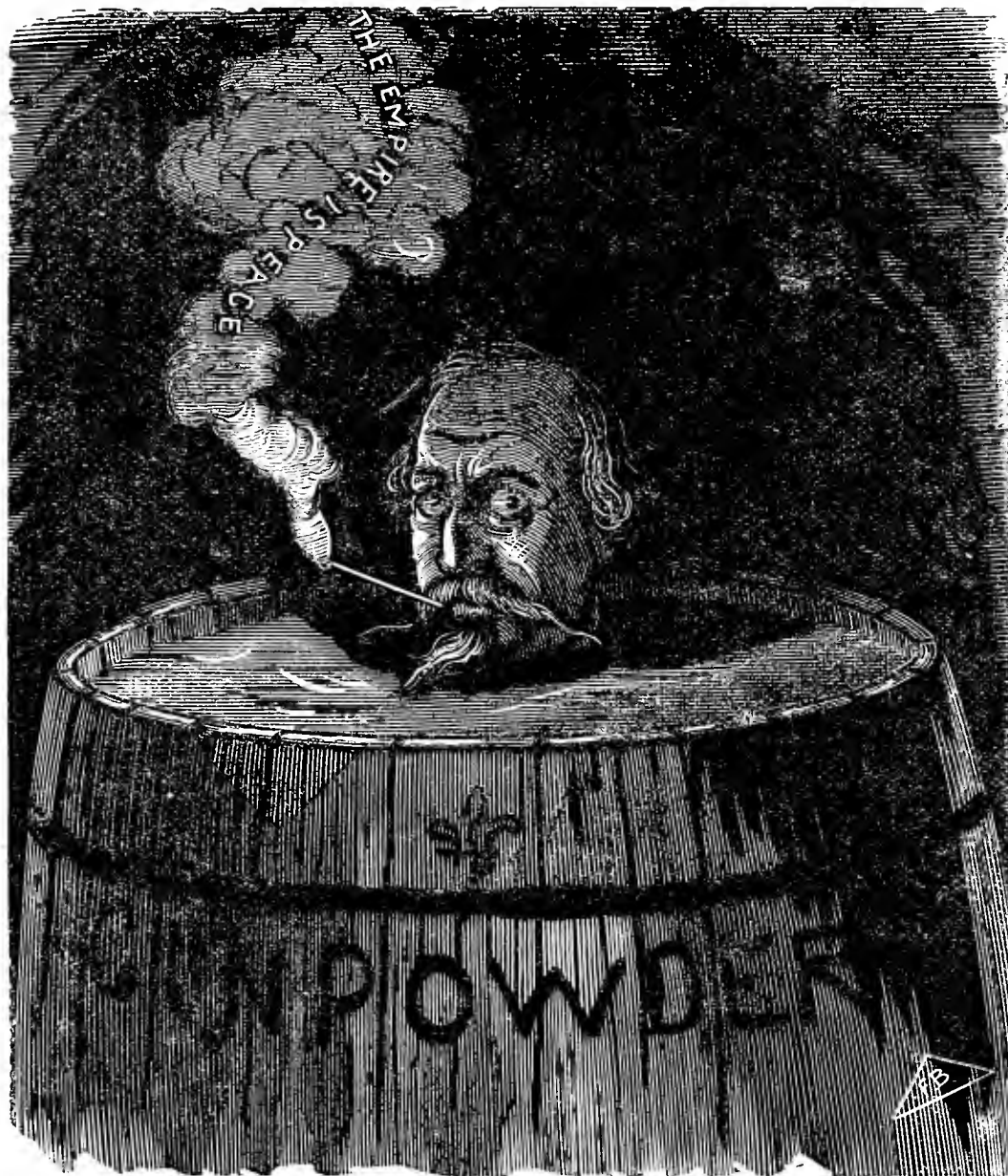
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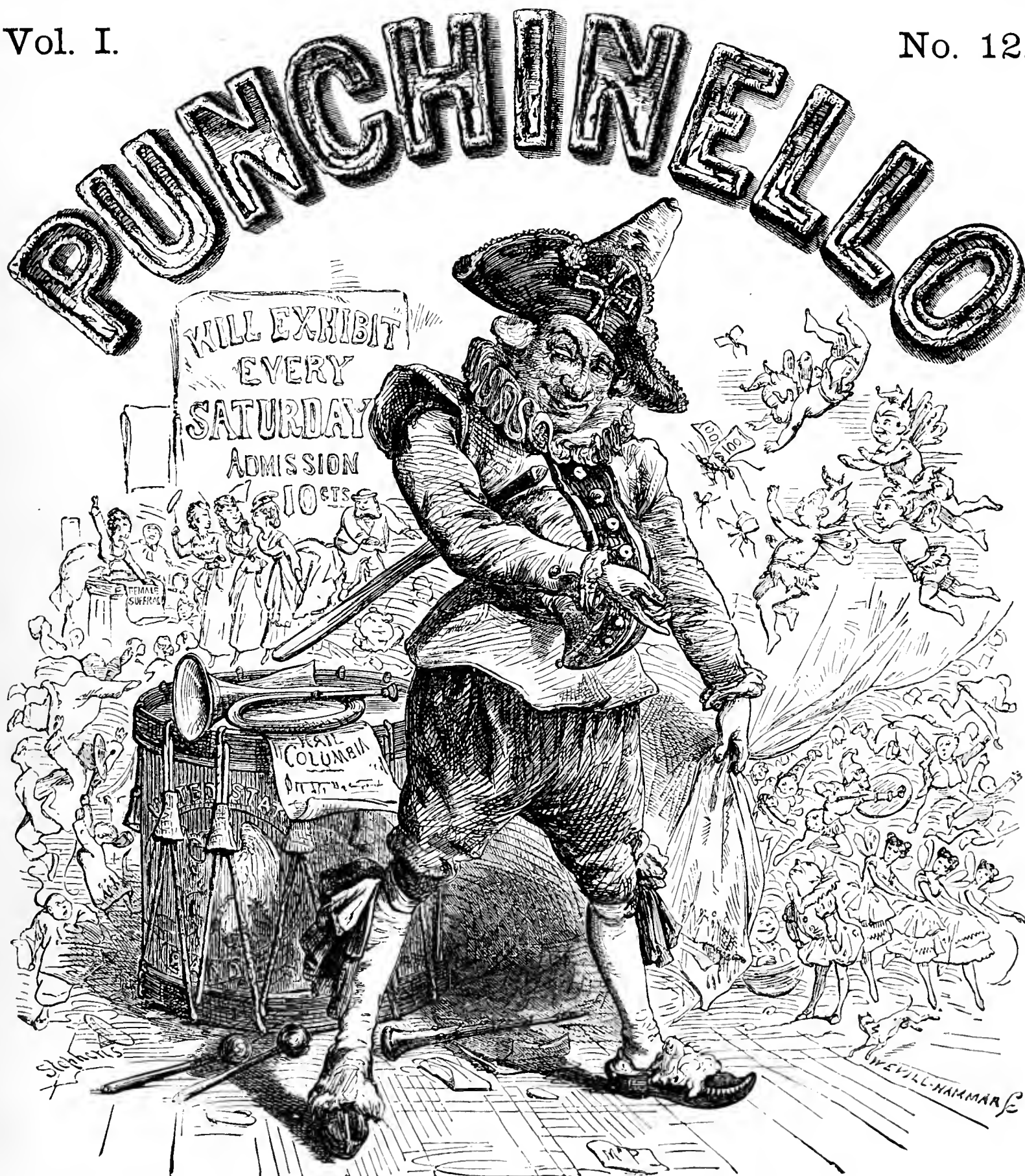
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Vol. I.

No. 12.



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THE
MYSTERY OF MR. E. DROOD.

AN ADAPTATION.

BY ORPHEUS C. KERR.

CHAPTER III.

THE ALMS-HOUSE.

For the purpose of preventing an inconvenient rush of literary tuft-hunters and sight-seers thither next summer, a fictitious name must be bestowed upon the town of the Ritualistic church. Let it stand in these pages as Bumsteadville. Possibly it was not known to the Romans, the Saxons, nor the Normans by that name, if by any name at all; but a name more or less weird and full of damp syllables can be of little moment to a place not owned by any advertising Suburban-Residence benefactors.

A disagreeable and healthy suburb, Bumsteadville, with a strange odor of dried bones from its ancient pauper burial-ground, and many quaint old ruins in the shapes of elderly men engaged as contributors to the monthly magazines of the day. Antiquity pervades Bumsteadville; nothing is new; the very Rye is old; also the Jamaica, Santa Cruz, and a number of the native maids. A drowsy place, with all its changes lying far behind it; or, at least, the sun-browned mendicants passing through say they never saw a place offering so little present change.

In the midst of Bumsteadville stands the Alms-House; a building of an antic order of architecture; still known by its original title to the paynobility and indigentry of the surrounding country, several of whose ancestors abode there in the days before voting was a certain livelihood; although now bearing a door-plate inscribed, "Macassar Female College, Miss CAROWTHERS." Whether any of the country editors, projectors of American Comic papers, and other inmates of the edifice in times of yore, ever come back in spirit to be astonished by the manner in which modern serious and humorous print can be made productive of anything but penury by publishing True Stories of Lord Byron and the autobiographies of detached wives, may be of interest to philosophers, but is of no account to Miss CAROWTHERS. Every day, during school-hours, does Miss CAROWTHERS, in spectacles and high-necked alpaca, preside over her Young Ladies of Fashion, with an austerity and elderliness before which every mental image of Man, even as the most poetical of abstractions, withers and dies. Every night, after the young ladies have retired, does Miss CAROWTHERS put on a freshening aspect, don a more youthful low-necked dress—

As though a rose
Should leave its clothes
And be a bud again,—

and become a sprightlier Miss CAROWTHERS. Every night, at the same hour, does Miss CAROWTHERS discuss with her First Assistant, Mrs. PILLSBURY, the Inalienable Rights of Women; always making certain casual reference to a gentleman in the dim past, whom she was obliged to sue for breach of promise, and to whom, for that reason, Miss CAROWTHERS airily refers, with a toleration bred of the lapse of time, as "Breachy Mr. BLODGETT."

The pet pupil of the Alms-House is FLORA POTTS, of course called the Flowerpot; for whom a husband has been chosen by the will and bequest of her departed papa, and at whom none of the other Macassar young ladies can look without wondering how it must feel. On the afternoon after the day of the dinner at the boarding-house, the Macassar front-door bell rings, and Mr. EDWIN DROOD is announced as waiting to see Miss FLORA. Having first rubbed her lips and cheeks, alternately, with her fingers, to make them red; held her hands above her head to turn back the circulation and make them white; and added a little lead-penciling to her eyebrows to make them black; the Flowerpot trips innocently down to the parlor, and stops short at some distance from the visitor in a curious sort of angular deflection from the perpendicular.

"O, you absurd creature!" she says, placing a finger in her mouth and slightly wriggling at him. "To go and have to be married to me whether we want to or not! It's perfectly disgusting."

"Our parents *did* rather come a little load on us," says EDWIN DROOD, not rendered enthusiastic by his reception.

"Can't we get a *habeas corpus*, or some other ridiculous thing, and ask some perfectly absurd Judge to serve an injunction on somebody?" she asks, with pretty earnestness. "Don't, Eddy—do-o-n't."

"Don't what, FLORA?"

"Don't try to kiss me, please."

"Why not, FLORA?"

"Because I'm enameled."

"Well, I do think," says EDWIN DROOD, "that you put on the Grecian Bend rather heavily with me. Perhaps I'd better go."

"I wouldn't be so exquisitely hateful, Eddy. I got the gum-drops last night, and they were perfectly splendid."

"Well, that's a comfort, at any rate," says her affianced, dimly conscious of a dawning civility in her last remark. "If it's really possible for you to walk on those high heels of yours, FLORA, let's try a promenade out-doors."

Here Miss CAROWTHERS glides into the room to look for her scissors, is reminded by the scene before her of Breachy Mr. BLODGETT; whispers, "Don't trifle with her young affections, Mr. DROOD, unless you want to be sued, besides being interviewed by all the papers;" and glides out again with a sigh.

FLORA then puts upon her head a fig-leaf trimmed with lace and ribbon, and gets her hoop and stick from behind the hall-door. EDWIN DROOD takes from one of his pockets an india-rubber ball, to practice fly-catches with as he walks; and driving the hoop and throwing and catching the ball, the two go down the ancient turnpike of Bumsteadville together.

"Oh, please, EDDY, scrape yourself close to the fences, so that the girls can't see you out of the windows," pleads FLORA. "It's so utterly absurd to be walking with one that one's got to marry whether one likes it or not; and you do look so perfectly ridiculous in that short coat, and all your other things so tight."

He gloomily scrapes against the fences, dropping his ball and catching it on the rebound at every step. "Which way shall we go?"

"Up by the store, EDDY, dear."

They go to the all-sorts country store in question, where EDWIN DROOD buys her some sassafras bull's-eye candy, and then they turn toward home again.

"Now be a good-tempered EDDY," she says, trundling her hoop beside him, "and pretend that you aren't going to be my husband."

"Not if I can help it," he says, catching the ball almost spitefully.

"Then you're going to have somebody else?"

"You make my head ache, so you do," whispers EDWIN DROOD. "I don't want to marry anybody at all!"

She tickles him under the arm with her hoop-stick, and turns eyes that are all serious upon his.

"I wish, EDDY, that we could be perfectly absurd friends to each other, instead of utterly ridiculous engaged people. It's exquisitely awful, you know, to have a husband picked out for you by dead folks, and I'm so sick about it sometimes that I hardly have the heart to fix my back-hair. Let each of us forbear, and stop teasing the other."

Greatly pleased by this perfectly intelligent and forgiving arrangement, EDWIN DROOD says: "You're right, FLORA. Teasing is played out;" and drives his ball into a perfect frenzy of bounces.

They have arrived near the Ritualistic church, through the windows of which come the organ-notes of one practising within. Something familiar in the grand air rolling out to them causes EDWIN DROOD to repeat, abstractedly, "I feel—I feel—I feel—"

FLORA, simultaneously affected in the same way, unconsciously murmurs,—*"I feel like a morning star."*

They then join hands, under the same irresistible spell, and take dancing steps, humming, in unison, "Shoo, fly! don't bodder me."

"That's JACK BUMSTEAD's playing," whispers EDWIN DROOD; "and he must be breathing this way, too, for I can smell the cloves."

"O, take me home," cries FLORA, suddenly throwing her hoop over the young man's neck, and dragging him violently after her. "I think cloves are perfectly disgusting."

At the door of the Alms-House the pretty Flowerpot blows a kiss to EDWIN, and goes in. He makes one trial of his ball against the door, and goes off. She is an in-fant, he is an off-un.

CHAPTER IV.

MR. SWEENEY.

Accepting the New American Cyclopædia as a fair standard of stupidity—although the prejudice, perhaps, may arise rather from the irascibility of the few using it as a reference, than from the calm judgment of the many employing it to fill-out a showy book-case—then the newest and most American Cyclopædist in Bumsteadville is Judge SWEENEY.*

* Mr. SAPHSEA, the original of this character in Mr. DICKENS' romance, is an

It is Judge SWEENEY's pleasure to found himself upon Father DEAN, whom he greatly resembles in the intellectual details of much forehead, stomach, and shirt-collar. When upon the bench in the city, even, granting an injunction in favor of some railroad company in which he owns a little stock, he frequently intones his accompanying remarks with an ecclesiastical solemnity eminently calculated to suppress every possible tendency to levity in the assembled lawyers; and his discharge from arrest of any foreign gentleman brought before him for illegal voting, has often been found strikingly similar in sound to a pastoral Benediction.

That Judge SWEENEY has many admirers, is proved by the immense local majority electing him to judicial eminence; and that the admiration is mutual is likewise proved by his subsequent appreciative dismissal of certain frivolous complaints against a majority of that majority for trifling misapprehensions of the Registry law. He is a portly, double-chinned man of about fifty, with a moral cough, eye-glasses making even his red nose seem ministerial, and little gold ballot-boxes, locomotives, and five-dollar pieces, hanging as "charms" from the chain of his Repeater.

Judge SWEENEY's villa is on the turnpike, opposite the Alms-House, with doors and shutters giving in whichever direction they are opened; and he is sitting near a table, with a sheet of paper in his hand, and a bowl of warm lemon tea before him, when his servant-girl announces "Mr. BUMSTEAD."

"Happy to see you, sir, in my house, for the first time," is Judge SWEENEY's hospitable greeting.

"You honor me, sir," says Mr. BUMSTEAD, whose eyes are set, as though he were in some kind of a fit, and who shakes hands excessively. "You are a good man, sir. How do you do, sir? Shake hands again, sir. I am very well, sir, I thank you. Your hand, sir. I'll stand by you, sir—though I never spoke t' you b'fore in my life. Let us shake hands, sir."

But instead of waiting for this last shake, Mr. BUMSTEAD abruptly turns away to the nearest chair, deposits his hat in the very middle of the seat with great care, and recklessly sits down upon it.

The lemon tea in the bowl upon the table is a fruity compound, consisting of two very thin slices of lemon, which are maintained in horizontal positions, for the free action of the air upon their upper surfaces, by a pint of whiskey procured for that purpose. About half a pint of hot water has been added to help soften the rind of the lemon, and a portion of sugar to correct its acidity.

With a wave of the hand toward this tropical preserve, Judge SWEENEY says: "You have a reputation, sir, as a man of taste. Try some lemon tea."

Energetically, if not frantically, his guest holds out a tumbler to be filled, immediately after which he insists upon shaking hands again. "You're a man of insight, sir," he says, working Judge SWEENEY back and forth in his chair. "I am a man of taste, sir, and you know the world, sir."

"The World?" says Judge SWEENEY, complacently. "If you mean the religious female daily paper of that name, I certainly do know it. I used to take it for my late wife when she was trying to learn Latin."

"I mean the terrestrial globe, sir," says Mr. BUMSTEAD, irritably. "The great spherical foundation, sir, upon which Boston has since been built."

"Ah, I see," says Judge SWEENEY, genially. "I believe, though, that I know that world, also, pretty well; for, if I have not exactly been to foreign countries, foreign countries have come to me. They have come to me on—hem!—business, and I have improved my opportunities. A man comes to me from a vessel, and I say 'Cork,' and give him Naturalization Certificates for himself and his friends. Another comes, and I say 'Dublin,' another, and I say 'Belfast.' If I want to travel still further, I take them all together and say 'the Polls.'"

"You'll do to travel, sir," responds Mr. BUMSTEAD, abstractedly helping himself to some more lemon tea; "but I thought we were to talk about the late Mrs. SWEENEY."

"We were, sir," says Judge SWEENEY, abstractedly removing the bowl to a sideboard on his farther side. "My late wife, young man, as you may be aware, was a Miss HAGGERTY, and was imbued with homage to Shape. It was rumored, sir, that she admired me for my Manly Shape. When I offered to make her my bride, the only words she could articulate were, "O, my! I?"—meaning that she could scarcely

believe that I really meant *her*. After which she fell into strong hysterics. We were married, despite certain objections on the score of temperance by that corrupt Radical, her father. From looking up to me too much she contracted an affection of the spine, and died about nine months ago. Now, sir, be good enough to run your eye over this Epitaph, which I have composed for the monument now erecting to her memory."

Mr. BUMSTEAD, rousing from a doze for the purpose, fixes glassy eyes upon the slip of paper held out to him, and reads as follows:

MARY ANN,
Unlitigating and Unliterary Wife of
HIS HONOR, JUDGE SWEENEY.
In the darkest hours of
Her Husband's fortunes
She was never once tempted to Write for
THE TRIBUNE, THE INDEPENDENT, OR THE RIVERSIDE MAGAZINE;
Nor did even a disappointment about a
new bonnet ever induce her to
threaten her husband with
AN INDIANA DIVORCE.
STRANGER, PAUSE,
and consider if thou canst say
the same about
THINE OWN WIFE!
If not,
WITH A RUSH RETIRE.

Mr. BUMSTEAD, affected to tears, interspersed with nods, by his reading, has barely time to mutter that such a wife was too good to live long in these days, when the servant announces that "McLAUGHLIN has come, sir."

JOHN McLAUGHLIN, who now enters, is a stone-cutter and mason, much employed in patching dilapidated graves and cutting inscriptions, and popularly known in Bumsteadville, on account of the dried mortar perpetually hanging about him, as "Old Mortarity." He is a rickety man, with a chronic disease called bar-roomatism, and so very grave-yardy in his very '*Hic*' that one almost expects a *jacet* to follow it as a matter of course.

"JOHN McLAUGHLIN," says Judge SWEENEY, handing him the paper with the Epitaph, "there is the inscription for the stone."

"I guess I can get it all on, sir," says McLAUGHLIN. "Your servant, Mr. BUMSTEAD."

"Ah, JOHN McLAUGHLIN, how are you?" says Mr. BUMSTEAD, his hand with the tumbler vaguely wandering toward where the bowl formerly stood. "By the way, JOHN McLAUGHLIN, how came you to be called 'Old Mortarity'? It has a drunken sound, JOHN McLAUGHLIN, like one of Sir WALTER SCOTT's characters disguised in liquor."

"Never you mind about that," says McLAUGHLIN. "I carry the keys of the Bumsteadville* churchyard vaults, and can tell to an atom, by a tap of my trowel, how fast a skeleton is dropping to dust in the pauper burial-ground. That's more than they can do who call me names." With which ghastly speech JOHN McLAUGHLIN retires unceremoniously from the room.

Judge SWEENEY now attempts a game of backgammon with the man of taste, but becomes discouraged after Mr. BUMSTEAD has landed the dice in his vest-opening three times running and fallen heavily asleep in the middle of a move. An ensuing potato salad is made equally discouraging by Mr. BUMSTEAD's persistent attempts to cut up his handkerchief in it. Finally, Mr. BUMSTEAD † wildly finds his way to his feet, is plunged into profound gloom at discovering the condition of his hat, attempts to leave the room by each of the windows and closets in succession, and at last goes tempestuously through the door by accident.

[To be Continued.]

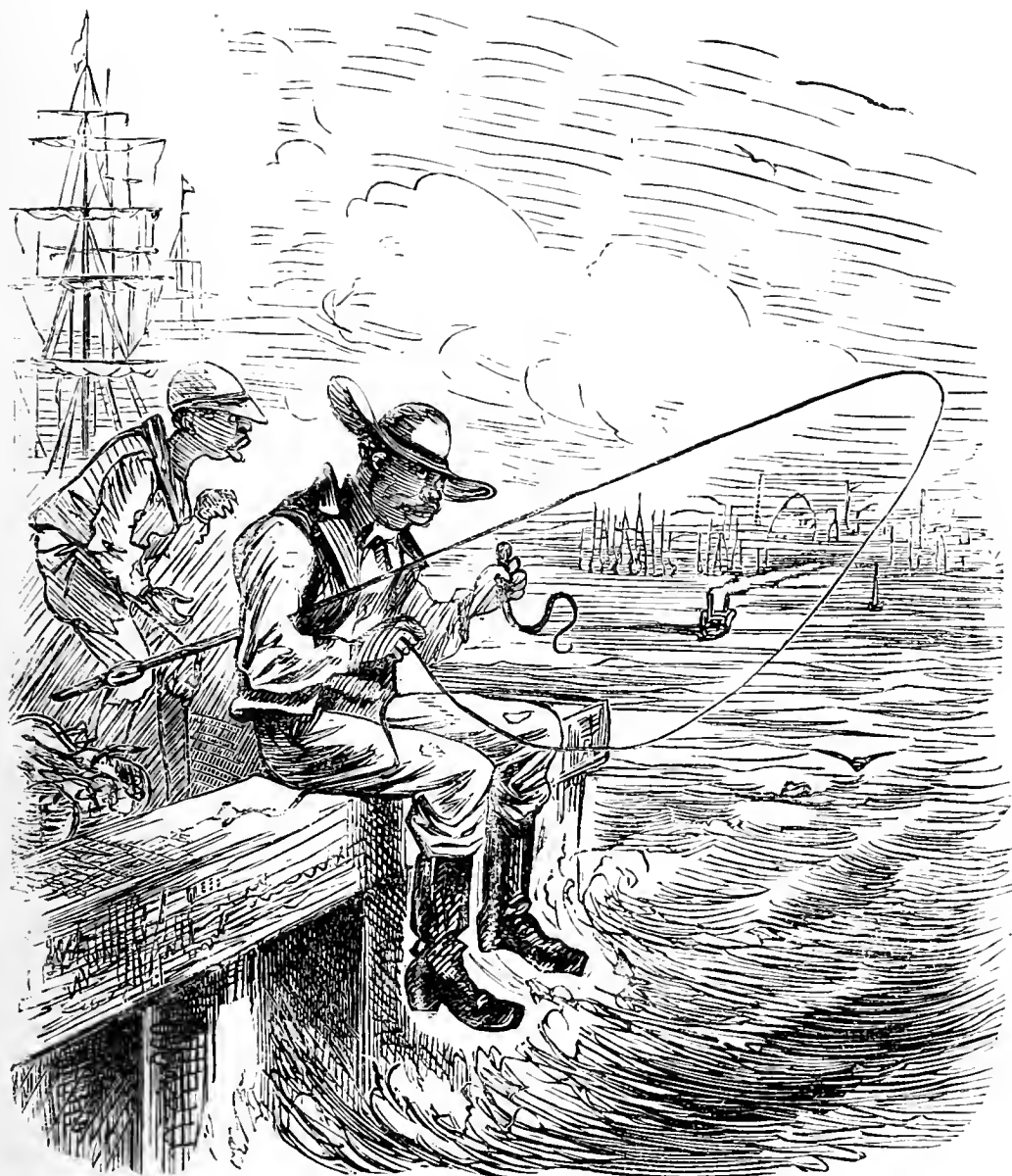
* Certain fancied points of resemblance having led some persons to suppose that Bumsteadville means Rochester, the Adapter is impelled to declare that such is not the case.

† In compliance with the modern demand for fine realistic accuracy in art, the Adapter, previous to making his delineation of Mr. BUMSTEAD public, submitted it to the judgment of a physician having a large practice amongst younger journalists and Members of the Legislature. This authority, after due critical inspection, pronounced it psychologically correct as a study of monomania a potu.

Wanted for the Lecture-Room.

BELOIT, in Wisconsin, boasts a wife who has not spoken to her husband for fifteen years. Fifteen long years! Happy man!—happy woman! No insanity, no divorce, no murder, but Silence. Why isn't this wondrous woman brought to the platform, Miss ANTHONY?

auctioneer. The present Adapter can think of no nearer American equivalent, in the way of a person at once resident in a suburb and who sells to the highest bidder, than a supposable member of the New York judiciary.



Piscator (to his progeny.) "Now, GEORGE WASHINGTON, YOU TAKE A GOOD GRIP OF THIS YERE EEL, AND DON'T MUSS YOUR CLOTHES, OR YER MUDDER 'LL NEBER LET YOU GO FISHIN' AG'IN, SARTIN."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Down East.—"The Earthly Paradise" is published in Boston. The scene of the poem is laid elsewhere.

Miner.—"Pan in Wall Street" was written by E. C. STEDMAN. The pan spoken of is not suitable for miners' use.

Autograph Collector says that he has seen in the papers such statements as the following: "LOWELL'S Under the Willows," "WHITTIER'S Among the Hills," "PUMPELLY'S Across America and Asia." A. C. wants the post-office address of either or all of the gentlemen named. We are unable to give the information desired.

Constant Reader.—What is the meaning of the word "Here"? *Answer.*—It is the popular name of one of our Assurance Companies, only known to its intimate friends. The other name is the "Hercules."

Erie.—You have been misinformed. Mr. FISK neither appeared as an Admiral, nor as one of the "Twelve Temptations," at the Reception of the Ninth Regiment.

Inquirer.—The free translation of the legend, "*Ratione aut vi*," on the Ninth Regiment Badge, is "Strong in rations."

Wall Street asks, "Who are interested in PUNCHINELLO?" Though the question is not very business-like, we reply, "Every one," and we are receiving fresh acquisitions daily.

Bergh.—Was the English nightingale ever introduced into this country? *Answer.*—We cannot say. You had better go to FLORENCE for information on the subject.

R. G. White.—It was a happy thought of yours to apply to PUNCHINELLO for information regarding Shakspearean readings. To your first question, "Was SHAKSPEARE'S RICHARD III a gourmand?" we reply: undoubtedly he was. By adopting what is obviously the correct reading of the passage—"Shadows to-night," etc., it will be seen that "DICKON" was occasionally a sufferer from heavy suppers:

—"Shad-rocs to-night

Have struck more terror to the soul of RICHARD."

Then, to your second query, "Was SHAKSPEARE'S RICHARD III a

THE JOYS OF SUMMER.

I've had my annual dream
Of boats and fishing, Congress-water, cream,
Strawberry-shortcake, lager-bier, iced punch,
And lobster-salad lunch.

It came about midday,
Toward the latter part of "flowering May"—
When nothing's fit to eat, or drink, or wear,
And nothing suits but air.

Let Summer come! said I;
Let *something* happen quick, or I shall die!
I want to change my diet, clothes,—my skin,—
Myself, if not a sin!

(One thing, I would remark,
I didn't dream of: that was Central Park.)
All these (the Park included) I have had;
Of course you think I'm glad.

No, I can't say I am.
Your summer, I must tell you, is a sham!
I *might*, perhaps, have some poetic flights,
If I could sleep o' nights!

But who on earth *can* sleep
When the thermometer's so awful steep?
The night, if anything, (at least *our* way,)
Is hotter than the day!

And then—my stars!—*oh*, then!
When sleep would kindly visit weary men,
The dread mosquito stings away his rest.
Ah-h-h! *curse* that pest!

But breakfast comes,—so soon
You almost wish they'd put it off till noon!
Five minutes' sleep—no appetite—no force:
You're jolly, now, of course!

You sip your breakfast tea—
If with your qualmy stomach 'twill agree,
Or your weak coffee,—weighing, with dismay,
The prospects of the day.

Hot! you may well say Hot,
When Blistering would hit it to a dot!
The cheerful round is brilliantly begun—
And everything "well done."

cannibal?" our answer is: Certainly he was. Following the above quotation we have the line, "Than can the substance," etc. The proper reading is:

"Then Can the substance of ten thousand soldiers."

Famine was staring RICHARD'S army in the face, so that nothing could be more natural and proper than that he should have issued orders to butcher ten thousand of his lower soldiers, and have their meat canned for the subsistence of his "Upper Ten!"

Knife.—You have been misinformed. General BUTLER was not a participator in the Battle of Five Forks, though more than that number of Spoons has been laid to his charge.

Anxious Parent.—Probably the publication to which you refer is the one entitled "Freedom of the Mind in Willing," not "Freedom of the Will in Minding." It is not written for the encouragement of recalcitrant boys.

Confectioner, (San Francisco.)—Mr. BEECHER, who wrote the article on candy, in the *Ledger*, lives in Brooklyn, a town of some importance not far from this city.

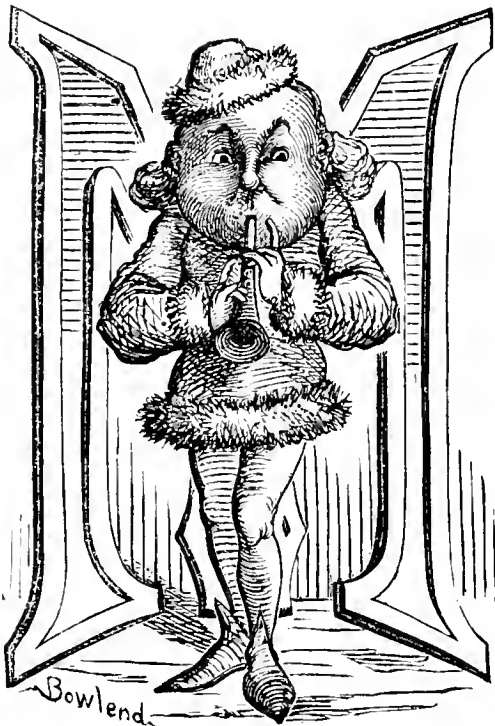
The Nose and the Rose.

THE pink-lined parasols now in fashion were devised by some thoughtful improver of woman, to enhance beauty by imparting a roseate hue to the complexion. Unfortunately, however, the reflection from the pink silk does not always reach the face at the right angle. Sometimes it concentrates altogether upon the most prominent feature of the face, and then "Red in the Nose is She" becomes applicable to the bearer of the parasol. *Couleur de rose* is an expression for all that is lovely and serene, but the rose must not be worn on the nose.

Going him one Better.

THE only difference between the Colossus of Rhodes and King HENRY VIII was that while Colossus was only a *wonder*, King H. was a *Tudor*.

THE PLAYS AND SHOWS.



R. J. H. M'VICKER has for some years past conducted a Chicago theatre, of which he has been lessee, manager, and stock company. The Chicago people have liked M'VICKER'S Theatre, because it has occasionally treated them to the novel sensation of a comparatively moral performance. Occasional morality deftly inserted in the midst of a season of seductive legs, produces the same effect upon a Chicago audience that a naughty *opera bouffe* does upon the New York lovers of the legitimate drama. In either case there is the charm of foreign novelty; a charm, however, which soon loses its attraction.

Opera bouffe in New York, and the moral drama in Chicago, can enjoy but a temporary success. The former city will always return to its love of standard comedies and SHAKSPEAREAN tragedies, and the latter will sooner or later clamor for its accustomed legs and its favorite dramas of bigamy and divorce.

Mr. M'VICKER, having read of the McFARLAND trial, immediately conceived the happy idea that the time had come when a Chicago actor would please a New York audience. He therefore flew to this city, by way of the Mississippi river and the New Orleans and Havana steamships, and last week made a debut at Booth's Theatre. With an astuteness which reflects great credit upon his ability as a manager, he astonished the audience, which had assembled to be shocked by a genuine Chicago performance, by playing a part which fairly bristles with unnecessarily obtrusive morality. Thus did he present a double attraction. A Chicago actor would have been sure, in any case, of the support of the Free Love Press; but a moral Chicago actor is a surprise which appeals irresistibly to the love of novelty which exists in the theatre-going breast. The play in which he made his first appearance here, is entitled "Taking the Chances," and is from the pen of Mr. CHARLES GAYLER, to whom Dr. WATTS so beautifully referred in those touching verses:

"Gayler, the Troubadour,
Touched his guitar,"

—and further language to a like effect. Mr. M'VICKER sustained the character of "PETER POMEROY," one of those oppressive rural Yankees whose mission seems to be to drive young men into the paths of vice, by representing virtue as inextricably associated with home-spun garments, and the manners of an uneducated bull in an unprotected china shop. The following version of the play will be recognized as literally exact, by all who have not seen the original.

Taking the Chances.

ACT I.

MR. POMEROY, a Preposterous Uncle, who regards his nephew, PETER, as a desirable person. "My dear PETER will be here in a few moments. His presence will be a real blessing."

MRS. POMEROY. "I am sorry to hear it. He breaks furniture and things, and I don't like him."

Enter IRRELEVANT PEOPLE, who make unnecessary remarks, and obviously exist only to meet PETER. Finally PETER enters, in butternut clothing and a condition of chronic moral perfection.

PETER. "Jewhillikins! Haow de du, Unkil? Haow are ye, Aunt DEB? Haow is everybody? Our pigs and chickens and garden-sass is all doin' well."—Falls on a chair.

PREPOSTEROUS UNCLE. "Dear, noble, manly fellow."

EVERYBODY ELSE. "Unbearable brute."

Enter BLANCHE POMEROY. "Do I see my dear cousin? I am glad to see you, but please don't tear all of my dress to pieces."

PETER. "Jewhillikins!" "You used to not to mind abaout havin' your froek torn when you was up at Graniteville. But I s'pose society has sp'iled you."

Enter PLAUSIBLE VILLAIN, and whispers to BLANCHE—"To-night you must fly with me. We have not a moment to lose."

PETER. "Jewhillikins! That is the chap that deserted his wife up to Graniteville? I'll fix him."

PLAUSIBLE VILLAIN. "What do I see? A virtuous rustic? Confusion! Can he suspect me?"

PETER devotes himself to the virtuous task of insulting every person in the room, thereby proving how much superior a cow-boy from New Hampshire is to the wretched resident of the city, whom fate has made a base and villainous gentleman. The PLAUSIBLE VILLAIN goes through with a complicated fit of St. Vitus's Dance, by way of preserving a cool exterior, and thus allaying the suspicions of PETER. Various TEDIOUS PEOPLE enter and converse tediously with the IRRELEVANT PEOPLE. After a time the stage-carpenters suddenly decide to lower the curtain, and thus put an end to an act that might otherwise go on forever.

ACT II.

Enter PETER. "Jewhillikins! This is a nice garden. What pesky villains all these people must be, considerin' that they wear good clothes and don't break the furnitoor. There's that chap that deserted his wife. I'll fix him."—Hides himself in an arbor.

Enter PLAUSIBLE VILLAIN.—"Confusion! Can the bumpkin suspect me? In order to avert suspicion, I will confide everything to the friendly air."—Relates his past life and future plans, at the top of his lungs, and then returns to the house.

Enter PREPOSTEROUS UNCLE, and various TEDIOUS PEOPLE, who all want to marry BLANCHE. They converse tediously and go away again. Applause! Enter BLANCHE and PLAUSIBLE VILLAIN.

PLAUSIBLE VILLAIN.—"Confusion! Can the bumpkin suspect me? BLANCHE, we must fly to-night. Not a moment is to be lost."

Re-enter PETER. "Jewhillikins! BLANCHE, I want to talk a spell with you."—To PLAUSIBLE VILLAIN—"Go into the haouse, will you?"—He goes.

BLANCHE. "What do you want, PETER? Why do you tear my dress, and scratch your head so persistently?"

PETER. "Jewhillikins! That feller you love is a scoundrel. I'll prove it. Will you believe it after it's proved?"

BLANCHE. (With a fine sense of what is truly womanly.) "Of course I won't believe it. I despise proofs and arguments."

Enter TEDIOUS PEOPLE and IRRELEVANT PEOPLE. They converse more tediously and irrelevantly than before. At last the carpenters, who have been out for beer, return and drop the curtain.

ACT III.

Enter PETER, in the clothes of an ordinary Christian. He practices a frightful dance, and remarks at intervals, "Jewhillikins."

Enter BLANCHE and PLAUSIBLE VILLAIN. The latter notices PETER, with convulsive alarm.

PLAUSIBLE VILLAIN. "Confusion! Can he suspect me? BLANCHE, we must fly at once. There is not a moment to lose."

Enter EVERYBODY. A quadrille is formed. PETER dances and falls over everybody else. The quadrille ends. PETER rises and remarks, "Jewhillikins." He goes out and returns, bringing the PLAUSIBLE VILLAIN'S wife with him. The PLAUSIBLE VILLAIN repents. BLANCHE consents to marry PETER. Various preposterous engagements are entered into by the TEDIOUS and the IRRELEVANT PEOPLE. And at last the play is over.

COMIC MAN among the audience. "Why should M'VICKER think a man a scoundrel, who deserts his wife and tries to marry another? Don't he come from Chicago?"

2D COMIC MAN.—"Don't SHERIDAN," (who plays the PLAUSIBLE VILLAIN,) "look as if he wished he were 'twenty miles away' when PETER denounces him?"

And the bystanders smile weakly, as though they had heard a good joke on SHERIDAN, and retire slowly toward their homes, evidently exhausted by the oppressive virtue of the intolerable Yankee boor, whom M'VICKER plays so well that the respectable portion of the audience is almost inclined to overlook the wretchedness of the part in admiration of the skill of the actor.

MATADOR.

Cue-rions Rumor.

THAT the Sound steamers are to be furnished with billiard tables for the amusement of passengers between New York and Boston. This report, however, is flatly contradicted, and we have neither charity nor chalk for the man who would make a statement so groundless.

GEORGE FRANCIS, THE UBIQUITOUS.

AMIDST all the chances and changes of this chequered, and, in some respects, lugubrious life, Mr. PUNCHINELLO has the perennial consolation of one friendship, which promises to be immortal, and over which time and space hold no sway. Need we say that we are alluding to the tender emotions which crowd our bosom whenever we hear of Mr. GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN! And lest our love for him should grow colder, this considerate gentleman allows us to hear from him almost daily. To be sure he is like some great antediluvian grasshopper, and seems capable of spanning this almost boundless continent at a leap. He is in Maine in the morning—he is making a speech in Minnesota when the evening shades prevail; but wherever he is, the roll of his eloquence reaches us, and however busy he may be, he is never too busy to write letters to the newspapers. The great man comes very near to solving the problem heretofore considered insoluble, of being in two places at once. Two, did we say? Absurd! Three, four, five, half a dozen! What a man! Jumping here! Leaping there! Skipping North! Vaulting South! Skimming (like a CAMILLA in pantaloons) over the plains of the West! Then, as if by magic, whirling himself to the East! A man, did we say? Bah! GEORGE FRANCIS is clearly one of the immortals.

Clearly! JUPITER used to be rather lavish of electricity, but he did but a small retail business in it, compared with our dear GEORGE FRANCIS, the demi-god, who, when he is not talking with sublime garrulity, is telegraphing without regard to expense. Evidently it has dawned upon the mind (if he has any,) of this extraordinary being, that the world, in none of its quarters, can get along without him, and that the newspaper which does not mention his name must be stale, flat, and unprofitable. Wherefore he takes order that every newspaper shall print the wonderful name as often as possible. Whether he be laughed at, sneered at, sworn at, the virtue of the mere mention remains the same.

The last we heard from GEORGE FRANCIS, he was, (to use his own choice language,) "away up here on the Chippewa," beseeching the lumber men, with all the charm of his inimitable eloquence, to vote him into the Presidential chair. "I am waking up these boys for 1872," writes the valuable phenomenon. Unto "millers, rafters, choppers, and jammers," this Fountain of Oratory has gushed forth his "four hundred and twenty-first consecutive Presidential lecture." Imagine a possible scene upon a raft! GEORGE FRANCIS, mounted upon

a whiskey-barrel, is making all the air resonant with rhetoric. The "rafters" are swearing! The "choppers" are cursing! The "jammers" are most reprehensibly blaspheming! The enormous mass floats onward, and "TRAIN!" the floods, "TRAIN!" the forests, "TRAIN!" the overarching skies resound! No miserable hall, no narrow street, no "pent-up Utica" contracts the power of this miraculous elocutionist—his auditorium seems to be a hemisphere—his audience all mankind! ORPHEUS singing moved rocks and trees. Great GEORGE spouting subdues all the inhabitants of the wilderness. Timid deer trip to the shore to listen; ferocious bears, catching the echo, shed tears of penitence; all creatures of the roaring kind acknowledge themselves surpassed and silenced; the whispering pines whisper all the more softly, as if ashamed of their own verbal weakness. All speeches, even the speeches of a TRAIN, must come to an end; and having ended, the floating DEMOSTHENES sits down to write to the newspapers, that he has just been delivered of his four-hundred-and-twenty-second, and is as well as could be expected.

Mr. PUNCHINELLO has, in his day, been considered talkative; but he feels, as he listens to GEORGE FRANCIS, that he is himself a marvel of taciturnity—that in the noble art of sounding his own trumpet he is a mere child—that as a contributor to the public amusement he is in danger of falling into paltry insignificance. Alas! he is not the marvellous mountebank which he has heretofore considered himself to be; and the nonsense upon which he so prided himself, in comparison with the nonsense of GEORGE FRANCIS, sinks into the most melancholy and insufferable wisdom. He looks forward to the future with a fear lest he may descend to the depths of serious and slow solemnity. When he has arrived at that deplorable stage of decay, he wishes it to be understood that his drum and trumpet are at the service of Mr. GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN.

ASSOCIATED PRESS TELEGRAMS.

It is well known that there is a leak in the Associated Press Office. In point of fact there always is a leak. Why any one should think it worth while to steal the Associated Press cable dispatches is a mystery, when they could be manufactured in any newspaper office with much less trouble. The following dispatches are a fair sample of the ordinary cable news which is sent to the Association. We need hardly say that they were not stolen from Mr. SIMONTON, but we will say, as we have already said, that there is a leak. A word to the wise is sufficient—though, of course, by the expression, "the wise," we do not mean any reference to the London agent of the Associated Press.

LONDON, June 6. The *Times* of to-day has a paragraph on the big trees of California.

MR. SMALLEY denies that he ever wore a hat resembling that of GUSTAVE FLOURENS.

A boy has been arrested for picking pockets in Oxford Street.

JOHN SMITH, proprietor of a coffee and cake saloon in Ratcliffe Highway, has gone into bankruptcy.

It is believed that if the Tories should oust the present cabinet, they would come into power.

PARIS, June 7. There are rumors as to the health of the Emperor NAPOLEON.

Yesterday a man is said to have cried, "*Vive la Republique!*" in his back-yard.

ROME, June, 8. The Ecumenical Council is still in session.

There are more strangers in Rome than there have been at times when the number was less.

ALEXANDRIA, June 8. Several vessels have passed through the Suez Canal since its completion.

The Suez Canal is by some regarded as a success. Others think it a failure.

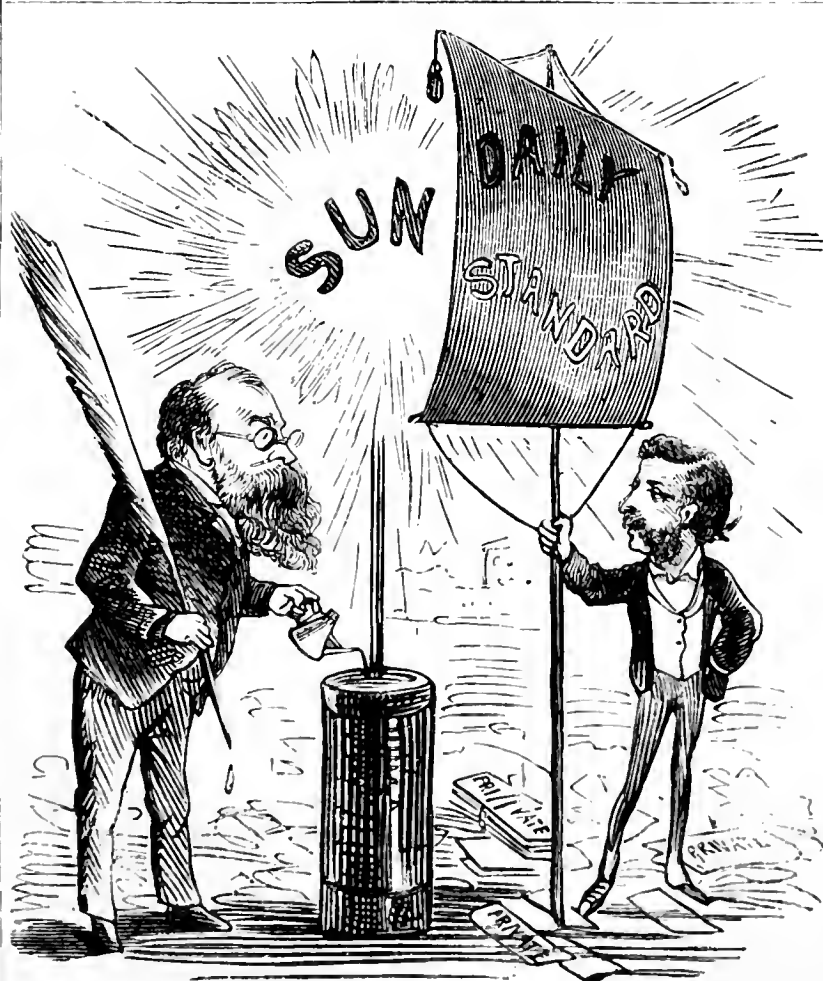
CALCUTTA, June 6. A native was killed by a tiger near Bundelcund eighteen months ago.

YOKOHAMA, June 6. The P. & O. Steamer Bombay has run down and sunk the U. S. Sloop Onaida.

ST. PETERSBURGH, June 7. Some discontent was caused by the emancipation of the serfs.

BERLIN, June 8. BISMARCK has notified the Upper House that no exemplification of the categorical plebiscitum will be favorably entertained or rejected.

In view of these important dispatches, PUNCHINELLO respectfully suggests to Mr. SIMONTON, that instead of trying to put an end to the stealing of his news, he put a peremptory end to the London agent of the Associated Press. Otherwise the agent will soon put an end to the Association. One or the other event must take place, and it is only a question of time which shall occur first.



A YOUNG STIR AMONG THE DAILIES.

Editor Dana. "I WISH THAT FELLOW WOULD TAKE HIS BANNER OUT OF MY WAY. IT ECLIPSES MY SPECIAL NEWS."



PONTOON FOR PARTIES.

A NEW INVENTION, TO ENABLE GENTLEMEN TO CROSS THE FLOWING TRAINS OF LADIES IN FASHIONABLE DRAWING-ROOMS.

COMIC ZOOLOGY.

The Boa Constrictor.

ORIENTAL tourists claim to have met with specimens of this reptile one hundred feet in length, but as travellers are proverbially prone to stretch their tales, narrative of this character must not be too readily swallowed. He is found in India, all along the course of the Hooghly, and is hugely superior in strength and size to all the other reptiles of Asia. His habitat is usually up a tree, where he lies in ambush, and he forages, and has for ages, on the nobler quadrupeds; seldom letting himself down to make a "picked-up dinner" on the lower animals. Sometimes, however, when tormented with an "all-gone sensation" in the pit of his stomach, he descends to dine on a high-caste Brahmin and to sup on a Gentoo.

The skin of the Boa has a silky sheen, like that of the finest Rep, and, when taking a nap in the sun, his Damascened appearance may remind the pious spectator of a scene damned by the intrusion of a similar reptile several thousand years ago.

The Boa Constrictor is not a fascinating snake—far from it. He relies on his muscles and not on his charms, for support. His appetite is vigorous, and the manner in which he disposes of his tid-bits, such as the larger carnivora, may be described as glutenous. Much has been written of the creature, but a glance at his enormous volume will give a truer idea of him than anything that has ever issued from the press. He serves the body of an animal, before devouring it, as mercenary politicians serve the body politic—crushing it with many Rings. By the keepers of menageries he is often called the *Boa Constructor*, but the name more aptly applies to the Furrier who simulates his shape on a small scale; the creature having no mechanical skill whatever.

Occasionally, from some branch that overhangs a *Nullah*, he will drop down on the thirsty eland or hartbeest, rendering resistance a Nullity; but his favorite game is fighting the tiger, at which, unlike the human species, he always wins when in the vein for that kind of sport. All the beasts of the jungle fear him—the wolf feeling no disposition to seek his folds, and the leopard frequently changing his spots to avoid him. Whatever his quarry may be, its sands are soon run out.

The Boa, like other gourmands, is fond of gourmand-ease. After having put a victim through the mill and bolted him for a meal, the mon-

ster may be discovered (or he may not) on some knoll in the forest, indulging in somnolency. He can then be assailed with safety, but as his breath is a horrible feter, a spice (of caution) should be used in approaching him. The windward side is best. As he lies limber, smelling like Limburger, a hatchet will be found a first-chop weapon of assault. The Hindoos, however, generally double him up with Creeses. Cutting off the creature's tail, just behind the jaws, is a pretty sure way to ex-terminate him. There are on record several instances of Boas having been despatched in this way by Ruthless adventurers.

The reptile abounds in Ceylon, and is considered a delicacy by the Cingalese, but the civilized stomach would probably find Double Ease in letting it alone. *Cotelette de Constrictor*, however pleasant to the Pagan palate, would scarcely go down with a Christian.

Hig's old stories of the Boa have been obtained by travellers, from the Asiatics. They resemble those of the fabled dragon and hippogriff, and as they generally relate to the ravaging of whole districts by the voracious monster, a heap o' grief is connected with some of them. The gum-game, however, is much in vogue in India, and most of these snake stories may be characterized as India Rubbish.

The great Boa is a native of Southern Africa as well as of Asia, and is much dreaded by all the Dutch Boers. The creature is reported to have been seen in crossing the interior deserts, but this is believed to be a fiction invented in the Caravans. In Congo there is a small species a few sizes larger than the Conger eel, while in the section of country visited by CUMMING the Boa is the biggest serpent Going.

There are stupendous snakes in the islands of the Indian Archipelago, and a Yankee skipper who lived a year among the natives informs us that he "once saw some arter a boa in Sumatra." The skipper, however, is a small joker, and always ready to Sacrifice Truth on the Alter Ego of a miserable pun. A vile habit this, but one that it is to be feared will never be abandoned.

The skin of the Boa is rarely embroidered with purple and gold, but, like many a priestly hypocrite, he hides under the livery of heaven the instincts of the Devil. And so we dismiss him.

Bitter Sarcasm.

Canadians pronounce the sacred word "Sunburst" "Shunburst."



THE WEDDING RING,
AS SOROSIS WOULD LIKE TO SEE IT WORN.

CONDENSED CONGRESS.

SENATE.



IND-HEARTED Mr. CHANDLER had a proposition which would restore American commerce to its former footing. It was simply to annex San Domingo, Cuba, and Canada. He repudiated with scorn and disgust the insinuation that he proposed to pay anything for them. That was foreign to his nature. He meant merely to take them. By this means they would not only restore American commerce—he didn't profess to know exactly how—but they would inflict a deadly blow upon haughty England. At this point Mr. CHANDLER became incoherent, the only intelligible remark which reached the reporters, being that he could

“lick” Queen VICTORIA single-handed.

Mr. SUMNER remarked that a war with England would be costly.

Mr. CHANDLER declined to accept any suggestion from a man who went to diplomatic dinners, and consorted with Englishmen. He had been told that at these dinners, to which he was proud to say he had never gone, and to which, while the custom of issuing invitations prevailed, he never would go, Mr. SUMNER ate with his fork. Such a man could not be a true American.

Mr. MORRILL introduced a bill to increase the mileage of members. Notoriously, he observed, the mileage of members was scandalously small. He knew that the self-sacrificing nature of the senators would delight to pay this tribute to the fidelity of themselves, and the equally deserving public servants of the other house. Passed with acclamations.

A resolution was introduced to appropriate a few millions towards the discovery of the North Pole.

Mr. SAULSBURY said—Whazyoose?

Mr. SUMNER explained that it would be a good thing for science.

Mr. COLE explained that it would be an enormous thing for fishermen.

Mr. YATES explained that it would be a vast thing for “cobblers.”

Mr. SAULSBURY said—Ah, B'gthing on Ice.

Mr. MORRILL moved to extend the Capitol grounds to the next lot.

Mr. YATES moved to extend them to Chicago.

Mr. MORTON moved to extend them to Indianapolis.

Mr. CHANDLER wildly shrieked Detroit.

Mr. SUMNER faintly murmured Boston.

HOUSE.

Somebody introduced a bill to pension the soldiers of 1812. Somebody else wanted to amend it by providing that no soldier of 1812 who aided and comforted the recent rebellion should get any pension.

Even Mr. BUTLER showed gleams of good feeling. He said that the lot of these men was hard. They were liable to be brought out upon platforms every Fourth of July, and obliged to sit and blink under patriotic eloquence for hours. It was their dreadful lot subsequently to eat public dinners in country taverns, which brought their gray hairs down in sorrow and indigestion to the grave. The notion of these senile and patriotic duffers aiding and comforting the rebellion was preposterous. Their eyes purged thick amber and plum-tree gum, and they had no notion of doing anything but drawing their pensions, and getting three meals a day, with a horrible fourth on the glorious Fourth.

Mr. LOGAN said this position was outrageous. He knew that some of these hoary wretches in his own district were so fully in sympathy with the rebellion as actually to refuse to vote for him, when carriages were sent to convey them to the polls. Such men ought not to receive a dollar.

Mr. BUTLER not only reaffirmed his previous statements, but reintroduced his resolution to annex Dominica.

Mr. KELLEY desired to abolish the income tax. He said that some of his most influential constituents disliked it. They would not pay. To lie they were ashamed. If a sufficient tariff were put upon pig-iron there would be no need of providing for this petty Tacks.

Mr. BUTLER was in favor of the abolition of the tax. It had never been anything but a tax on paper, and it was not worth a paper of tacks. But he considered the most feasible method of reducing it was to annex Dominica, and he introduced a resolution to that effect. As his friend KELLEY had suggested, if they did not remove the tax, their constituents would remove them. He did not consider it practicable, however, to bring a movement to abolish the tacks on the carpet until Dominica should be ours.

FURTHER OF MYTHOLOGY.

DIANA. This goddess was generally admitted to be the most intellectual and disagreeable of the whole divine Sisterhood. Among the Greeks the popular estimate of her character was shown by the name of “Artful Miss”—afterwards corrupted to ARTEMIS—which they gave to her. She was an eminently strong-minded goddess, and insisted upon her right to adopt the habits of the other sex. Among them was the practice of hunting, of which she was passionately fond. Indeed, it was from her devotion to the pleasures of the chase that she obtained the epithet of the “Chased” DIANA—wild boars, and such like ungallant brutes, sometimes annoying her by refusing to be chased themselves, and by chasing her instead. There are those who pretend to think that “chaste,” instead of “chased,” was really the original epithet, and that it was given to her as a recognition of the aggressive and malignant virtue which distinguishes most strong-minded women who are old and yet unmarried. The obvious absurdity of this theory will, however, be evident to any one who remembers her little flirtation with ENDYMION, whom she cruelly led from the paths of innocence, only to abandon him on the hills of Latmos, where he contracted the chills and fever by fruitlessly watching for her at night in the open field. A characteristic piece of ill-temper was her treatment of young ACTÆON. The latter, who was a respectable, though rather reckless young man, was once walking along the beach, when he suddenly came upon DIANA and several female friends in the act of taking the surf. Envious to behold the extremes of boniness, which then, as now, doubtless characterized the strong-minded females, he concealed himself in a neighboring bathing-house, and brought his opera-glass to bear on the group. He was, however, discovered, and DIANA and her friends were so indignant at being seen without their false teeth and false “fronts,” that the former deliberately set her dogs on him, who tore him into imperceptible fragments so small that no coroner could possibly find enough of him in order to hold an inquest. Of course ACTÆON's conduct cannot be defended, but then his punishment was altogether too severe. There is every reason to suppose that DIANA wanted some one to accidentally notice her proficiency in swimming, else why should she have chosen a place of popular resort for her bath? And then the simple nudity in which she was surprised was not nearly as suggestive as the peculiar costumes in which our fashionable ladies now-a-days enter the surf in the presence of admiring crowds. However, ideas change with successive ages, and what we now consider perfectly proper would probably have brought any quantity of blushes to the cheek of the young person of Athens or Rome. Among the Olympians DIANA was a common scold, and made herself as disagreeable to the goddesses as to the gods. Since she ceased to be openly worshipped she has been in a measure forgotten among men, but the strong-minded women still regard her with love and reverence, and it is understood that her statue, together with a painting representing her in the act of setting the dogs on ACTÆON, are among the most prominent decorations of the Sorosis Club-room and the Revolution office.

Historical.

CONEX Island is celebrated for the saltiness of its waters and the leathery qualities of its clams. This island is said to have been so named on account of its resemblance in shape to an inverted cone, but the attrition of the ocean has materially changed the conic base. Researches in the direction of the apex have not been made recently.

Patentee Wanted.

THE heavy hebdomadals complain that the style of the communications sent them is too diffuse. The “talented” contributor is adjured to condense. There is an apparatus, we believe, for condensing the article called milk, but who will devise a machine for condensing the milk-and-water article? A fortune awaits the genius of the inventor.

THE HOLY GRAIL AND OTHER POEMS.

(This is one of the other Poems.)

BY A HALF-RED DENIZEN OF THE WEST.

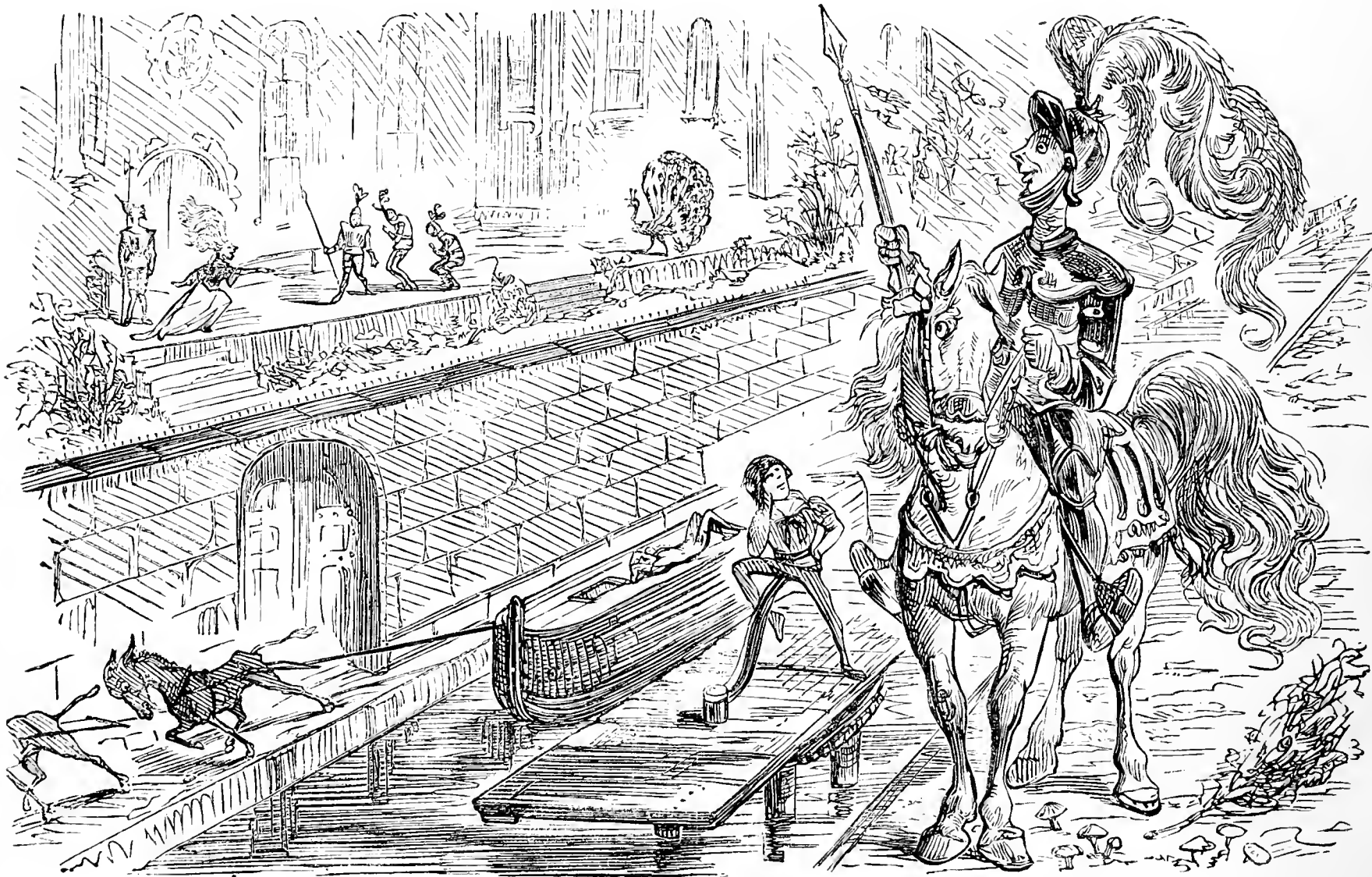
Part II.

PELLEAS then, when all the flies were gone,
Sat faithful on his horse, upon the lawn
That skirts the castle moat; and thought the dame,
For want of pluck, could never give him blame.
He sat a week. She grew so blazing mad,
She raved, and called three other knights she had;
And cried, "That fool will drive me wild, I fear!
Go bind his hands, and walk him Spanish here."
And when the idiot heard her, he did grin
And smirk, and let them walk him Spanish in.
Then, railing vile, that he might take offence,
She, sneering, asked him would he ne'er go hence;

And o'er the bridge they kicked him like a hound.
When she had sneered her sneeriest, then she said,
"Turn him out bound!" He lifted up his head,

"You ask me why, tho' ill at ease
Within this region I subsist?"
"I did," she said, "but pray desist
From further quoting, if you please."

When forth PELLEAS came, his hands all tied,
The brave GAWAIN, he bounded to his side,
And loosed his bonds and said, "Look here, good friend,
This sort of thing had better have an end.
Just you go home, and take a Turkish bath,
And I will cure this lady of her wrath.
Give me your horse and shield. Take mine, I'll say
I've killed you, stiffly dead, in mortal fray.
Then she will straight repent; your death will rue,
And while her heart is soft, I'll send for you."



And cursed him till her face grew crimson red.
Like cats of Cheshire then he grinned, and said:

"Sent by thy train and thee to Coventry,
I hung with grooms and porters on the bridge;
Watched by thy three tall squires. And there I shaped
An ancient willow's sapling into this."

And handed her a whistle. "Kick him out!"
She yelled; and the knights, laughing, took the lout,
And thrust him from the gate. A week from this,
Looking without, she saw his simple phiz;
And cried "Go kill him! Stick him like a pig!
You three can do it, if he is so big!"
Unwilling, yet the knights went out to try,
And light-of-love GAWAIN came riding by.
"What ho!" he cried, "I'm in, if that fight's free;
So here I come—ye knavish cowards three!"
"For me," PELLEAS cried, "the fight she means,"
And charging, knocked them into smithereens.
Now called she other knights, and cried out, "Once
Again go bind and bring me here that dunce!"
And when he heard, he let himself be bound,

This nincum-fubby-diddle-boodle, he
Went home, and did not GAWAIN's laughter see!
He waited till the moon, after three days,
Gave promise of large lights on woods and ways,
And then he hastened to ETTARRE's gate.
He found it open, and he did not wait
To be announced, but hastened, full of hope,
To where her tent stood on the garden slope.
He knew she slept the roses all among,
And as he softly stepped, he softly sung:

"I am coming, my own, my sweet!
Were it ever so airy a tread,
Thy heart would hear me and beat,
Were it earth in an earthly bed.
Thy dust would hear me and beat,
Hads't thou lain for a century dead,
Would start and tremble under my feet—

And just then he saw GAWAIN's head!
With one wild bound toward the dark'ning skies,
From out the garden gates he madly flies.
But soon his mind it alters. Slipping back,
His tune he changes—trying this new tack:

"Howe'er it be, it seems to me
 'Tis only noble to be good;
 Kind hearts are more than coronets,
 And simple faith, than Norman blood.

O lady! You may veer and veer,
 A great enchantress you may be,
 But there'll be that across your throat,
 Which you would scarcely care to see."

Then he, while sleep of senses them bereft,
 Soft thrust his lance through both their necks—and left.
 The cold touch in her throat she felt, and woke.
 She knew the lance, and to GAWAIN she spoke.
 "Liar!" she said. "That man you have not slain.
 Let's both clear out! He may come back again!"
 (To be Continued.)

OUR PORTFOLIO.

THAT most gay, gallant and airy body of horsemen known as the "Brooklyn Dutch Light Cavalry," are much indebted to the projectors of the Knightly meeting which took place recently at Prospect Park, for an opportunity to display those equestrian graces which a few cross-grained critics have been disposed to deny them. The general public never had any doubts upon the subject, but it is well enough to silence those who took much credit to themselves in detecting faults where others could not discover them. The result shows how completely such mendacity can be exposed. Of the numerous prizes awarded, two-thirds fell to the members of Brooklyn's Teutonic Cavalry. They were especially admired for the firmness with which they kept their saddles, under circumstances enough to unhorse a Centaur. We noted, particularly, one cavalier, known in the lists as the Knight of RUDESHEIMER. He keeps a pork store in Fulton Avenue, and turned a Fairbanks Scale, but two days before the tourney, at 275 lbs. This gallant rode a very sprightly steed, which struggled under the double calamity of being slightly spavined and quite blind in the left eye. One of the effects of the latter misfortune was to keep the animal constantly in the belief that somebody meditated foul play upon its unguarded flank, and at the slightest stir in the crowd it would wheel violently around, to the great consternation of its rider, and the evident alarm of contiguous Knights. PUNCHINELLO, who was very conspicuous in the throng, and was mounted upon a highly mettled Ukraine steed, observed the cavorting of the Knight of RUDESHEIMER, and cantered gaily towards him. In attempting to pass, his spur touched the side of the blind steed, which kicked at PUNCHINELLO's fiery Ukraine in a very ungracious manner. Our animal would take a kick from no other animal calmly, and so, without waiting to weigh consequences, it gave RUDESHEIMER's Rosinante a severe "chuck" in the ribs with its hind feet. In an instant horse and rider were spinning around like a top. A space was immediately cleared, and the crowd awaited in breathless silence the fate of the Knight. His swayings were fearful, until PUNCHINELLO, anticipating an apoplectic fit from such a terrific revolution, dashed in, and seizing the frightened steed by the bridle, brought him to bay. The Knight's face was livid with rage, and, instead of thanking PUNCHINELLO, he roared at the pitch of his voice.

"Dunder und blitzen! Du bist ein tam phool. Vat for you not sees I ish tied to mein saddle?"
 The pride of horsemanship could go no further, and so PUNCHINELLO left.

SONG OF THE RED CLOUD.

[Supposed to have been uttered on the occasion of a conference of Savages at Washington with a view to the settlement of our Indian difficulties.]

How! Call all my chiefs together—
 Makpialutah, Red Cloud, wants 'em:
 Shunkalutah, him the Red Dog;
 Brave Bear, Montahetekah;
 Setting Bear, Maktohutakah;
 Rock Bear, Live Bear, Long Bear, Short Bear,
 Little Bear, Yellow Bear, and Bear Skin,
 Keyalutah, Red Fly—Shoo Fly!
 Dahsanowee, White Cow Rattler,
 Pahgee, Shunkmonetohakah,
 Shatonsapah, Maktohashena,
 Kokepah, Ocklehelutah,
 Newakohnkechaksheuntah,
 Whoop! haloo! Yahoo! Haloooooooooooo!

[Sudden rush of warriors on all sides with war-whoop, flourish of tomahawks, and inexplicable dumb show.]

Ugh! What now would have the White Man?
 Sell he swindle, rum, fire-water,
 We will sell him Fear in plenty.
 What would have Great Cloud, our father,
 He the Smoke-nose, he the Big Fish?
 They not cheat us, we not murder.
 Pale-faces like the leaves of forests:
 Many squaws with paint and feathers—
 None like Makochawyuntaker,
 The World-looker, wife of Black Hawk.
 Much skull, but few scalp in Congress.
 Talk much—very great tongue-warriors.
 Tomahawk could end the tongue-fight.
 Hrumph! I like not these pale-faces,
 Makpialutah mourns for battle,
 Red Cloud thirsts for blood of Pawnees,
 Red Cloud cries for scalp of white men,
 Red Cloud angers the Great Spirit,
 Red Cloud trembles for the War Dance!
 Ugh! Hrumph! How! Whoop, whoop, haloooooooo!

[The Conference of Chiefs, after an uproar of shrill and guttural sounds, breaks up with the favorite can-can of the Sioux.]

A Pleasant Prospect.

THE Massachusetts editors, who are shortly to meet in convention at Boston, are threatened with three distressing courtesies, viz: a concert on the Big Organ, a visit to the School Ship, and a banquet in Faneuil Hall. They have our sincerest condolences.



TREPIDATION.

FRANK PAYS A VISIT OF CONDOLENCE TO HIS FRIEND, WHO IS ILL WITH RELAPSING FEVER.



FUMIGATION.

THEN HE THINKS HIS HAIR SHOULD BE FUMIGATED, AND SUBSEQUENTLY HE HAS TO BE EXTINGUISHED.



MARRIAGE A LA MODE.
(NOT BY HOGARTH.)

Clergyman. "DO YOU TAKE THIS MAN TO LOVE, HONOR, AND AGREE WITH UNTIL—YOU SEE ANOTHER MAN YOU LIKE BETTER?"

MY COUP D'ETAT.

MR. PUNCHINELLO: For sometime—I would not like to say how long—the undersigned has been a candidate for the office of Whiskey Inspector for the Judasville district of his State. I have had powerful backing from the scrap-iron members of Congress from my section, but their efforts and my own have long seemed of little avail. The other day, however, I saw in the papers the account of the *coup d'état* of the DUKE OF SALDANHA, in Portugal. An idea immediately entered my brain. These *effete* monarchies, these governments of the past, on which "the rust of ages," as VICTOR HUGO remarks, "lies like a bloody snow of bygone vassalage," have yet sufficient vitality to teach a lesson to the young and vigorous governments of the West. At any rate this old duke taught me a lesson, and I did my best to hurry off and say it. It was evident that if I wanted to be Whiskey Inspector of Judasville, (and I am justified in saying that no man in the district possesses more peculiar qualifications for the post,) that something in the SALDANHA style must be done. The time had passed for petitions and lobbying.

I went immediately to the commander of the Judasville Rifles, and enlisted his sympathies in my cause. He willingly placed his company at my service, but whether this was due to my offer to pay the board-bills and car-fare of the organization while it was under my orders, or to my eloquent statement of my case, I have not yet had an opportunity to discover. The men who, from the very commencement of the undertaking, had constituted themselves the inspectors of *my* whiskey, were in high good spirits, and, in a body, numbering some forty-six, we arrived in Washington, on a bright morning, about a week ago. It would not do, on an occasion like this, to delay matters. Accordingly I marched my troops directly to the White House. The man in charge of the door took my men for a visiting target company, and told me, whom he supposed was the member from their district, that I must marshal my friends out on the green, and he would notify the Private Secretary. I made no answer to this, but ordered the troops to charge

bayonets, and we entered the White House at a double-quick. I led the way directly to GRANT'S study, and stationing my men in the doorway, I entered. He was within, cutting up an "old soger" to smoke in his pipe. After shaking hands with him, I sat down and inquired if that was a *regalia* he was cutting up.

"No," said he. "This is the HANCOCK brand."

"Oh!" said I.

"Well?" said he, looking somewhat inquisitively at the soldiers, who crowded into the doorway, and almost filled the entry beyond.

"Mr. President," said I, rising and clearing my throat, "I do not wish to occupy much time in the present business—especially as I have to pay the hotel bills of these brave veterans until it is finished. Therefore I will come directly to the point. I desire, immediately, the appointment of Whiskey Inspector for the Judasville district. I have been an applicant for said position quite long enough, and I demand that you make out my commission this morning."

"And suppose I don't?" says GRANT.

"In that case," said I,—"in that case—well, in that case, *there* are my companions in arms, the brave supporters of my cause!" and I pointed proudly to the Judasville Rifles.

"Well," said GRANT, puffing away at the HANCOCK remnants, "what do you propose to do with them—besides paying their hotel bills, I mean?"

"To do?" said I, "to do?"—and now, to tell the truth, I experienced an immediate disadvantage of not having formed a plan of my campaign.

But it would not do to hesitate.

"To do?" I repeated, speaking louder this time. "I shall march upon—well, upon each of the public buildings in turn, and I shall take them and hold them."

"And then?" said GRANT.

"Well," said I, "then, of course, you will see the impossibility of carrying my strongholds without a fearful slaughter, and to prevent the consequent effusion of blood, you will despatch a courier to me, requesting my presence in your council-room."

"And then?" said GRANT.

"I will come," I answered.

"And then?" said GRANT.

"You will give me the Whiskey Inspectorship," I answered.

GRANT glanced at me, and then at the body of troops by which I was supported. Indomitable resolution sat upon every lineament of my countenance, and resolute determination showed itself in the faces of my brave men. Already, from afar, they sniffed the delicious perfumes of the rewards of victory. (It is needless to particularize the alcoholic promises I had made them in case of success.)

GRANT rang a little bell—I think he bought it second-hand, when SEWARD sold out to go travelling—and an obtrusive attendant entered by a back door.

Then, to this obtrusive attendant said the President: "James, step over to the War Department and tell SHERMAN to send me the Eighth and Eleventh Brigades of Cavalry; the Seventy-first and Fortieth Regiments of Artillery; the Twenty-second, Forty-fourth, and Eighty-eighth regiments of infantry, and two companies of sappers and miners."

JAMES departed.

I stepped forward.

"Mr. PRESIDENT," said I, "in order to prevent the effusion of blood, might it not be as well to settle our little business at once?"

GRANT smiled.

HODGINS, the captain of the Judasville Rifles, now came up to me and touched me on the arm.

"To prevent the effusion of blood," said he, "we are going home."

And they went!

My subsequent adventures, MR. PUNCHINELLO, I cannot relate, for my paper is full, and the fellow who has charge of this cell has refused to get me any more, unless I give him more money, which I haven't got.

But of one thing my mind is certain, and that is that this country has not yet arrived at that high grade of official refinement and tenderness which Portugal has reached.

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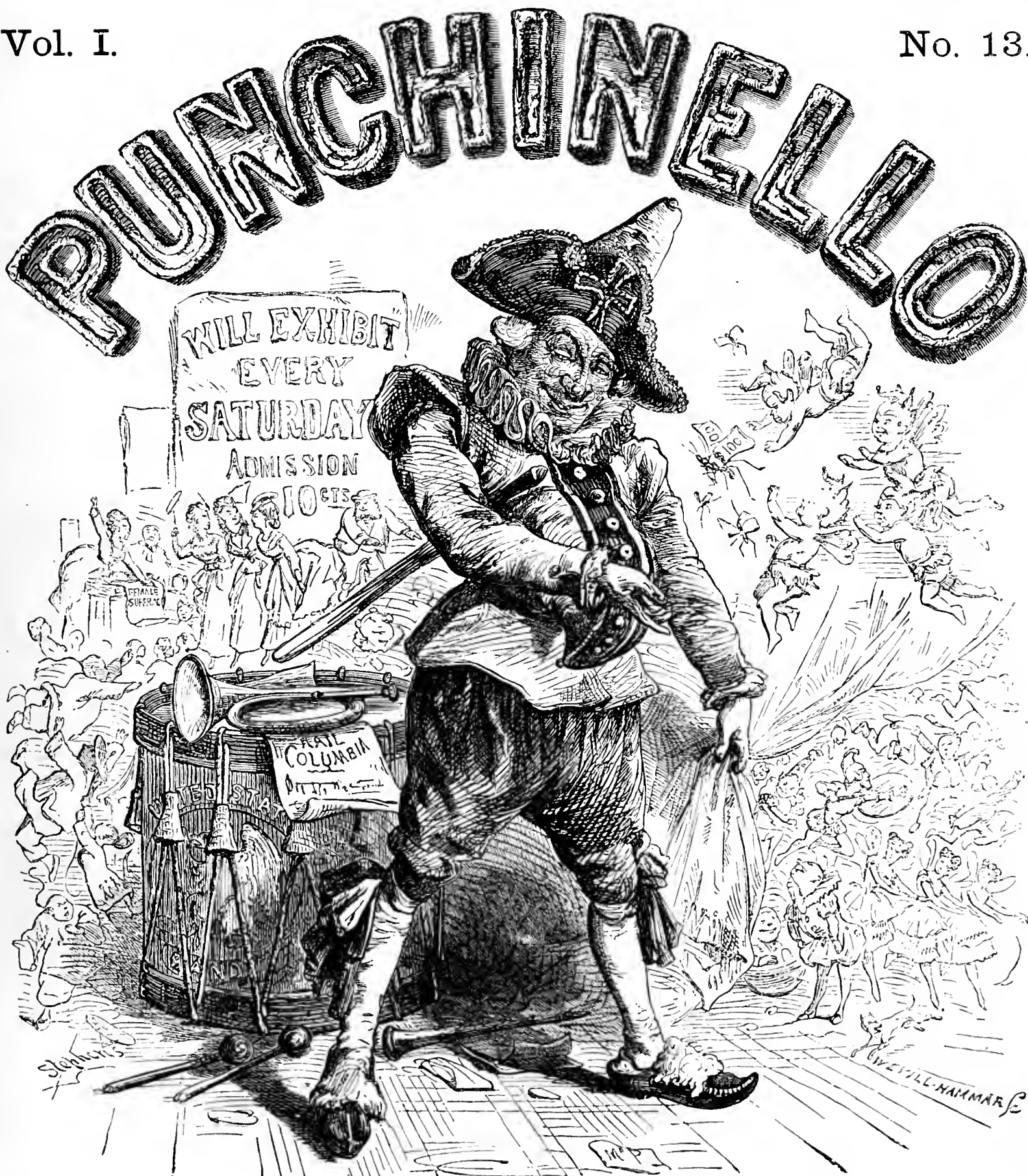
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Vol. I.

No. 13.



SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1870.

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THE MYSTERY OF MR. E. DROOD,
By GRPHEUS C. KERR,

See 15th Page for Extra Premiums.

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THE MYSTERY OF MR. E. DROOD.

AN ADAPTATION.

BY ORPHEUS C. KERR.

CHAPTER V.

MR. MC LAUGHLIN AND FRIEND.

JOHN BUMSTEAD, on his way home along the unsteady turnpike—upon which he is sure there will be a dreadful accident some day, for want of railings—is suddenly brought to an unsettled pause in his career by the spectacle of Old Mortality leaning against the low fence of the pauper burial-ground, with a shapeless boy throwing stones at him in the moonlight. The stones seem never to hit the venerable JOHN McLAUGHLIN, and at each miss the spry monkey of the moonlight sings “Sold again,” and casts another missile still further from the mark. One of these goes violently to the nose of Mr. BUMSTEAD, who, after a momentary enjoyment of the evening fireworks thus lighted off, makes a wrathful rush at the playful child, and lifts him from the ground by his ragged collar, like a diminished suit of Mr. GREELEY’s customary habiliments.

“Miserable snipe,” demands BUMSTEAD, eyeing his trophy gloomily, and giving him a turn or two as though he were a mackerel under inspection, “what are you doing to that gooroleman?”

“Oh, come now!” says the lad, sparring at him in the air, “you just lemme be, or I’ll fetch you a wipe in the jaw. I ain’t doing nothink; and he’s werry good to me, he is.”

Mr. BUMSTEAD drops the presumptuous viper, but immediately seizes him by an ear and leads him to McLAUGHLIN, whom he asks: “Do you know this insect?”

“SMALLEY,” says McLAUGHLIN, with a nod.

“Is that the name of the sardine?”

“Blagyerboots,” adds McLAUGHLIN.

“Shine ’em up, red hot,” explains the boy. “I’m one of them fellers.” Here he breaks away and hops out again into the road, singing:

“Aina, maina, mona, Mike,
Bassalona, bona, strike!
Hay, way, crown, rack,
Hallico, ballico, we—wo—wack!”

—which he evidently intends as a kind of Hitalian; for, simultaneously, he aims a stone at JOHN McLAUGHLIN, grazes Mr. BUMSTEAD’s whiskers instead, and in another instant a sound of breaking glass is heard in the distance.

“Peace, young scorpion!” says Mr. BUMSTEAD, with a commanding gesture. “JOHN McLAUGHLIN, let me see you home. The road is too unsteady to-night for an old man like you. Let me see you home, as far as my house, at least.”

“Thank you, sir, I’d make better time alone. When you came up, sir, Old Mortality was meditating on this bone-farm,” says Mr. McLAUGHLIN, pointing with a trowel, which he had drawn from his pocket, into the pauper burial-ground. “He was thinking of the many laid here when the Alms-House over yonder used to be open as a Alms-House. I’ve patched up all these graves, as well as them in the Ritual churchyard, and know ’em all, sir. Over there, Editor of Country Journal; next, Stockholder in Erie; next, Gentleman who Undertook to be Guided in His Agriculture by Mr. GREELEY’s ‘What I Know about Farming;’ next, Original Projector of American *Punch*; next, Proprietor of Rural Newspaper; next, another Projector of American *Punch*—indeed, all the rest of that row is American *Punches*; next, Conductor of Rustic Daily; next, Manager of Italian Opera; next, Stockholder in Morris and Essex; next, American Novelist; next, Husband of Literary Woman; next, Pastor of Southern Church; next, Conductor of Provincial Press.—I know ’em ALL, sir,” says Old Mortality, with exquisite pathos, “and if a flower could spring up for every tear a friendless old man has dropped upon their neglected graves, you couldn’t see the wooden head-boards for the roses.”

“Tharsverytrue,” says Mr. BUMSTEAD, much affected—“Not see ’em for your noses—beaut’ful idea! You’re a gooroleman, sir. Here comes SMALLEY again.”

“I ain’t doing nothink, and you’re all the time wanting me to move on, and he’s werry good to me, he is,” whimpers SMALLEY, throwing a stone at Mr. BUMSTEAD and hitting Old Mortality.

“Didn’t I tell you to always aim at me?” cries the latter, angrily

rubbing the place. “Don’t I give you a penny a night to aim right at me?”

“I only chucked once at him,” says the youth, penitently.

“You see, Mr. BUMSTEAD,” explains JOHN McLAUGHLIN, “I give him an Object in life. I am that Object, and it pays me. If you’ve ever noticed these boys, sir, they never hit what they aim at. If they throw at a pigeon or a tree, the stone goes through a garret window. If they throw at a dog, it hits some passer-by on the leg. If they throw at each other, it takes you in the back as you’re turnin’ a corner. I used to be getting hit all over every night from SMALLEY’s aiming at dogs, and pigeons, and boys like himself; but now I hire him to aim at me, exclusively, and I’m all safe.—There he goes, now, misses me, and breaks another winder.”

“Here, SMALLEY,” says Mr. BUMSTEAD, as another stone, aimed at McLAUGHLIN, strikes himself, “take this other penny, and aim at both of us.”

Thus perfectly protected from painful contusion, although the air continues full of stones, Mr. BUMSTEAD takes JOHN McLAUGHLIN’s arm, as they move onward, to protect the old man from harm, and is so careful to pick out the choice parts of the road for him that their progress is digressive in the extreme.

“I have heard,” says Mr. BUMSTEAD, “that at one end of the pauper burial-ground there still remains the cellar of a former chapel to the Alms-House, and that you have broken through into it, and got a step-ladder to go down. Isthashso?”

“Yes; and there’s coffins down there.”

“Yours is a hic-stremely strange life, JOHN McLAUGHLIN.”

“It’s certainly a very damp one,” says McLAUGHLIN, silently urging his strange companion to support a little more of his own weight in walking. “But it has its science. Over in the Ritualistic burial-yard, I tap the wall of a vault with my trowel-handle, and if the sound is hollow I say to myself: ‘Not full yet.’ Say it’s the First of May, and I tap a coffin, and don’t hear anything more in it, I say: ‘Either you’re not a woman in there, or, if you are, you never kept house.’—Because, you see, if it was a woman that ever kept house, it would take but the least thing in the world to make her insist upon ‘moving’ on the First of May.”

“Won’rful!” says Mr. BUMSTEAD. “Sometime when you’re sober, JOHN McLAUGHLIN, I’ll do a grave or two with you.”

On their way they reach a bar-room, into which Mr. BUMSTEAD is anxious to take Old Mortality, for the purpose of getting something to make the latter stronger for his remaining walk. Failing in his ardent entreaties to this end—even after desperately offering to eat a few cloves himself for the sake of company—he coldly bids the stone-cutter good-night, and starts haughtily in a series of spirals for his own home. Suddenly catching sight of SMALLEY in the distance, he furiously grasps a stone to throw at him; but, allowing his hand to describe too much of a circle before parting with the stone, the latter strikes the back of his own head, and he goes on, much confused.

Arriving in his own room, and arising from the all-fours attitude in which, from eccentricity, he has ascended the stairs, Mr. BUMSTEAD takes from a cupboard a curious, antique flask, and nearly fills a tumbler from its amber-hued contents. He drinks the potion with something like frenzy; then softly steals to the door of a room opening into his own, and looks in upon EDWIN DROOD. Calm and untroubled lies his nephew there, in pleasant dreams. “They are both asleep,” whispers Mr. BUMSTEAD to himself. He goes back to his own bed, accompanied unconsciously by a chair caught in his coat-tail; puts on his hat, opens an umbrella over his head, and lies down to dread serpentine visions.

CHAPTER VI.

INSURANCE IN GOSPELER’S GULCH.

The Reverend OCTAVIUS SIMPSON (OCTAVIUS, because there had been seven other little SIMPSONS, who all took after their father when he died of mumps, like seven kittens after the parental tail,) having thrown himself all over the room with a pair of dumb-bells much too strong for him, and taken a seidlitz powder to oblige his dyspepsia, was now parting his back hair before a looking-glass. An unimpeachably consumptive style of clerical beauty did the mirror reflect; the countenance contracting to an expression of almost malevolent piety when the comb went over a bump, and relaxing to an open-mouthed charity for all mankind, amounting nearly to imbecility, when the more complex requirements of the parting process compelled twists of the head scarcely compatible with even so much as a squint at the glass.

It being breakfast time, Mrs. SIMPSON—mother of OCTAVIUS—was

just down for the meal, and surveyed the operation with a look of undisguised anxiety.

"You'll break one of them yet, some morning, OCTAVE," said the old lady.

"Do what, OLDY?" asked the writhing Gospeler, apparently speaking out of his right ear.

"You'll break either the comb, or your neck, some morning."

Rendered momentarily irritable by this aggravating remark, the Reverend OCTAVIUS made a jab with the comb at the old lady's false-front, pulling it down quite askew over her left eye; but, upon the sudden entrance of a servant with the tea-pot, he made precipitate pretence that his hand was upon his mother's head to give her a morning blessing.

They were a striking pair to sit at breakfast together in Gospeler's Gulch, Bumsteadville: she with her superb old nut-cracker countenance, and he with the dyspepsia of more than thirty summers causing him to deal gently with the fish-balls. They sat within sound of the bell of the Ritualistic Church, the ringing of which was forever deluding the peasantry of the surrounding country into the idea that they could certainly hear their missing cows at last (hence the name of the church—Saint Cow's); while the sonorous hee-hawing of an occasional Nature's Congressman in some distant field reminded them of the outer political world.

"Here is Mr. SCHENCK's letter," said Mrs. SIMPSON, handing an open epistle across the table, as she spoke to her son, "and you might read it aloud, my OCTAVE."

Taking the tea-cup off his face, the Reverend OCTAVIUS accepted the missive, which was written from "A Perfect Stranger's Parlor, New York," and began reading thus: "Dear Ma-a-dam—

I wri-i-te in the-e
Chai-ai-ai-air—"

—"Dear me, OCTAVE," interrupted the old lady, "can't you read even a letter without Intoning—and to the tune of 'Old Hundredth,' too?"

"I'm afraid not, dear OLDY," responded the Gospeler. "I'm so much in the habit of it. 'You're not so ritualistic yourself, and may be able to do better.'"

"Give it back to me, my sing-sing-sonny," said the old lady; who at once read as follows: "DEAR MADAM, I write from the chair which I have now occupied for six hours, in the house of a man whom I never saw before in my life, but who comes next in the Directory to the obstinate but finally conquered being under whose roof I resolutely passed the greater part of yesterday. He sits near me in another chair, so much weakened that he can just reply to me in whispers, and I believe that a few hours more of my talk will leave him no choice between dying of exhaustion at my feet and taking a Policy in the Boreal Life Insurance Company, of which I am Agent. I have spoken to my wards, MONTGOMERY and MAGNOLIA PENDRAGON, concerning MAGNOLIA's being placed at school in the Macassar, and MONTGOMERY's acceptance of your son, OCTAVIUS, as his tutor, and shall take them with me to Bumsteadville to-morrow, for such disposition. Hoping, Madam, that neither you nor your son will much longer fly into the face of Providence by declining to insure your lives, through me, in the Boreal, I have the honor to be Yours, for two Premiums, MELANCTHON SCHENCK."

"Well, OLDY," said OCTAVIUS, with dismal countenance, "do you think we'll have to do it?"

"Do what?" asked the old lady.

"Let him Insure us."

"I'm afraid it will come to that yet, OCTAVE. I've known persons to die under him."

"Well, well, Heaven's will be done," muttered the patient Gospeler.

"And now, mother, we must do something to make the first coming of these young strangers seem cheerful to them. We must give a little dinner-party here, and invite Miss CAROWTHERS, and BUMSTEAD and his nephew, and the Flowerpot. Don't you think the codfish will go round?"

"Yes, dear: that is, if you and I take the spine," replied the old lady.

So the party of reception was arranged, and the invitations hurried out.

At about half an hour before dinner there was a sound in the air of Bumsteadville as of a powerful stump-speaker addressing a mass-meeting in the distance; rapidly intensifying to stentorian phrases, such as—"provide for your miserable surviving offspring"—"lower rates than any other company"—"full amount cheerfully paid upon hearing of your death"—until a hack appeared coming down the cross-road descending into Gospeler's Gulch, and stopped at the Gospeler's

door. As the faint driver, trembling with nervous debility from great excess of deathly admonition addressed to him, through the front window of his hack, all the way from the ferry, checked his horses in one feeble gasp of remaining strength, the Reverend OCTAVIUS stepped forth from the doorway to greet Mr. SCHENCK and the dark-complexioned, sharp-eyed young brother and sister who came with him.

"Now remember, fellow," said Mr. SCHENCK to the driver, after he had come out of the vehicle, shaking his cane menacingly at him as he spoke, "I've warned you, in time, to prepare for death, and given you a Schedule of our rates to read to your family. If you should die of apoplexy in a week, as you probably will, your wife must pick rags, and your children play a harp and fiddle. Dream of it, think of it, dissolute man, and take a Policy in the Boreal."

As the worn-out hackman, too despondent at thought of his impending decease and family-bankruptcy to make any other answer than a groan, drove wretchedly away, the genial Mr. SCHENCK hoarsely introduced the young PENDRAGONS to the Gospeler, and went with them after the latter into the house.

The Reverend OCTAVIUS SIMPSON, with dire forebodings of the discomfiture of his dear old nut-cracker of a mother, did the honors of a general introduction with a perfect failure of a smile; and, thenceforth, until dinner was over, Mr. SCHENCK was the Egyptian festal skeleton that continually reminded the banqueters of their latter ends.

"Great Heavens! what signs of the seeds of the tomb do I not see all around me here," observed Mr. SCHENCK, in a deep base voice, as he helped himself to more codfish. "Here is my friend, Mr. SIMPSON, withering under our very eyes with Dyspepsia. In Mr. BUMSTEAD's manly eye you can perceive Congestion of the Brain. General Debility has marked the venerable Mrs. SIMPSON for its own. Miss POTTS and MAGNOLIA can bloom and eat caramels now; but what will be their anguish when malignant Small Pox rages, as it surely must, next month! Mr. DROOD and MONTGOMERY are rejoicing in the health and thin legs of youth; but how many lobster salads are there between them and fatal Cholera Morbus? As for Miss ELIZABETH CADY CAROWTHERS, there, her Skeleton is already coming through at the shoulders.—"Oh, my friends!" exclaimed the ghastly Mr. SCHENCK, with beautiful enthusiasm, "Insure while yet, there is time; that the kindred, or friends, whom you will all leave behind, probably within the next three months, may have something to keep them from the Poor-House, or, its dread alternative—Crime!" He considerably paused until the shuddering was over, and then added, with melting softness—"I'll leave a few of our Schedules with you."

When, at last, this boon-companion said that he must go, it was surprising to see with what passionate cordiality everybody helped him off. Mr. BUMSTEAD frenziedly crammed his hat upon his beaming head, and, with one eager blow on the top, drove it far down over his ears; FLORA POTTS and MAGNOLIA thrust each a buckskin glove far up either sleeve; Miss CAROWTHERS frantically stuck one of his overshoes under each arm; Mr. DROOD wildly dragged his coat over his form, without troubling him at all about the sleeves, and breathlessly buttoned it to the neck; and the Reverend OCTAVIUS and MONTGOMERY hurried him forth by the shoulders, as though the house were on fire and he the very last to be snatched from the falling beams.

These latter two then almost ran with him to the livery stable where he was to obtain a hack for the ferry; leaving him in charge of the livery man—who, by the way, he at once frightened into a Boreal Policy, by a few felicitous remarks (while the hack was preparing) upon the curious recent fatality of Heart-Disease amongst middle-aged podgy men with bulbous noses.

(To be Continued.)

THE FEROCITY OF FAILURE.

It is not, everybody knows, pleasant to fail; and of all failures, it is the most aggravating to an editor to have the juvenile newspaper of his own begetting expire at an early age. Such has been the melancholy fate of *The Hancock (Ky.) Messenger*. "Ah!" says the wretched editor in his farewell address, "if I could but write the obituary of several of the miserable skinflints of this town." Such being his passionate emotions, and such the wild bitterness of his revengeful spirit, it is greatly to be wondered at that with rifle, bowie-knife or pistol, he did not rush into the streets of Hancock, and, having run a muck through those thoroughfares, and having slaughtered quite a large number of the "miserable skin-flints," that he did not then retire to his den, there and then to compose the obituaries aforesaid. It must be confessed that this gentleman appears to be more bilious than brave.



AS TIBBS HAS OFTEN REMARKED TO MRS. T.: "IT ISN'T HIS DISPOSITION TO SHIRK ANY LITTLE DOMESTIC DUTY, BUT HOW ABOUT MEETING ONE'S BACHELOR ACQUAINTANCES, YOU KNOW?"

MORE MYTHOLOGY.

APOLLO. This gentlemanly deity was the manager of the Sun. By this statement we do not mean to imply that he had any connection with the *Sun* of the present day over which Mr. DANA presides, although his fondness for a good lyre has led many to suppose that he was the patron of the classic journalists. The Sun which was in APOLLO's charge was the same respectable luminary which has been seen at London no less than three different times during the present century, and which daily shines upon this free and happy republic. What APOLLO's duties as keeper of the Sun were, is not precisely known. Probably he was required to superintend the scouring and brightening of the solar disk. At any rate, since he gave up his office, the Sun has become freckled over with ugly spots, the cause of which no modern astronomer has yet discerned;—the scientific chaps, with their customary want of common sense, having never once surmised that these spots were simply rust occasioned by a lack of proper scouring. The theory that APOLLO really did scour the Sun is substantiated by the ancient legend that he used to scour the heavens in a swift chariot drawn by several coursers. The greater is universally admitted to contain the less—except in the solitary instance of the nutmeg grater, which generally contains nothing but dust. Hence the deity who scoured the entire Heavens would unquestionably scour that small portion which we call the Sun. This is an argument which will convince any one but a strong-minded woman or a Protectionist.

APOLLO, as we have already said, was very fond of the lyre. He was also an archer—not the one who shot at a crow, although his name does begin with "A," but an archer who was addicted to drawing a very long and ornamental bow. This is doubtless another reason why he is believed to have been the guide, counsellor, and friend of the journalists of the period. Indeed, so firm is the belief, even at the present day, in his honorary connection with journalism, that one of our best known editors, whose personal appearance strikingly resembles that of

SONG OF THE CHICAGO LAWYER.

Divorces, Ho ! Divorces !
Ye sorry lords, come one and all !
Afflicted wives, come at my call !
I have a balm for all the smarts
And pains of unrequited hearts;
I have a cure for every ill
That matrimonial feuds instil—
Come ye unto my call !

Here, pretty one !
I know your lord refused to buy
That velvet dress, no reason why—
He is a brute ! There, do not cry,
I'll drive the tear-drop from your eye,
And you again, fair one, shall be
From such a selfish thralldom free—
Take courage, then—look up !

This way, good sir—
Is raging, wild insanity;
Ha ! ha ! my friend, is that the plea ?
Oh, well, we've doctors by the score
Will prove it twenty times, or more,
Or, if it may His Honor please,
Will swear the moon is made of cheese—
Come on, good sir, come on !

Good morning, pious friend !
You wish for ministerial aid
To prove the flaws ? Be not afraid—
The ministerial conscience leads
Sometimes to proving of misdeeds,
Which less exalted minds would hold
It nobler to have left untold;
But duty, sir, is stern.

Divorces, Ho ! Divorces !
We'll put them through at Dexter speed,
And, this late day, there is no need
Of flying off to Indiana
In such a helter-skelter manner;
We're going to have a train, you know,
'T will stop, (with patients passing through,)
Five minutes for divorces.

Interesting to Itinerant Circus Companies.

You can make your tents waterproof by Pitching them.

the best statues of APOLLO, is frequently called, by way of compliment, "the APOLLO of the press." Need we say that we refer to Mr. HORACE GREELEY, who receives this title quite as much on account of his professional eminence, as because of his resemblance to the APOLLO BELVIDERE ?

APOLLO was the first individual, mortal or immortal, who became a public lecturer, and—after the manner of our most popular lyceum lecturers—propounded unintelligible conundrums to the confiding public. He had a Hall at Delphi, where he used to speak upon "The Lesson of the Hour," and his oracular sayings were every bit as valuable as those of RALPH WALDO EMERSON himself. People used to ask him all manner of questions, precisely as they now ask questions of the editors of newspapers. Now-a-days if a girl wants to know what she shall do to change the color of her hair, she writes to the editor of PUNCHINELLO, and receives a satisfactory answer. Had she lived two thousand years ago, however, she would have gone to Delphi and asked APOLLO, who would have oracularly answered, "Dye." As APOLLO never wrote his prescriptions, the girl would have been uncertain whether he meant to say "Dye" or "Die," and after the manner of her sex, would, of course, have chosen the wrong interpretation, and have immediately drowned herself. By such responses as these, APOLLO sometimes accomplished much good, though usually his oracular sayings were as useless as those of the Veteran Observer.

The Crowing Hens.

THE ladies, bless 'em ! are disgusted with man management, and seek to inaugurate a season of Miss management.

Riches have Wings.

GEN. BUTLER's failure to profit by his investment in the Lynn shoe-manufacture, may at this time be justly regarded as another proof that wealth has wings and "shoe-flies" away.

THE HOLY GRAIL AND OTHER POEMS.

(This is one of the other Poems.)

BY A HALF-RED DENIZEN OF THE WEST.

Part III.

PELLEAS, when he left ETTARRE's gate,
Through all the lonely woods went groaning great;
And there, while driv'ling round in doleful plight,
He met monk PERCEVALE, reformed knight;
A wise old fox. You'd never catch him in
A tavern, Sundays, drinking milky gin!
PELLEAS button-holed him, and said he,
"As good as GUINEVERE I thought my she!"
Then PERCEVALE, pure soul! did laugh serene.
"My friend," said he, "you must be precious green.
As good as our queen, you thought your she!
I'll bet she's all of that, whoe'er she be."
PELLEAS dropped his jaw and clenched his fist,
Then through his white calceareous teeth he hissed:

"She'll die, she'll go to burning flame!
She'll mix her ancient blood with shame!
The wind is howling in turret and tree."

"That's so," said PERCEVALE, "but you or I
Can't help all that, you know. So friend, good bye."

In darkest woods—down in a lonely dell,
A peanut woman sat—her wares to sell.
But brave PELLEAS, turning not aside,
O'er that poor woman and her stall did ride.
And as he wildly dashed along, pell-mell,
To all the night-bugs thusly he did yell:

And as he rode thus gaily, all alone,
He loudly sang, in his fine baritone,
"There's many a black, black eye, they say, but none so
bright as mine."

There's GALAHAD and ARTHUR; GERAINT and old MERLINE,
But none so gay as LANCELOT, in all the land, they say;
For I'm with the Queen all day, Mother! I'm with the
Queen all day."

But when PELLEAS, riding wild, he heard,
To stop his song the thought to him occurred;
And shouting loud, he cried, "Who's there? Hello!
What now? Hold up! Look out! Hi-yi! Ho, Ho!
Pull up, young man, and tell me who you be."
PELLEAS stopped, and thus gave answer he:
"I'm just exactly what my fancy suits;
I'm FECHTER's Hamlet, and I'm CLARKE's De Boots;
I'm Champagne CHARLEY, and I'm SUSAN AN-
THONY, you know—or any other man."

"If that's the case," said LANCELOT, "we'll fight."

"Well," said PELLEAS, "that suits me, all right."

Said LANCELOT, "As anxious you appear,
Just make a ring out in this meadow here.
I'm somewhat drowsy, and to sleep I'll go.
Just wake me when you're ready, friend, and so,
Comrade, leave me here a little, while as yet 'tis early morn.
Leave me here, and when you want me, sound upon the
bugle horn."

PELLEAS now worked hard, marked out a ring,
And made it smooth and nice as anything;
He dug and sodded it, and after that



Rosy is the West!
Rosy is the South,
Hard enough her cheek,
False enough her mouth.

When the happy Yes
Comes from lips and eyes,
Pass and blush the news—
That the lady lies.

While thus PELLEAS kept his crazy course,
And tried his best to founder his poor horse
Out from the city came brave LANCELOT,
His steed just on a comfortable trot.

He got a roller and he rolled it flat.
When all was done, he blew a warlike catch,
And LANCELOT skipped up, and toed the scratch.
Down went their visors—each fell back a space,
And on they came at a tremendous pace.
They met! A crash! And LANCELOT, proud knight,
He knocked PELLEAS higher than a kite!
The mighty din of battle scarce did cease,

When came old PERCEVALE, who yelled, "Police!"
 He might have yelled forever; they came not.
 The victor sneered, "My name is LANCELOT."
 Then said PELLEAS, "Well, suppose it be,
 It makes no earthly difference to me."
 As glum PELLEAS on the ground did sit,
 Said PERCEVALE, "Young man, git up and git!"
 Then cried the other, "Easy 'tis to talk—
 I'd like to know how ever I can walk.

Broke, broke, broke!
 Are three of my bones, oh see!
 And I would that my tongue could utter
 The thoughts that arise in me."

Then PERCEVALE, he took him on his back,
 And in the Queen's wide hall, down dumped him,—smack!
 "Hello!" cried GUINEVERE, "here's been a fight!
 And I not there! Young man, it serves you right!"
 PELLEAS got upon his pins once more,
 And thus he sang, while hobbling to the door:

"O ho! good Lady GUINEVERE
 From yon blue heavens above us bent,
 The grand old gardener and his wife
 Smile, though they never saved a cent.
 Remember that, and should you find
 Time on your hands too heavy go,
 Oh! teach the orphan girl to read,
 Oh! teach the orphan boy to sew!"

(THE END.)

WAT CUM SNECST?

OR,

The Oriental Mule.

A SKELETON DRAMA IN FOUR ACTS, BY D. BOSSYCOW, ESQ.

[MANAGERS who purchase this great sensation have the right to substitute any other title, to suit their special tastes, abilities or otherwise. Also to fill up the list of characters, ditto, ditto, ditto.]

CHARACTERS (absolutely necessary.)

CLEONI.....A Young Man in Love.
 LUCY.....A do. Woman do. do.
 GIMFRISKY.....Prince of Eareigh.

ACT I.

Room in a Cottage.

CLEONI. Ah! Oh! my beloved, 'tis well!

LUCY. Hush! no more. I see it all.

CLEONI. Canst thou see my mother?

LUCY. I cannot.

(They suddenly rush into each other's arms, where they remain in two swoons; in the meanwhile the cottage is burned to the ground. Curtain falls for two minutes, and upon its rising the Ninth Regiment is discovered en bivouac on the ruins, its commander, the PRINCE, reclining gracefully on the ground.)

(Background, river Amazin, mouth wide open.) Solo on the banjo, "Rest, Traveller, Rest," by PAREPA ROSA.

ACT II.

Room in hotel at San Francisco.

GIMFRISKY. Revenge? Aye, 'tis sweet. But see! they come!

LUCY. How now? But yesterday you said—

CLEONI. Hush, dearest, the time will come when—

(A rumbling noise is heard, and soon the whole building is shaken into remarkably small ruins.)

(Half an hour is supposed to elapse, for refreshments, and when the curtain rises, GIMFRISKY, who has emerged through a diminutive hole, is discovered in the costume of AJAX defying the lightning, or something of that sort, singing—

"I dreamt I dwelt in marble, O,"

"From quarries near to Tuckahoe."]

ACT III.

Steamer on the Sound.

LUCY. How keiyind it was to give us free passes to our cottage by the sea.

CLEONI. I don't see it in that light.

LUCY. But when once more—

Enter GIMFRISKY, singing, "Will you come into my parlor, my pretty little fly?"

[Here the stage simultaneously opens, and the noble steamer sinks out of sight, leaving only the top of one of the smoke-pipes in view, from which emerges BILLY BIRCH, who sings to slow and solemn music:

"Down, down, down, Derry down,"

"Tho' lost to sight, to memory dear."]

ACT IV.

At the base of Mount Vesuvius.

Enter the PRINCE of EAREIGH, heavily enveloped in an elegant black velvet opera cloak.

GIMFRISKY. They think they have eluded me, and although this is a hard place to make a corner, I'll be—

LUCY. What a beautiful—(LUCY and CLEONI having entered, R. H.)

CLEONI. Yes, here will we dwell until—But what form is that?

[The PRINCE here throws off the aforesaid black velvet opera cloak, and appears in a dress somewhat à la Sing Sing and Charlestown, to wit, one-half in an Admiral's uniform, the other half being that of a military officer.]

GIMFRISKY. My dear friends, I have no refreshments here to offer you, but I will show you the crater, if you will follow me.

LUCY. Lead on, thou gay and festive youth.

CLEONI. This gittin' up is somewhat rugged—

GIMFRISKY. Aye, but I'm used to that kind of business; but here we are at the top.

[At this moment an awful eruption takes place, and all are enveloped in smoke.

Soon this clears away, and above the crater appear two huge paws, holding the PRINCE head downwards, while LUCY and CLEONI may be seen in loving embrace, sitting under a balloon, and steering due West.]

Epilogue by C. SUMNER, Esq.,—"Sweet are the uses of adversity."

Curtain falls to slow and solemn music.

A LONG SHOT.

MR. DISRAELI, in "LOTHAIR," introduces a roving Oxford professor, whom he characterizes as a "social parasite." Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH is a roving Oxford professor, who happens now to be amongst us, and who immediately places upon his head, and ties tightly under his chin, the cap hung out by the author of LOTHAIR. According to Mr. SMITH's letter to the gay LOTHAIRIO, published in the Tribune, the cap fits him to a hair, whereupon he ungratefully shakes his fist at the donor of it across the Atlantic, and stigmatizes him as a coward. This may lead to a long-shot duel between the aggressor and the aggrieved. Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH, for instance, who, in addition to being a roving professor, seems to have become a raving professor, may go so far as to jerk the word "coward!" at the teeth of Mr. DISRAELI, through the Atlantic cable. "Glad the cap fits!" would probably be the prompt response from the trans-Atlantic party; and thus the culminating Billingsgate might be bandied about beneath the ocean until all the mermaids turned to fish-wives, and learned to be so vile in their language as to shock even VENUS ANADYOMENE, and send her blushing away to the darkest grottoes of the deep.

ORGANIZING AN ORGAN.

TO MR. PUNCHINELLO's great disgust, the managers of the coming Beethoven Festival in New York sent to Boston to borrow the great organ used in the Coliseum. Fortunately it is found that there is not time to move the monster here, and put it up. Now let us have an organ that is an organ—something entirely original—an organ with meerschmann pipes, specie-paying banks of keys, stops calculated to produce a maximum of go, with the Rev. Mr. BELLows to furnish the music power and the Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER to supply the wind. Let us have an organ which will surpass all other organs in the world, whether the same be political, phrenological or physical!

Erratum.

A Bavarian Princess has been announced as lecturing in this city on the "Equality of Women."

For "Equality of Women" read "He quality of Women."



A RURAL NUISANCE.

"AND WE MUST SUMMON THE LAW TO OUR AID. * * IT CAN HELP US MATERIALLY IN OUR WARFARE WITH THE COWARDLY VAGABONDS WHO TRAVERSE OUR FIELDS WITH MUSKET OR RIFLE, BLAZING AWAY AT EVERY UNSUSPECTING ROBIN OR THRUSH THAT THEY CAN DISCOVER. MAKE IT TRESPASS, PUNISHABLE WITH FINE AND IMPRISONMENT, TO SHOOT ON ANOTHER'S LAND WITHOUT HIS EXPRESS PERMISSION, AND THE COWARDLY MASSACRE OF THE FARMERS' HUMBLE ALLIES WOULD BE CHECKED AT ONCE."

[Mr. GREELEY'S "What I Know about Farming," *Tribune*, June 4.

PHILADELVINGS.

It would be a good thing for New Yorkers, when they feel a little dull, to take a run over to Philadelphia and be amused. The good Quakers have all the hail-holes in their windows mended now, and they are as lively as ever. Among other things, they have two rival variety theatres, "Fox's" and the "Chestnut," and the efforts of each of these to excel the other creates the greatest excitement among the young Broadbrims. Each establishment is continually adding something new and wonderful to its attractions. A week or so ago the weather was very warm, and the vegetable theatre announced that it was the coolest place in the city. The next week it was damp and cold, and the animal establishment declared that its building was the hottest in town. One has a *danseuse* who spins around so fast that she bores a hole in the floor of the stage with her toe; and to emulate this, the other produces sixty danseuses, all imported from Europe, who spin around so fast that you cannot see them at all. They are all there on the stage, but from the rising to the falling of the curtain, their velocity is such that they are absolutely invisible. The one announces no tedious waits; the other no tiresome measures. Fox guarantees no jokes of his stale; but this statement is ridiculed in the Chestnut bur-letta. The one advertises itself as the cradle of wit, but the other does not abate its scoffin' a whit. The one has a fountain of real water and MORLACCHI; while the other would have the Gulf Stream, if it did not lack MAURY.

But these are not the only peculiarities of Philadelphia amusements. A short time ago, the Conchological Society of that city gave a concert. Did anybody ever hear of a Conchological Concert before? This affair was a success, owing, perhaps, to its novel programme. "Shells of Ocean" was of course sung as a solo, a duet, and a chorus; and SHELLEY'S "Nightingale" was set to music and played as a 'cello solo. A variation, for the piano, on CRABB ROBINSON'S diary, was also given. The "Conquering Hero" was sung, and indeed the music dealers declared that to furnish suitable selections for the performers at this concert, they had stripped their shelves. Many of the "Hard Shell" Baptists

took an active part in the affair, and SHELTON MCKENZIE was one of its principal supporters. It is pleasant to learn that the proceeds of the concert were satisfactory, for the members of the society were obliged to shell out liberally in order to get it up. A little disturbance was created at one time, by an unruly boy, who became clamorous for an *encore*, and remonstrances only made the young cub boisterous, but one of the officers threatening to knock him higher than a conchite on Mount Lebanon, he quieted down. The hall was illuminated by *ten-taculites*, and presented a brilliant appearance. Most of the audience resided out at Chelton Heights, and a heavy rain, which came up after the performance, made them very glad to reach the shelter of their homes.

The Presbyterians had a lively time among the Quakers for a couple of weeks. As they are now a united body, "Old School" and "New School" are things of the past. But it must not be supposed that reference is made to old SCHOOL of the *Evening Star*. He is not a thing of the past; and it is one of the pleasantest recreations of the Philadelphians to sit at their front windows and listen to his thirty thousand newsboys sing together their vesper hymn—"Star of the Ee-e-e-vening! Doub-ull-sheet-Star!"

Another peculiarity of Philadelphia is the way it utilizes its Fire Department. Not long ago, a company of firemen, returning from a fire, beheld a man trying to break into a house. The company immediately comprehended that it was its duty to arrest that man. And so the Head Man he blew his horn, and away they went, "apparatus" and all, after the burglar, who had now taken to his heels. The bells rang, the men shouted; and amid cries of "Sock her down, boys! Roll her, boys, roll her! Hi! yi! yi!" the novel chase went on. But, as they could not overtake the fleet-footed thief, a stream of water was played upon him, but without stopping him. A hook-and-ladder company now coming up, an effort was made to clap a ladder against the fugitive, but it could not be done. And, after all, he escaped.

But to prevent too great an emigration of "the dangerous class" to Philadelphia, it may be stated that that city does not rely entirely upon its Fire Department to catch its thieves.



THE BLOOD-MONEY.

Dr. Schenck. "HOW IS UNCLE SAM'S INCOME PULSE?"

Dr. Delano. "VERY LOW. WE HAVE BLED HIM PRETTY FREELY, BUT MUST KEEP BLEEDING HIM TO THE LAST DROP."

LINES BY A HAPLESS SWAIN.

In ancient times, when suitors went to woo,
And heartless maids would send them hopeless back,
Lest the fond swains their courtship should renew,
The cruel belles would tender them the "sack."



And if one dared again renew the suit,
By ill success made desperate and bolder,
He fared still worse. From pa he gets a boot,
From her—poor fellow!—only a cold shoulder.



Our modern usage in the Court of Love
Is, when the youth by some fair maid is smitten,
In token of his suit he sends a glove;
His suit rejected—she returns a "mitten."

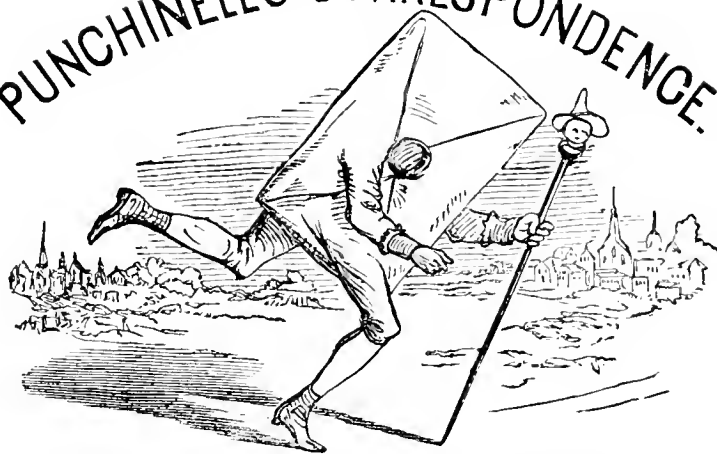


Such is my hapless case, oh! cruel fair
Who sent this mitten—emblem of my fate;
But why the dickens didn't you send a pair—
For what's the use of one, without a mate?

PROPOSED MATCH.

THE bull-frog weighing six pounds, recently captured at Bedford, Ind., has been forwarded to the office of PUNCHINELLO, where it may now be seen without charge. We have made arrangements with Mr. GILMORE, late of the late Boston Coliseum, to put this fine artist through a regular musical course, and he will appear in the orchestra at the New York Beethoven Festival, in a new overture entitled "The Music of the Marshes." This piece will contain several obligato passages written expressly for our Bull-Frog. After this, we shall challenge Mr. GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN to compete in public speaking with the Frog of PUNCHINELLO, for a purse of \$20,000—Mr. TRAIN to speak ten minutes solo; the Frog to croak ten minutes; and then both to speak and croak in duet also for ten minutes—the most sonorous performer to take the money.

PUNCHINELLO CORRESPONDENCE.



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Maud Müller.—Move to Chicago and get a divorce. No doubt the Judge would take the hint.

Algernon Swinburne.—We are obliged to decline your contribution. The verses are very pretty, but the morals of our paper must be preserved.

U. S. G.—The expression, "The United States is at peace," is ungrammatical, but you did perfectly right in writing to PUNCHINELLO before believing it.

Susan B. Anthony.—You are mistaken. DARWIN nowhere mentions any process of natural selection by which a woman may in time become a man.

Hon. Benj. Disraeli.—The expression, "I will put a head on you," which you say Prof. GILBERT SMITH uses in a cable dispatch to you, is merely a slang phrase which he has probably learned from his trainer.

Payne Collier.—There is more than one Irishman in SHAKESPEARE. It appears from the text of *Hamlet* that he was on the most friendly terms with the "melancholy Dane," from the familiar way in which the latter addresses him:

Ham. "Now might I do it, PAT." (*Hamlet, Act III, Scene III.*)

It is impossible to say now whether the PAT in question was a Fenian or not.

Jack Ketch.—We think that listening to a debate in the House of Representatives may fairly be considered the worst form of Capitol punishment.

Potter.—No, no. COLENSO was born in England. Though he was Bishop of Natal, it was not his Natal place.

Poetaster.—Was not HAFIZ a Persian poet.

Answer.—Yes. Poor fellow! he spent HAFIZ life in making rhyme.

J. F.—y.—Rumor says that Mr. W. B. OGDEN intends to defer commencing to build the Central Underground Railroad until the new Court House is finished.

WORDS AND THEIR ABUSES.

MR. THURLOW WEED, in an entertaining article in the *Galaxy* for May, sheds some long-desired light on the origin of the term "governor," as employed by filial affection to denote the paternal parent. On reading this, we were instantly reminded of a little bit of historical philology which Mr. FROUDE has somehow strangely omitted to chronicle in that portion of his delightful romance which is founded on the life of ELIZABETH. This somewhat distinguished lady, in company with Mrs. STOWE, GRACE DARLING, RALEIGH, Dr. FRANKLIN and others, was once taking tea by special invitation in the back parlor at Kenilworth, when the conversation turned on boating. RALEIGH, who, from his experience, was quite at home on that topic, playfully wagered his best peaked ruff that LEICESTER could not prevail on either of the ladies there present to venture with him on the lake in his new ten-oared lap-streak wherry. The Earl was roughly piqued by this taunt, being secretly proud of his aquatic accomplishments, and, turning hastily to the Queen, he remarked:

"And yet the lady lives who ventures wheresoever I may lead."

"Prithee, brave Earl," interrupted the Queen, in high dudgeon, "will you impart to us her name?"

An awkward pause ensued, when LEICESTER, fixing his aquiline eye piercingly upon ELIZABETH's face, replied, in a tone of the deepest respect, "You, BET!"

This expression has ever since held its place as a maxim of polite conversation.

An Irrational Proceeding

SENDING Fenians to Canada without Rations.

THE PLAYS AND SHOWS.



ATTS PHILLIPS has written a comprehensive drama, entitled NOT GUILTY, and the managers of NIBLO'S GARDEN have produced it. Comprehensive is the best word with which to describe it, since it comprehends an epitome of English history at home and in the colonies during a period of ten years, together with observations on prison discipline, and the recruiting system, interspersed with comic songs and jokes translated from the Sanscrit. It is a complete guide in morals and manners for the young soldier, the intelligent convict, and the aspiring thief. It is—well, it is as follows:

ACT I.—*Curtain rises upon*

a RECRUITING SERGEANT singing an unintelligible song to an admiring group of recruits, consisting of six girls with commendable ankles, and several supes of average awkwardness. The song ended the recruits retire, and the SERGEANT sits down to drink with ROBERT ARNOLD, a virtuous locksmith. Enter SILAS GARRETT.

SILAS. "I will pretend to be drunk. There is no reason why I should, but still it's a good bit of business." *Stagger and falls on ARNOLD.*

ARNOLD. "Wretched being! He deserves nothing, and I will therefore give him my last half-crown. Now, SERGEANT, I will enlist. Let us go and sing more unintelligible songs." *They go. Enter Mrs. ARMITAGE.*

Mrs. ARMITAGE. "I am starving. My child has eaten nothing for years. Oh, sir, give me something!"

SILAS. "Not I. Go and work. Don't touch me; you look as if you had been riding in a street ear." *Rushes away as though pursued by the wicked flea.*

Mrs. ARMITAGE. "There is no hope. I will die." *Dies.*

Enter ARNOLD. "Hallo. Do I see a woman? What is the matter, my exhausted friend? Please come to life again!" *(She comes to life.)*

Mrs. ARMITAGE. "Neither my child nor I have tasted food for vast and incalculable periods. Help me."

ARNOLD. "I will." *(Helps her home, and rushes out to beg. He successfully strikes a casual supe for five pounds, and remarks)—"Now she is saved. I will buy a doll for the child. They can make porridge of the internal bran. He goes for the doll, and SILAS re-enters.*

SILAS. "Here are ARNOLD's skeleton keys. I will steal them, and rob the man in the opposite house." *Robs him and is pursued by the police.*

Scene 2d. Mrs. ARMITAGE's garret. Enter that interesting and hungry lady.

Mrs. ARMITAGE. "My child is dead; I will die too." *(Dies.)*

Enter ARNOLD. "Here is a doll and other delicacies. Come to life again and eat them." *They come to life and retire to the hall for feasting and revelry. Enter SILAS.*

SILAS. "The police are after me. There is not a moment to lose. I will therefore stop for an hour and arrange things so as to ensure ARNOLD's arrest, and will then escape through the scuttle." *(He arranges things and then scuttles away. Enter police, after ten minutes of preliminary howling on the staircase, and discovering ARNOLD's skeleton keys, arrest him. Curtain.*

Everybody in the audience. "I don't begin to see into the plot yet, but we shall in time."

ACT II. Scene, the Quarries, with convicts at work. They make elaborate motions with picks at white rocks, and thus dig out considerable black slate. SILAS has become a Warden, no one knows how. The convicts sing and enjoy themselves, with the exception of ARNOLD, who evidently finds prison life too gay and frivolous. Mrs. ARMITAGE, who has become a fashionable lady—no one knows how—enters with a procession of nice girls to watch the joyous prisoners. A COMIC CONVICT, with a fine sense of the fun of the thing, proposes a mutiny. Convicts all mutiny, and ARNOLD and his comic friend escape. They take refuge in a busy highway, and the COMIC CONVICT sings comic songs in order

to prevent the police from approaching them. The police—having some little musical taste, wisely keep at a distance. The two convicts rob a drunken soldier of his uniform, and, disguised as officers, go to India. The drunken soldier is arrested as an escaped convict and dragged to prison. The entire population of Great Britain embark for India in a neat pasteboard steamer. Exasperating drums beat until the audience becomes too much confused to notice the astounding evolutions of the military. After a few hours of this sort of thing some intelligent carpenter mutinies and drops the curtain.

Everybody in the audience. "I don't begin to see into this plot yet, but we shall in time."

ACT III.—*Scene, a garden in India.* The heroine who has been locked up during the previous acts, by her aunt, escapes from a window by means of a ladder. She displays much agility, but not a glimpse of ankle. Consequent disappointment in the audience. Enter ARNOLD—now a captain—who makes love to her. Enter COLONEL WILLOUGHBY, and at her earnest request promises not to marry her. The rebellious Sepoys—who are quite white—attack the GARIBALDI Guard of British Italians, who are quite dark. Sudden arrival of SILAS, much out of breath through having run all the way from England. WILLOUGHBY is killed, and SILAS, who looks precisely like him, (as indeed he ought to, inasmuch as CHARLES WALCOT plays both characters,) puts on his clothes—trousers excepted—and takes command of the troops. A pitched battle with fire-crackers—which are pitched promiscuously on the stage—takes place, with a pleasing slaughter of the white-faced Sepoys. The drummers become obviously frantic, and beat their drums as though they were beating the managers out of a year's salary in advance. The single men of the audience, deafened by the noise, and choked by the smoke, rush out of the theatre for air. They return to find the curtain down, and the act ended.

Everybody in the audience.—"I don't begin to see into the plot yet, but we shall in time."

ACT IV.—*Scene, COLONEL WILLOUGHBY's house in England.* Enter COMIC CONVICT and two old pals.

COMIC CONVICT. "I have found the Warden who used to cane us at the Quarries. We will have him soon." *They hide behind a cabbage. Enter WILLOUGHBY and ARNOLD.*

ARNOLD. "You promised in India to let me marry the heroine."

WILLOUGHBY. "You lie, you villain, you lie."

ARNOLD. "My friend, you are sadly changed. Wait a moment, till everybody comes in and forms a neat group, and I will explain myself." *(Everybody comes in and forms group.)*

WILLOUGHBY. "You are a self-proclaimed liar. Proceed!"

ARNOLD. "You are not WILLOUGHBY. You are—"

COMIC CONVICT. "SILAS GARRETT, the man who stole the money which ARNOLD was thought to have stolen. Police, do your duty." *(The police—not being the real thing, but only supes in police uniform—do their duty and arrest WILLOUGHBY.) Somebody remarks that ARNOLD is NOT GUILTY. COMIC CONVICT receives a full pardon, and a matrimonial mania seizes upon everybody. About this time it occurs to the stage manager that the play might as well end. Accordingly it ends.*

Everybody in the Audience. "I don't begin to see into the plot yet, but if some one would explain why Mrs. ARMITAGE became a fashionable lady with a fondness for looking at convicts; why SILAS became a Warden and afterwards went to India; why ARNOLD passed himself off upon his regiment as an officer, merely because he had stolen a private's clothes; why everybody, whether free or in prison, dead or alive, went to the Quarries, to India, and back again to WILLOUGHBY's country-seat with unflinching unanimity; why, in short, things were as WATTS PHILLIPS assures us that they were, I might begin to have some idea of what the play is about."

But then—the undersigned would respectfully ask—what would one gain by understanding the play? He would find it noisy and tedious, even if it were intelligible. The admirable acting of Messrs. OWEN FAWCETT and F. F. MACKAY, in the slight and subordinate parts allotted to them, would still be overshadowed by the melodramatic absurdity of Mr. WALCOT. Miss IRENE GAY could not look prettier than she does, nor could Mrs. WALCOT be more thoroughly pleasing; but the drums would be just as intolerable, were the plot as plain as a strong-minded woman. And then, after all, there are many reasons why WATTS PHILLIPS, when unintelligible, is decidedly preferable to WATTS PHILLIPS when made plain to the weakest intellect.

MATADOR.

White Lies.

Most of the complimentary marble busts of departed heroes.

A DISTINCTION WITH A DIFFERENCE.



HEROES OF THE WAR



HE ROSE BY THE WAR.

OUR PORTFOLIO.

A FEW days ago PUNCHINELLO had occasion to call upon that most puissant chief of the tribe Tammany, known in the Indian vernacular as "Big Six." P. had a disagreeable presentiment that his path to the throne of this man's greatness would not be strewn with flowers. He had listened to the melancholy experience of others who went before and came away not only with blighted hopes, but soiled garments and abraded shins. Nevertheless, PUNCHINELLO felt that, as it was his duty, he would not be affrighted by the formidable character of the undertaking, but go and judge of the difficulties in the way for himself. Accordingly he went. Arriving within three hundred yards of the portal which conducted to the charmed circle where "Big Six" held court, he was not astonished at the spectacle of fourteen hundred Irishmen, twenty-seven Germans, and three boys, all crowding, in no little confusion, to get a glimpse of the space behind the door. The approach of PUNCHINELLO was announced by a portly policeman with a round red nose and a black eye, who hung upon the outskirts and occasionally cursed those Irishmen who seemed to forget the proprieties of the place by making such remarks as—

"Arrah, PADDY O'NEILL, will ye jist keep aff me toes, or be gorrah I'll giv' ye a clout in the shnoot."

"An' do ye take me for a fool, BARNEY RYAN, that I'd be afther lettin' ye do the like o' that?"

"Moind yersilves there!" "Howld yer tongues!" "May the divil ate yez! but the best of yez hashn't the manners of a pig!" Amid such pleasant ebullitions of Celtic amiability, PUNCHINELLO succeeded in carving his way to the door, when it suddenly opened, and a tall, lean, cadaverous man, who looked like the ghost of some Fenian leader, bawled at the top of his voice:

"Go an out o' this, all of yiz; Mr. TWADE won't see another of yiz this blissid day."

It seemed as though the crowd had only been waiting for this signal; for they gave one wild shout, and rushed through the open portal like a pent-up stream breaking its dam.

PUNCHINELLO felt himself lifted from his feet and whirled along with the current. Resistance was useless; but being in the van, he was the first to alight upon the middle of a table covered with papers, before which sat, in a large arm-chair, his eyes wide open with astonishment, and his face red with anger, the great Chief of Tammany.

PUNCHINELLO immediately extricated himself from this ridiculous

situation by rolling on to the floor, with all the grace peculiar to him. Then, instantly rising, he grasped "Big Six" by the hand, exclaiming:

"Beg ten thousand pardons, sir, but it wasn't PUNCHINELLO's motion that he should be laid upon the table."

"No, be Jabers," ejaculated an excited member of the throng; "but it's me, MOIKE FINNEY, that wud lay ye under it!"

"Will you hold your tongue!" shouted Big Six.

"I axes yer Honor's pardon, but be the sowl of me I couldn't help it, with that 'ere spalpeen sprawlin' ferninst me there among yer Honor's papers."

"Put these wretches out," said the Chief, with great dignity, to the officers in attendance.

"Mr. TWADE! Mr. TWADE! an' I have Altherman MOONEY's wurd for it that ye had that job in the Parek fur me as shure as whiskey's whiskey, so I have," screamed a voice, growing louder as the officers obeyed the injunction of the Chief, and forced the crowd back.

"Och, murther! but I belave it's all a loi, now. I'll see MOONEY, so I will."

Perhaps a hundred such appeals, all at the same time, and all with more or less violence, were hurled at "Big Six," who grasped the back of his chair with the supreme indifference of a man accus-

tomed to such experiences, and calmly surveyed the retreating horde until the last man disappeared across the threshold, and the doors were once again closed.

"I shall never forget this sight, sir," said PUNCHINELLO. "It's too much for good nature."

"Good nature!" exclaimed the Big Ingin, "why, my dear PUNCHINELLO, I haven't got any of it left. If I had, these cormorants would take me by violence every day in the week. No, no; good nature, indeed! We who sit for the distribution of the public patronage want brazen faces and cast-iron hearts. That's the only way a man can get along here, and if PUNCHINELLO should ever be so miserable as to go through with what I do, let him remember what I said about brazen faces and cast-iron hearts;" and then "Big Six," locking his arm in that of PUNCHINELLO, walked out of the office by a side door.

A MEDICAL MISS.

MISS MARY EDITH PECHEY, a surgical student of the Edinburgh University, complains of one of the professors of that institution, a Dr. CRUM BROWN. This crusty CRUM refuses to award her the HORE scholarship, and offers her instead a medal of bronze. Miss PECHEY very properly characterizes this conduct as that of a brazen meddler who would deprive her of hope. The quarrel is not yet ended, but it strikingly illustrates the trouble a Crumb can give when it goes the wrong way.

KING CRAFT LOOKING UP.

PROBABLY many of the present suffering monarchs of Europe, being of a superstitious turn, and given to the pondering of portents, will be much revived and stimulated by the news that an animal called "Kingcraft" has won the Derby against fourteen horses with more republican names. What astonishes Mr. PUNCHINELLO is, that a steed with such a name should be reported as having "behaved beautifully throughout the race." With Kingcraft he has not been accustomed to associate the beautiful, but, on the other hand, quite the contrary and *vice-versâ* Still, it must be admitted that in these latter days, the craft of Kings has frequently been demonstrated by their talent for running; and nobody can have forgotten the remarkable time made on his leaving France, by the fugitive LOUIS PHILIPPE. When Monsieur L. N. B.'s turn comes he will find it hard work to beat his predecessor.

CONDENSED CONGRESS.

SENATE.



SENATOR MORTON was wrought up about the sufferings of the Jews in Roumania. It might be said that it was none of his business, but he begged to state that many of his constituents were Jews. Under these circumstances he felt it to be the duty of his blood to boil over the recital of the wrongs of the Jews in Roumania.

Mr. SUMNER was of the opinion that it was a gross outrage, as he also had some Jewish constituents, but as they were not very numerous, the shrewdness of the Massachusetts Christian being ordinarily an overmatch for the shrewdness of the 'Ebrew Jew, his blood only simmered softly over the intelligence.

But he had an interest in the question of eternal justice involved, and he was free to say that it was not correct to fry, boil, or in any way cook a Jew as a Jew. Mr. SUMNER then sent to the clerk's desk, and had read, the statements of SHYLOCK, which, he observed, were written by the immortal SHAKESPEARE, relative to the endowment of the Israelite with the usual limbs and features of other members of society.

Mr. SPRAGUE mentioned that the Jews were persecuted because they were rich. If the Senate were to allow this sort of thing to go on unrebuked, the whole population of Rhode Island might say of their solvent Senator, "Come, let us kill him, and the Pequashmeag Mills shall be ours." Let the Senate think what an awful privation that would be.

This completely overcame the Senate, and it passed resolutions of inquiry and indignation.

The Indian question came up, closely followed by THAYER, (of Nebraska,) who observed that his constituents had the most rooted objection to being scalped, and that they did not even contemplate with pleasure the prospect of having their horses stolen or their habitations burned down. These feelings were perhaps culpable, but certainly natural, and he wished the Senate would consider them, if it had any sensibilities to spare from the wrongs of the red man.

Mr. MORTON said that he remarked the proceedings of the children of the forest rather in sorrow than in anger. The forefathers of his eminent friends, Scalper of the Pale Face, Stealer of Horses, and Blinker at the Inn, had possessed this continent, and he would not be willing to say that they had not shown as much sense as the present Congress in governing it. If the remembrance of their former glories occasionally instigated them to impale babies and scalp women, we ought to remember the beautiful hymn which begins, "Speak gently to the erring," and give them whiskey and gunpowder, instead of treating them with harshness.

Mr. FERRY was informed that an American citizen had been imprisoned in St. Domingo, and kept there at the suggestion of a United States officer, for fear he should divulge matters prejudicial to the little game for the annexation of that island.

Mr. CHANDLER said any man who objected to that proposition was a vile scoundrel who ought to be imprisoned. If he had his way he would have him hanged. The man who defended such a movement was no better than himself. The annexation of St. Domingo would lead us to perfect bliss, and the man who objected to it would murder his aged mother, or even oppose going to war with Great Britain.

HOUSE.

Mr. SCHENCK remarked that his tariff bill had been beaten, but that he would introduce another bill, which he did. The other bill is the same bill, except that the duty on medullary sutures is reduced one cent per million, and the duty on participial adjectives is increased one per cent. *ad valorem*, which, as SCHENCK observed, would not bear heavily upon Congressmen.

Mr. COVODE said this bill ought to be passed, because his colleague, Mr. WOODWARD, was in sympathy with the red-handed rebels who had tried to displace him, Mr. COVODE.

Mr. WOODWARD wanted to know what COVODE was talking about.

The speaker called Mr. WOODWARD to order, upon the ground that it was notorious that COVODE never talked about anything, and it was unparliamentary and insulting for one member to interrupt another while making a confidential communication to his constituents.

Mr. COVODE further remarked that the bill ought to be passed because all the members who did not agree with him in his estimation of his usefulness were opposed to it.

This affected the House to tears, and they passed the bill. SCHENCK and KELLEY fell upon one another's neck and exchanged tokens of Ohio pig-iron and Pennsylvania coal.

SONG OF THE MOSQUITO.

"Home again—home again—
From a foreign shore!
And oh, it fills my soul with joy,
To greet my friends once more!"
[It does, indeed!]

I bring you no new song, my friends,
I wear no fancy clothes;
I know you love me for myself,
For I believe your oaths!
I feel I'm lovely! When I come
For once you're blest indeed.
I know I'm all in all to you;
For me you gladly bleed!

Oh, yes! I am a thing of joy!
My tones are passing sweet;
I thrill you with my melody—
So simple, yet complete!
"Ah! there he is!" you softly cry,
And breathless watch my flight—
Unless, indeed, I have you there,
By coming in the night!

It is not every visitor
Who brings a band along!
Who celebrates his friendliness
In melody and song!
It is a graceful compliment,
Which I can well afford
To those who gladly welcome me—
And furnish all my board!

A serenade at dewy eve—
How grateful to the sense!
Who stays to calculate the cost—
The paltry recompense!
"What cheerful little sprite is this
That carols as he goes?"—
You'll learn, my pretty one! when I
Alight upon your nose!

I would not plead for robbery,
I would not use deceit;
And yet, 'tis plain to candid minds,
Philanthropists must eat!
I dare not taste the juicy grape;
But Nature bids me see
The blood that first was wine in you
May turn to wine in me!

'Tis but a tiny drop—a speck,—
One sip is all I've quaffed!
My plethoric old Wall street friend,
Was it an over-draft?
Say rather that you took my stock
To "bear," as oft before,
And now are scratching round to raise
A margin for some more!

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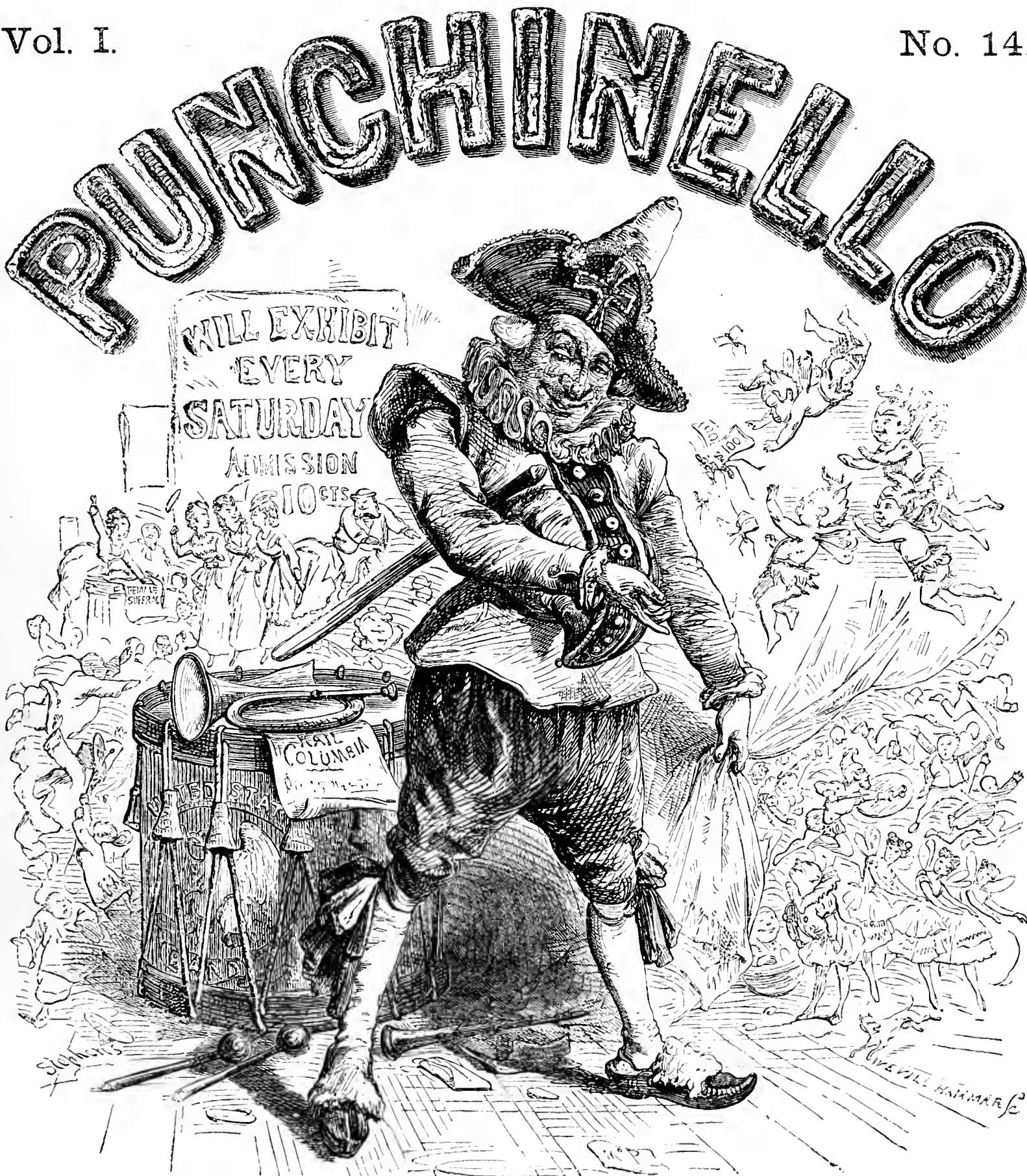
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Dickens.

THE homage of our world to thee,
O Matchless Scribe! when thou wert here,
Was all that's loving in a Laugh,
And all that's tender in a Tear.

So, if with quiv'ring lip we name
The fellow Mortal who Departs,
A Smile shall call him back again,
To live Immortal in our Hearts.

O. C. K.

THE MYSTERY OF MR. E. DROOD.

AN ADAPTATION.

BY ORPHEUS C. KERR.

CHAPTER VII.

MORE CONFIDENCES THAN ONE.

"You and your sister have been insured, of course," said the Gospeler to MONTGOMERY PENDRAGON, as they returned from escorting Mr. SCHENCK.

"Of course," echoed MONTGOMERY, with a suppressed moan. "He is our guardian, and has trampled us into a couple of policies. We had to yield, or excess of Boreal conversation would have made us maniacs."

"You speak bitterly for one so young," observed the Reverend OCTAVIUS SIMPSON. "Is it derangement of the stomach, or have you known sorrow?"

"Heaps of sorrow," answered the young man. "You may be aware, sir, that my sister and I belong to a fine old heavily mortgaged Southern family—the PENRUTHERSES and MUNCHAUSENS of Chipmunk Court House, Virginia, are our relatives—and that SHERMAN marched through us during the late southward projection of certain of your Northern military scorpions. After our father's felo-desease, ensuing remotely from an overstrain in attempting to lift a large mortgage, our mother gave us a step-father of Northern birth, who tried to amend our constitutions and reconstruct us."

"Dreadful!" murmured the Gospeler.

"We hated him! MAGNOLIA threw her scissors at him several times. My sister, sir, does not know what fear is. She would fight a lion; inheriting the spirit from our father, who, I have heard said, frequently fought a tiger. She can fire a gun and pick off a State Senator as well as any man in all the South. Our mother died. A few mornings thereafter our step-father was found dead in his bed, and the doctors said he died of a pair of scissors which he must have swallowed accidentally in his youth, and which were found, after his death, to have worked themselves several inches out of his side, near the heart."

"Swallowed a pair of scissors!" exclaimed the Reverend OCTAVIUS.

"He might have had a stitch in his side at the time, you know, and wanted to cut it," explained MONTGOMERY. "At any rate, after that we became wards of Mr. SCHENCK, up North here. And now let me ask you, sir, is this Mr. EDWIN DROOD a student with you?"

"No. He is visiting his uncle, Mr. BUMSTEAD," answered the Gospeler, who could not free his mind from the horrible thought that his young companion's fearless sister might have been in some way accessory to the sudden cutting off of her step-father's career.

"Is Miss FLORA POTTS his sister?"

Mr. SIMPSON told the story of the betrothal of the young couple by their respective departed parents.

"Oh, *that's* the game, eh?" said MONTGOMERY. "I understand now his whispering to me that he wished he was dead." In a moment afterwards they re-entered the house in Gospeler's Gulch.

The air was slightly laden with the odor of cloves as they went into the parlor, and Mr. BUMSTEAD was at the piano, accompanying the Flowerpot while she sang. Executing without notes, and with his stony gaze fixed intently between the nose and chin of the singer, Mr. BUMSTEAD had a certain mesmeric appearance of controlling the words coming out of the rosy mouth. Standing beside Miss POTTS was MAGNOLIA PENDRAGON, seemingly fascinated, as it were, by the BUMSTEAD method of playing, in which the performer's fingers performed almost as frequently upon the woodwork of the instrument as upon the keys. Mr. PENDRAGON surveyed the group with an arm resting on the mantel; Mr. SIMPSON took a chair by his maternal nut-cracker, and Mr. DROOD stealthily practiced with his ball on a chair behind the sofa.

The Flowerpot was singing a neat thing by LONGFELLOW about the Evening Star, and seemed to experience the most remarkable psychological effects from Mr. BUMSTEAD's wooden variations and extraordinary stare at the lower part of her countenance. Thus, she twitched her plump shoulders strangely, and sang—

"Just a-bove yon sandy bar,
As the day grows faint—(te-hee-he-he!)
Lonely and lovely a single—(now do-o-n't!)
Lights the air with"—(sto-o-op! It tickles—)

Convulsively giggling and exclaiming, alternately, Miss POTTS abruptly ended her beautiful bronchial noise with violent distortion of countenance, as though there were a spider in her mouth, and sank upon a chair in a condition almost hysterical.

"Your playing has made Sissy nervous, JACK," said EDWIN DROOD, hastily concealing his ball and coming forward. "I noticed, myself, that you played more than half the notes in the air, or on the music-rack, without touching the keys at all."

"That is because I am not accustomed to playing upon two pianos at once," answered BUMSTEAD, who, at that very moment, was industriously playing the rest of the air some inches from the nearest key.

"He couldn't make *me* nervous!" exclaimed Miss PENDRAGON, decidedly.

They bore the excited Flowerpot, (who still tittered a little, and was nervously feeling her throat,) to the window, for air; and when they came back Mr. BUMSTEAD was gone. "There, Sissy," said EDWIN DROOD, "you've driven him away; and I'm half afraid he feels unpleasantly confused about it; for he's got out of the rear door of the house by mistake, and I can hear him trying to find his way home in the back-yard."

The two young men escorted Miss CAROWTHERS and the two young ladies to the door of the Alms-House, and there bade them good-night; but, at a yet later hour, FLORA POTTS and the new pupil still conversed in the chamber which they were to occupy conjointly.

After discussing the fashions with great excitement; asking each other just exactly what each gave for every article she wore; and successively practicing male-discouraging, male-encouraging, and chronically-indifferent expressions of face in the mirror (as all good young ladies always do preparatory to their evening prayers,) the lovely twain made solemn nightcap-oath of eternal friendship to each other, and then, of course, began picking the men to pieces.

"Who is this Mr. BUMSTEAD?" asked MAGNOLIA, who was now looking much like a ghost.

"He's that absurd EDDY's ridiculous uncle, and my music-teacher," answered the Flowerpot, also presenting an emaciated appearance.

"You do not love him?" queried MAGNOLIA.

"Now go 'wa-a-y! How perfectly disgusting!" protested FLORA.

"You know that he loves you!"

"Do-o-n't!" pleaded Miss POTTS, nervously. "You'll make me fidgetty again, just thinking of to-night. It was too perfectly absurd."

"What was?"

"Why, *he* was,—Mr. BUMSTEAD. It gave me the funniest feeling! It was as though some one was trying to see through you, you know."

"My child!" exclaimed Miss PENDRAGON, dropping her cheek-dis-tenders upon the bureau, "you speak strangely. Has that man gained any power over you?"

"No, dear," returned FLORA, wiping off a part of her left eyebrow with cold cream. "But didn't you see? He was looking right down my throat all the time I was singing, until it actually tickled me!"

"Does he always do so?"

"Oh, I don't know what he always does!" whimpered the nervous Flowerpot. "Oh, he's such an utterly ridiculous creature! Sometimes when we're in company together, and I smell cloves, and look at him, I think that I see the lid of his right eye drop over the ball and tremble

at me in the strangest manner. And sometimes his eyes seem fixed motionless in his head, as they did to-night, and he'll appear to wander off into a kind of dream, and feel about in the air with his right arm as though he wanted to hug somebody. Oh! my throat begins to tickle again! Oh, stay with me, and be my absurdly ridiculous friend!"

The dark-featured Southern linen spectre leaned soothingly above the other linen spectre, with a bottle of camphor in her hand, near the bureau upon which the back-hair of both was piled; and in the flash of her black eyes, and the defiant flirt of the kid-gloves dipped in glycerine which she was drawing on her hands, lurked death by lightning and other harsh usage for whomsoever of the male sex should ever be caught looking down in the mouth again.

CHAPTER VIII.

A DAGGERY TYPE OF FOETALGRAPHY.

THE two young gentlemen, having seen their blooming charges safely within the door of the Alms-House, and vainly endeavored to look through the keyhole at them going up-stairs, scuffle away together with that sensation of blended imbecility and irascibility which is equally characteristic of callow youth and inexperienced Thomas Cats when retiring together from the society of female friends who seem to be still on the fence as regards their ultimate preferences.

"Do you bore your friends here long, Mr. DROOD?" inquired MONTGOMERY; as who should say: Maoui-ow-ooo—sp't! sp't!

"Not this time, Secesh," is the answer; as though it were observed, ooo-ooo—sp't! "I leave for New York again to-morrow; but shall be off and on again in Bumsteadville until midsummer, when I go to Egypt, Illinois, to be an engineer on a railroad. The stamps left me by my father are all in the stock of that road, and the Mr. BUMSTEAD whom you saw to-night is my uncle and guardian."

"Mr. SIMPSON informs me that you are destined to assume the expenses of Miss POTTS, when you're old enough," remarks MONTGOMERY, his eyes shining quite greenly in the moonlight.

"Well, perhaps you'd like to make something out of it," says EDWIN, whose orbs have assumed a yellowish glitter. "Perhaps you Southern Confederacies didn't get quite enough of it at Gettysburgh and Five Forks."

"We had the exquisite pleasure of killing a few thousand Yankee free-lovers," intimates MONTGOMERY, with a hollow laugh.

"Ah, yes, I remember—at Andersonville," suggests EDWIN DROOD, beginning to roll back his sleeves.

"This is your magnanimity to the conquered, is it!" exclaims MONTGOMERY, scornfully. "I don't pretend to have your advantages, Mr. DROOD, and I've scarcely had any more education than an American Humorist; but where I come from, if a carpet-bagger should talk as you do, the cost of his funeral would be but a trifle."

"I can prepare you, at shortest notice, for something very neat and tasteful in the silver-trimmed rosewood line, with plated handles, my dark-complexioned Ku-klux," returns Mr. DROOD, preparing to pull off his coat.

"Who would have believed," soliloquizes MONTGOMERY PENDRAGON, "that even a scalawag Northern spoon-thief, like our scurrilous contemporary, would get so mad at being reminded that he must be married some day!"

"Whoever says that I'm mad," is the answer, "lies deliberately, wilfully, wickedly, with naked intent to defame and malign."

But here a heavy hand suddenly smites EDWIN in the back, almost snapping his head off, and there stands spectrally between them Mr. BUMSTEAD, who has but recently found his way out of the back-yard in Gospeler's Gulch, by removing at least two yards of picket fence from the wrong place, and wears upon his head a gingham sun-bonnet, which, in his hurried departure through the hall of the Gospeler's house, he has mistaken for his own hat. Sustaining himself against the fierce evening breeze by holding firmly to both shoulders of his nephew, this striking apparition regards the two young men with as much austerity as is consistent with the flapping of the cape of his sun-bonnet.

"Gentlelemons," he says, with painful syllabic distinctness, "can I believe my ears? Are you already making journalists of yourselves?"

They hang their heads in shame under the merciless but just accusation. "Here you are," continues BUMSTEAD, "a quartette of young fellows who should all be friends. NEDS, NEDS! I am ashamed of you! MONTGOMERIES, you should not let your angry passions rise; for your little hands were never made to bark and bite." After this, Mr. BUMSTEAD seems lost for a moment, and reclines upon his nephew, with his

eyes closed in meditation. "But let's all five of us go up to my room," he finally adds, and restore friendship with lemon tea. It is time for the North and South to be reconciled over something hot. Come."

Leaning upon both of them now, and pushing them into a walk, he exquisitely turns the refrain of the rejected National Hymn—

"'Twas by a mistake that we lost Bull Run,
When we all skedaddled to Washington,
And we'll all drink stone blind,
Johnny fill up the bowl?"

Thus he artfully employs music to soothe their sectional animosities, and only skips into the air once as they walk, with a "Whoop! That was something like a snake!"

Arriving in his room, the door of which he has had some trouble in opening, on account of the knob having wandered in his absence to the wrong side, Mr. BUMSTEAD indicates a bottle of lemon tea, with some glasses, on the table, accidentally places the lamp so that it shines directly upon EDWIN's triangular sketch of FLORA over the mantel, and, taking his umbrella under his arm, smiles horribly at his young guests from out his sun-bonnet.

"Do you recognize that picture, PENDRAGONS?" he asks, after the two have drunk fierily at each other. "Do you notice its stereoscopic effect of being double?"

"Ah," says MONTGOMERY, critically, "a good deal in the style of HENNESSY, or WINSLOW HOMER, I should say. Something in the school-slate method."

"It's by EDWINS, there!" explains Mr. BUMSTEAD, triumphantly. "Just look at him as he sits there both together, with all his happiness cut out for him, and his dislike of Southerners his only fault."

"If I could only draw Miss PENDRAGON, now," says EDWIN DROOD, rather flattered, "I might do better. A good sharp nose and Southern complexion help wonderfully in the expression of a picture."

"Perhaps my sister would prefer to choose her own artist," remarks MONTGOMERY, to whom Mr. BUMSTEAD has just poured out some more lemon tea.

"Say a Southern one, for instance, who might use some of the flying colors that were always warranted to run when our boys got after yours in the late war," responds EDWIN, to whom his attentive uncle has also poured out some more lemon tea for his cold.

"For instance—at Fredericksburgh," observes MONTGOMERY.

"I was thinking of Fort Donelson," returns EDWIN.

The conservative BUMSTEAD strives anxiously to allay the irritation of his young guests by prodding first one and then the other with his umbrella; and, in an attempt to hold both of them and the picture behind him in one commanding glance under his sun-bonnet, presents a phase of strabismus seldom attained by human eyes.

"If I only had you down where I come from, Mr. DROOD," cries MONTGOMERY, tickled into ungovernable wrath by the ferule of the umbrella, I'd tar and feather you like a Yankee teacher, and then burn you like a freedman's church."

"Oh!—if you only had me *there*, you'd do so," cries EDWIN DROOD, springing to his feet as the umbrella tortures his ribs. "If, eh? Pooh, pooh, my young fellow, I perceive that you are a mere Cincinnati Editor."

The degrading epithet goads PENDRAGON to fury, and, after throwing his remaining lemon tea about equally upon EDWIN and the sun-bonnet, he extracts the sugar from the bottom of the glass with his fingers, and uses the goblet to ward off a last approach of the umbrella.

"EDWINS! MONTGOMERIES!" exclaims Mr. BUMSTEAD, opening the umbrella between them so suddenly that each is grazed on the nose by a whalebone rib, "I command you to end this Congressional debate at once. I never saw four such young men before! MONTGOMERIES, put up your penknife thizinstant!"

Pushing aside the barrier of alpaca and whalebone from under his chin, MONTGOMERY dashes wildly from the house, tears madly back to Gospeler's Gulch, and astounds the Gospeler by his appearance.

"Oh, Mr. SIMPSON," he cries, as he is conducted to the door of his own room, "I believe that I, too, inherit some tigerish qualities from that tiger my father is said to have fought so often. I've had a political discussion with Mr. DROOD in Mr. BUMSTEAD's apartments, and, if I'd stayed there a moment longer, I reckon I should have murdered somebody in a moment of Emotional Insanity."

The Reverend OCTAVIUS SIMPSON makes him unclose his clenched fist, in which there appears to be one or two cloves, and then says: "I am shocked to hear this, Mr. PENDRAGON. As you have no political influence, and have never shot a *Tribune* man, neither New York law nor society would allow you to commit murder with impunity. I

regret, too, to see that you have been drinking, and would advise you to try a chapter from one of Professor DE MILLE's novels, as a mild emetic, before retiring. After that, two or three sentences from one of Mr. RICHARD GRANT WHITE's essays will ensure sleep to you for the remainder of the night."

Returning the unspeakably thankful pressure of the grateful young man's hand, the Gospeler goes thoughtfully down stairs, where he is just in time to answer the excited ring of Mr. BUMSTEAD.

"Dear me, Mr. BUMSTEAD!" is his first exclamation, "what's that you've got on your head?"

"Perspiration, sir," cries BUMSTEAD, who, in his agitation, is still ringing the bell. "We've nearly had a murder to-night, and I've come around to offer you my umbrella for your own protection."

"Umbrella!" echoes Mr. SIMPSON, "why, really, I don't see how—"

"Open it on him suddenly when he makes a pass at you," interrupts Mr. BUMSTEAD, thrusting the alpaca weapon upon him. "I'll send for it in the morning."

The Gospeler stands confounded in his own doorway, with the defence thus strangely secured in his hand; and, looking up the moon-lighted road, sees Mr. BUMSTEAD, in the sun-bonnet, leaping high, at short intervals, over the numerous adders and cobras on his homeward way, like a thoroughbred hurdle-racer.

(To be Continued.)

THE PLAYS AND SHOWS.



ANY plays of various sorts have been explained and commented upon in this column. Now for the first time a show claims attention. The BEETHOVEN Centennial Festival has just ceased its multitudinous noise, and the several shows connected with it—such as GROVER's blue coat, GILMORE's light gymnastics on the conductor's stand, the electric artillery and the plenteous PAREPA, have vanished away. Time and space and patience would fail to tell the story of the ten successive showers of noise that inundated the Rink during last week. Let us then content ourselves with a reminiscence of the opening night.

As the sun was understood to be descending the Western horizon (in some rural locality that possesses a horizon,) last Monday afternoon, three horsemen—who had doubtless left their horses at a convenient stable,—might have been seen descending from a Third Avenue car. Before them stood the Rink, glittering with rows of lamps—the last rows—not of summer—but of the American Institute Fair. Passing these lines of Rinkéd brightness long drawn out, (SHAKESPEARE) the three dismounted horsemen entered the building and seated themselves. A mighty murmur of applause rose from the chorus, as BERGMANN stepped to the front and ordered his orchestral army to advance upon BEETHOVEN's Sympony in C. This is what they heard and saw:

FIRST HORSEMAN. "What a noise they make tuning their fiddles. When's this thing going to begin?"

SECOND HORSEMAN. "Begin! Why, it has begun. This is BEETHOVEN's Symphony in C."

THIRD HORSEMAN. "Don't you know the Symphony at Sea? It represents a storm, you know."

YOUNG LADY FROM BOSTON. "How divinely beautiful! It ought to be played, however, by GILMORE's Band. They do not understand classical music in New York."

ACCOMPANYING FRIEND. "Hush. PAREPA is going to sing."

There is a tremulous motion felt throughout the vast building. It is the approach of PAREPA, who skips lightly—like the little hills mentioned by the Psalmist—across the stage. She curtseys, and her skirts expand in vast ripples like the waves of a placid sea when some huge line-of-battle ship sinks suddenly from sight. She smiles a sweet and ample smile.

She flirts her elegant fan, and gallant little CARL ROSA—who can lead an orchestra better than the weightiest German of them all—is swept swiftly away, whirling like a rose-leaf before the breath of the gentle zephyr. Then she sings.

What is the grand orchestra compared with the exhaustless volume of her matchless voice! What the chorus of three thousand singers or the multitudinous pipes of the great organ! Far above chorus or orchestra or organ soar her clear notes, full, rich, ringing. Her voice, like her majestic presence, was made expressly for Boston Jubilees and BEETHOVEN Centennials. The former can fill the largest building the continent has ever seen; the latter—well, the latter is perceptible at quite a distance.

The "*Inflamatus*" is sung, and sung again, and then the programmes rustle, as the audience looks to see who has the rashness to follow PAREPA the peerless.

RURAL PERSON. "Now we're goin' to hear somethin' like. The New Jersey Harmonic Society is agoin' to sing 'When first I saw her face in 1616.' I don't like none of your operas. That 'inflammation' may be a big thing, but give me some old-fashioned toon."

Accordingly the New Jersey Society sings, and sings extremely well. The simple melody sung by these gentle rustics pleases the people. They demand its repetition, and it is generally conceded that the native Jerseyman has more music in what he regards as his soul, than the wilder aborigines who follow SPOTTED TAIL and SWIFT BEAR.

YOUNG LADY FROM BOSTON.—"How sweet these old madrigals are. That piece, however, ought to have been played by GILMORE's Band. These New Jersey people know nothing about any music that is above OFFENBACH's melodies."

And then everybody is seized with an impulse to whisper to everybody else, "Now we are to have the Star Spangled Banner."

It is evident that the American nation hungers and thirsts after something over which it may wax patriotic and loyal. It has no monarch, and the absurdity of becoming enthusiastic over GRANT's cigar is only too manifest. It is therefore obliged to content itself with simulating a frantic admiration of the Flag.

Now the flag is rather a pretty one, and to people north of MASON and DIXON's line, possesses many interesting associations. But the doggerel in which the late Mr. KEY attempted to celebrate it, is not altogether above reproach. Beginning with the Bowery interrogative "Sa-ay," and ending with a reference to the "land of the free and the home of the brave," which the late ELIJAH POGRAM, or the present NATHANIEL BANKS might have written, it is simply the weakest of rhymed buncombe wedded to the cheapest of pinchbeck music. And yet we fancy ourselves inspired when we hear it.

Fortunately, as sung at the BEETHOVEN festival, the words are drowned by the music, and the music by the artillery. It thus becomes an inarticulate patriotic "yawp," of tremendous ear-splitting power. But the public likes it.

They greet it with tremendous roars of applause. The artillery, discharged with uniform promptness several seconds in advance of time, renders them wild with delight. PAREPA's voice, rising at intervals above even the combined din of instruments, voices, and cannon, is hardly heeded by them. Noise is what they want, and they have a surfeit of it. It is only after the performance is ended that the vision of GILMORE's ecstatic coat-tails, as they danced to the wild whirling of his maniacal baton, comes back to their memory. Then they smile and say, "Curious fellow that GILMORE. Knows how to make himself a pleasing and prominent feature."

But the Boston young lady says in a serious tone, "GILMORE's band should have played that piece without any assistance. These New York people do not understand the potentialities of brass."

Perhaps we don't. And then again perhaps we do. Boston may have a monopoly of virtue, but it has hardly a monopoly of brass.

After the patriotic noise comes the *Oberon* overture, led by CARL ROSA so daintily that it is the best performance of the evening. By and by everybody attempts to leave in advance of everybody else, with a view to a seat in the cars; and the first night of the Centennial is over.

And nine-tenths of the people remark that it is "bully."

And several of the remainder speak patronizingly of it.

And the critics go up to the "Press Room" for another glass of—in short, for a sandwich:

And the Boston young lady expresses her firm conviction, that GILMORE should have managed the whole affair, without the interference of those uncultivated New-Yorkers.

And the fat lady from the Fifth Avenue remarks that "nothing has occurred to mar the misanthropy of the occasion."

And a wretch who does not consider Miss KELLOGG the "Nightingale of America," smiles a fiendish smile as he thinks that her pretty little voice is to be heard by the conductor and the nearest chorus singers on the following day.

And the undersigned goes home to calm his mind by an hour's perusal of Dr. WATTS, and then to dream of star-spangled GILMORES and electric PAREPA batteries until morning. MATADOR.



GETTING A FOOTHOLD IN CANADA.

JOTTINGS FROM WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON CITY, June 4, 1870.

DEAR PUNCHINELLO: I have noticed with pleasure your bold and generous championship of Philadelphia. I have witnessed, with genuine delight, your exposé of the designs of the Iron Legislature upon that most unhappy of rectangular cities; and I have been emboldened thereby to hazard a petition to you to fly still higher in your philanthropic endeavors to do and dare still more for the oppressed of your race—to—to—in short, to attempt the defence of Washington and the Washingtonians!!

There! it is out! But that I know you of old; but that, knowing you, I regretted with a great regret your former withdrawal from affairs of State; but that I welcomed your return to the arena of which, in former years, you were the acknowledged victor; but that I knew your unlimited compassion, I would not, though a bold man, have dared to ask so much.

Yet, I have reason for my request. For, if Philadelphia be rectangular, Washington has greater claims, seeing that she is scalene, crooked, trapezoidal, and, in general terms, catacornered. If Philadelphia be legislature-ridden, Washington is Congress-burdened. If Philadelphia suffers under an infliction of horse-railroads and white wooden shutters, Washington groans under the pangs and pains of unmitigated CHRONICLE!

This last is our greatest grievance. Fortunately for you, dear P., you know not what it is to be Congress-burdened, *but we do*. Alas! too well. It means mud and dust; it means unpaved streets pervaded by perambulating pigs and contemplative cows, and rendered still more rural in its aspect by the gambolings of frolicsome kids around grave goats. It means an empty treasury, high rents, extraordinary taxes, and poor grub. In short, it means WRETCHEDNESS. But to be "Chronicled"—

"—That way Madness lies."

In this connection, dear PUNCHINELLO, let me hasten to disclaim any

intention of abusing or "pitching into" the renowned "Editor of Two Newspapers, Both Daily." Everybody has been doing that for the past five or six years, and I do not wish to be vulgar. Besides, to do the gentleman justice, we do not think he is to blame for much of our misery; as he confines his editorial connection with our incubus to writing a weekly letter to the *Press*, and publishing it in both dailies. At the same time we *do* wish that he would, out of compassion for our suffering souls, exercise a little supervision over the small boys whom he employs to write the *Chronicle*, and thus spare us something of what we are now obliged to stand.

Let me give you one or two instances of the course pursued by this tyrannous newspaper.

It frightens timid citizens by its narratives of horrible outrages in the South, especially in Georgia and Tennessee; and my wife, who has relatives in the former place, was in chronic hysterics until it was discovered that the "outrages" were, to use a vulgar expression, "all in my eye." To this day she trembles at the word "loil," (I believe I spell it correctly,) knowing, as she does, that the dreaded and mysterious syllables, Ku-Klux, will most assuredly follow it.

Why, did we not have a great scare here a week or two ago, when it was announced that the mysterious chalk-marks on the pavements were significant of the presence of the awful K. K. in our midst—at our very doors? Did we not sleep with revolvers under our pillows, and dream of cross-bones and coffins? Did not Mayor BOWEN receive a dread missive warning him to evacuate Washington, lest he be made a corpse of in less than no time? Had not several colored gentlemen and white men received similar missives? And does it repay us for our fright and alarm, when it is discovered that the mysterious marks are cunning devices of a gentleman engaged in the oyster trade? By no means. We have suffered our terrors, and no amount of oysters can alleviate them. To such straits has the *Chronicle* reduced the citizens of Washington.

But we have other causes of complaint against this extraordinary newspaper. Here is one:

It may not be unknown to you that the *Chronicle* has a habit of identifying itself with the people and subjects which it discusses. Does it put forth an article on naval matters—straightway it becomes salter than Turk's Island, and talks of bobstays and main-top-bowlines and poop-down-hauls in a manner that, to put it mildly, is confusing, and would, if you read it, make you jump as if all your strings were pulled at once! Are financial matters under discussion—behold even JAMES FISK, Jr., is not so keen and shrewd, nor Commodore VANDERBILT so full of "corners." And only the other day, it discussed the Medical Convention which lately met here, and io! we are amazed by the amount of knowledge displayed by the omniscient journal! In a long article, after mildly remonstrating with the doctors for refusing to admit their colored brethren of the District of Columbia to a share in their deliberations, it closes with this obscurely terrible remark:

"Better die of nostalgia in exile abroad, than remain at home to suffer from ossification of the pericardium—"

or words to that effect, as the lawyers say.

On reading this, with what strength I had left I secured a dictionary, and found that "nostalgia" means homesickness;—a disease not known to Washingtonian exiles—but what "ossification of the pericardium" means I *cannot* discover. Not only have I searched every dictionary in the Congressional Library, but I have pervaded all the bookstores, and made myself a nuisance to every medical man of my acquaintance—in vain! Nobody ever heard of such a disease, if disease it be. It may be something more dreadful! And not only I, but those whom I have persecuted with my inquiries, are on the verge of insanity; and for all this the *Chronicle* is responsible.

Now, this can't be endured; and I have come to you for help. Either tell us what is the meaning of this terrible phrase, or else open your batteries on the malicious genius who pens those *Chronicle* papers, and—"squelch" him!

As yet,

"I am not mad—but soon shall be!"

if you don't answer Yours, in tribulation, ALONZO TARBOX.

P. S.—Be sure and see that the printer spells my name rightly, and don't transmogrify it into "TREEBOX," as a beast of a Treasury Clerk did the other day. "There are chords—" you know. A. T.

The Eastern Question.

EGYPT and Turkey—the Nile and the Bosphorus—seem coming to blows. But if hostilities are happily averted, with what propriety can it be said that *Nihil fit*?

THE EARTHLY PARADISE.

I WISH the Editor would put a little note in large letters right here, requesting readers not to run off and read Mr. MORRIS's poem, after gazing on the above title. My very respectable reader, you're smart, very smart indeed, but let me assure you that you haven't discovered from the float which I have placed on the surface, which way my string is drifting, so, if you get on a string don't complain.

As, at this season of the year, everybody who is anybody either goes into the country or else shuts up his front windows and lives in the back area, in order to create the impression that he is to be found in the rural districts, PUNCHINELLO must of course follow the universal example. His front windows, however, must never be shut, so he must fall to packing his trunks at once. But where shall he go? List! oh, list! I will give a list of spots present.

They say the seas-on has commenced at Long Branch. This place is peopled by the foolish men of whom we have heard, who built their houses on the sand. The chief amusement of visitors is thus: you put on some old clothes, which have evidently just retired from the coal-heaving business, stand in the water up to your ankles, and grasp manfully, with both hands, a rope; then a watery creature, named Surf, climbs upon you and gets down on the other side; you rush to a neighboring shanty, put on your store clothes, and feel twice as warm as you would have felt if you hadn't wrestled with Surf. The reports from Boston are that the Pilgrim Fathers have ceased to enjoy their coffins and shrouds, since Jubilee Jim has commenced to carry pleasure-seekers to the seaside on Plymouth Rock.

Saratoga is still the place for SARA to patronize. The chief objection to that place is that the water is so muddy that they call it Congress Water. However, you soon become infatuated with it. I once saw a very stout lady imbibe sixteen glasses of the water, and as I left the scene of dissipation she was screaming for more. I concluded that she was a sister-in-law to BOREAS. A young and tender Sixteenth Amendment, who was a three-quarter orphan, (she had only a step-father,) has been known to drink, unaided, thirty glasses of Saratoga water in twenty-four hours. Can Mr. WESTON beat that? I forgot to say that she survived. The difference between Long Branch and Saratoga is, that at the former you take salt water externally, while at the latter you take salt and water internally.

Newport is still appropriately situated on Rowed Island. None but the select deserve Newport. However, they say Old Gin is the next best thing. You can rent a cottage by the sea and see what you can. (I may add that you can also rent a cottage by the year, though I believe the view is not any finer on that account.) Beware of the tow! This is not a warning against blondes, but against rolls.

The proper thing to do at Newport is thus: A scented youth, with a perfumed damsel resting on his arm, wanders at eventide down to the sea to hear the majestic waves roll upon the beach. Having selected a suitable spot, the pair sit down and then make night hideous with "What are the wild waves saying?"

Niagara is perched upon its Erie. To a man of a reflective mind this is an unpleasant place. As he gazes on the rushing flood he thinks of the waste of raw material. Water being thrown away and no tax being collected. As a rule in this place cheat your carriage-driver, for if you don't, he'll cheat you for your negligence.

Of course, as it is now June, no one will visit Cape May. The White Mountains, having received a new coat of paint, are ready for summer visitors. A few stock quotations, such as, "cloud-capped towers,"

"peak of Teneriffe," &c., are very useful here. Also a large supply of breath. Lake Mahopac may be packed, of course, but any one of a romantic turn of mind, who loves to float with fair women idly upon a summer sea, (in a boat, of course,) 'mid crocuses and lilies, while the air is filled with the melodious sounds from a bass-drum and that sort of thing, and is redolent with the perfume of a thousand flowers, will find solace here. (I flatter myself that period is well turned.)

All over the land you may find choice little spots, farm-houses, over which the woodbine and the honeysuckle clamber, while the surrounding wheat fields—(I have lost my volume of WHITMAN, and forget what the wheat fields do, poetically.) Perhaps it is my duty to here introduce some remarks about farming, but, as the Self-made Man is struggling with that subject, and as a certain innocent, who has been abroad, proposes to handle it, I refrain.

I very nearly forgot Coney Island. This is the favorite resort of clams and little jokers. Here you may daily fill your bread-basket with bivalves, and then observe the mysteries of that mystic game, now you see it, now you don't.

Of course I don't propose to state which of these places is the Earthly Paradise. You pays your money and you takes your choice. What hurts my feelings is, that any one should have supposed that I intended to write a criticism of Mr. MORRIS's poem. Do people imagine that my time is entirely valueless, and that I can afford to waste it in criticising poetry? Lot.

PLUCKILY PATRIOTIC, STILL.

A FEW years since the City of Portland, upon a certain Fourth of July, was nearly consumed by fire, the origin of which was the well-known Cracker. But Portland is undaunted, and proposes this year to have a finer Independence Day than ever. If Mr. PUNCHINELLO might advise, he would recommend to the Portlanders, festivities of a decidedly aquatic character—swimming-matches, going down in diving bells, the playing of fountains, battles between little boys with squirt-guns, regattas, and floating batteries. Mr. P. himself intends to celebrate the coming Fourth upon water—with something in it, of course, to kill the insects. The Maine Liquor Law being in full force in Portland, there will be no difficulty in obtaining ardent spirits on the Fourth; and Mr. PUNCHINELLO therefore the more confidently recommends a full aqueous infusion of the Down East toddies.

Shocking.

IN Tipton, Indiana, has originated the secret order, with rituals, signs and grips, called the "Earthquake." Were its object not altogether earthly, we might regard it as merely a new set of underground Quakers. The remarkable quiet of Friends' Burying-grounds is a guarantee against all possible disturbance from Earth-Quakers, now that the Underground Railroad has ceased to run.

A Triumph of Housekeeping.

ALL honor to the gentlewoman in Aroostook, Maine, who put out a fire the other day, first by pouring water on it, then all her milk and cream, and finally all the pickle in her meat-barrels. 'Twas only applying wholesale an old woman's cure for burn; but the point of the matter was that she pickled a fire, and preserved her life.

COMPLICATIONS AHEAD.

WHAT OUR CRIMINAL COURTS ARE COMING TO.

Extract from Speech of Counsel for Defence.

"LADIES of the Jury, I appeal to you; *should* such whiskers be hung? True, he killed his wife; but, as you know, she was a horrid jealous thing, and led her poor husband *such* a life. In *my* opinion, killing was too good for her. Ladies, be merciful; the prisoner hangs upon your lips. Consider his eyes; consider his nose. Were I married to a woman who called me an unprincipled wretch, wouldn't I kill her? Wouldn't I? Ladies, be generous." And so forth. (Jury retire, but return immediately with a verdict of *Not Guilty*; Judge, Jury, Counsel, and all shed tears and kiss indiscriminately. They take up a collection for the prisoner, who, next day, marries the Forewoman of the Jury, out of gratitude.)



PRISONER.



PRISONER'S COUNSEL.



THE NEW PARASOL.

A PROSPECTIVE GLIMPSE OF THE PLEASURES OF PROMENADING WHEN THE PARASOL SHALL HAVE ATTAINED TO A SIZE JUST A TRIFLE LARGER THAN IT NOW IS.

A LETTER OF ADVICE.

STANDISH FOUR CORNERS, June —, 18—

EDITOR OF PUNCHINELLO:

SIR: I wish to call your attention to certain defects in the journal conducted by you, and to make a few suggestions, which, if followed, will greatly improve it. I have talked with several eminent gentlemen on the subject, among whom are the Rev. EZEKIEL DODGE, pastor of the Sandemanian Church in our town, and also the Hon. PELEG SMITH, our Representative in Congress. Both fully agree with me in the ideas which I am about to lay before you.

In the first place, I object to the name PUNCHINELLO. It is too frivolous, and suggests no food to the thoughtful mind. You should have called your paper the *Banner of Progress*. This would have at once enlisted the sympathy of all earnest men in your enterprise. Rev. Mr. DODGE says that he wrote to you some weeks ago, proposing that you change the name to that of the *Friend of Truth*, while Mr. SMITH thinks that the *Pig Iron Review* would be the best possible name. He is, however, a high tariff man, and his judgment may be influenced by that fact. Either of these latter names would unquestionably be preferable to PUNCHINELLO, but the name which I have suggested is the one which you ought to adopt.

Then the shape of your paper is all wrong. Any one can see that if it were only shorter and broader, it would closely resemble the shape of *Punch*. Now, sir, we Americans don't want anything that looks like anything British or European. Our country is bigger, and consequently better than any other. We have bigger rivers, bigger cataracts, bigger steamboats, and bigger jimfisks than any other people, and, therefore, our newspapers ought to be original in shape. You should make your paper octagonal in form, otherwise everybody will justly accuse you of imitating some effete and monarchical British journal.

And I must strongly object to the spirit of levity which I find in your paper. This is an Earnest Age, sir, and we cannot afford to joke. The Rev. Mr. DODGE has been greatly grieved at the light way in which you have treated such serious subjects as the Divorce Question. He will forward to you a sermon of his own on the topic of "The Jewish Marriage Law compared with that of the Amalekites and the Jebusites,

together with Remarks on the construction of the Ark, including an Inquiry into the origin of the Edomites, and a Dissertation upon the Levitical law of Tithes." This sermon would occupy from four to six pages of your paper every week, if published in weekly instalments, for a period of about ten weeks, and would give a tone to PUNCHINELLO which it now lacks. Besides publishing this sermon, you would do well to print, every week, a speech of the Hon. Mr. DODGE, who is one of the most eloquent members of the House, and whose views on finance are greatly respected by such men as Mr. KELLEY and Mr. CHANDLER.

You ought also to have a definite purpose in view. At present you have no Mission. The earnest men and women who look to you for aid and counsel, find nothing in your paper bearing upon the great questions of the day. You should make your paper the organ of some influential party. There are the friends of Pig Iron, for example. Devote the greater part of your space to the advocacy of their lofty cause, and there is not an iron manufacturer in the United States who would not borrow PUNCHINELLO from some one of his acquaintance, and read everything in it relating to the contest now going on between the fearless champions of freedom, and American pig iron, against the bloated upholders of British interests. As it is, you appear to advocate no single practical measure which concerns the welfare of this country and the perpetuity of our glorious Union. PUNCHINELLO is the favorite paper of careless young men, depraved middle-aged men, who care nothing for Progress and Humanity, and young girls who prefer dress and admiration to addressing their Earnest sisters from the platform of Reform meetings. The Rev. Mr. DODGE tells me that all the young people of his congregation read it, and he fears that they prefer it to his sermons. A paper read by this class of readers must be radically wrong. You must change its character at once.

One thing more. You must cease to publish pictures of the character of those which now appear in your paper. In their place you might substitute drawings of practical value, such as the *Scientific Yankee* publishes. If you do this, in addition to making the other changes which I have suggested, you will find that PUNCHINELLO will make a very different impression from that which I fear it has already made. In that case I will become a subscriber, and will send you a few sound, earnest articles of my own. I am, Yours, in behalf of Progress,

AN EARNEST MAN.



"WHAT I KNOW ABOUT FARMING."

Fast Bear (to Officer from Fort.) "YOU TELL ME PLANT CORN IN THE SPRING, THEN GO 'WAY HUNT AND COME BACK GATHER CORN IN THE FALL. UGH!—I PLANT CORN, AND WHEN I COME GATHER IT YOU SHOOT BULLET IN MY SIDE!"

(Fact, related by one of the Brulé Sioux Chiefs at Washington.)



FRUITLESS PERSEVERANCE.

Earnest Suitor, who has just received a final and flat refusal. "WOULD A TOWER IN YURRUP MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE?"

Julia. "IT'S USELESS. I DON'T LIKE YOU, AND I WON'T MARRY YOU."

OUR PORTFOLIO.

PUNCHINELLO hears with sincere regret that the notorious Miss CRAIG, of Chicago, once more threatens the unhappy SPRAGUE with another suit for breach of promise of marriage. We had thought that the forty thousand dollars awarded by the jury in the first trial were a plummet heavy enough to reach the lowest depths of "AMANDY'S" affections, and so in fact they were; but "ELISHA'S" lawyers, utterly disregarding the claims of true love, have interposed the absurd claims of what they call "justice to ELISHA," and so the thing will have to be all done over again.

It seems a cruel exercise of power to compel this delicate and shrinking female to stand once more in the pillory of the law; or, to put "ELISHA'S" orthography to a second test by a crucial and censorious public. Whatever may be the result of all this indifference to the sanctity of private character and correct spelling, PUNCHINELLO wishes to put upon record his total disapproval and abhorrence of it.

It is strange, yet nevertheless true, that a woman's glances are not always her own property. The old proverb, that "a Cat may look at a King," goes a-begging when applied to a woman; and this enables us to present to the Sorosis a subject for examination, at least as metaphysical as the philosophy of the McFARLAND verdict.

Only last week a New York Judge committed an unsuspecting female because she did not look at him, while giving her evidence. The consideration that the unhappy creature was cross-eyed does not seem to have affected in the least the judicial aspect of the matter, and although counsel particularly directed the Judge's attention to the fact that even if the witness looked as straight as she could, her lines of vision would meet at an angle far short of the tip of his Honor's nose, still this pocket-edition of Lord Chief-Justice JEFFRIES "blinked" the point sought to be made, and absolutely insisted that she should suffer the penalty of her alleged disrespect.

THAT INDIAN TALK.

How, how, Great Father, how.
Me Spotted Tail; me Rattling Cow;
Me Red Cloud; whiskey time now?
How, Great Father? How? How?

Me Ogallala; me Brulé Sioux.
How, Great Father, how do?
Red children come long way, ugh!
Big Whiskey love. Great Father too?

Poor Injun tired; peace Injun try.
War-paint no good; no whiskey buy;
Treaty no want; treaty all lie.
Great Father's whiskey Injun no spy.

No whiskey give, no have pow-wow.
Poor Injun dry; dry Injun row.
When whiskey time? Whiskey time now?
Father no tongue? How! How! How!

Interesting to the P. R.

A paragraph states that a "piece of Spar, seven feet long, and weighing two hundred pounds, has been taken from the great Spar Cave near Dubuque." We were not previously aware that O'BALDWIN, the "Irish Giant," was serving out his term of imprisonment in the Spar Cave, but the thing has a fitness about it.

A Con for Cocktillers.

WHEN do toppers like to make a raid upon the rural districts?

When the herbage is "lush."

Remark by a Marksman.

MOOSE, as well as other members of the cervine family, live mostly on the shoots of trees, but they die mostly by the shoots of hunters.

PUNCHINELLO has a heart which warms naturally toward the sex, but he has also a cat-o'-nine-tails, which longs to warm the back of such a Judge, and if he will come down from his woollack he can both see and feel what that cat-o'-nine-tails is like. Whether she be blue-eyed, or black-eyed, or cross-eyed, makes no difference to PUNCHINELLO, for he is, under all circumstances, the champion of the sex.

"Y. M. C. A."

THESE much-printed initials, which (as our intelligent readers are aware,) belong to certain modern Associations that combine Religion and Business in a highly prosperous manner, have sometimes a kind of secondary meaning, which may vary according to circumstances.

When, for example, the Young Men's C. A. of Iowa City, after having regularly engaged Miss OLIVE LOGAN in their lecture course, concluded to back out, the cabahstic letters seemed to read—

"Y-on M-ust C-ancel A-rrangements."

But when the spirited OLIVE—perceiving rather more of Business than of Religion and Honor in this despatch—replied promptly that they might expect her without fail, according to programme, prudence suggested a quite different version of their initials, which now signified—

"Y-on M-ay C-ome A-long!"

We forbear to comment on the dramatic and touching picture here afforded.—We suggest still another reading of their abbreviation,—one that may serve as a permanent interpretation for *that* latitude at least.—

"Y-outh M-ade C-onscientiously A-cute."

Greenish-Black.

CHICAGO boasts having sent a colored Fenian to Canada. But is he a true-blue O'SAMBO or McCUFFEE? Or is he recognized as colored only in respect to his peculiar wearin' of the grin?

AT THE WATERING PLACES.

Punchinello's Vacations.

It need not be supposed that Mr. PUNCHINELLO intends to work himself to death this summer.

By no manner of means!

He guarantees that the paper shall come out regularly, and get riper and lovelier every week, but he will have his good little times, notwithstanding.

Every week during the season he expects to slip off somewhere, for a day or two, and hopes to have something worth telling when he comes back. Last week he ran down to Long Branch. It's early yet, but folks like Mr. P.; CHILDS, of the Philadelphia *Ledger*; THOMPSON, of the Pennsylvania Central; and other rich fellows always do go early. The big bugs always fly the soonest. Mr. P. went directly to the West End Hotel—the old Stetson House, you know. He went there because he always did like a hotel that had three men to keep it. What you can't get out of one of them is pretty certain to be screwed out of one of the others. When Mr. P. drove up, Messrs. PRESBURY, SYKES, and GARDNER, were all sitting out on the front piazza, smoking seventy-five-cent cigars. They arose in chorus, and assured Mr. P. that the house was not yet quite ready for occupancy.

"But, sir—" said Mr. PRESBURY, "the Girard House, my hotel in Philadelphia, is always open. If you would like to go there—" And here SYKES struck in.

"But, sir," said he, "my hotel, WILLARD's, in Washington, is always ready for guests, and if you could go there for a while—"

But forward sprang GARDNER, and says he:

"But, sir—if you would like to run down to Cape May, you will find my hotel—the Stockton House—" And here Mr. P. interrupted.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I would not have you quarrel, and you shan't split on my rocks. Good evening to you all," and he drove directly to General GRANT's thirty-two thousand dollar cottage in the Park. GRANT was not there yet, but Mr. P. did not expect that he was. There being a butler and some cooks on hand, Mr. P. considered them sufficient, and had his baggage taken right up to the second story back room.

The butler looked a little astonished at first, but when Mr. P. explained about the hotel, and how he didn't want to go about any more—for from riding in the salt evening air he had already got a little hoarse—the man brightened up immediately.

"Oh, a little horse!" said he. "If that's what you come about, you'll be welcome here. The General isn't here yet, but till he comes, the rooms is yours."

And they were!

If any one feels inclined to follow Mr. P.'s example, he begs to recommend the President's "Old Yaras,"—the hind box on the top shelf of the library closet.

The next morning, Mr. P. wandered on the sands. Fond memories flocked around him, as he stood gazing on the corruscating waves.

But they were mostly memories of sheepsheads and flanneled bathers, and 'tis not for these that the poet gazes into the emerald depths, whence the pearly scum, like tears of mermaids—Ah! Mermaids! Mr. P. had never seen a mermaid. These were not among his memories. He deeply woulded that he could—and lo! he did! The creature came



gliding to his very feet, and he had barely time to bound back before she reached the shore. Shaking the water from her spectacles, she came up, and stood before him.

'Twas SUSAN B. ANTHONY.

"How do, PUNCHY?" said she; "I've left the *Revolution*. Yes, left it now, and we've got a new editor, and she's beautiful and don't charge a cent."

"Why, that's like me!" said Mr. P.

"Oh, PUNCHY!" said the gentle SUSAN, wringing the water out of her flannel skirts, "none of your joking here. Come, take my arm."

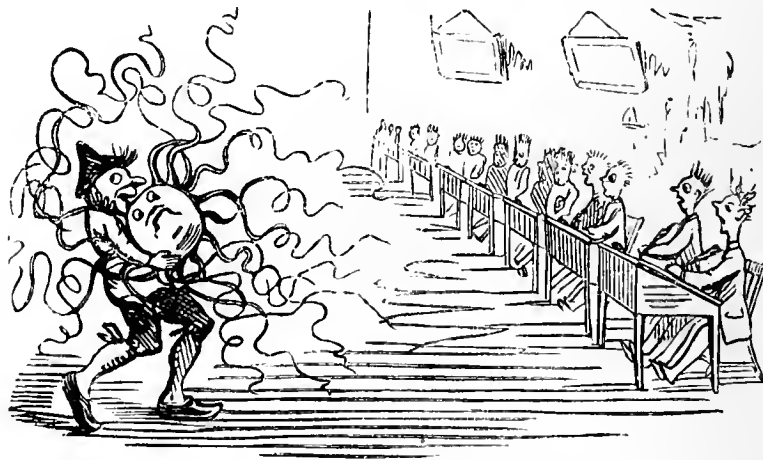
Here Mr. P. drew back in apprehension.

"Why, what's the matter?" said SUSAN. "Are you afraid of a little water, and you a man, too? See me! I'm as wet as sop. Don't keep me waiting here, now, or I'll feel like saying 'Damn' again, and that sort of thing won't do too often. I want you to come along with me up to LESTER WALLACK's place—the 'Hut,' you know. I'm stopping with him. It's two or three hours yet before lunch-time, and we can have a good talk."

Just at this minute Mr. PUNCHINELLO saw a sea-gull skimming past, and he said he would like to catch it and give it to LESTER for his menagerie. So he hurried after it.



The next day, Mr. P. went out fishing. He hired a boat, and a man to sail it, and while the man was getting ready to put off, Mr. P. took his seat in the bow and began to fix his lines. He always likes to sit in the bow. The tiller don't knock him so often in the back, and the boom don't bother his head so much. What he particularly wanted was to catch a devil-fish! He thought to himself what a splendid thing it would be to catch one of the big, VICTOR HUGO kind, and to take it home with him to Nassau street! Wouldn't all his editors jump, when they saw him come into the office with that! And he would get STEPHENS to draw it for the paper.



STEPHENS has drawn nearly everything on earth, but Mr. P. did not believe that he ever drew a devil-fish. Not from life, anyway.

As they sailed out to sea, Mr. P.'s heart beat faster, and his brain throbbed with delight as he thought of his great possible triumph.

He fished for two hours and never got a bite. There was too much talking at the stern. Mr. P. looked around, and there were three men there, beside the sailor-man! "Confound it!" thought Mr. P.; "they must have got on while I was fixing my lines, before we started." After this wise reflection, he objurgated the sailor-man, but the latter wanted to know if he wasn't to make any profit out of his stern and his midships, as well as his bow, and he objurgated back with such force that Mr. P. gave him no further attention, but, turning to the interlopers, he said:

"I'm not so much surprised to see you, Mr. DELANO, for if any man in the country pushes himself and his hirelings where neither he nor they are wanted, it's you; but why you, HORACE GREELEY, and you, JIMMY HAGGARTY, should be here, I'm sure I don't know."

"Oh, we're all in the same boat, PUNCHY, said DELANO, knocking off his ashes to the windward of the Philosopher.

"That's a lie," remarked HORACE, rubbing the ashes deeper into his eyes with his handkerchief.

J. HAGGARTY grunted at this emphatic denial of such a self-evident proposition, and DELANO went on to say, "Yes, we're all alike"—all 'going through' our fellow-men. I with my assessors and collectors; HORACE with his protection schemes, and JIMMY, there, with his nimble fingers."

"That's so," said the good JAMES, and he shifted his quid.

The sailor-man, who had been objugating straight ahead all this time, now weighed anchor and put the boat in towards shore. Silence fell upon the company. They seemed very shy of each other, and did not amalgamate at all. Mr. P. went out to the extreme end of the bowsprit and gazed down into the deep blue sea, wondering whether its color was really due to excess of salt, or the presence of cuprate of ammonia. HORACE climbed to the top of the mast, where he sat sadly, observing the swindling waves, which came all the way from Europe, and didn't pay a cent of tax when they landed. Mr. HAGGARTY went to the stern, where he employed his time in cleaning out the sailor-man's pockets, while DELANO dived into the hold, to see if he couldn't find an old worm-box, or a rope's-end, which had no revenue stamp upon them.



That evening Mr. P. strolled up to the *Pavilion*, and Governor MORRIS told him all the news. When he heard that the Prince ERBE, of the Heavy Ninth, was coming down with his six-in-hand, (being only half his usual number of Temptations,) Mr. P. found that if he wished to shine at Long Branch, he had better keep away until he could come down with some of his pet seven-thirties in hand. So he picked up his \$8.00 valise; put on his \$9.00 hat; buttoned up his \$35.00 coat; took his \$12.00 umbrella under his arm; stuck his \$00.00 free pass in his hat-band, and went home to Nassau street.

A MARINE MIXTURE.

THERE's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip. When the Berton excursionists were taken by the Californians to the Cliff House, Mr. RICE brought out a bottle. Of course the Californians were wide awake for the drawing of the cork. "Whiskey, perhaps!" they murmured. "Brandy, possibly!" they sweetly sighed. "Rum, maybe!" they conjectured. "Schnapps, possibly," they surmised. But when Mr. RICE had drawn the cork, it was discovered that there was nothing in the bottle except a pint of salt water, taken from the Atlantic Ocean, which the bottle holder (as a rare joke) proceeded to empty into the Pacific Ocean, thus making (as he observed) "a literal blending of the waters." Very pretty, indeed; but not the sort of witticism which a dry man would be likely to appreciate—and Californians are sometimes extremely dry!

Political Economy.

EMPLOYING female clerks in the Treasury Department because they will work for small wages.

A Simple Inquiry.

MAY not a pretty actress, when playing a page part, appropriately be called a "belle boy"?

NINETY-NINE IN THE SHADE.

A Midsummer Ode.

Oh for a lodge in a garden of cucumbers!

Oh for an iceberg or two at control!

Oh for a vale which at midday the dew cumburs!

Oh for a pleasure-trip up to the Pole!

Oh for a little one-story thermometer,

With nothing but Zeros all ranged in a row!

Oh for a big, double-barrelled hygrometer,

To measure this moisture that rolls from my brow!

Oh that this cold world were twenty times colder!

(That's irony red hot it seemeth to me.)

Oh for a turn of its dreaded cold shoulder!

Oh what a comfort an ague would be!

Oh for a grotto to typify heaven,

Scooped in the rock under cataract vast!

Oh for a winter of discontent even!

Oh for wet blankets judiciously cast!

Oh for a soda-fount spouting up boldly

From every hot lamp-post against the hot sky!

Oh for proud maiden to look on me coldly,

Freezing my soul with a glance of her eye!

Then oh for a draught from a cup of "cold pizen!"

And oh for a resting-place in the cold grave!

With a bath in the Styx, where the thick shadow lies on

And deepens the chill of its dark-running wave!

BOW-WOW!

One may discern a new argument for the removal of the National Capital to St. Louis, in the Capital style of doing things in that accomplished city. Supposing you have a business, we naturally admire you as a business man, in proportion to your ingenuity in developing that business, and your energy in prosecuting it. Now this genius for business seems to characterize all grades of society in St. Louis,—even so far down as to the "City Dog-Killer." This talented functionary has so developed his art, that he is able to kill the same dog a great many times—at an average profit of twenty-five cents each execution. He has a way of stunning the beast so that for all purposes of a canine nature it is apparently quite dead. By the next day, however, the late defunct has revived sufficiently to be susceptible of another killing, which is accordingly administered, and so on, we suppose, all through the season.

The inferiority of the East, in matters of this kind, may be justly and satisfactorily inferred from the fact that in Philadelphia, lately, they attempted to execute their dogs with carbonic acid gas. When the box or tub was opened, the irrepressible spirits of the animals confined therein were perceived to be at the topmost heights of jollity, and the police were obliged to go back to first principles and shoot the exhilarated curs.

DRAINAGE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

It is generally known to the world that Chicago needs draining. In order that it may be drained, Mr. Sanitary Superintendent RAUCH has made a report which is extremely figurative and which quite bristles with the nine digits. Mr. PUNCHINELLO has read it until perfectly bewildered by the intricacy of the computations; but what he does understand is that if Chicago be not drained immediately, the amiable cholera may be expected to put in an early appearance. Mr. Superintendent RAUCH prints an aggravating table to show, by multiplication, addition, subtraction, division, and the rule of three, that if you don't drain you will have cholera, while if you do drain you will escape it. Under the circumstances, we should advise Chicago to drain.

"Let Sleeping Dogs Lie."

A RESOLUTION has been introduced into one of the Southern Legislatures, that any member sleeping during service hours shall forfeit his per diem. The trouble with our fellows at Washington is that they keep too wide awake.

CONDENSED CONGRESS.

SENATE.



ATCHING an idea, Mr. NYE objected to the bill which some wretch had introduced, to abridge the privileges of Senators under the Franking laws. He knew that it would be a fearful tax upon Senators to send the harmless necessary editions of two or three hundred thousand copies of the *Congressional Globe* to their constituents at their own expense, and of course the constituents could not be expected to pay. What would be the result? The *Globes* would accumulate in vast and useless numbers over all the land, to such an extent as to impede traffic, and they could, in that condition, kindle neither patri-

otic enthusiasm nor private fires. Somebody had suggested that these copies need not be sent. They all saw the folly of such a suggestion. True, constituents never read their speeches, but it was natural for the constituents to be gratified at having a representative thoughtful enough to tell his secretary to make out a list of eminent idiots in his district, and send them a *Globe* apiece. This secured the idiotic element, which, he was proud to say, was the chief support of his political life.

Mr. SUMNER said that a bookseller in Boston was getting out an edition of his speeches in thirty-seven volumes. He was, accordingly, quite indifferent upon the Franking privilege, since it was certain that no constituent who read one of the speeches in the book would ever yearn to read another in a newspaper, and since no constituent would ever survive the reading of the entire series thus published.

Mr. CHANDLER said he would be Frank. He always had been Frank.

It was his Franking Privilege. He was in favor of declaring a war with every nation which would not allow matter franked by Senators of this glorious Republic to pass their post-offices. He had sent copies of all his speeches to the effete and loathsome monarchs of Europe, with his frank neatly lithographed in one corner. But he had since heard that the minions of tyranny in foreign post-offices had stopped those documents, upon the paltry pretence that the postage was not paid. Thus he had been prevented from freezing the monarchical marrow and curdling the royal blood, since nobody could be expected to derive instruction or admonition from a speech which was used to feed the fire, or stuff the window, of one of his petty tools. He called upon the Senate to do him justice.

Mr. CARPENTER observed that justice would never be done to Mr. CHANDLER until the occurrence of a public execution. But still he considered that the franking privilege ought to be retained. The party that he belonged to was the party of intelligence. Strange as this might seem, it was true, and it was also true that, in spite of their intelligence, they would read his speeches. Let the Senate have pity upon these misguided, but not wilfully wicked men.

HOUSE.

Mr. BANKS said he would offer a few observations upon Cuba.

The Speaker (who is coming out very strong as a comic presiding officer,) said he would rather see BANKS square a circle than a Cuba root. (He meant a cigar.) This sally was greeted with sickly smiles by the members who wanted the floor.

Mr. BANKS went on to say that our course towards Cuba was not what was due to her.

The Speaker begged to correct Mr. BANKS. His nautical friends assured him that our course towards Cuba was due South to her.

Mr. BUTLER. This is bosh. Let us annex San Domingo. Nobody does anything for another country without bonds—BANKS had Cuban bonds—he had the bonds of San Domingo. Annex San Domingo, or else give him San Domingo.

The Comic Speaker said BUTLER ought to be put under bonds to keep the peace. But perhaps it was superfluous, inasmuch as he always kept a large piece anyhow.

The House, at this, put crape on its left arm and adjourned.

COMIC ZOOLOGY.

Genus, *Falco*. Species, *Birdofreedom*.

THIS magnificent American fowl, like the more domestic weathercock, may often be seen wheeling through the air on the approach of a storm, and exhibits unmistakable signs of exultation when it is going to thunder. It is not a bird of song, but is unsurpassed as a screamer. To the common Kite, a plebeian member of the genus, has been ascribed an attribute which in fact belongs exclusively to this Banner species. The Kite, according to Dr. FRANKLIN, draws the lightning from the clouds, but this, in reality, is the proud prerogative of the Great American Eagle, the noblest of the falcon tribe, which may often be seen with a sheaf of flashes in its talons, rushing through the skies as a lightning express. It feeds on all the inferior birds, but its principal food is the American Bunting, which it bears fluttering aloft in its powerful mandibles. Strange to say, its feats with the electric fluid, and its fondness for the Bunting, have not been noticed by any of the great naturalists; but as innumerable artists have depicted the bird in the very act of scattering the one and carrying off the other, the omission is not, practically, of the slightest consequence.

The habitat of the Birdofreedom was originally limited to about twelve degrees of latitude, but being like the Imperial Eagle of Italy (now extinct,) given to Roam, it has within the last fifty years greatly enlarged the area of its feeding grounds. It is now found as far North as the Border of the Arctic Sea, where it cultivates amicable relations with the hyperborean humming-bird, and Professor GRANT is at present attempting to naturalize it in Saint Domingo. The time is probably not far distant when it will prune its morning wing on the upper pole, and go to roost on the equator. It is, upon the whole, a grasping bird, and inspires the weaker tribes with terror; yet, notwithstanding its fierceness, it perches familiarly on the Arms of the American people.

Although the Birdofreedom makes a magnificent appearance at all seasons, it is in its fullest feather about the Fourth of July. Its truculent disposition is then manifested by a threatening attitude toward the Anglo-Saxon Lion, (*Leo Britannicus*,) which it has twice worsted in single combat, and to whose well-knit frame it is prepared at any moment to administer a third sockdologer.

There are many varieties of the Eagle—as the Russian and Prussian, (which, singularly enough, have two heads,) the bald Eagle, the Osprey or Sea Eagle, the Golden Eagle, &c. The Golden species was formerly quite common in the United States, but has now almost entirely disappeared. Of the smaller species of the genus *Falco*, it is only necessary to say that, like the Eagle, they are inedible. In other words, though excellent for hawking, they are too tough for spitting.

CURRENT FABLES.

The Centaur.

At one time the animals living on either side of a river which ran through the middle of a vast tract of land, supplied in profusion with everything necessary to make their lives comfortable and happy, got into a terrible conflict with each other, which was waged with great bitterness for a long time, and caused the loss of a great many lives. At last an enormous Centaur appeared, and, putting himself at the head of the animals on the colder side of the river, led them in an attack on their opponents, which was so destructive that the latter were fain to surrender and promise to live in peace under the dominion of their stronger neighbors. Then the animals that had conquered were so pleased that they met together and agreed to make the Centaur ruler over the whole land, and when he was made ruler he made a speech, and all the animals thought they were going to have peace, and everybody was happy.

But after the Centaur became ruler, and when it was too late to do any good, his subjects repented of their choice, because he grew so fat that he could hardly move himself, and became indifferent to everything but his own amusement. He made the animals bring him presents of the choicest products of the country, and those that brought presents he made rulers under him, until there were so many idle rulers that the unhappy subjects could barely get enough to eat, and became so thin and weak that other animals, of whom they had before been the envy, now pitied and despised them.

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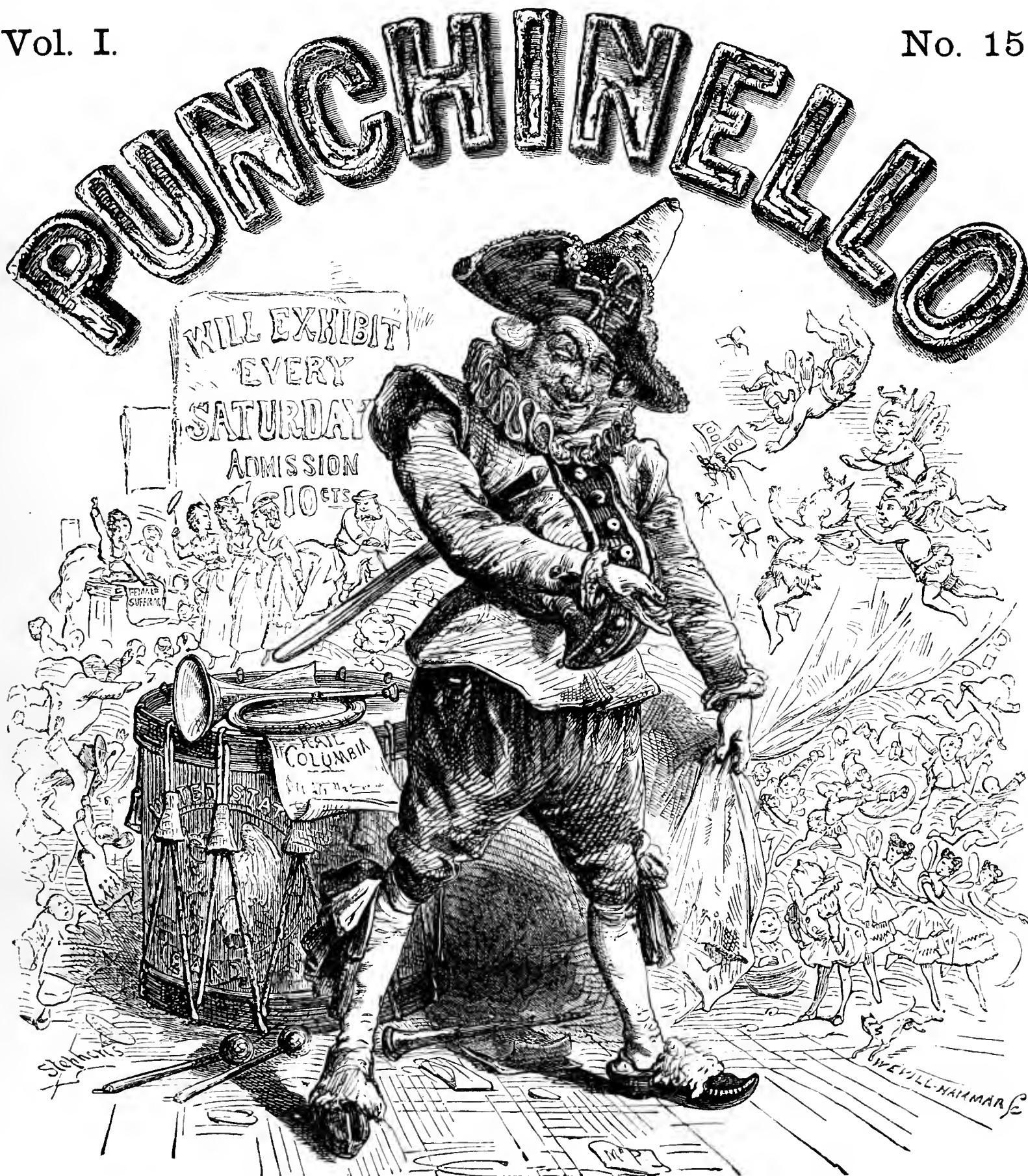
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THE MYSTERY OF MR. E. DROOD.

AN ADAPTATION.

BY ORPHEUS C. KERR.

CHAPTER IX.

BALKS IN A BRUSH.

FLORA, having no relations in the world that she knew of, had, ever since her seventh new bonnet, known no other home than Macassar Female College, in the Alms-House, and regarded Miss CAROWTHERS as her mother-in-love. Her memory of her own mother was of a lady-like person who had swiftly waisted away in the effort to be always taken for her own daughter, and was, one day, brought down-stairs, by her husband, in two pieces, from tight lacing. The sad separation (taking place just before a party of pleasure), had driven FLORA's father into a frenzy of grief for his better halves; which was augmented to brain fever by Mr. SCHENCK, who, having given a Boreal policy to deceased, felt it his duty to talk gloomily about wives who sometimes died apart after receiving unmerited cuts from their husbands, and to suggest a compromise of ten per cent. upon the amount of the policy, as a much more cheerful settlement than a coroner's inquest. FLORA's betrothal had grown out of the soothing of Mr. POTTS's last year of mental disorder by Mr. DROOD, an old partner in the grocery business, who, too, was a widower from his wife's use of arsenic and lead for her complexion. The two bereaved friends, after comparing tears and looking mournfully at each other's tongues, had talked themselves to death over the fluctuations in sugar; willing their respective children to marry in future for the sake of keeping up the controversy.

From the FLOWERPOT's first arrival at the Alms-House, her new things, engagement to be married, and stock of chocolate caramels, had won the deepest affections of her teachers and schoolmates; and, on the morning after the sectional dispute between EDWIN and MONTGOMERY, when one of the young ladies had heard of it as a profound secret, no pains were spared by the whole tender-hearted school to make her believe that neither of the young men was entirely given up yet by the consulting physicians. It was whispered, indeed, that a knife or two might have passed, and two or three guns been exchanged; but she was not to be at all worried, for persons had been known to get well with the tops of their heads off.

At an early hour, however, Miss PENDRAGON had paid a visit to her brother, in Gospeler's Gulch; and, coming back with the intelligence, that, while he had been stabbed to the heart, it was chiefly by cruel insinuations and an umbrella, was enabled to assure Miss CAROWTHERS, in confidence, that nothing eligible for publication in the New York *Sun* had really occurred. Thus, when the legal conqueror of Breachy Mr. BLODGETT entered that principal recitation-room of the Macassar, formally known as the Cackleorium, she had no difficulty in explaining away the panic.

She said that "Unfounded Rumor, Ladies, is, we all know, a descriptive phrase applied by the Associated Press to all important foreign news procured a week or two in advance of its own similar European advices, by the Press Association.* We perceive then, Ladies, (Miss JENKINS will be good enough to stop scratching her nose while I am talking,) that Unfounded Rumor sometimes means—hem!—

'The Associated Press
In bitter distress.'

In Bumsteadville, however, it has a signification more like what we should give it in relation to a statement that Senator SUMNER had delivered a Latin quotation without a speech selected for it. In this sense, Ladies, (Miss PARKINSON can scarcely be aware of how much cotton stocking can be seen when she lolls so,) the Unfounded Rumor concerning two gentlemen of different political views in this county was not correct. (Miss BABCOCK will learn four chapters in *Chronicles* by heart to-night, for making her handkerchief into a baby,) as proper inquiries have assured us that no more blood was shed than if the parties to the strife had been a Canadian and a Fenian. We will, therefore, drop

(* Oh, see here now, this is really too bad! The manner in which the great American Adapter is all the time making totally unexpected and vicious passes at the finest old cherished institutions of the age is simply frightful.—PUNCHINELLO should prevent it?—Well, PUNCHINELLO did remonstrate at an early stage of the Adaptation; and the result was, that all the finest feelings of his nature were outraged by an ensuing Chapter, in which was introduced a pauper burial-ground swarming with deceased proprietors of American *Punches*!—EDS. PUNCHINELLO.)

the subject, and enter at once upon the flowery path of the first lesson in algebra."

This explanation destroyed all the interest of a majority of the young ladies, who had anticipated a horridly delightful duel, at least; but FLORA was slightly hysterical about it, even late in the afternoon, when it was announced that her guardian had come to see her.

Mr. DIBBLE, of Gowanus, had been selected for his trust on account of his pre-eminent goodness, which, as seems to be invariably the case, was associated with an absence of personal beauty trenching upon the scarecrow. Possibly an excess of strong and disproportionate carving in nose, mouth and chin, accompanied by weak eyes and unexpectedness of forehead, may tend to make the Evil One but languid in his desire for the capture of its human exemplar. This may help account for the otherwise rather curious coincidence of frightful physiognomy and preternatural goodness in this world of sinful beauties.* Under such a theory, Mr. DIBBLE's easy means of frightening the Arch-Tempter into immediate flight, and keeping himself free from all possible incitement to be anything but good, were a face, head and neck shaped not unlike an old-fashioned water-pitcher, and a form suggestive of an obese lobster balancing on an upright horse-shoe. His nose was too high up; his mouth and chin bulged too tremendously; his neck inside a whole mainsail of shirt-collar was too much fluted, and his eyes were as much too small and oyster-like as his ears were too large and horny.

Mr. DIBBLE found his ward in Miss CAROWTHER's own private room, from which even the government mails were generally excluded; and, after saluting both ladies, and politely desiring the elder to remain present, in order to be sure that his conversation was strictly moral, the monstrous old gentleman pulled a memorandum book from his pocket and addressed himself to FLORA.

"I am a square man myself, dear kissing," he said, with much double chin in his manner, "and like to do everything on the square. I am now 'interviewing' you, and shall make notes of your answers, though not necessarily for publication. First: is your health satisfactory?"

Miss POTTS admitted that, excepting occasional attacks of insatiable longing for True Sympathy, chiefly produced by over-eating of pickles and slate-pencils to avert excessive plumpness, she could generally take pie twice without experiencing a subsequent reactionary tendency to piety and gloomy presentiments.

"Second: is your allowance of pin-money sufficient to keep you in cold cream, Berlin wool, and other necessities of life?"

The FLOWERPOT confessed that she had now and then wished herself able to buy a church and a velvet dressing-gown, (lined with cherry,) for a young clergyman with the consumption and side-whiskers; but, under common circumstances, her allowance was enough to procure all absolutely requisite Edging without running her into debt, and still leave sufficient to buy materials for any reasonable altar-cloth.

"And now, my dear," said Mr. DIBBLE, evidently glad that all the more important and serious part of the interview was over, "we come to the subject of your marriage. Mr. EDWIN has seen you here, occasionally, I suppose, and you may possibly like him well enough to accept him as a husband, if not as a friend!"

"He's such a perfectly absurd creature that I can't help liking him," returned FLORA, gravely; "but I am not certain that my utterly ridiculous deeper woman's love is entirely satisfied with the shape of his nose."

"That'll be mostly hidden by his whiskers, when they grow," observed her guardian.

"I hope they'll be bushy, with a frizzle at the ends and a bald place for his chin," said the young girl, reflectively; then suddenly asked: "If we *shouldn't* be married, would either of us have to pay anything?"

"I should say not," answered Mr. DIBBLE, "unless you sued him for breach." (Here Miss CAROWTHERS was heard to murmur "BLODGETT," and hastily took an anti-nervous pill.) "I should say that your respective parents wished you to marry only in case you should see no other persons whose noses you liked better. As on this coming Christmas you will be within a few months of your marriage, I have brought your father's will with me, with the intention of depositing it in the hands of Mr. EDWIN's trustee, Mr. BUMSTEAD—"

"Oh, leave it with EDDY, if you'll please to be so ridiculously kind," interrupted FLORA. "Mr. BUMSTEAD would certainly insist upon it that there were *two* wills, instead of one: and that would be so absurd."

(* The whole idea is nothing less than atrocious; and, in our judgment, the Adapter's actual purpose in putting it forth is to make his own superlative goodness seem proved by a logical conclusion.—EDS. PUNCHINELLO.)

"Well, well," assented Mr. DIBBLE, rising to go, "I'm a perfectly square man, even when I'm looking round, and will do as you wish. As a slight memento of my really charming visit here, might I humbly petition yonder lady to remit any little penalty that may happen to be in force just now against any lovely student of the College for eating preserves in bed, or writing notes to the Italian music teacher, who is already married, or anything of that kind?"

"FLORA," said Miss CAROWTHEES, graciously, "you may tell Miss BABCOCK, that, in consequence of your guardian's request, she will be excused from studying her Bible as a punishment."

After due acknowledgment of this favor, the good Mr. DIBBLE made his farewell bow, and went forth to the turnpike. Following that high road, he presently found himself near the side-door of the Ritualistic Church of Saint Cow's, and, while curiously watching the minor canons who were carrying in some fireworks to be used in the next day's service, was confronted by Mr. BUMSTEAD just coming out.

"Let me see you home," said Mr. BUMSTEAD, hastily holding out an arm. "I'll tell the family it's only vertigo."

"Why, nothing is the matter with me," pleaded Mr. DIBBLE. "I've only been having a talk with my ward."

"I'll bet cloves for two that she didn't say she preferred me to NED," insinuated Mr. BUMSTEAD, breathing audibly through his nose.

"Then you'll not lose," was the answer; "for she did not tell me whom she preferred to the one she wishes to marry. They never do; and sometimes it is only discovered in Indiana. You and I surrender our respective guardianships on Christmas, Mr. BUMSTEAD; until when good-bye; and be early marriage their lot!"

"Be early Divorce their lot!" said BUMSTEAD, thrusting his book of organ-music so far under his coat-flap that it stuck out at the back like a curvature of the spine.

"I said marriage," cried Mr. DIBBLE, looking back.

"I said Divorce," retorted Mr. BUMSTEAD, thoughtfully eating a clove. "Don't one generally involve the other?"

CHAPTER X.

OILING THE WHEELS.

No husband who has ever properly studied his mother-in-law can fail to be aware that woman's perception of heartless villainy and evidences of intoxication in man is often of that curiously fine order of vision which rather exceeds the best efforts of ordinary microscopes, and subjects the average human mind to considerable astonishment. The perfect ease with which she can detect murderous proclivities, Mormon instincts, and addiction to maddening liquors, in a daughter's husband—who, to the most searching inspection of everybody else, appears the most watery, hen-pecked, and generally intimidated young man of his age—is one of those common illustrations of the infallible acuteness of feminine judgment which are doing more and more, every day, to establish the positive necessity of woman's superior insight, and natural dispassionate fairness of mind, for the future wisest exercise of the elective franchise and most just administration of the highest judicial office. It may be said that the mother-in-law is the highest development of the supernaturally perceptive and positive woman, since she usually has superior opportunities to study man in all the stages from marriage to madness; but with her whole sex, particularly after certain sour turns in life, inheres an alertness of observation as to the incredible viciousness of masculine character, which nothing less than a bit of flattery or a happily equivocal reflection upon some rival sister can either divert or mislead for a moment.

"Now don't you really think, OLDY," said Gospeler SIMPSON to his mother, as he sat watching her fabrication of an immense stocking for the poor, "that Hopeless Inebriate and Midnight Assassin are a rather too severe characterization of my pupil, Mr. MONTGOMERY PENDRAGON?"

"No, I do not, OCTAVE," replied the excellent old nut-cracker of a lady, who was making the charity stocking as nearly in the shape of a hatchet as possible. "When a young man of rebel sentiments spends all his nights in drinking lemon teas, and trying to spoil other young men's clothes in throwing such teas at them, and is only to be put down by umbrellas, and comes to his homes with cloves in his clenched fists, and has headaches on the following days, he's on his way either to political office or the gallows."

"But he hasn't done so at all with s's to it," exclaimed the Reverend OCTAVIUS, exasperated by so many plurals. "He did it but once, and then he was strongly provoked. EDWIN mentioned the sharpness of his sister's nose to him, and reflected casually upon the late well-known Southern Confederacy."

"Don't tell me!" reasoned the fine old lady, holding up the stocking by its handle to see how much longer it must be to reach the wearer's waist. "I'm afraid you're a copperhead, OCTAVE."

"How you do cackle, OLDY!" said her son, who was very proud of her when she kept still. "You can't see anything good in MONTGOMERY, because, after the first seven or eight breakfasts with us, he said he was afraid that so many fishballs would make his head swim."

"My child," returned the old lady, thrusting an arm so far into the charity stocking that she seemed to have the wrong kind of blue worsted limb growing from one of her shoulders, "I have judged this dissipated young man exactly as though he were my own son-in-law, and know that he possesses an incendiary disposition. After the fireworks at Saint Cow's Church, on Saint VITUS'S Day, that devoted Ritualistic Christian, Mr. BUMSTEAD, came up to me in the porch, with his eyes nearly closed, on account of the solemnity of the occasion, and began feeling around my neck with both his hands. When I asked him to explain, he said that he only wanted to see whether my throat was cut yet, as he had heard that we kept a Southern murderer at home. He was still very pale at what had taken place in his room over night, when he finally said 'Good-day, ladies,' to me."

"MONTGOMERY is certainly attached to me, at any rate," murmured the Gospeler, reflectively, "and has made no attempt upon my life."

"That's because his sister restrains him," asserted the mother, with a fond look. "I overheard her telling him, when she was at dinner here one day, that you might be taken for a Southerner, if you only wore a dress-coat all the time and were heavily mortgaged. Withdraw her influence, and the desperate young man would tar and feather us all in our beds some night."

Falling silent after this unanswerable proof of Mr. PENDRAGON'S guilt, Mr. SIMPSON mused upon as much of the dear old nut-cracker as was not hidden by the vast charity stocking. In her ruffled cap, false front, and spectacles, she was so exactly the figure one might picture Mr. JOHN STUART MILL to be, after reading his latest literary knitting on the Revolting Injustice of Masculine Society, that the Gospeler of Saint Cow's could not help feeling how perfectly useless it was to expect her to think herself capable of error.

As, whenever the Reverend OCTAVIUS gave indication of a capacity for speechless thoughtfulness, his benignant mother at once concluded that he needed an anti-bilious pill, she now made all haste to the cupboard to procure that imitation-vegetable and a glass of water. It was the neatest, best-stored Ritualistic cupboard in Bumsteadville. Above it hung a portrait of the Pope, from which the grand old Apostolic son of an infallible dogma looked knowingly down, as though with the contents of that cupboard he could get-up such a *schema* as would be palatable to the most skeptical Bishop in all the Œcumenical Council, and of which he might justly say: Whosoever dare think that he ever tasted a better *schema*, or ever dreamed in his deepest consciousness that a better could be made, let him be anathema maranatha! A most rakish looking wooden button, noiselessly stealthily and sly, gave entrance to this treasury of dainties; and then what a rare array of disintegrated meals intoxicated the vision! There was the Athlete of the Dairy, commonly called Fresh Butter, in his gay yellow jacket, looking wore to the knife. There was turgid old Brown Sugar, who had evidently heard the advice, go to the ant, thou sluggard! and, and mistaking the last word for Sugared, was going as deliberately as possible. There was the vivacious Cheese, in the hour of its mite, clad in deep, creamy, golden hue, with delicate traceries of mould, like fairy cobwebs. The Smoked Beef, and Doughnuts, as being more sober and unemotional features of the pageant, appeared on either side the remains of a Cold Chicken, as rendering pathetic tribute to hoary age; while sturdy, reliable Hash and Fishballs reposed right and left in their mottled and rich brown coats, with a kind of complacent consciousness of having been created according to Mrs. GLASS'S standard dictum, First catch your Hair.

Gospeler SIMPSON, by natural law, alternated from this wonderful cupboard, very regularly, to another, or sister cupboard, also presided over by the good old maternal nut-cracker, wherein the energetic pill lived in its little pasteboard house next door to the crystal palace of smooth, insinuating castor oil; and passionate fiery essence of peppermint grew hot with indignation at the proximity of plebeian rhubarb and squills. In the present case he quietly took his anti-bilious globule: which, besides being a step in the direction of removing a pimple from his chin, was also intended as a kind of medical preparation for his coming services in the Ritualistic Church, where, at a certain part of the ceremonies, he was to stand on his head before the Banner of St.

Alban and balance Roman candles on his uplifted feet. When the day had nearly passed, and the Vesper hour for those services arrived, he performed them with all the less rush of blood to the head for being thus prepared; yet there was still a slight sensation of congestion, and, to get rid of this, when he stepped forth from Saint Cow's in the twilight, it was to take an evening stroll along the shore of Bumsteadville pond.

(To be Continued.)

CONDENSED CONGRESS.

SENATE.



OWN again came the furious FRANK. But not the fiery Hun. Mr. STOCKTON was Frank. He said he represented New Jersey. (Enthusiastic Groans.) The constituents of New Jersey were a peculiar people. Such was their depravity that they said they would rather have fifty per cent. taken off their taxes than to receive the speeches of their representatives in Congress free of charge. Under these circumstances they looked upon the franking privilege, he regretted to say, as a swindle, and remonstrated with him, with tears in their expressive and fish-like eyes, against being hidden by a shower of public documents.

The *Congressional Globe* made a very inferior article of lamp-lighters, and the proud pigs of New Jersey declined to fatten upon the Patent Office reports.

Mr. TIPTON was in favor of the franking privilege. What good would it do anybody if Congressmen drew postage-stamps in lieu of writing their names. As for him, he found it much easier to draw postage-stamps than to write his name, and he was sure that none of them were so lost to a sense of their own dignity as to pay their own postages, like ordinary human beings.

Mr. STEWART said certainly not. The only thing was that there would be an account kept of the number of postage-stamps they drew, but nobody knew how often a man used his frank. He himself had been censured for franking a few tons of pig-iron from Washington to Nevada. But no amount of postage-stamps would have carried it.

Mr. DRAKE referred to the darkest hour of the late war, when postage-stamps were current, and when, if the proposed changes were effected, they could have made the Post-Office department pay for their drinks. But in the present state of the South, when the Ku-Klux Klan, in spite of his most earnest endeavors, refused to kill anybody, he saw no hope that those golden hours would return. Therefore he thought it best to cleave to his frank.

HOUSE.

Mr. LOGAN desired to expel WHITEMORE permanently. WHITEMORE had really gone too far, and if they let him in people would consider that they were no better, and institute investigations of a disagreeable nature into the conduct of Congress generally. Of course the House had a right to expel him. It had a right to expel everybody but himself.

Mr. ELDRIDGE said that directly Mr. LOGAN would be claiming that he—Mr. ELDRIDGE—ought to be expelled. This would be unpleasant to him. He would not die in spring-time.

Mr. BUTLER said, in default of getting San Domingo annexed, he would like to get the patent of a friend of his in Massachusetts extended.

Mr. FARNSWORTH objected, upon the ground that Mr. BUTLER had received shekels from the patentee.

Mr. BUTLER said, if he had, he hadn't so much hair on his face as FARNSWORTH.

The Comic Speaker performed a solo on the gavel, and said it was none of FARNSWORTH's business anyhow.

Mr. FARNSWORTH said Mr. BUTLER had got \$2,000, and hadn't earned it.

Mr. BUTLER said Mr. FARNSWORTH was a coward and an assassin.

The Comic Speaker said he rather thought FARNSWORTH was a coward, but assassin was unparliamentary.

Mr. FARNSWORTH said the evidence showed that BUTLER was on one side before he got a fee, and on the other afterwards.

Mr. BUTLER said there was nothing green in his eye. As for FARNSWORTH, nobody would ever pay him \$2,000 for anything.

The Comic Speaker said that all Mr. FARNSWORTH's remarks were perfectly shocking. As for Mr. BUTLER, his conduct was admirable.

Mr. SCHENCK saw that the interest was absorbed by FARNSWORTH and BUTLER, and tried to divert it by getting up a little shindy with LOGAN. He said LOGAN wanted everything done in LOGAN's way, when notoriously everything ought to be done in SCHENCK's way.

Mr. LOGAN said SCHENCK had led the House by the nose for four weeks. Now he proposed to lead it for a few days himself—by the ear.

The Comic Speaker said he liked to see this. It made things lively for the boys. He hoped SCHENCK and LOGAN would keep on. But they didn't; and

Mr. DAWES said he had charged some time ago that the expenses of the Government had increased. He wished to take that back. It seemed there had been an error in the accounts. The Government had made a mistake against itself of seventy-six millions, and another in favor of itself of seventy-seven millions. Both added together made more than a hundred and fifty millions, which would reduce the expenses below those of the traitor, murderer, viper, and unpleasant person known as ANDREW JOHNSON.

CURRENT FABLES.

The Bulls and the Beavers.

THE Lion claimed dominion over all the beasts wherever they were found, but some of them were rebellious. Among the malcontents were the Bulls, part of whom inhabited a pasture so rich that it was called the Green Isle, while others lived in a charming country with "the best government the world ever saw," owned and occupied by the Eagles. Adjoining the latter was a colony of quiet and inoffensive Beavers. The Bulls, angry at the Beavers for their humble submission to the rule of the remote Lion, resolved to make war upon them. Accordingly, those Bulls who lived in the Land of the Eagles proceeded to invade the colony, intending to dispossess the Beavers and form a government of their own. But the Eagles had a reasonable degree of respect for the Lion, not so much on account of his individual strength, which was comparatively trivial, but because he was the ruler of all manner of beasts. So their leader, after making the second memorable speech of his life, in which he said "The Eagles is at peace with the Lion," despatched a little Eaglet to arrest the progress of the Bulls. This messenger, flying to the edge of the Beaver's colony, caught and confined in a prison the leader of the Bulls, who, as he was being conducted to jail, cried out, "Verily it is not the strength of the individual, but the number of his supporters, which is the measure of his power."

Thermometrical.

In the present torrid state of the weather, can the Oriental craftsmanship lately introduced here be properly termed Coolie labor?

Theatrical Note.

The OATES troupe now performing at the Olympic Theatre must not be confounded with the Horse Opera.

Better Late than Never.

It occurs to PUNCHINELLO, at this late day, to remark that the friends of America in England, even in the darkest hours of the rebellion, were ever disposed to look on the BRIGHT side.

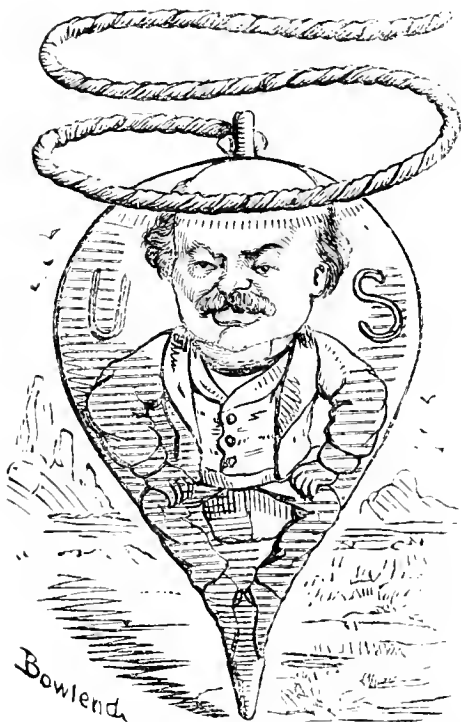
Poetry versus Prose.

A traveller, who has lately been shipwrecked on the ocean, has a notion that there is precious little poetry in being Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

The only German Poet Recognized in Wall Street.

KÖRNER.

FUN AND FIN.



INCE President GRANT's famous trouting excursion to Pennsylvania, piscatorial pastimes appear to have become quite the thing among the magnates of the Government. The following item from Washington, cut from a morning paper, reads very like a bit of gossip from the history of the Court of CHARLES II:

"General SPINNER and some of his female Treasury clerks went to the Great Falls to-day to catch black bass."

Redolent of all that is rural and sweet, is the idea of SPINNER, surrounded by a bevy of his "female Treasury clerks," reclining upon a shady rock just over the

Great Falls. We behold SPINNER, with our mind's eye, "fixing" a bait for one of the lovely young fisherwomen, while half a dozen of the others are engaged in fanning him and "Shoo-ing" the flies away from his expressive nose. The picture is a very pretty one, recalling to mind some brilliant pastoral by WATTEAU. There are numerous accessories arranged in the foreground, such as hampers of cold chicken pie, hams of the richest pink and yellow hues, and baskets of champagne, and it would be interesting to know who pays for all. "Spinning a minnow," as the anglers term it, for black bass, is a very appropriate pastime for SPINNER, but, for a fresh-water fisherman, there is something very Salt Lakey in that arrangement regarding the "female Treasury clerks."

"LOT" ON A LOT OF PROVERBS.

DEAR PUNCHINELLO: One of my friends, who, much to the disgust of his fellow boarders, is constantly playing an adagio movement in B flat upon a flute, (that may not be the correct musical term, but no one will ever know it unless you tell,) informs me that you are astute; another friend, who makes cigar stumps into chewing tobacco, says, you're "up to snuff." Assuming the truth of those statements, I apply to you for information. You have the ability, have you also the inclination, to aid a poor, weary mariner on the voyage of life, (in the steerage,) who has been buffeted by reason, tempest-tossed by imagination, becalmed by fancy, wrecked by stupidity, (other people's,) and is now whirling helplessly in the Maelstrom of conundrums? (If that doesn't touch your heart, then has language failed to accomplish the end for which it was designed—to deceive others.)

I'm the great American searcher after truth, and, though I've been at the bottom of every well, except the Artesian ones, I am still a searcher. Can you refuse to throw a straw to a drowning man, or a crumb to a starving fellow-creature? Knowing that you have a mammoth heart, and abundance of straw, and lots of bread, I feel that you cannot. List! oh, list! and I will my caudal appendage unfold.

Is enough as good as a feast, if the former is enough of wallowing and the latter is composed of pheasant and champagne? (i.e.: Is real pain as good as champagne?) TOM ALLEN evidently got enough in his late fight, but I'm inclined to think that he would rather strain his jaws at a feast than at a fistieuff. The Young Democracy once got enough of staying out in the cold, but, when some of them were admitted to the feast, they did not appear to be at all satisfied, but grabbed at the choicest titbits.

Is one bird in the hand worth two in the bush, if the one in the hand is the Police Board, and those in the bush are the Supervisorship and the Health Board? And suppose you've succeeded in getting your fingers on those in the bush, wouldn't you try to make a haul? Why, I can imagine a man who might have the Governor's place in hand, and yet consider one bird in the bush better, if that bird could sing an old tune called White House.

How can it be possible that this world is all a fleeting show? I've visited a great many shows, and have found that all of them are conducted on the same principle. You pay your money at the door, sit un-

disturbed through the performance, unless some junk-man should take to junketing, and get out easily, the proprietor in fact seeming rather glad to get rid of you. But when you enter the world, you pay nothing, on your way through it you pay constantly, and getting out of it—at the present prices of coffins and bombazines—is one of the most expensive things on record.

Why mustn't you look a gift horse in the mouth, if you are prudent enough to do it on the sly? Besides, don't everybody look in the horse's mouth, as soon as the giver has departed? Suppose you're patriotic, and offer your son to Uncle SAM as a gift, to use in his civil service, isn't Mr. JENCKES's bill designed as a means of looking into your son's mouth? Maybe it's to find out if he's a public cribber. What I want to know is, does this prohibition apply to donkeys?

What possible connection can there be between doing handsome and being handsome? Now there's BROWN, who persuaded me, on or about black Friday, to buy his gold at the highest figures, and thus did a very handsome thing (for himself), but he is still the ugliest looking man in our street.

If it be true, as stated in "The Gates Ajar," that there will be pianos in heaven, haven't the men who learned harp-making, on the theory that it was a permanent business, been grossly deceived, and haven't they an action for damages against somebody, if they can find out who it is?

If all the world's a stage, what are cars? I admit that all Broadway is a stage, but is it at all probable that Gov. HOFFMAN vetoed the Arcade Railroad bill on that account? Besides, if all the world's a stage, why should the men who carry passengers care about the duty on steel rails?

Is it true that a man must not laugh at his own jokes? Don't you suppose that the man who invented the *canard* about the Jews in Roumania is laughing at the squabble which he has raised between the Associated Press and the American Press Association, by means of his little joke? And don't you suppose, when the returns of the last election came in, that Mr. TWEED laughed very vigorously at his little joke, called the new election law? If Congress should keep on joking for the rest of the session, and, as a result, the Republican party should be turned out of power, don't you suppose that the members will laugh—on the other side of their mouths?

There is a certain saying, which everybody retails, about the kind of people who tell the truth. Now I always tell the truth. I'm exactly like GEORGE WASHINGTON. If I had cut down the cherry tree, and my stern parent had appeared upon the scene with a rawhide and asked me who did it, I should have instantly replied, the hatchet. But I am not a child. Can it be that I am the other thing?

Now, Mr. PUNCHINELLO, can you do those sums? I have tried them in every possible way. I have let X equal the unknown quantity, but I don't know Y. If you can solve the problems, will you send me the answers by the first post? Yours, LOT.

[Our correspondent seems to labor under the impression that we are a primary arithmetic, or a dictionary, or a conundrum book. We regret his mistake, and can simply say that we are nothing of the sort. Any reasonable conundrums, such as, How old is the world? How many individuals is Mrs. BRIGHAM YOUNG? What becomes of the Fenian money? When will Cuba be free? we would willingly answer, but our correspondent cannot expect us to solve problems which are as old as BARNUM said JOYCE HETH was. He should be able to see such things as others see them. They are the unwritten law, and PUNCHINELLO does not propose to alter them.]

CONCERNING THE METHODIST BOOK CONCERN.

'Tis well enough that GOODENOUGH
Dr. LANAHAN should teach,
That, sure enough, there's law enough
Such slanderers to reach.

But, like enough, this GOODENOUGH
Dr. LANAHAN may impeach,
And prove enough that's bad enough
To justify his speech.

Unkind.

TOODLES made a solemn vow the other day, in presence of MUGGINS, that he "would never shave until he had paid off his debts," but MUGGINS, in relating the fact, said simply that "TOODLES had concluded to wear a full beard the rest of his life."

THE POEMS OF THE CRADLE.

Old Mother Hubbard.

GENTLE READER: You have a soul for poetry. Even when an infant, and in your cradle, you had a soul for poetry. You were not aware of it at this early stage, but your mother—if you had one—was. With what fond alacrity did she hasten to your cradle-side, when some wicked little pin was trying to insinuate itself into your affections much against your inclination, and soothe you with the pleasing strains of Mother Goose. And how your eyes brightened and your little feet and hands commenced playing tag, when you heard the wonders of Mother Goose extolled in pretty verse. Ah! those were the days of romance. I will leave them now, to search for the hidden beauties of one of your childhood's melodies, the eventful career of Mother HUBBARD and her dog.

I will begin with the opening Canto of the poem, and limit myself, for the present, with detailing the beauties of its many incidents.

CANTO I.

Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the Cupboard
To get her poor dog a bone;
When she got there
The Cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog had none!

Now, Kind Reader, follow closely whilst I display the hidden beauties of Canto First. You will notice that the author, who now sleeps with the unnumbered dead—a presumption on my part—has no dedication, no introduction, no preface. He scorned a dedication, that misnomer for gratuitous advertising. He wanted no patron, no Lord or Count somebody or other, who might, perhaps, insure the sale of one more copy. No. He determined to paddle his own canoe. And he did, you bet.—He wrote no preface. What was it to the public how many ancient authors he had ransacked to obtain ideas for his poem? What was it to the public how many noble minds he had associated with him to help him in his laborious work? What would the public care about his intentions to have his book in such a form, to appear at such a date, or to be sold for such a price? What would be the use of apologizing to the public for his many weak points, when he thought that he knew more than they? On the contrary, he very naturally determined that if his Poem wasn't readable, it would not be read, and a Preface of ignorance would make the matter no better.—He kept clear of the folly of an Introduction—a something which a writer gets up just to keep his hand in, perhaps, or to tell the reader that *he* knows all about it!—The empty dishes on the banquet-board: no one cares for them.

Our felicitous Author, throwing aside all these traditional idiosyncrasies, launches boldly into the billowy sea of his idea-scattered brain,* and in his very first line gives a full, concise description of the heroine, Mrs. HUBBARD; and having finished her description, enumerates, as was meet, the peculiarities, and, I might say, dogmatic tendencies, of the hero of the tail, Herr Dog! [He (not H. D., but the Author) says "Old Mother HUBBARD."] Here is simplicity for you! Here is brevity! "Old Mother HUBBARD!" How sweetly it sounds; how nicely the words fit each other! What an immense range of thought he must have who first said "Old Mother HUBBARD." Less gifted authors of the present would rejoice exceedingly, could they do likewise. Ah!—and a spark of enthusiasm lightens up your countenance, [Highfalutin,]—they have no HUBBARD. And if they had they would commence with a minute detail of how old she was, how venerable she was, what kind of a mother she was, whose mother she was, and all about her aunt's family.

Alas! for the the fallen state of our Literature, which tells you everything, and leaves you nothing to guess at, lest you might not guess correctly. Well, as I previously observed, the author says "Old Mother HUBBARD." He must have been correct. You know how it is yourself.

This felicitous writer then proceeds, and in the next line gives vent to his pent-up feelings thusly: "Went to the Cupboard." "Went!" What a happy expression! How appropriate! Besides, it supplies a deficiency which would have occurred had it been left out. "Went!" There's Saxon for you. Our happy author, overburdened by his transcendent imagination, has not the evil propensity of thrusting upon his reader the mode of how she went; but, noble and manly as he was, he leaves it to you and to me how she went!

Here is a vast range for your imagination. Give your fancy wings. One may think she waddled; another that she rambled. One may say

she perambulated; another that she pedalated.* One may remark that she crutchalated;† but all must concede that she "went." Now whither did she "went"? Ah! methinks your brain is puzzled. Why, she "went to the Cupboard," says our author, who, perhaps, just then took a ten-cent nip. She did not go around it, or about it, or upon it, or under it. She did not let it come to her, but she went herself to the above-mentioned and fore-named Cupboard.

Now, when a woman undertakes to do a thing, she has always a reason for her undertaking; argoul, as my friend, the grave-digger, said, the heroine of this Epic must have had an object in view. Otherwise, what would take her to the Cupboard? She was evidently a strong-minded woman, and would not fritter away her valuable time for nothing. To the Cupboard she went "to get her poor dog a bone," says the author, following out the logical sequence of the plot. The hero of the tail was not in the Cupboard. Of course not. The "bone" was there. Ah! but *was* the bone there? The sequel will show.

Just imagine the mild complacency, the unutterable sympathy, the affectionate lovingness of the heroine for her hero! And with what gentle expression she speaks of him—"her poor dog." Verily, must there have been an abyss of kindly feeling in that Old Dame's large heart for her poor dog!

But alas! for human care and anxiety. Away ye smiles and hopes.

"L'homme propose, mais Dieu dispose."‡

In other words, when she got there, to the Cupboard, and peered into its dark recesses, and searched the hidden corners of its many shelves, "the Cupboard was bare."

Alack-a-day for Mr. D. ! When he saw his kind mistress toddling along to the receptacle of many a remnant of many a luxurious feast, he was, perchance, filled with affection. Melting tears came to his eyes, and poured, like a cataract, down his noble cheeks. Would it do to have his loving mistress witness the outburst of his long pent-up feelings? Alas! No. He must hide his tears. He tore his tail from the wag which was about to seize it, and gently wiped away his tears! Poor fellow! Your heart warms towards him, and you stretch out your hands to embrace him, or to kiss him for his mother, perhaps. How must the author have felt? If there was one grain of compassion in him, he would feel as I do, as you do, as we all do, and trust that the loving affection of that poor dog would be amply repaid by the promised "bone."

The decrees of Fate are inexorable, however. When she went to the Cupboard, the Cupboard was bare; had not even one bare bone, and so that poor heroic dog "had none." [Very long O.] I pity him truly, and fain would shed tears of grief over his melancholy affliction, if I wasn't so awfully warm. For was never dog so disappointed as this dog. "Nev-a-r-e, by all-l-l that's h-h-holy-y-y-e-e-e."||

Not wishing to be an unwilling witness to the sad scene which was enacted between these two loving creatures on the disappointment of their fondest hopes, I will draw the curtain, and leave them, solitary and alone—alone with themselves, and with no aching eye to witness their grief, to give vent to their heart-bursting anguish.

The author did wisely and well to close the Canto.

Let us have—a rest!

* Copyright for sale for all the States.

† Ditto.

‡ This is French—H. D.

|| Quotation from XII T.

STANDARD LITERATURE.

A writer in the *Standard*, thinking that the title Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is clumsy on account of its length, proposes that it be changed to Animalthropic Society. It is not likely that Mr. BERGH, who has some reputation for scholarship, will adopt a suggestion in which a bit of Greek is brought in "wrong end foremost," unless, indeed, his well-known partiality for the canine creature might induce him to look with favor upon a compound so manifestly of the "dog Greek" description.

Query.

MIGHT not the child's new-fangled humming-top, which is advertised to dance sixty seconds, be said to dance a minuet?

Cheerful for Shoemakers.

WESTON's great Feat.

* Original. By GUM.



OUR MUSEUM OF THE FUTURE.

Learned Professor. "THESE ARE THE RESTORED REMAINS OF A NOBLE CREATURE LONG SINCE EXTERMINATED BY THE RAVAGES OF PESTILENT INSECTS KNOWN AS POLY TICKS."

DESULTORY HINTS AND MAXIMS FOR ANGLERS.

"WHEN you see "excellent trouting in a romantic mountain district" advertised in the papers, go somewhere else.

On arriving where you have reason to believe trout exist, inquire of some rural angler which are the best brooks, and fish exclusively in those he runs down.

In making a cast, throw your line as far as you can. The biggest fish are usually obtained from the long Reaches.

Never angle under a blistering sun, nor with Spanish flies.

Keep as far as possible from the brook. If the trout see you they will connect you with the rod, in which case you will find it difficult to connect them with the line.

Many anglers fish up stream, but the surest way to secure a mess of trout is with the Current.

Take some agreeable stimulant with you to the water-side. You will find it a great assistance when Reeling in.

One of the best places for obtaining the speckled prey is under a Waterfall—but you needn't mention this fact to the ladies.

When a brook divides among the trees, angle in the main stream, not in the Branches.

In playing a trout under the willows, be very careful, or you may get Worsted among the Osiers.

When you land a two-pound trout (which you never will,) double the weight, else what's the use of having a Multiplier.

If you wish to take anything heavy you must walk right into the water. The regular Sneezers are generally caught in this way.

The experienced angler goes forth expecting nothing, and is rarely disappointed.

Superstitious Piscators have great faith in the Heavenly Signs, but often fail to find a Sign of a Fish under the fishiest sign of the Zodiac.

Avoid water-courses infested with saw-mills. These dammed streams seldom contain many trout.

To jerk a fish out of the water with a wire is even more despicable than political wire-pulling.

A rod should never consist of more than three sections, and the

angler should look well to his joints after a wetting, as they are apt to swell and stiffen in the Sockets.

Rise early if you would have good sport. Should you feel sleepy afterwards, the river has a Bed that you can easily get into.

Catching trout is strictly a summery pleasure, and when indulged in at any other season should be visited by Summary punishment.

There are numerous treatises on angling, but in "JOHN BROWN'S Tract" the youthful Piscator will find the best of Guides.

It often happens that trout do not begin to bite till late in the day, in which case it is advisable to make the most of the *commencement de la Fin*.

As the culture of fish is now engaging the attention of philanthropists, it is probable that the superior varieties will hereafter be found in Schools, where, of course, the Rod will be more profitably employed than in Whipping (under present circumstances,) "the complaining brooks that keep the meadows green."

LOVE IN A BOARDING-HOUSE.

MISS SARAH SAGOE's boarding-house—I recommend her steaks; Two plates of pudding she allows, and—oh! what buckwheat cakes! We're all so very fond of them, (we deprecate the grease,) But we'd a greater fondness for Miss SARAH SAGOE's niece.

In heavenly blue her eyes surpassed—the milk; "her teeth were pearl." That's BROWN! Poetic genius, BROWN, (devoted to that girl.) JOE TROTT to flowers took; SAWTELL and PETERS to croquet; GREEN thrumbed guitar; while as for me, I sighed and pined away.

Not one but lost his appetite—at no less price for board. Meanwhile this heartless ARABELLE, by all of us adored, Gives out that she's to marry a rich broker from New York; We heard the news at diuner—down dropped each knife and fork.

We're glad our eyes are open now, though every one's a dupe, 'Tis queer we didn't see before how she dipped up the soup; And, now I think it over, I wonder man could wish To win that hand unmerciful that so harpooned the fish.

"That vulgar girl," as JOE TROTT says, "a helpmeet fine will make"—She never failed to help herself most handsomely to steak; The pudding holds out better now that she is gone away—And it's consolation precious that I've not her board to pay.

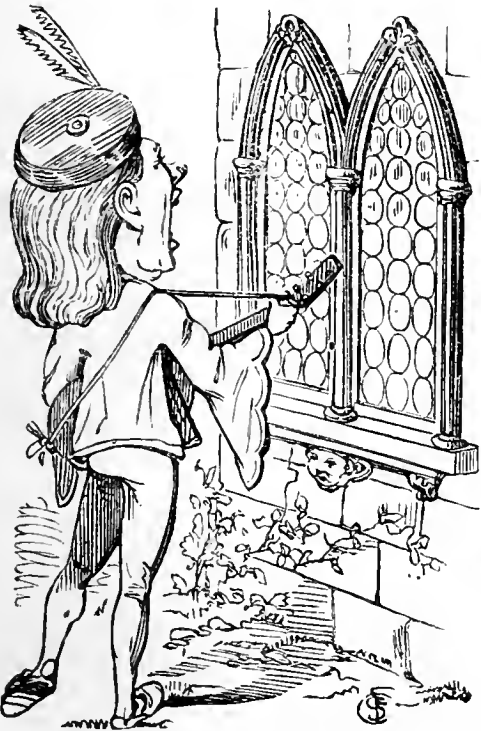


THE WEDDING RING AGAIN.

AS PUNCHINELLO WOULD HAVE IT WORN.

(Suggested by an Indignant Sister of Sorosis.)

THE PLAYS AND SHOWS.



ANAGER DALY found *Frou Frou* so popular, that he has given us a second dose of M. SARDOU's Dramatic Mixture, three times stronger than the first, and warranted to restore the moral tone of all repentant Pretty Waiter Girls. The label borne by the new Mixture is "*Fernande*," but as "*Clotilde*," and not "*Fernande*," is the principal ingredient, the name is obviously ill-selected. Though the materials were imported from the celebrated Parisian laboratory of M. SARDOU, the Mixture in its present form was prepared "*in vacuo*" by two dramatic chemists of this city, and ought properly to bear their name. As compared with *Frou Frou*, it is

much more palatable, and far more powerful, and there is no reason to suppose that it contains anything deleterious to the moral health of the play-goer. An analysis made by order of PUNCHINELLO shows that it consists of the following materials, combined in the following proportions:

ACT I.—Scene, a Gambling-House. Enter M. POMMEROL, a benevolent lawyer.

POMMEROL. "I am a lawyer with an enormous practice. Having nothing whatever to do, I came here to find FERNANDE, the pretty waiter girl. Here comes my cousin CLOTILDE. She is an angel of virtue and the mistress of my friend ANDRE. What can she want here?"

CLOTILDE. "My carriage has just run over a young girl, who lives here. As the horses trampled upon her for some time, I came to see if she had sustained any inconvenience."

POMMEROL. "CLOTILDE, this girl is named FERNANDE. She is as bad as she can well be, therefore I implore you to take her home with you and adopt her. Will you do it?"

CLOTILDE. Of course I will. Who could refuse such a trifling request! But look, here come the people of the house."

Enter various gamblers and disreputable women, who conduct themselves with appropriate freedom from the restraints of conventionality. FERNANDE, who is too lachrymose to be a cheerful feature, is wisely placed on guard at the outer door. The company proceed to play at *faro*, the bank being the loser. There is a false alarm of police, and the game is suddenly stopped. The Banker, being naturally indignant, attempts to relieve his mind by punching FERNANDE's head. Heroic interference by POMMEROL, and consequent tableau. Curtain.

SATIRICAL PERSON, to one of the ushers. "Will you tell me what street this house is in?"

USHER. "Twenty-fourth street, sir."

SATIRICAL PERSON. "All right. You see I came up in a University Place car, and I was beginning to think, after having seen that last scene, that I had made a mistake, and gone down town instead of up town."

RESPECTABLE LADY, to female friend. "Isn't it shockingly improper! But then it is so interesting, and it is really one's duty to know how those creatures conduct themselves when they are at home."

ACT II.—Scene, CLOTILDE's Garden. CLOTILDE soliloquizes as follows:

CLOTILDE. "I have adopted FERNANDE and shall call her MARGUERITE. ANDRE has deceived me, and I will test his love at once. (Enter ANDRE.)

CLOTILDE. "ANDRE, I think we have made a mistake in fancying ourselves in love. Would you like to leave me?"

ANDRE. "My dearest friend, I really think I should. You see I have just fallen in love with an innocent little angel. By Jove! there she is. Tell me her name."

CLOTILDE. "That is MARGUERITE, a protégé of mine." You shall marry her. Go and make love to her." (He goes.)

CLOTILDE. "The base wretch deserts me. I will proceed to become a tigress. I will marry him to FERNANDE, and then tell him what a base wretch she is. We'll see how he will like that. He thinks her innocent!

Ha! ha! (Aside.—On reflection she is innocent according to this version of the play; but SARDOU told the truth about her, and I will act on the supposition that she is a wretch.) That will be a fit revenge, and I can't do better than rave about it for a while." (Raves accordingly until the curtain falls.)

COLD-BLOODED CRITIC. "I have never seen a finer piece of acting than that of Miss MORANT in the last scene. But then her revenge becomes absurd when you reflect that FERNANDE is just what ANDRE fancies her, an innocent girl. That is a fair specimen of the way in which American writers adapt French plays. They sacrifice probability to prudery."

FASHIONABLE LADY. "How sweetly penitent FERNANDE looks in her black dress. I hope she will be innocent enough to wear white in the next act. One shouldn't give way to repentance or grief for too long a time. Now when my husband died I was in the deepest grief for six months, and then slipped into half mourning so gradually that no one noticed the change."

ACT III. FERNANDE and CLOTILDE are discovered discussing the question of FERNANDE's wedding outfit.

FERNANDE. "But does ANDRE know how naughty I behaved when I was an innocent girl in a gambling-house?"

CLOTILDE. "He does, my dear, but you mustn't speak of it to him."

FERNANDE. "I will write to him then, and confess all. There isn't anything to confess, but still I am determined to confess it."

CLOTILDE. "Write if you choose. (Aside. I will put the letter in a lamp-post box, so that he will never get it. On second thought I will keep it. Some day I might want to use it.)"

FERNANDE writes the letter and CLOTILDE confiscates it. ANDRE, POMMEROL and a variety of people come and go and talk of a variety of things. Finally FERNANDE and ANDRE are led out to marriage, and the dread ceremony is perpetrated. Curtain.

The fourth act opens with a pleasant family party at the house of the newly married couple. The company play at that singular game of cards so popular on the stage, in which everybody plays out of turn, and nobody ever takes a trick. Finally they all go to bed except ANDRE, who goes to sleep in his chair, as is doubtless the custom with newly-married Frenchmen. Presently CLOTILDE enters through a secret door and wakes him up.

ANDRE. "My dear CLOTILDE, you really mustn't. Think what my wife would say. So innocent an angel would suspect there was something wrong in your visiting me at midnight."

CLOTILDE. "Base villain, you have deserted me. Now I am revenged. Your wife was once a pretty waiter-girl and her name is FERNANDE. Call her and ask her if I speak the truth." (He calls her.)

ANDRE. "Is your name FERNANDE? Ah, I see by the disorder of your back hair that CLOTILDE's story is too true. Wretched girl, why did you not tell me all before I married you?"

FERNANDE. "Spare me. I was a pretty waiter-girl, but I wrote you a letter and confessed my innocence."

(She faints on a worsted ottoman, while her husband raves like an OTTOMAN who has been worsted in a difficulty with an intruder into his harem.

Enter POMMEROL.

POMMEROL. "She speaks the truth. Here is her written confession. I took it out of CLOTILDE's pocket. I will read it." (Reads it.)

FERNANDE. "You hear it? I confessed all my innocence. If you did not get it, blame the post-office authorities, but do not throw the poker at me."

ANDRE. "FERNANDE! My love! My wife! Come back, and I will forgive your innocence!" (Tableau.) Curtain.

RESPECTABLE MATRON. "Well, I will say that of all indecent plays this is the worst. It isn't half as nice as that pretty *Frou-Frou*. The idea of that miserable ANDRE forgiving such a hussy as his wife!"

From which virtuous and venomous opinion the undersigned begs to differ. The play is simply superb, in spite of the faults of the translation. It is shocking only to the most prurient of prudes; and in point of morality is infinitely better than *Frou-Frou*. And then it is played as it ought to be. Miss MORANT is magnificent, Mr. LEWIS is immensely funny, and MESSRS. CLARKE and HASKINS are equal to whatever is required of them. If *Frou-Frou* ran a hundred nights, *Fernande* ought to run five hundred. And that it may is the sincere hope of

MATADOR.

A New Musical Sensation.

It is stated that the Oneida Indians have organized a cornet band. This new combination of Copper and brass will doubtless have a very pleasing effect.

THE WATERING PLACES.

Punchinello's Vacations.

LAST week Mr. PUNCHINELLO took a run over to Saratoga. He bought DISRAELI's new novel to read in the cars, and he very soon made up his mind that if the book correctly described the tone of society in England, it is safe to say that it is low there.

Reaching the town of merry Springs and doleful Swallows, Mr. P. went straight to the house of the good LELANDS. When he got there he was amazed—he couldn't believe that that grand palace was the old "Union." But he soon reflected that it was the fashion, now-a-days, to reconstruct old Unions of every kind, and so it wasn't so surprising to his mind after he had got through with his reflections. But he couldn't help hoping that the fellows down at Washington, who were also at work on an old Union, would turn out as good a job as the LELANDS had. As soon as he got inside, Mr. P. summoned his friend WARREN, that they might consult together about his accommodations. There were plenty of vacant rooms, but Mr. P. made up his mind that he would prefer to take one of those delightful cottages in the court-yard. One of these was so much more gorgeous than the others, that Mr. P. chose it on the spot.

"Ah!—yes—" quoth the gentle WARREN, "I should be delighted, I'm sure, but that cottage is reserved especially for the Empress EUGENIE, who, you know, is expected here daily."

"Indeed!" said Mr. P. "If she is coming so soon, I could not, of course, keep it very long. So tell me, my good friend, for what trifling sum will you let me have this cottage till the Empress comes?"

Mr. LELAND gazed earnestly at Mr. P., and asked him what he thought of the Chinese question; and whether he believed that this would be a good year for corn. Then Mr. P. struck a bargain for a back-room in the seventh story of the right-hand tower.

Early the next morning Mr. P., like a conscientious man as he is, went to drink of the waters of the place. He had a strong belief, based upon experience, that he would not fancy any of the old springs, and so he tried a new one—the "Geyser."

Mr. P. stayed a good while at the Geyser. There happened to be a young lady there who insisted upon helping him to the water with her own lily hands—the boy might dip it up, but she *must* hand it to him—and she had such a way with her that he drank fifty-one glasses. When he came back to the hotel, and the good WARREN asked him what was the matter, he merely remarked:

"I'm a quiz, LELAND. If you choose, you may call me a Guy, sir."

Mr. P. got himself analysed that day by Dr. ALLEN, and he was found to consist principally of carbonate of Lime; Silicate of Potassa; Iodide of Magnesia; and Chloride of Sodium; with a strong trace of Sulphate of Strontia.

At night, however, he was able to attend the hop in the grand saloon. For a time Mr. P. danced with one girl right along. A pretty girl she was, too, and the style of her dress showed very plainly that it was EUGENIE she was hoping to see at Saratoga, and not Madame OLLIVIER. Well, she had not danced with Mr. P. more than a couple of hours when she left him for a Pole—one of these wandering Counts that you always see at such places—a regular hop-Pole, in fact. Mr. P. got very angry at this insult, and if he had had his way he would have had the fellow partitioned off—like his beloved country. He was so wrathful, indeed, that when the hop was over he started on an Arctic expedition, but he had the same luck as KANE, HALL, and the other fellows.



He never saw that Pole.

After this, Mr. P. thought he would keep away from the ladies—but it was of no use to think. There is a *something* about Mr. PUNCHINELLO—but it matters not—suffice it to say that he went out buggy riding the next day with ANNA DICKINSON on the Lake road. The horse he drove had belonged to LEONARD JEROME—he was out of "Cash" by "Thunder," and he had sold him to the livery-man here. He was called a "two-forty," but when he began to go, Mr. P. was of the opinion that a musician would have considered his style entirely too *forte*. They had not ridden more than half way to BARHYTE'S, before Mr. P. began to feel his arm bones coming out. But the "Princess of the Platform" was delighted.

"Why, you're a capital fellow, Mr. PUNCHINELLO," she cried. "There's nothing slow or fogeyish about you. You ought to be on the *Revolution*, now that TILTON is putting live people there."

"I shall be a tiltin' myself, and on a revolution too," said Mr. P., "if this confounded horse don't slack up."

"Why, what do you mean?" said Miss D.

"I mean we shall upset," said he.

"He's got his head too much your side," screamed Miss D. "Hadn't you better pull on the left string?"

"No, I hadn't," yelled Mr. P., as the horse commenced to run.

"But I think you had," cried she. "Don't you believe that women are naturally as capable of understanding and determining what laws will be as equitable, and what measures as effective to those ends, as men?"

"No, I don't!" cried Mr. P., saving away at the horse's mouth, and beginning to make a little impression upon it.

"You should pull that left leather string!" she cried again. "Don't I know? How dare you make sex a ground of exclusion from the possession and exercise of equal rights!" and with this, she made a grab at the left rein.

It is of no use entering into further particulars of this ride. Towards evening, Mr. P. and his companion returned to Saratoga and delivered to the livery-man his equipage—that is, what was left of it.



That evening, Mr. P. was sitting in his room, very busy over a new conundrum for his paper. He had got the answer all right, but to save his life, he could not get a question to suit it. While he was thus puzzling his brains, there came a knock at the door, and to him entered the Hon. JOHN MORRISSEY.

"Good evenin', P.," says JOHN, taking, at the same time, a seat, and one of Mr. P.'s *Partagas*. "I want you to do something for me."

"And what is it?" said Mr. P., with a benevolent smile.

"Why, you see," said the Hon. JOHN, "I'm very busy just now—the commencement of the season, you know—and I would like you to serve in my place for a while."

"Why, Congress will soon adjourn now!" said Mr. P.

"Oh, yes!" said MORRISSEY, "but I'm on a committee which must serve in the recess. Me and BILL KELLEY are the two chaps appointed as a committee to weigh all the pig-iron that has been imported in the last year, and to see if the government hasn't been swindled, in either the deal or the play. Now you see that ain't in my line at all, and as soon as I heard you were here, I thought you were the man to take my place."

"I'm sorry," said Mr. P., "but really, JOHN, I haven't the time. It's a sort of committee of ways and means, isn't it?"

"Well," said JOHN, "a fellow weighs, that's true; and the whole business is mean enough. But if you can't take hold of it, we'll say no more about it. Come on down with me to my place and have some supper."

"Your place?" said Mr. P. "Have you a place here?"

"Yes, sir," said the Congressman, "a bully club-house, and it's paid for too; and if you'll come along I'll give you a hearty welcome and some good cigars—and not dime ones, either," added he, throwing away the greater part Mr. P.'s *Partaga*.

The personal property of Mr. PUNCHINELLO consisted principally of U. S. 5.20 coupon bonds of 1868; Chicago and Northwestern—preferred; Hannibal and St. Joseph—1st mortgage bonds; a heavy deposit of bullion, mostly gold bars; and Ashes in inspection ware-house, both pots and pearls.



When, early the next morning, he left the club-house of his friend, the Congressman, he was still the proud owner of his Ashes—both pots and pearls.

Saratoga is too expensive a place for a long sojourn, and Mr. P. left the next day.

COMIC ZOOLOGY.

Order, Pachydermata.—The Rhinoceros.

THERE are several species of the Rhinoceros, some of which have one horn, like a Unicorn, others two, like a Dilemma. All the varieties are as strictly vegetarian as the late SYLVESTER GRAHAM, but their fondness for a botanic diet may be ascribed to instinct, rather than reflection, as they are not ruminating animals. The most formidable of the tribe is the Black Rhinoceros of Equatorial Africa, which is particularly dangerous when it turns to Bay. Though dull of eye and ear, this ponderous beast will follow a scent with wonderful tenacity, and the promptness with which it makes its tremendous charges has earned for it, among European hunters, the sobriquet of the "Ready Rhino." The fact that the Black Rhinoceros is armed with two horns, while most of the white species have but one, may perhaps account for the greater viciousness of the former—it being generally admitted that the most ferocious of all known monsters are those which have been furnished with a plurality of horns. This is the position taken by the famous New England naturalist, NEAL DOW, in his dissertations on that destructive Eastern pachyderm, the Striped Pig, and it seems to be fully borne out by the history of the great Scriptural Decicorn, as given by the inspired Zoologist, ST. JOHN.

We learn from Sir SAMUEL BAKER and other Nimrods of the Ramrod who have hunted up the Nile, that herds of the Black Rhinoceros are pretty thickly sprinkled throughout the whole extent of the Nilotic basin, and especially near the great watershed which forms the primary source of the mysterious river. The natives of that region universally regard the creature as a Rum customer, and not having the requisite Spirit to face it boldly, they set Gins under the Tope trees, at the places where it comes to drink, and thus effect its destruction.

As the Rhinoceros, whatever its species, seeks the densest covert, and its hide is almost impenetrable, it is a difficult animal to bag. Its peltry being of about the same consistency and thickness as the vulcanized India Rubber used in cushioning billiard tables, balls often rebound from it without producing a score. This difficulty may, how-

ever, be obviated—according to Sir SAMUEL BAKER—by firing half-pound shells from the shoulder, with a rifle of proportionate size, and if the Sporting Bulletins of that enterprising traveller are not shots with the long bow, he carried the war into Africa to some purpose, not unfrequently bagging his Baker's dozen of Rhinoceroses in the course of forty-eight hours. The African and the Asiatic species bear a general resemblance to each other, although probably, if placed side by side, points of difference would be observed between them.

It is a disputed question among Biblical commentators whether the Rhinoceros or the Hippopotamus is the Behemoth of Scripture, but as the Rhinoceros feeds on furze and the Hippopotamus does not, it would seem that the terminal syllable "moth" more properly applies to the latter. As numerous fossil remains of the animal have been found from time to time in the Rhenish provinces of Germany, it is supposed by some archæologists that prior to the Noachian Deluge its principal habitat was the Valley of the Rhine, where it was known as the Rhine-horse. The "horse," it is alleged, was subsequently corrupted into "hoss," whereupon the lexicographers, uncertain which of the two renderings was the true one, called it in their vocabularies the "Rhine horse or hoss," and thence the present still more senseless corruption, "Rhinoceros." This is, of course, mere theory, but it is supported by the well authenticated parallel case of the Nylghau—more properly Nile Ghaut—which derived its name from the singular fact that it was never seen by any human being in the neighborhood of the Ghauts of the Nile. Although the Nile has such a fishy reputation that stories from that source are generally taken *cum grano salis*, or profanely characterised (see Cicero) as "*Nihil Tam incredibile*," the above statement in relation to the Nylghau will not be seriously disputed by any well informed naturalist.

The general aspect of the Rhinoceros is that of a hog in armor on a grand scale. The males of the genus are called bulls, but they are more like boars, with the tusk inverted and transferred by Rhino-plastic process to the nose. When enraged, the animal exalts its horn and trumpets like a locomotive, whereupon it is advisable to give it the right of way, as to face the music would be dangerous.

SIC SEMPER E PLURIBUS, ETC.

OH, Star-spangled Banner! once emblem of glory,
And guardian of freedom and justice and law,
How bright in the annals of war was thy story!
Sic semper e pluribus unum go brag!

Time was when the nations beheld thee and trembled,
Though now they assure us they don't care a straw
For wrath which they say is but poorly dissembled;
Sic semper e pluribus unum go brag!

They *know* our best ships are dismantled or rotten,
We know that they'll soon be abolished by law,
And FARRAGUT's triumphs are nearly forgotten;
Sic semper e pluribus unum go brag!

The soldiers whose best days were spent in our service—
Whose manhood we claimed as our right by the law,
As paupers must die, since their cost would unnerve us;
Sic semper e pluribus unum go brag!

We look for respect in the eyes of the nations,
And man our defences with soldiers of straw,
To save for vile uses their pay and their rations;
Sic semper e pluribus unum go brag!

With armies reduced, and the ghost of a navy,
Of course we must trust to our ancient *éclat*;
Economy now is the cry, we must save a
Few millions for thieves to steal—*unum go brag!*

"Sun" DANA may bluster as much as he pleases—
Our friend, Mr. FISH, is sustained by the law,
And old Mr. BENNETT just bellows to tease us;
Sic semper e pluribus unum go brag!

There's LOGAN, who once had the heart of a hero—
Alas! that same heart is now only a craw,
And its vigor has sunk away down below Zero;
Sic semper e pluribus unum go brag!

His action has sadden'd the hearts of more freemen
Than fought under GRANT in defence of the law;
Well—well—never mind—we can boast of our women;
Sic semper e pluribus unum go brag!

The people may some day awake to the notion
That statesmen can tamper too much with the law,
And send them to regions less genial than Goshen;
Sic semper e pluribus unum go brag!



OUR NURSERY-MAIDS.

Julia. (Who has been cautioned not to leave the private park on any account.) "WHICH WAY NOW, MARY ANN?"

Mary Ann. "TO THE MILLINER'S. AND YOU?"

Julia. "TO THE DRESSMAKER'S."

Duet. "OH, WHAT BOTHERS CHILDREN IS!"

ON CATS.

SOME cats are black, some brown, some white, some "arf and arf."

Some cats are gentle, and require a good deal of pinching and "wor-riting" to bring them to the scratch, like some persons, who require to get their dander up before they'll show fight.

Other cats, however, are very vicious. These, from their spitting proclivities, might be called Spitfires. I dare say this regards black cats most, whose backs, when rubbed in the dark, are seen to emit sparks.

A cat that is good at the spitting business, and well up in the trade, can do a smart thing or two in the defensive line—as when confronted by a dog, for instance. If the feline can only keep up a vigorous and well directed spitting, the canine is almost sure to retreat, with his tail between his legs, (if it is not too short to get there.)

Cats are generally considered rat and mouse destroyers. I dare say they are, though the two I once kept (I drowned them in the cistern) were more notorious as crockery destroyers than anything else. I thought, on the whole, that they exterminated more raw beef than rats and mice, so I consigned them to a watery grave.

It was a good thing for WHITTINGTON that there are such things as mice, and cats (if they are not too fat) to destroy them. His cat was truly worth its weight in gold to him. Such a cat should have been embalmed for the benefit of posterity. It must have been a noble sight to see the feline banquetting on the dainty joints of the *mus* in the Fejee palace, and WHITTINGTON getting a bag of gold for each victim his follower devoured. Honor to WHITTINGTON and his Cat!

Cats are very fond of birds—when they can get 'em, "otherwise not." To see a cat watching a bird, you would think there was some magnetic attraction in the love line between them. There may be, *before hand*. But let the cat once touch its sought-for, and I assure you there is no love lost. By some accident or other, the little birdie goes down Grimalkin's throat.

A cat has nine lives, we are told; something like old METHUSELAN, who, they declare, got so tired of living that he had to die to get some relief. I know some ladies who would like to borrow a life or two from the cat, especially those on the wrong side of the line, as regards thirty. Owing to the nine lives, a cat may be jerked about pretty promiscuously

from third story windows, *et cetera*. They have a knack of falling on their feet, which a good many BLONDINS would like to have—especially when a rope breaks, and when they "a kind of" forget that "Pride must have a fall."

Such are a few remarks on Cats of every description. As this ain't a Prize Essay, I don't give the different species, which are as numerous as the hairs of my head, and these are now pretty numerous, as I am not particular about cutting them. BILL BISCAY.

"Dy(e)ing and Scouring Done Here."

A CORRESPONDENT of one of the daily papers, writing from Athens, on the subject of the brigandage outrages lately perpetrated in Greece, says that "the Kingdom is scoured by soldiers."

That's right. It has long been a very dirty little Kingdom, and a good scouring by soldiers is the only thing to obliterate the numerous Greece spots with which it has been tarnished.

NOW'S YOUR CHANCE.

THE attention of the New York daily newspapers is called to the fact that the mosquitoes down in Maine this season are uncommonly large and extremely numerous. Now, it is well known that fleas can be trained to do (upon a small scale) many things usually done by human beings; and why may not the very largest of the mosquitoes be educated to manage the daily newspapers?

How beautifully would they buzz! how venomously would they bite! how remorselessly would POTT, (of *The Independent*,) let loose his insect champions upon SLURK, of *The Gazette*!

P. S. Mr. PUNCHINELLO begs leave to observe that no allusion is here intended to Mr. TILTON's *Independent*, which is extremely well supplied with mosquitoes already.

OUR PORTFOLIO.

ONE of the most heart-rending elopements on record is that of MORDECAI SKAGGS, an Indianian by birth, but a Chicagoan by adoption, who left a legitimate spouse at Owen, Spencer County, Indiana, and fled with a beautiful "affinity" toward the "Lake City." The deserted wife, like a pursuing Nemesis, "went for him." She tracked him from stage to stage of his journey, and finally overtook the fugitive, but not before he had "consummated marriage a second time."

When found, she did not pause "to make a note" of MORDECAI, but seized him by the beard, very much as OTHELLO did the "uncircumcised Jew;" yet, not caring to slay him outright, she exploded a pitcher of ice-water upon his heated brow, and while still clasping his dishevelled locks pelted the supposed guilty partner of his flight with the fragments of the broken vessel. But the chief shock of this disaster, to the unfortunate SKAGGS, occurred in the interval of a brief cessation of hostilities, when the enraged wife demanded to know of the other woman why she had thus outraged the sanctity of her domestic altars, and the "other woman" explained that the too seductive SKAGGS had represented himself as a single man. Thereupon the two joined forces, and set upon MORDECAI; pulling his hair out by the roots; scarifying his manly phiz with their delicate claws; and so marring and disfiguring this "double-breasted" deceiver that not even the penetration of the maternal eye could discover in that battered carcass the once familiar lineaments of a beloved son.

The thought suggested to PUNCHINELLO by this catastrophe is whether we may not safely leave the iniquity of Western divorce law to work out its own salvation, when it provokes the use of such weapons, and makes it possible for the penalty to follow so closely upon the heels of crime.

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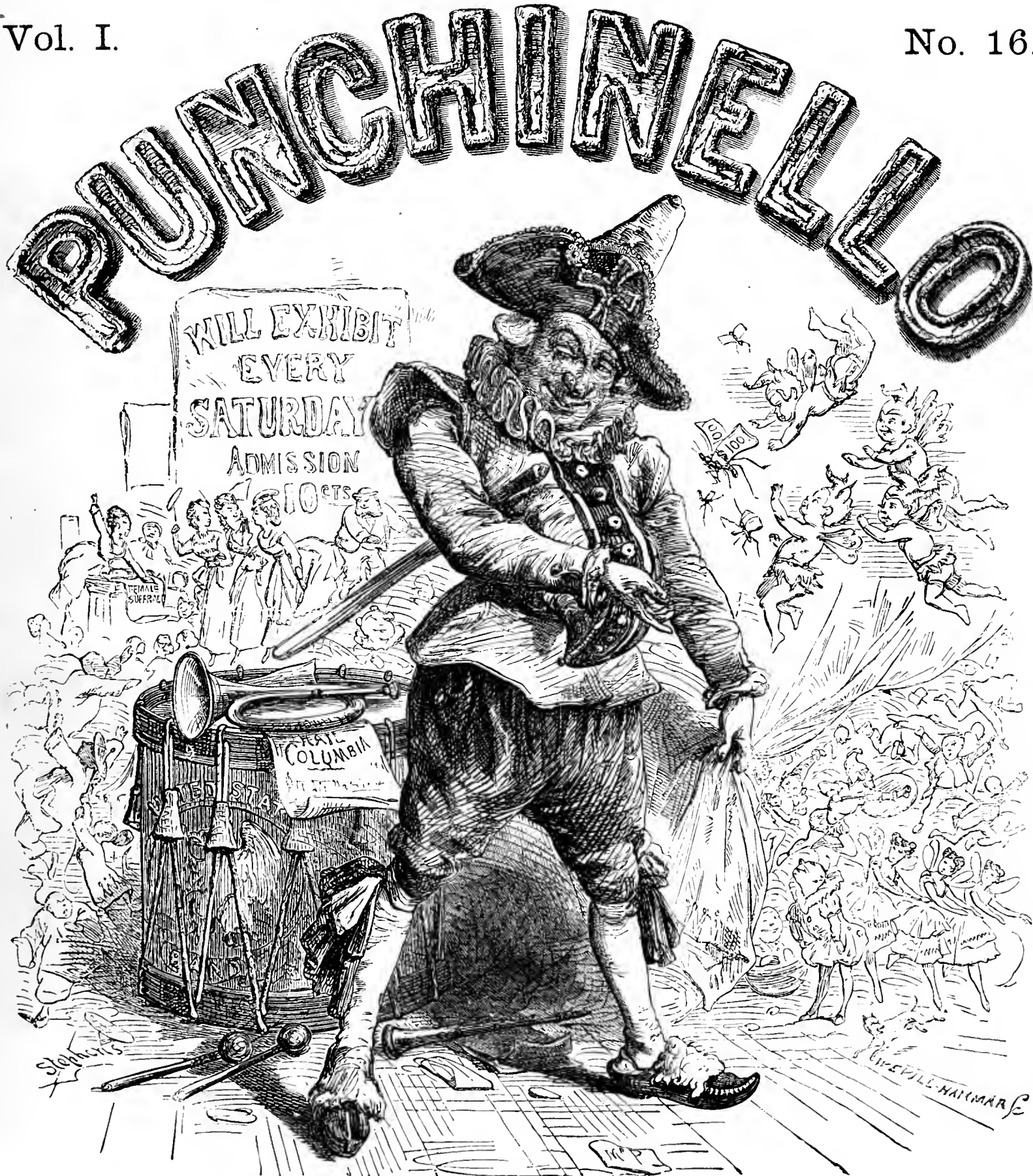
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THE
MYSTERY OF MR. E. DROOD.

AN ADAPTATION.

BY ORPHEUS C. KERR.

CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

The Pond at Bumsteadville is sufficiently near the turnpike to be readily reached from the latter, and, if mentioned in the advertisement of a summer boarding-house, would be called Lake Duckingham, on account of the fashionable ducks resorting thither for bathing and flirtation in the season. When July's sun turns its tranquil mirror to hues of amber and gold, the slender mosquito sings Hum, sweet Hum, along its margin; and when Autumn hangs his livery of motley on the trees, the glassy surface breathes out a mist wherefrom arises a spectre, with one hand of ice and the other of flame, to scatter Chills and Fever. Strolling beside this picturesque watering-place in the dusk, the Gospeler suddenly caught the clatter of a female voice, and, in a moment, came face to face with MONTGOMERY and MAGNOLIA PENDRAGON.

"A cold and frog-like place, this, for a lady's walk, Miss PENDRAGON," he said, hastily swallowing a bronchial troche to neutralize the damp air admitted in speaking. "I hope you have on your overshoes."

"My sister brings me here," explained the brother, "so that her constant talking to me may not cause other people's heads to pain them."

"I believe," continued the Reverend OCTAVIUS, walking slowly on with them, "I believe, Mr. PENDRAGON, your sister finds out from you everything that you learn, or say, or do?"

"Everything," assented the young man, who seemed greatly exhausted. "She averages one question a minute."

"Consequently," went on Mr. SIMPSON, "she knows that I have advised you to make some kind of apology to EDWIN DROOD, for the editorial remarks passing between you on a certain important occasion?" He looked at the sister as he spoke, and took that opportunity to quickly swallow a quinine powder as a protection from the chills.

"My brother, sir," said MAGNOLIA, "because, like the Lesbian Alcæus, fighting for the liberty of his native Mitylene, he has sympathized with his native South, finds himself treated by Mr. DROOD with a lack of magnanimity of which even the renegade PITTACUS would have been ashamed."

"But even at that," returned the Gospeler, much educated by her remark, "would it not be better for us all, to have this hapless misunderstanding manfully explained away, and a reconciliation achieved?"

"Did ÆSCHYLUS explain to the Areopagus, after he had been unjustly abused?" asked the young female student, eagerly. "Or did he, rather, nobly prefer to remain silent, even until AMEINIAS reminded his prejudiced Yankee judges that he had fought at Salamis?"

"Dear me," ejaculated the Gospeler, gasping, "I only meant—"

"I defend my brother," continued MAGNOLIA, passionately, "as in the Antigone of SOPHOCLES, ELECTRA defends ORESTES; and even if he has no PYLADES, he shall still be not without a friend in the habitation of the Pylopidæ."

"Upon my soul!" murmured the Reverend Mr. SIMPSON, "this is a dreadful state of things."

"I may as well confess to you, sir," said MONTGOMERY, temporarily removing his fingers from his ears, "that I admire Miss POTTS as much as I'm down on DROOD."

"He admires her," struck in his sister, "as ALCMAN, of Sardis, admired MEGALOSTRATA; and, in her betrothal to a Yankee, sees another SAPPHO matrimonially sacrificed to another CERCOLAS of Andros."

"Mr. PENDRAGON," panted the Gospeler, "you must give up this infatuation. The Flowerpot is engaged to another, and you have no business to express such sentiments for another's bride until after she is married. Eloquently as your sister—"

"I pretend to be no MYRTIS, in genius," continued MAGNOLIA, humbly. "I am not an ERINNA, an AMYTE, a PRAXILLA, or a NOSSIS; but all that is intellectually repugnant within me is stirred by this treatment of my brother, who is no PHILODEMUS to find in Mr. DROOD his PRISO; and sometimes I feel as though, like another SIMONIDES, I could fly with him from this inhospitable Northern house of SCOPAS, to the refuge of some more generous DIOSCURI. In the present macrocosm, to which we have come from our former home's microcosm, my brother is persistently maligned, even by Mr. BUMSTEAD, who may yet, if I am any judge, meet

the fate of ANACREON, as recorded by SINDAS; though, in his case, the choking will not be accomplished by a grape-stone, but by a clove."

"Well, well," said the Reverend OCTAVIUS, in a faint voice, "I shall expect you to at least meet EDWIN DROOD half-way in a reconciliation, Mr. PENDRAGON, for your own sake. I will see that he makes the first advance."

"Generous and dear tutor!" exclaimed MONTGOMERY, "I will do anything, with you for my guide."

"Follow your guide penitently, brother," cried his sister, pathetically, "and you will find in him a relenting—POLYNICUS. Whatever we may feel towards others," she added, catching and kissing the overpowered Gospeler's hand, as they parted company, "you shall ever be our chosen, trusted and only PSYCHOPOMPOS." *

Holding his throbbing head with both his hands, as he walked feebly homeward, the worn-out Gospeler noticed a light streaming from Mr. BUMSTEAD'S window; and, inspired by a sudden impulse, entered the boarding-house and ascended straightway to the Ritualistic organist's rooms. BUMSTEAD was asleep upon the rug before the fire, with his faithful umbrella under his arm, when Mr. SIMPSON, after vainly knocking, opened the door; and never could the Gospeler forget how, upon being addressed, the sleeper started wildly up, made a futile pass at him with the umbrella, took a prolonged and staring drink from a pitcher of water on the table, and hurriedly ate a number of cloves from a saucer near an empty lemon-tea goblet over the mantel.

"Why, it's only I," explained the Reverend OCTAVIUS, rather alarmed by the glare with which he was regarded.

"Sit down, my friends," said Mr. BUMSTEAD, huskily; himself taking a seat upon a coal-scuttle near at hand, with considerable violence. "I'm glad you aroused me from a dreadful dream of reptiles. 'I sh'pose you want me to see you home, sir?'"

"Not at all," was the Gospeler's answer. "In fact, Mr. BUMSTEAD, I am anxious to bring about a reconciliation between these two young men. Let us have peace."

"If you want to let's have peash," observed the other, rather vaguely, "why don't you go fishing whenever there's any fighting talk, shir! Such a course is not, you'll Grant, unpresidented."

"I believe," said Mr. SIMPSON, waiving the suggestion, "that you entertain no favorable opinion of young PENDRAGON!"

Reaching to a book on the table, and, after various airy failures, laying hold upon it, Mr. BUMSTEAD answered: "This is my Diary, gentlemen; to be presented to Mrs. STOWE, when I'm no more, for a memoir. You, being two clergymen, wouldn't care to read it. Here's my entry on the night of the caucus in this room. Lish'n now: 'Half-pash Ten.—Considering the Democratic sentiments of the MONTGOMERIES PENDRAGONS, and their evident disinclination to vote the Republican Ticket, I b'lieve them capable of any crime. If they should kill my two nephews, it would be no hic-straordinary sh'prise. Have just been in to look at my nephews asleep, to make sure that the PENDRAGONS have put no snakes in their bed.' Thash is *one* entry," continued Mr. BUMSTEAD, momentarily pausing to make a blow with the fire-shovel at some imaginary creature crawling across the rug. "Here's another, written next morning after cloves: 'My nephews have gone to New York together this A.M. They laughed when I cautioned them against the MONTGOMERIES, and said they didn't see it. I am still very uneasy, however, and have hurriedly pulled off my boots to kill the reptiles in them. How's this for high?' Mr. BUMSTEAD fell into a doze for an instant, and then added: 'I see the name 'J. BUMSTEAD' signed to this. Who's he?—Oh! i'mushbe myself.'"

"Well, well," commented the slightly astonished Gospeler, "whatever my be your private opinions, I ask you, as a matter of evident public propriety, and for the good of everybody, to soften Mr. DROOD toward Mr. PENDRAGON, as I have already softened Mr. PENDRAGON toward Mr. DROOD. You and I must put an end to this foolish quarrel."

"Thashis so," said Mr. BUMSTEAD, with sudden assent, laboriously gaining his feet to bid his guest good-bye, and rather absent-mindedly opening the umbrella over his head as he fumbled for the knob of the door. "You and I musht reconcile these four young men. Gooright, shir. Take a little soda-water in the morning and you'll be auright, shir."

On the third day after this interview, Mr. BUMSTEAD waited upon Mr. SIMPSON with the following note, which, after searching agitatedly for

* The Adapter refers confidently to any Southern female novel of the period for proof, that sentimental Magnolian school-girls always talk, or write, everything educational, except good English, when conferring with their deafened masculine friends.

it in his hat and all his pockets, he finally found up one of his sleeves: "My dear JACK:—I am much pleased to hear of your conversation about me with that good man whom you call 'the Reverends Messieurs SIMPSON,' and shall gladly comply with his wish for a make-up between PENDRAGON and myself. Invite PENDRAGON to dinner on Christmas Eve, when only we three shall be together, and we'll shake hands. Ever, dear clove-y JACK, yours truly, EDWIN DROOD."

"You think Mr. PENDRAGON will accept, then?" said the Gospeler.

Mr. BUMSTEAD nodded darkly, shook hands, bowed to a large arm-chair for Mrs. SIMPSON, and retired with much stateliness.

CHAPTER XI.

A PICTURE AND A PARCEL.

Behind the most sample-roomey, fire-insuranceish, and express-wagonized part of Broadway, New York, yawns a venerable street called Nassau; wherein architecture is a monster of such hideous mien that to be hated needs but to be rented, and more full-grown men stare into shoe-stores and shirt-emporiums without buying anything than in any other part of the world. Near the lower end of this quaint avenue rises the Post-Office, sending aloft a wooden steeple which is the coffin of a dead clock, and looking, altogether, like some good, old-fashioned country church, which, having come to town many years ago to see its city cousins, and been discouraged by their brown-stone airs, retired, much demoralized, into a shady by-way, and there fell from grace into a kind of dissipated cross between Poor-House and railroad depot. To reach this amazing edifice, with too much haste for more than a momentary glimpse of its harrowing exterior, and to get away from it, with a speed as little complimentary to the charms of its shadow, are, apparently, the two great and exclusive objects of the thousands swarming down and up the narrow street all through a day. Some twenty odd boot-shops, all next-door-but-one to each other, startlingly alike in their despondent outer appearances, and uniformly conducted by embittered elderly men of savage aspect—seem to sue in vain from year to year for at least one customer; and as many other melancholy dens for the sale of exactly the things no one but a madman would want to buy while on his way to a Post-Office, or from it, appear to wait as hopelessly for the first purchaser. There are, too, no end of open-air dealers in such curious postal incidentals as ghastly apples, insulting neck-ties, and impracticable pocket-combs; to whom, possibly, an unwholesome errand boy may be seen applying for a bargain about once in the lifetime of an ordinary *habitué* of the street, but whose general wares were never seen selling to the extent of four shillings by any living observer. Still, with an affront to human credulity of which only newspapers are capable, it has been declared, in print, that there are bootmakers and apple-women of Nassau who continually buy choice up-town corner-lots with their profits; and, if it may be therefrom inferred that the other trades of the street do as incredibly well, it were wise, perhaps, to be further convinced that people have a well-established habit of stealthily laying in their new raiment, fruit, and toilet articles while going for their business-mails, and at once relinquish all earthly confidence in the senses obstinately refuting the theory.

About half-way between end and end of Nassau street stands a row of what were modest dwelling-houses in the remote days when the city was under the rule of the Americans, but are now only so many floors of law offices. Who owns them is not known; for proprietors of real-estate in this extraordinary highway of antiquity are never mentioned in public like owners in any other street; but they are shabby, dreary, hopeless-looking old piles, suggestive of having, perhaps, been hurried and tumbled through musty law-suits scores of times, and occupied at last by the robber Law itself for costs. On a certain dark, foggy afternoon in December, one of the seediest of the fallen brick brotherhood presented a particularly dingy appearance, as the gas-lights necessitated by the premature gloom of the hour gleamed dimly through a blearing window-pane here and there. The house still retained the narrow street-door, hall-way, and abrupt immediate stairway of its earlier days; and had, too, the old-style goodly single brown stone for a "stoop," along the front fall of which, in faded white block letters, as though originally done with a stencil-plate, appeared the strange device:

S—T—1860—X.

Whether this curious legend referred to the sweets or bitters of the tenement's various experiences; whether it meant Subjected To 1860 'Xecutions, or Sacrificed to 1860 'Xecutors, or Sentenced to Wait e'en Sixty 'Xigencies, did not bother the head of Mr. DIBBLE, who came in from Gowanus every morning to occupy his law-office up-stairs, and was sitting thoughtfully therein, before a grate fire, on the dull, wintry afternoon in question.

Severely unostentatious was that office, with its two ink-stained desks, shelves of lettered deed-boxes, glass case of law-books in sheep, and vellum-covered reading-table in the centre of the room. Its prompt lesson for the visitor was: You are now in the Office of an old-school Constitutional Lawyer, Sir; and if you want an Absolute Divorce, Obtained for No Cause, in Any State; No Publicity; No Charges; you must step around to a certain newspaper sanctum for your witnesses, and apply to some other legal practitioner. In this establishment, sir, after you have left your measure in the shape of a retaining fee, we fit you with a suit warranted to last as long as you do. We cut your pockets to suit ourselves, but furnish you as much choler as you can stand. If you are a purse-y man the suit will have no lack of sighs for you; if you are thin, it will make your waste the greater.

Mr. DIBBLE's usual companion in this office was his clerk, BLADAMS, who generally wrote at the second desk, and, consequently, was a person of another desk-description. A politician in former days—when he was known as Mr. WILLIAM ADAMS—this clerk had aspired to office in New York, and freely spent his means to attain the same. His name, however, was too much for his fortune. Public credulity revolted from the pretence that a WILLIAM ADAMS had come from Ireland some years before, on purpose to found the family of which the later candidate of the same name claimed to be a descendant; and, after an election in which he had spent the last of his money, he was "counted out" in favor of a rather hod character named O'GLOORAL. Thus practically taught to understand the political genius of a Republic, which, as gloriously contrasted with any effete monarchy ruled by a Peerage, looks for its own governing class to the Steerage, Mr. WILLIAM ADAMS subsided impecuniously into plain BILL ADAMS and a book-keepership in dry goods; and was ultimately blurred into BLADAMS and employment as a copyist by Mr. DIBBLE, to whom his experience of spending every cent he had in the world, and getting nothing in the world for it but wrinkles, seemed felicitously legal and almost supernaturally qualifying for law-writing. BLADAMS was about forty years old, though appearing much older: with a slight cast in his left eye, a pimply pink countenance, and a circular piece of unimproved property on top of his head.

"Any news?" inquired Mr. DIBBLE, as this member of the once powerful American race entered the office and still grasped the edge of the door.

"I saw Mr. DROOD across the street just now," was the answer.

"And what did he say, BLADAMS?"

"That, in turn he'd see me across the street; and here he is," returned the clerk, advancing into the room.

"Ah, my dear Mr. EDWIN, glad to see you!" exclaimed Mr. DIBBLE, rising to his feet and turning about to greet the new comer. "Sit down by the fire; and don't mind the presence of Mr. BLADAMS, who was once a gentleman."

"Thank you, old man, I don't know but I will take a glow with you," said EDWIN, accepting a chair and throwing aside hat and overcoat.

"You're just in time to dine with me," continued the lawyer. "I'll send across to a restaurant for three stews and as many mugs of ale. We must ask Mr. BLADAMS to join us, you see; for he was once a decent man, and might not like to be sent out for oysters unless asked to take some."

"If they're the small black ones you generally treat on, I'd rather be excused," grumbled Mr. BLADAMS, involuntarily placing a hand upon his stomach, as though already paying the penalty of such bivalvular hospitality.

"Order saddle-rocks this time," was the reckless response of his employer. "Mr. EDWIN is so rarely our guest that we must do the princely. You'll tell them, BLADAMS, to send plenty of crackers, and request the waiters to keep their fingers out of the stews while bringing the latter over. I've known waiters to have their finger-nails boiled off in time, by a habit of carrying soups and stews with the ends of their digits in them."

The clerk departing to order the feast, Mr. DIBBLE renewed his attention to Mr. E. DROOD, who had already taken his ball from his pocket and was practicing against the mantel.

"I suppose you are on your way to Bumsteadville, again, Mr. EDWIN, and have called to see if I have any message for my pretty ward over there."

"That's the ticket," assented EDWIN, making a neat fly-catch.

"You're impatient to be there, of course?" assented Mr. DIBBLE, with what might have passed for an attempt at archness if he had not been so wholly devoted to squareness.

"I believe the Flowerpot is expecting me," yawned the young man.

"Do you keep plants there, Mr. EDWIN?"

"The whole thing is a regular plant, Mr. DIBBLE."

"But you spoke about a flowerpot."

EDWIN stretched his feet further toward the fire, and explained that he meant Miss POTTS. "Did she say anything to you about the PENDRAGONS, when you saw her?" he inquired.

"What *are* pendragons?" asked the lawyer, wonderingly.

"One of them is a schoolmate of hers. A girl with some style about her."

"No," said Mr. DIBBLE, "she did not.—But here comes BLADAMS."

(To be Continued.)

OUR AGRICULTURAL COLUMN.

Memorabilia of "What I Know About Farming."

To avoid the charge of plagiarism I have concluded to adopt the above, as the title of the following statistics.

Many persons have trifled with the subject of agriculture; notably among these may be mentioned the "self-made" man and the innocent who has been abroad. I propose to attack the subject seriously, and to lay before the readers of PUNCHINELLO information which will make their hair (if it be of a carrot hue,) stand on end, and will certainly appease their curiosity.

There are several ways in which agriculture may be attacked. 1st, Scientifically, (but then you are likely to get to Lie-big.) 2nd, Theologically, (and a vast deal of theology may be picked up on a well-located farm, for do we not find "sermons in stones"?) 3d, Humorously, (which is the way in which the aforesaid "self-made" man advances to it,) and 4th, Practically, (in which way, I think, that innocent gets at it.) Now, when, during the war, I was building forts at the Dry Tortugas, my overseer informed me that a fort was most easily taken when attacked on all sides, so I have concluded to pitch into agriculture from every quarter. Therefore my remarks may be considered as made in a Scientific-theological-humorous-practical sense.

Postponing a description of soils to a future time, I proceed to elucidate, first,

CORN.

Of this vegetable there are five varieties, viz.: hard corn, soft corn, chicken corn, pop corn, and Indian corn. It is a very useful production, as it affords occupation to a large number of itinerant persons, who have peculiar ways of sub-soiling it, some by a knife, some by washes, and some by plasters. This vegetable is generally planted early, (shoemakers having a monopoly of the cultivation,) and, curiously enough, the larger the crop the less the owner likes it. Rainy weather is good for this vegetable, as a damp day swells it very rapidly. It requires a deep soil, for you cannot have any corn without at least one foot, though two feet will probably produce a much larger crop.

The best treatment for hard corn is to subsoil it with a hatchet, though a little judicious paring is good; soft corn sometimes does the paring itself, though not judiciously. Soft corn is sometimes called sweet corn, on the principle, "sweet are the uses of adversity." The variety of this vegetable cultivated by roosters is called chicken corn, though no farmer can give a reason therefor, as no chicken ever had anything to do with

a shoe, unless, perhaps, "shoo-fly." Corn cultivated by an old maid is irreverently called pop-corn. Why Indian corn should differ from white corn, I have never yet been able to discover. It flourishes under the same circumstances, and requires the same kind of care, and, except in color, cannot be distinguished from the white. Probably RED CLOUD could have told us the difference, if he had been properly interviewed.

Scientifically, corn is *tumor in footibus*; theologically, it is a "condemned" nuisance; humorously, you can't plant your foot without planting corn; practically, everybody treads on it. LOT.

TO MANAGERS OF RAILROADS.

PUNCHINELLO invites the attention of managers of railroads, generally, but especially that of the President and Directors of the Morris and Essex Railroad Company, to his new Patent, Portable, Folding, Tripodular Derrick, with self-elongating extensions. The purposes to which this machine may be applied are too numerous to mention, but it will be found particularly useful for lifting up, and expelling from the cars, the heavy commuters of the railroad just referred to, who decline to pay double fare for stopping at Newark, and who sometimes even object to being ejected for non-payment of said perfectly fair fare.

In practical operation this machine is at once simple and complete. It is also refined, elevating, symmetrical, and chaste. By properly adjusting it, a railroad conductor can easily lift a recalcitrant passenger, and project him through one of the windows of the car, (provided said window is large enough to admit of such exit,) into any selected pool, or pond, or quagmire, or any other sort of mire, of the miasmatic salt meadows, with the produce of which Morris and Essex stock is so satisfactorily salted down.

Recent experiments upon pinguid and repudiating commuters, in the old way of bullying, coaxing, and "soft-sawdering," have proved to be utter failures. The united forces of a conductor and two brakemen of the Morris and Essex R. R. proved, in a late instance of a member of the Fat Men's Club, quite inadequate to the ejection of that person from the car of which he occupied a conspicuous fraction. The obese fellow declined to have his ticket punched, and defied the officers of the road to come on and punch his head. It is for the expulsion of such blisters upon the social cuticle that PUNCHINELLO's invention has been specially devised.

As it is intended solely for the use and benefit of railroad managers, no further particulars respecting it will be supplied to recalcitrant commuters unless their applications are accompanied with Four Dol-

lars, respectively—the regulated price of one year's subscription to PUNCHINELLO's witty, plastic, unrivalled, intermittent, hebdomadal publication. Should no purchase of the patent in question be made by the directory of the Morris and Essex Railroad, however, PUNCHINELLO will then meet contingencies by condensing the machine, reducing it so much in size that a commuter may easily carry one in his waistcoat pocket, to be ready, when necessary, for extracting an insolent conductor out of his boots; or, should the occasion arise, for the immediate evulsion from office of the autocratic President of the concern, himself.

Local.

THE enterprising reporter who discovered an earthquake in the eastern districts of the city, a few days since, has been obliged to employ a snake-charmer to extract from his left boot an immense anaconda that had effected a lodgement there.



FOLLOWING SUIT.—A Possible Sort of Retaliation.

"GOOD GRACIOUS, ARABELLA! DO BE CAREFUL—YOU'VE GOT YOUR FOOT ON THE GENTLEMAN'S TRAIN!"

"WELL, HOW CAN ONE HELP IT, WHEN THOSE ABSURD TRAINS ARE ALWAYS GETTING UNDER ONE'S FEET?"

THE FEMALE GENTLEMAN.

A Mournful Ballad of the Period.



A certain fair young maid,
With mind on progress bent,
Could not endure the way
Reformers mostly went.
Those rights she wished to gain,
Which SUSAN A. expects,
But still she would not lose
The softness of her sex.
If at a station she
For cars did wait in vain,
She would not stride about,
And "damn" the hapless train.

"With men I'll equal be,"
She said, "if women can;
But still I must become
A female gentleman.

Hereafter I shall try
Polite and kind to be;
And treat all gentlemen
As gentlemen treat me."

One morning, in a stage,
She rode to STEWART'S store—
A young man soon got in,
And sat down near the door.

Then, leaning towards the man,
While passengers did stare,
She smiling said, "Good sir,
Shall I pass up your fare?"



The young man started back
As if he had been shot.
Said he, "This dollar bill?
I think I'd rather not!"

The poor girl sat abashed,
While every one began
To have suspicions of
This female gentleman.

One morning, hast'ning home,
It rained—to her regret,
And just before her walked
A young man getting wet.

She stepped up to him quick,
And said, with courtesy rare,
"It's raining, sir; will you
My large umbrella share?"

The young man sprang aside,
Beneath a leaky spout;
The water from his clothes
Ran like a stream for trout.



His hand upon his watch
He clapped, and cried, "Don't stop!
Just travel on, I say,
Or I shall call a 'cop!'"

This sort of thing she tried
In many such a case;
But every time she met
Deplorable disgrace.

At last she said, "Oh, ho!
My plan it is no use;



When I politeness show
I always get abuse.
The day is yet to come
When female courtesy
Is wanted by the men;
No more of it for me!"

She straight sought SUSAN A.,
And joined her haughty clan
And tried no more to be
A female gentleman.

OUR PORTFOLIO.

DEAR PUNCHINELLO: Having been appointed by the Committee of the "American Universal Protection Society," of which you are chairman, to call upon our honored Secretary of State, with the view of obtaining protection for the interests of our merchants who are now endeavoring to create a trade in ant-eaters with the inhabitants of the Chickadiddle Islands in the South Sea, I have the honor to submit the following synopsis of what took place at the interview:

I found Mr. FISH in a state of partial exhaustion, owing to the unusual heat of the weather, and the perusal of a fresh batch of compliments forwarded to him by his particular friend in New York, the Hon. C. ANDERSON DANA.

Three negresses stood about him with palm-leaf fans, endeavoring to accelerate the movement of the atmosphere in the very close room to which the privacy of his feelings sometimes drives him. He was reclining upon a sofa when I entered, but immediately arose and motioned me to take a seat. I had scarcely occupied a comfortable looking stuffed back-piece of furniture, when a pricking sensation in the region of my coat-tails caused me to resume the perpendicular with amazing rapidity, and, upon looking down, I observed the point of a pin protruding through the cushion of the chair. The Secretary did not lose his gravity, but very heartily apologized for what he called the "little *contretemps*." The smarting sensation made me a little lax in speech, so that I did not choose my words with that regard for the majesty of a Premier which I came there at first disposed to do. He listened to my recital of the application with perfect equanimity, until I mentioned the name of PUNCHINELLO. At this point he colored slightly, bit his nether lip, and exclaimed, with evident vexation:

"What! the editor of a sheet that has dared to speak of me as a 'scaly' fellow, and hold my policy up to the laughter of the nation?"

"Pardon me, Mr. Secretary," I interposed, with all the courtesy of manner I could muster, "but I think you mistake the motive of Mr. PUNCHINELLO in applying that description to a person so august."

"Fire and fiddlesticks, sir! do you take me for a fool?"

I pressed my hand in the vicinity of the fifth rib on my left side, and solemnly asseverated that I did not.

"It makes no difference," added the great man, in an excited tone.

"I can entertain no application coming from such a quarter."

"But will you permit me to explain what Mr. PUNCHINELLO intended by the epithet 'scaly'? It was only his peculiar way of saying that an officer appointed to administer the responsible duties of your august office could not impartially do so without the 'Scales'—of Justice."

"Nonsense!" shouted the petulant old mackerel; and now I began to feel "sassy."

"But you must admit, Mr. Secretary, that there is a great deal of sense in Mr. PUNCHINELLO's nonsense. He shoots folly as it flies, and yet it's a great pity that he can't shoot all the fools."

"I am impressed with the truth of that remark, from the fact of his sending you here," was the reply, delivered with an air and tone intended to be witheringly sarcastic. That was enough for me, so I dropped my gloves (metaphorically speaking) and went for him.

"Old man!" says I, "you were lifted out of the quiet of a happy home and placed here, not so much by the act of our illustrious President as by the dispensation of a mysterious Providence. 'Way down in Skewdunk they held prayer-meetings when they heard that news, and a good many of them haven't stopped praying yet. But only last week, let me tell you, Deacon DRYSDUST wrote to General GRANT's father, saying: 'JESSE, old boy, there's no use praying for that venerable porgy any longer; he's worsen nor ever, and bound to drag LYSSSES down to the bottom with him.' The kind old man wrote back to the Deacon: 'That's so, GILL, as sure as pickled souse ain't pickled salmon.' And now, Mr. Secretary, I come to the point. What old GILL DRYSDUST and JESSE GRANT think of you is what the people think; and when PUNCHINELLO shoots at you an arrow now and then, dipped in fun, and winged with satire, he does it in no spirit of surly bitterness or spleen, but with a heart full of hope and charity, and as much as says to the people of the United States, in your hearing: 'My good friends, keep on praying for brother FISH, and don't give him up because some think him a 'scaly' fellow.'"

Thus finishing this mingled admonition and explanation, I dropped a single tear upon the figure worked in the carpet, and gloomily quitted the apartment.

The next morning I found a letter upon the table, at my lodgings, bearing the imprint of the Department of State, and couched in these terms:

DEAR SIR: Instructions have been sent from this Department to Admiral POOR, commanding U. S. Squadron in Cuban water: to extend to American merchants engaged in establishing a trade in ant-eaters with the inhabitants of the South Sea Chickadiddle Islands, every protection consistent with his remaining where he now is.

Very Respect'y,

HAMILTON FISH.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

COMIC ZOOLOGY.

Order, Reptilia. — Worms.

Worms are invertebral animals; in other words, they are backboneless, but nevertheless some of them—for example the prickly caterpillars—are full of spines. In Texas they call a chicken-snake seven feet long a worm; but it would be just as reasonable to call the Rosse Telescope an opera-glass.

The common earthworm is the most unfortunate variety of the species. Beaks are always after him, and he is often taken up early in the morning while lying perdue in the moist meadow grass. Earthworms are a good bait for trout, but the highflyers of the gentle craft consider it infra dig to dig them. Impaled on a hook, they are as lively as if on a bender, and if thrown, in this condition, into a stream or pool, the fish are apt to mistake them for their natural Grub. When quickly drawn from the liquid element by the angler, they sometimes come up with a single drop of water hanging to them, and sometimes—though more rarely—with two Gills. The question whether the hook hurts them, or only tickles till they squirm, is one of those knotty problems that physiologists have failed to solve. COWPER, the poet, had a tenderness for the earthworm. So also had IZAAK WALTON, who recommends that he be skewered "tenderly, as if you loved him."

From the cradle to the grave, and even after we are deposited in the latter, our bodies are liable to be infested with worms. There is the trichina spiralis, which really exists, although the German pork-butchers denounce the story as a "pig lie;" the ordinary intestinal worm, which disports itself, eel-like, in the Alimentary Canal; and the tape worm, of two varieties, one of which performs its circumlocutory antics in the human stomach, and the other in the government Bureaux at Washington. The worm that feeds on the cold meat of humanity, although the most insignificant of reptiles, has one attribute of Diety. It is no respecter of persons, and would as lief pick a bone in a royal vault as in POTTER's Field. All flesh is the same to it—unless saturated with carbolic acid. It is said that all living things are propagated—that the process of creation ceased ages ago; yet it is quite certain that the worms known as maggots may be created by a blow. The most detestable of all the vermicular tribe is the Worm of the Still, which is a sort of caterer for the worm which never dieth—a reptile of another sphere, that has never been described in Natural History. The only worm recognized as edible by civilized man is produced in Italy and vulgarly known as wormy-chilly. The subject is susceptible of further expansion, but having run it into the ground, we here break it off.

DUBIOUS ENGLISH.

THE Paris correspondence of one of the city dailies has the following terse, but somewhat equivocal statement:

"Another murder of a brutal character is reported."

At the first glance one is inclined to wonder who the "brutal character" was, whose violent death is thus referred to. On consideration, however, it is possible to arrive at the conclusion that no particular character is pointed at, but only a murder designated as brutal.

It is a way with newspaper correspondents to characterize some murders as brutal, with the view, probably, of distinguishing them from benignant murders, which, everybody knows, are of such frequent occurrence.



A RURAL VIEW OF THE CENSUS.

Farmer's Wife. (Who mistakes our Artist for a Census-taker.) "LOOK A' HERE, MISTER, IF YOU'VE COME ALONG TO TAKE THE senses OUT OF ME AND MY OLD MAN, I'LL SET THE BULL-DORG ON TER YER!"

WESTERN NOMENCLATURE.

CLOSELY allied to the study of history is that of the origin of names, and there is in it a wonderful fascination. The following brief statements will show from what a trifling incident a name may be derived—especially a Western name.

Previous to 1831 there was nothing on the site where Chicago now stands but an Indian post, which was driven into the ground at the corner of Madison and Dearborn streets. The present post-office marks the spot and commemorates the old name. About the year 1740 a party of adventurous young ladies, belonging to a Michigan boarding-school, came across the lake on an enormous raft. When they had bathed in the pellucid stream that now pours its crystal waters into the lake, they started to return, when a bad chief known as LONGJON referred to the departing maids as a She-cargo. Hence the name.

There is another version of the origin of the city's name, which states that a good Indian, named UNG KELL TOE BEE, when about to immolate a fowl for his dinner on one occasion, repented of his murderous intent and resolved to go hungry, exclaiming, as he let it fly, "Chicky-go! there is room enough in the world for thee and me." The first story, however, is best authenticated.

Michigan, as is now well known, is only a corruption of the name of Father MIKE EGAN, an Irish Catholic priest, who lived and toiled, and was finally sacrificed by the Indians, on the site of the present city of Detroit.

Iowa is only a euphonious adaptation of the symbolic letters I. O. A., which the Surveyor-General of the United States, in 1835, ordered to have inscribed on all the quarter-section posts in that territory. The initials stood for the familiar Latin maxim, *Idoneus omnium audaces*, which, freely translated, means "go in and win." Some emigrants saw the cabalistic inscription all along the roadside, and they twisted the initials into a name for their State. It was a happy thought.

The capital of Wisconsin derived its present name from a curious circumstance that occurred in the time of the mound-builders, hundreds of years before McFARLAND went there to live. An architect saved a woman's life, at the risk of his own, from a savage attack of bears,—which made her husband furiously jealous. When he came home from

his mound-building, and ascertained what had been done, he sharpened his trowel and went for the destroyer of his happiness. A medicine-man, observing his momentary frenzy, grappled with and threw him, crying to the neighbors, "Mad! ice on!" Ice was applied to his scalp, and the life of his benefactor was saved. Ever since, the place has been called Madison.

Milwaukee received its name from an eminent red predecessor of the pedestrian WESTON. This tremendous strider was called, in his melodious native tongue, "MILE-WALKEE"—because, to the infinite delight of his trainer, HOR. SCREELEY—he could make a mile in four minutes, without breaking.

The name of Superior was quite obscure in its origin, and the solution only yielded to the most persistent and patient inquiry. Even CHARLEVOIX does not mention it. It seems that the Chippewas who inhabit the Southwestern shore of the Lake were formerly more wretched than now—the squaws more ragged, and the pappooses more Squalléd; and when CARVER came through he established a charity soup-house near the western extremity. The beggarly braves flocked in with their gingerbread-colored broods, and for months the benevolent sutler who was left in charge of the establishment stood on a barrel-head and shouted daily to the assembled thousands, "Soup! Here y'are!" This was taken up and corrupted by the ignorant aborigines, and finally became Superior.

It is not necessary to say that Kenosha was named after the Western game of "Keno," or that Winnipeg is a deduction of the pleasant game of cribbage.

The origin of the name of Selma will be obvious to all thoughtful readers who remember that it has been a notorious slave market.

Michillimackinac is an Indian name, and originated in a touching dialogue between two little Pottawattomies in the dead of winter. One baby complained that he was hungry, not having had a drop of dinner, when the other calmly replied, "My-chilly-ma-can-ac-commodate-yon." The juvenile benevolence was so wonderful that it rendered the phrase immortal, and the whole of it was made the name of a county in Michigan. Of late years, however, this irreverent generation has lopped off the last few syllables, spoiling the harmony of the expression, and entirely sacrificing its affecting moral.



MODERN MATRIMONY.

STERN WIFE. "NOW, JOHN, I HAVE TO LUNCH WITH SOROSIS AT THREE, AND SO I LEAVE YOU TO WALK ABOUT THE SQUARE WITH THE BABY UNTIL I COME FOR YOU AT FIVE."

HIRAM GREEN AT SARATOGA.

The Hotels—Fashions—Spring Water—and Club House.

The season when everybody who can sport a 3 story trunk full of store close, and a fine assortment of Californy diamonds, and rush to a waterin' place, has got heer.

The venerable head of a family pegs away at bizness all winter, and when summer comes his wife and dorders pile off to Niagary, Long-branch, Saratogy, or somewhere else, where they make the Govenor's calf skin wallet cry for quarter, as they rag out in their most celubrious manner.

I'm stoppin' heer at Saratogy, baskin', as it were, in the melliflous sunshine of earth's fairest flowers.

That the reeders of PUNCHINELLO may understand how the season is openin' heer, let an old Stateman, who has served his country for 4 years as Gustise of the Peece, consine his thoughts and observashuns to paper.

The season is openin' rather encouragin'.

The only openin' I know of that can beat it, was openin' clams at a clam-bake down at Coney Iland.

With Hotel proprietors heer it is a good deal like eatin' clams.

When a person has lickt out the meet of a clam he throws the shell away.

So it is with the a-4-sed Hotel Keeper. When he licks all the sweet meet out of his border's calf-skin pocket-book, he has no further use for the empty shell, and consekently chucks him out of the winder as lively as Wall street hussles out a lame duck.

The biggest houses heer are the Congris and Union.

These institushins are to *terryfermer*, what NOER's Ark and the grate Eastern was to commerce.

These taverns, bein' mammoth, perserve their mammothness by chargin' mammoth bord bills. Ten cents a breth and fifteen cents a sneeze, any ordinary member of Congress can stand; but when a wooden tooth-pick costs you Twenty-five cents, and a cleen napkin half a dollar, a visitor size for an app'intment as Revenoo Officer in a good fat whiskey district.

There is quite a heap of people at Congress haul.

This bildin' is surrounded by piazas, where the fare sects slam out, araid in gushin' apparel and stoopin' and tremblin' under their lode of false hair, like an Irishman under a hod full of bricks.

In this stoopin' posture their hands hangs down, and the pieter seen in nateral history, of a Kangeroo trying to stand ereckt, gives us what is called the Greshun bend.

When the fair bell strikes an attitood, with fore paws danglin' at half-mast, to be admired by a dandifide lot of Tommynoodles of the opposite sects, the opinion of this ere cort is, that insted of Greshun bend, it had orter be called Kangaroo bend.

I notis that old wimmin heer, as well as young ones, sport pretty gorgeous harnisses. Last evenin' I was passin' a fashionable House heer and I saw an anshient femail who was fixed with ribbins, satins, etc. She looked like an advertisement for some glass factory, for she was covered with a small waggin lode of glass diamonds.

She held a poodle purp in her lap. On her head was a lose nite cap from which ringlets and spit curls was danglin', like a lot of fish-worms crawlin' over the top of a bait box.

Thinks I, she was the old woman of the period and no mistake.

It is fashionable heer to go to the Springs and swill down Congress water by the gallon—called Congress water from the fact that it will take the kinks out of a Congressman's hair, mornin's, after indulgin' in a shampain supper, and any Inn Keeper heer, altho' they theirselves may have several diseases hicht onto them, will assure you that "Saratogy waters is the waters of life," and is "a certain cure for any disease ever invented."

From my own observashuns it takes a person about 3 days to begin relishin' Saratogy mineral water. The first day it tastes like the juice of an old soked bute.

The second day it reminds yon of brine out of an old musty pork barrel.

The third day it tastes like Sec water near a New York dock.

Afterwards it begins improvin' until bimebye I would as leave have it as Gin and Tansy.

All the Springs heer are well patronized. Neerly as much so as the bars at the Drinkin' Saloons.

The High Rock Spring is a first-class curiosity.

A good comfortable income could be got out of a quarry which prodooced such stuns as the one from which High Rock water flows.

One of the institushuns of this summer resort is Mister MORRISSEY's Club-house.

The Hon. JOHN is more of a success at Congress hauls, Saratogy, than he is at the Halls of Congress, Washington, D. C.

When other members git on their high-heeled butes at Washington, debatin' about the admishun of another State, JOHN's voice is silent.

When debatin' the grate public question of

"Heads I win, tails you lose,"

JOHN is the most elokent man in Saratogy.

If any individual don't beleieve what I say, let him buck agin Mr. M., and he will diskiver that the product of his experience will "Bite like a Jersey skeeter, and sting like one of Recorder HACKETT's sentences."

As my wife's second cuzzin lives heer, I shall be heer occasionally doorin' the summer seesun, a visitin' her.

I like it heer as a visitor—at Mrs. G's. cuzzin's house, altho', in her eccentricity, she sumtimes doesn't have dinner while I am around, and often she locks the door when I am out after dark.

I sometimes think her family would enjoy theirselves full as well if I wasent there.

Still, that is their look-out, not mine.

A nawin' sensashun withinto me announces the hour of dinner. I must close.

As NAPOLEON remarkt, when he herd that the *Plebiscotum* had come out ahead:

"*Rest a cat in pase, Hunc e doree,*" which is a furrin tongue.

Ewers,

HIRAM GREEN, ESQ.

Lait Gustise of the Peece.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Back.—A courtship should continue at least two weeks before an offer of marriage is made.

An engagement should not last longer than from two to five days; marriage for an indefinite period.

We will answer your inquiries about divorce in our next.

X. Y. Z.—JACK is the common abbreviation for the name JOHN.

R.—If a man has a number of small children, (waifs,) would it be too thin to call him a wafer?

Answer.—Are the children male or female?

Cris Pin.—We do not know that the Chinese have ever been distinguished as manufacturers of shoes. It is possible, however, that they excel in making slippers, as they are known to be a very slippery people.

Macaroni.—You are right in supposing that the queer little birds by which our parks have been enlivened for some few years past are improperly called English sparrows. That they are German is obvious from the fact of their preferring a Diet of Worms to any other kind of Grub.

Canadian asks us three questions.—1st. Who were the MACDONALDS, when Canada was discovered? 2nd. Who were the CARTIERS? 3d. Is the Government of Ontario a Liberal Government?

Answers.—1st. The name is Italian; the founder of the family was MACRINUS DIONALDI, (who came over with CARTIER,)—which became corrupted by political influence to MACDONALD.—2nd. JACQUES CARTIER was the discoverer of Canada, but the present CARTIER is no relation of his.—3d. The term "Liberal," in connection with the Ontario Government, is merely a figure of speech, as there is no liberality in the concern, which is "run" by SANDFIELD MACDONALD on a cheap plan.

A. B. C. inquires how it is that the editor of the *Sun* has allowed that journal to become a vehicle of vituperation, respecting Messrs. A. T. STEWART, RIDLEY, and other leading merchants of this city. To this query we reply that the spots on the *Sun* are increasing so in number and magnitude as to baffle our telescopic investigations. A suggestion in the case is furnished, however, by the fact that the columns of the *Sun* are not lighted up with advertisements from any of the establishments against which it has been discharging its meteoric sneezes. And this may account for the dearth of the milk of journalistic courtesy in the cocoa-nut of the DAN PRÆBUS who "runs the machine."

"Young's Night Thoughts."

The *Standard* editorials.



"GONE TO GRASS."

Edwin. (Popping the question.) "WILL YOU, DEAREST ANGELINA, SAY, WILL YOU—"
Farmer. (Popping up his head.) "GIT EOWT O' MY MEADOW, YEOW TWO—WILL YEOW?"

OUR CORRESPONDENCE BUREAU.

As everybody knows, PUNCHINELLO absolutely beams with benevolence toward the human race, and a further proof of his disinterested and self-sacrificing generosity is about to be displayed. PUNCHINELLO has been pained to notice the wretched material with which, for want of a well-posted New York correspondent, the country editor of the period (amusing *sui generis*) is forced to fill his scanty columns under the much-displayed caption, "Our New York Letter.—From Our Own Correspondent." To obviate this difficulty, the following interesting and important items of New York news, which are believed to have never before been published, are gratuitously furnished, and the copyright which applies to the rest of the paper is generously taken off from this particular column.

PUNCHINELLO is forced to admit, with due humility, his unfitness to embellish his letters with the gorgeous and pyrotechnic lavishness of "fancy writing" which graces the letters of the New York Correspondents, but he is sure that the items which follow are infinitely more truthful than are the most of the statements furnished by those highly erudite and ornamental gentlemen. And in infusing such an element of comparative truthfulness into the current statements about New York city, PUNCHINELLO experiences the proud satisfaction of having done his duty.

Items.—The recent unpleasantness between HUGH HASTINGS and THEODORE TILTON has culminated in a duel with howitzers, in which the former had his head carried away, and the latter had both legs shot off.

The fact has leaked out, that the recently reported BEETHOVEN Centennial Jubilee was a myth. There is no such building in New York as was described, and no concerts have taken place. The reports in the local papers were written by unscrupulous Bohemians in the pay of the musicians whom they puffed.

The New York police are notoriously inefficient. They are generally to be found lying drunk across the sidewalk, and 623 carriages are sent around every evening to gather them up.

HORACE GREELEY has joined the Red Stocking Base Ball Nine.

A NOTE FROM THE ORCHESTRA.

I am a musician. I constitute one twenty-fourth of the orchestra at Booth's. I nightly blow the drum. Thus much by way of introduction to the dear public, whose devoted servant I am, preliminary to a recital of my woes. Whoever has been inside the theatre named has probably noticed the peculiar construction, or rather location, of the enclosure wherein we manipulators of melody are penned up. I know not what cause or provocation the architect of Booth's Theatre may have had, but certain it is that he entertains a horrible spite against musicians. He may have been distracted by diabolical hand-organs, or driven wild by bungling buglists, but why should he include worthy and unoffending artists in his hatred? The revenge of a BORGIA was not more terrible or cruel than that of this architect. He has put the orchestra so far below the stage that no part of the latter is visible to the poor musicians.

Fearful that some unusually tall one should catch an occasional glimpse of the apex of some equally tall performer, he has made the front of the stage project, like an overhanging Table Rock, above the devoted orchestral heads. And there we sit, like a row of human Stoughton bottles, having eyes, yet seeing not the plays that we hear enacted. I am disgusted. I am mad about it. It is a way of "coming it over us," that is contemptible.

What I want to know is, how can I derive any satisfaction from HAMLET's death when I don't see him die? How can I sit quietly there and see the audience go into convulsions over Major WELLINGTON DE BOOTS, when I can by no possibility see the point of the joke?

Alas! There are no convulsions for me! Every night for two weeks has the Huguenot slain the hectoring HECTOR, and I remain in blissful (no, not blissful) ignorance of the manner of his taking off. It has gone far past endurance, and I humbly trust that the public, or Mr. BERGH, or somebody imbued with philanthropic feelings, will do something for that suffering body—Booth's orchestra.

A SUFFERER.

People are dying of cholera in New York at the rate of 352 a day. Six emigrant ships arrived this morning, having on board 374 cases of small-pox, 685 of cholera, and 897 of yellow fever. No alarm is yet felt, however.

A Mighty Modern Jehu.

We learn from newspapers that Mrs. GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN drives a splendid four-in-hand turnout at Newport.

Well, Mr. GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN has been driving four-in-hand, too, for years past, and the names of his horses are Fenianism, Buncombe, GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN, and Blatheremskite.



SEASONABLE.

THE HAIRY CATERPILLAR STYLE OF HEAD-DRESS.

THE PLAYS AND SHOWS.



F a certainty Mr. WATTS PHILLIPS made a mistake when he fancied himself a dramatist. Possibly he may have inherited some small share of the poetical talent of his well-known maternal grandfather,—the author of "Divine and Moral Songs for Children," but he has shown no sign of the eminent histrionic genus which has made his elder brother, Mr. WENDELL PHILLIPS, so popular a Reformer. Still, if he was bent upon writing plays he should have confined himself to dramatizing the more quiet and domestic of Dr. WATTS's poems. "How doth the little busy bee"—for example—could have been turned into quite a nice little

five-act drama, had Mr. PHILLIPS condescended to grapple with so simple a subject. But no, he must indulge in battles, and Sepoys, and Butchers of St. BARTHOLOMEW, and dancing girls and things. He will write sensational plays, let the consequences be what they may. Hence we are made to suffer from *Not Guilty*, *The Huguenot*, and similar harrowing spectacles. The *Huguenot*, which has just died a lingering death at Booth's Theatre, is an aggravated case of dramatic misdemeanor on the part of the author, since it is wantonly stretched out into five acts, when it could properly be compressed into three. A strict compliance with the old maxim, "*De mortuis nil desperandum nisi prius*," (I haven't quite forgotten my Latin yet,) would oblige me to refrain from abusing it, now that it is happily dead; but, as another proverb puts it, "The law knows no necessity," and I therefore can do as I choose. Here, then, is its corpse, exhumed as a warning to those who may be about to witness any other of Mr. PHILLIPS's dramas. I flatter myself that the disinterested public will agree with me, that if all the Huguenots were as tedious as Mr. WATTS PHILLIPS's private *Huguenot*, the massacre of St. BARTHOLOMEW was a pleasing manifestation of a very natural and commendable indignation on the part of their much-suffering fellow-citizens not of Protestant descent.

ACT I.—*Scene, a tavern in the outskirts of Paris. RENE, the Huguenot, is pretending to sleep on an uncomfortable wooden bench. A drunken villain insults a lovely gipsy. RENE gets up and kills him, and escapes his pursuers by falling over a convenient precipice. Curtain.*

MR. WALLER. (*Soliloquizing behind the scene.*) "To-morrow I'll have a comfortable bench to sleep on, if I have to take MACGONIGLE's sofa. I won't play RENE again if I have to lie for twenty minutes on that infamous board bench!"

COMIC MAN. (*Who is believed to read HARPER's "Drawer."*) "You know WATTS PHILLIPS is a grandson of old Dr. WATTS. Now here's a genealogical joke. If Tom's father is Dick's son, what relation is DICK to Tom?"

ACCOMPANYING FRIEND. "Nephew? niece? mother-in-law?—I give it up!"

COMIC MAN. "I thought you would. Well, he is—Upon my word I forget the answer, but it's a first rate one. I've got it down at the office, anyhow!"

ACT II.—*Scene, the interior of a Duchess's drawing-room. Enter RENE through the window.*

RENE. "I have killed a man and am pursued. Save me!"

DUCHESS. (*Aside.*) "Perhaps he is an influential politician, and may get my son an office in the Street Department." To RENE.—"Sir, I will save you. Get behind the curtain." (*Enter mob of drunken soldiers.*)

FIRST SOLDIER. "Your Grace's son has just been killed. I see the murderer's legs behind the curtain."

DUCHESS. "You can't have him, for I have promised to save him. Get out, the whole lot of you. Come here, you murderous wretch. I've saved you this time, but I won't do it again. Here comes the officer to seize you." (*He is seized. Curtain.*)

FIRST CRITICAL PERSON. "How do you like it?"

SECOND CRITICAL PERSON. "I hardly think the unities are fixed up

just the way they should be, but the scenery is fair, and WALLER isn't so bad."

COMIC PERSON. "Now here's another joke which you can't guess. Said a little four-year-old boy, 'My father and mother have a daughter who is not my sister.' Now what relation was she to the boy?"

ACCOMPANYING FRIEND. (*Looking in vain for a policeman, but finding none.*) "I don't know, I'm sure."

COMIC PERSON. "Give it up, do you? Why, she was his sister; the boy lied, you see. Ha! ha! ha!"

ACT III.—*Scene, the outside of a prison in which RENE is confined. A confederate breaks in and sets it on fire. RENE escapes. Curtain.*

YOUNG LADY. "Pa, why did you come here, if you intended to sleep all the time, and never speak a word to me?"

PA. "Because, my dear, I am troubled with inability to sleep. Morphine won't help me, but WATTS PHILLIPS will. My physician tells me that he always prescribes one of PHILLIPS's plays in cases like mine."

COMIC PERSON. "Now here's another one. This will tickle you, for it's first rate. You ought to read the "Drawer," and remember the anecdotes, so that you can repeat them when you're in company. That's the way I get up all the good things I say. O! this is the question I was going to ask you. Said a man, "Father and mother have I none, but this—"

ACCOMPANYING FRIEND. (*With great precipitation.*) "Excuse me, but I see a friend in a box whom I must speak to." (*Flies.*)

COMIC PERSON. "Never mind, I'll tell it to the usher the first time he comes this way."

ACT IV.—*RENE is discovered, disguised as a monk.*

RENE. "The hounds of justice dog me. Therefore I will keep in their way until I have seen the lovely niece of the Duchess. She must love me when she learns that I have killed her cousin." *Curtain.*

ONE-HALF OF THE AUDIENCE. "Is that really the whole of the act?"

THE OTHER HALF. "Thank goodness! it really is."

ACT V.—*Scene, the palace of the Duchess. Enter RENE and the LOVELY NIECE.*

RENE. "The hounds of justice are laying for me just outside the door. Fly with me, my beloved! (*Enter the DUCHESS.*)

DUCHESS. "She will not fly if I am at all acquainted with myself. Gyurll, this fellow murdered my son, and I will give him up to justice." (*Enter COURT PHYSICIAN.*)

COURT PHYSICIAN. Your Grace is mistaken. True, your son lay dead for a month or two, but by a judicious application of four dozen bottles of my "Universal Hair Restorer and Consumption Cure," he has recovered. Here he comes."

DUCHESS. 'Tis he! 'Tis my son, though rather thin about the legs. RENE, I forgive you. Marry the gyurll if you wish. Bless you, my children." *Curtain.*

FIRST USHER. "Go round, somebody, and wake the people up. If you don't, they'll sit here and snore all night."

SECOND USHER. "No they won't. They'll wake up, now the play is over."

And the event proves that he is right. Slowly and gapingly the audience arises, strolls sleepily out of the door, and entering wrong stages, is carried to all manner of wrong destinations. So strong is the soporific influence of the Phillipic drama, that not until hours after the play is over, does the average spectator become sufficiently wakeful to express an intelligible regret that Mr. WALLER and Mrs. MOLLENHAUER should not have made their reappearance on the stage in some drama in which they could have had an opportunity to act, and in which the public could have taken some little interest. MATADOR.

Our Filthy Lucre.

MESSRS. BROCKWAY, brewers, have lately been subjected to law process for the impropriety of "cleansing" revenue stamps connected with the ale business, with the view of using them over again.

In one point of view there seems to have been a hardship in the case referred to. Millions of people are daily occupied in dirtying our lovely currency stamps, as well as in "using them over again," and yet nobody has ever been "brought up" for the diabolical act.

Interesting to Inventors.

Weekly meetings are being held by the Department of Docks, to hear suggestions from inventors. It is expected, of course, that the latter will be willing to be tried by their Piers.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THESE TWO PICTURES.



THIS IS A YOUNG MAN GETTING READY FOR A PARTY.



AND THIS IS A PARTY GETTING READY FOR A YOUNG MAN.

SOCIETY, ETC.

It is rather a pleasing recreation, when no other is at hand, to read the letters of some of the New York correspondents who do the heavy Trite and the small Horrible for the outside barbaric folios. Standing on the shore of their Firth of Froth, so to speak, we watch with considerable interest the unique soarings and divings of "Our Own." One of these writers informs the readers of a Boston paper that "There is a great deal of business talent in New York," and that "There is a great deal of what is called fashionable society in New York." There is wisdom in solid chunks. It is highly important that such facts as these should be stated seriously in State street and be coned in Beacon street. "Our Own," be it remembered, is speaking of the "Tone of Society," and he proceeds to remark, with great pertinence, that in our unfortunate city, "There is a coarse, rude, uncivil way of doing business, so general as to attract attention. If you do not take a back at the impertinent solicitation of the driver, he will unquestionably curse you." "The telegraph operator grabs your message and eyes you as if you were a pickpocket." Now, Mr. PUNCHINELLO does not offer himself as an apologist for the abusive and obstreperous hackman, but he wishes to say that in the course of his active and eventful career he has had various conferences with those servants of the sidewalk, and he has never yet been unquestionably cursed by any one of the whole bad lot. Only yesterday he had occasion to intimate to one of these tide-waiters, that vehicular aid was not desired. There was a merry twinkle in the eye of the Rejected, and he added, as an additional persuader, "Baggage Smashed!" Mr. PUNCHINELLO felt gratified at sincerity in an unexpected direction.

"Our correspondent" is also exercised on the old-time grievance of ladies in the horse-cars. He declares that "It is the rarest thing in the world for a New York lady to return the slightest acknowledgement for a seat tendered to her. She takes the seat as if it were her right, and gives the gentleman a withering look for his impertinence in being in it when she entered."

PUNCHINELLO has been more fortunate. He has been crowded by sitters, and punched with umbrellas; his eloquent nose has been offended by filthy straw, full often, in his Avenue travel, until he hopes fervently that we may have a new method of getting up and down town; it isn't pleasant to be *knocked* down; but he has never yet been *withered*. Oh, no. He does not require a lady to genuflect before him to show her appreciation of a gentlemanly act. Mr PUNCHINELLO, being a

gentleman of the old school, and of several colleges and universities, is quite satisfied by a nod and a smile, or "Thank you." And one or the other he is pretty certain to receive. He never encounters the withering look which madam gives to other men to mad 'em. But alas for "our own" unlucky correspondent!

PUNCHINELLO has often had occasion to confer with the gentlemen who "blow messages on the hollow wire," as they say out at Fort Laramie,—but he disclaims ever having been looked upon as a pick-pocket. Behold his smiling face and say if any telegraph operator could be so slow as to believe him a fingerer of other men's fobs.

Commercial Con.

WHY does the Ocean Commerce of America remind one of the railings of a gallery? Because, just now, it is simply Ballast Trade.

"Thereby Hangs a Tail."

A citizen of Dubuque is said by a newspaper itemizer to have lately developed a tail. We do not believe it; but that the author of the story is a tale-bearer, himself, is a matter beyond question.

BOOK NOTICES.

ANTONIA. A Novel. By GEORGE SAND. Boston: ROBERTS BROTHERS.

The popularity of Madame DUDEVANT's writings is now at its zenith, and the present volume is a very welcome addition to those already so well set forth by Messrs. ROBERTS. It has been translated into excellent idiomatic English by Miss VIRGINIA VAUGHAN.

POEMS. By DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI. Boston: ROBERTS BROTHERS.

Comparatively new to the public as a poet, Mr. D. G. ROSSETTI has yet evinced so much of the poetic fire in his contributions to magazine literature, from time to time, as to warrant the reproduction of them in book form, and this has been done in a very tasteful manner by Messrs. ROBERTS.

By an error in our notice of "The Men who Advertise," (see PUNCHINELLO No. 13,) the name of the publishers of that useful volume, Messrs. G. P. ROWELL & Co., was omitted.

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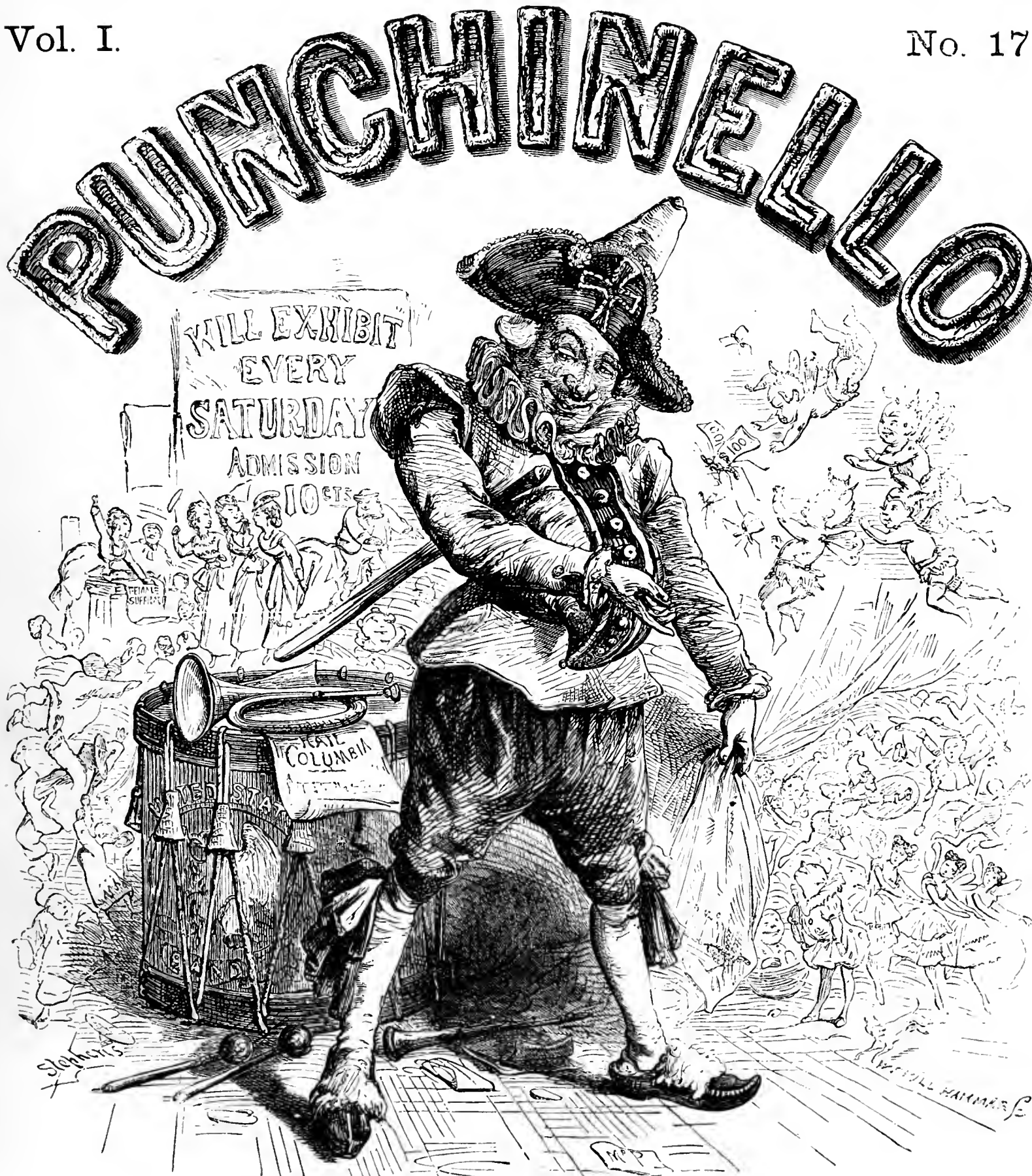
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THE
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AN ADAPTATION.

BY ORPHEUS C. KERR.

CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)

BLADAMS ushered in two waiters—one Irish and one German—who wore that look of blended long-suffering and extreme weariness of everything eatable, which, in this country, seems inevitably characteristic of the least personal agency in the serving of meals. (There may be lands in which the not essentially revolting art of cookery can be practiced without engendering irritable gloom in the bosoms of its practitioners, and the spreading of tables does not necessarily entail upon the actors therein a despondency almost sinister; but the American kitchen is the home of beings who never laugh, save in that sardonic bitterness of spirit which grimly mocks the climax of human endurance in the burning of the soup; and the waiter of the American dining-room can scarcely place a dish upon the board without making it eloquent of a blighted existence.) Having dashed the stews upon the reading-table before the fire, and rescued a drowning fly * from one of them with his least appetizing thumb-nail, the melancholy Irish attendant polished the spoons with his pocket-handkerchief and hurled them on either side of the plates. Perceiving that his German associate, in listlessly throwing the mugs of ale upon the table, had spilled some of the liquid, he hurriedly wiped the stain away with EDWIN DROOD's worsted muffler, and dried the sides of the glasses upon the napkin intended for Mr. DIBBLE's use. There was something of the wild resources of despair, too, in this man's frequent ghostly dispatch of the German after articles forgotten in the first trip, such as another cracker, the cover of the pepper-cruet, the salt, and one more pinch of butter; and so greatly did his apparent dejection of soul increase as each supplementary luxury arrived and was recklessly slammed into its place, that, upon finally retiring from the room with his associate, his utter hopelessness of aspect gave little suggestion of the future proud political preferment to which, by virtue of his low estate and foreign birth, he was assuredly destined.

The whole scene had been a reproachful commentary upon the stiff American system of discouraging waiters from making remarks upon the weather, inquiring the cost of one's new coat, conferring with one upon the general prospects of his business for the season, or from indulging in any of the various light conversational diversions whereby barbers, Fulton street tailors, and other depressed gymnasts, are occasionally and wholesomely relieved from the misery of brooding over their equally dispiriting avocations.

After the departure of the future aldermen, or sheriffs, of the city, the good old lawyer accompanied his young guest in an expeditious assimilation of the stews; saying little, but silently regretting, for the sake of good manners, that Mr. BLADAMS could not eat oysters without making a noise as though they were alive in his mouth. At last, mug of ale in hand, he turned to his clerk:

"BLADAMS!"

"Sir to you!" responded Mr. BLADAMS, hastily putting down the plate from which he had been drinking his last drop of stew, and grasping his own mug.

"Your health, BLADAMS.—Mr. EDWIN joins me, I'm sure.—And may the—may our—that is, may your—suppose we call it Bump of Happiness—may your Bump of Happiness increase."

Staring thoughtfully, Mr. BLADAMS felt for the Bump upon his head, and, having scratched what he seemed to take for it, replied: "It's a go, sir. The Bump has increased some since KENT's Commentaries fell on it from that top-shelf the other day."

"I am going to toast my lovely ward," whispered Mr. DIBBLE to EDWIN; "but I put BLADAMS first, because he was once a person to be respected, and I treat him with politeness in place of a good salary."

"Success to the Bump," said EDWIN DROOD, rather struck by this

* In anticipation of any critical objection to the introduction of a living fly in December, the Adapter begs leave to assert that an anachronism is always legitimate in a work of fiction when a point is to be made. Thus, in Chapter VIII of the inimitable "NICHOLAS NICKLEBY," Mr. SQUEERS tells NICHOLAS that morning has come, "and ready iced, too;" and that "the pump's froze," while, only a few pages later, in the same chapter, one of Mr. SQUEERS' scholars is spoken of as "weeding the garden."

piece of practical economy, and newly impressed with the standard fact that politeness costs nothing.

"And now," continued Mr. DIBBLE, with a wink in which his very ear joined, "I give you the peerless Miss FLORA POTTS. BLADAMS, please remember that there are others here to eat crackers besides yourself, and join us in a health to Miss POTTS."

"Let the toast pass, drink to the lass!" cried Mr. BLADAMS, husky with crackers. "All ale to her!"

"Count me in, too," assented EDWIN.

"Dear me!" said the old lawyer, breaking a momentary spell of terror occasioned by Mr. BLADAMS having turned blue and nearly choked to death in a surreptitious attempt to swallow a cracker which he had previously concealed in one of his cheeks. "Dear me! although I am a square, practical man, I do believe that I could draw a picture of a true lover's state of mind to-night."

"A regular chromo," wheezed Mr. BLADAMS, encouragingly; pretending not to notice that his employer was reaching an ineffectual arm after the crackers at his own elbow.

"Subject to the approving, or correcting, judgment of Mr. E. DROOD, I make bold to guess that the modern true lover's mind, such as it is, is rendered jerky by contemplation of the lady who has made him the object of her virgin affectations," proceeded Mr. DIBBLE, looking intently at EDWIN, but still making farther and farther reaches toward the distant crackers, even to the increased tilting of his chair. "I venture the conjecture, that if he has any darling pet name for her, such as 'Pinky-winky,' 'Little Fooly,' 'Chignonentily,' or 'Waxy Wobbles,' he feels horribly ashamed if any one overhears it, and coughs violently to make believe that he never said it."

It was curious to see EDWIN listening with changing color to this truthful exposure of his young mind; the while, influenced unconsciously, probably, by the speaker's example, he, too, had begun reaching and chair-tilting toward the crackers across the table. What time Mr. BLADAMS, at the opposite side of the board, had apparently sunk into a sudden and deep slumber; although from beneath one of his folded arms a finger dreamily rested upon the rim of the cracker-plate, and occasionally gave it a little pull farther away from the approaching hands.

"My picture," continued Mr. DIBBLE, now quite hoarse, and almost horizontal in his reaching, to EDWIN DROOD, also nearly horizontal in the same way—"my picture goes on to represent the true lover as ever eager to be with his dear one, for the purpose of addressing implacable glares at the Other Young Man with More Property, whom She says she always loved as a Brother when they were Children Together; and of smiling bitterly and biting off the ends of his new gloves (which is more than he can really afford, at his salary,) when She softly tells him that he is making a perfect fool of himself. My picture further represents him to be continually permeated by a consciousness of such tight boots as he ought not to wear, even for the Beloved Object, and of such readiness to have new cloth coats spoiled, by getting hair-oil on the left shoulder, as shall yet bring him to a scene of violence with his distracted tailor. It shows him, likewise, as filled with exciting doubts of his own relative worth: that is, with self-questionings as to whether he shall ever be worth enough to buy that cantering imported saddle horse which he has already promised; to spend every summer in a private cottage at Newport; to fight-off Western divorces, and to pay an eloquent lawyer a few thousands for getting him clear, on the plea of insanity, after he shall have shot the Other Young Man with More Property for wanting his wife to be a Sister to him, again, as she was, you know, when they were Children Together."

EDWIN, despite the coldness of the season, had perspired freely during the latter part of the Picture, and sought to disguise his uneasiness at its beautiful, yet severe truth, by a last push of his extended arm toward the crackers. Quickly observing this, Mr. DIBBLE also made a final desperate reach after the same object; so that both old man and young, while pretending to heed each other's words only, were two-thirds across the table, with their feet in the air and their chairs poised on one leg each. At that very moment, by some unhappy chance, while nearly the whole weight of the two was pressing upon their edge of the board, Mr. BLADAMS abruptly awoke, and raised his elbows from his edge, to relieve his arms by stretching. Released from his pressure, the table flew up upon two legs with remarkable swiftness, and then turned over upon Mr. DIBBLE and Mr. E. DROOD; bringing the two latter and their chairs to the floor under a shower of plates and crackers, and resting invertedly upon their prostrate forms, like some species of four-pillared monumental temple without a roof.

A person less amiable than the good Mr. DIBBLE would have borrowed

the name of an appurtenance of a mill, at least once, as a suitable expression of his feelings upon such a trying occasion; but, instead of this, when Mr. BLADAMS, excitedly crying "fire!" lifted the overturned table from off himself and young guest, he merely arose to a sitting position on the littered carpet, and said to EDWIN, with a smile and a rub: "Pray, am I at all near the mark in my picture?"

"I should say, sir," responded EDWIN, with a very strange expression of countenance, also rubbing the back of his head, "that you are rather hard upon the feelings of the unlucky lover. He may not show *all* that he feels—"

There he paused so long to feel his nose and ascertain about its being broken, that Mr. DIBBLE limped to his feet and ended that part of the discussion by hobbling to an open iron safe across the office.

Taking from a private drawer in this repository a small paper parcel, containing a pasteboard box, and opening the latter, the old lawyer produced what looked like a long, flat white cord, with shining tips at either end.

"This, Mr. EDWIN," said he, with marked emotion, "is a stay-lace, with golden tags, which belonged to Miss FLORA's mother. It was handed to me, in the abstraction of his grief, by Miss FLORA's father, on the day of the funeral; he saying that he could never bear to look upon it again. To you, as Miss FLORA's future husband, I now give it."

"A stay-lace!" echoed EDWIN, coming forward as quickly as his lameness would allow, and staunching his swollen upper lip with a handkerchief.

"Yes," was the grave response. "You have undoubtedly noticed, Mr. EDWIN, that in every fashionable romance, the noble and grenadine heroine has a habit of 'drawing herself up proudly' whenever any gentleman tries to shake hands with her, or asks her how she can possibly be so majestic with him. This lace was used by Miss FLORA's mother to draw herself up proudly with; and she drew herself up so much with it, that it finally reached her heart and killed her. I here place it in your hands, that you may ultimately give it to your young wife as a memento of a mother who did nothing by halves but die. If you, by any chance, should not marry the daughter, I solemnly charge you, by the memory of the living and the dead, to bring it back to me."

Receiving the parcel with some awe, EDWIN placed it in one of his pockets.

"BLADAMS," said Mr. DIBBLE, solemnly, "you are witness of the transfer."

"Deponent, being duly sworn, does swear and cuss that he saw it, to the best of his knowledge and belief," returned the clerk, helping Mr. DROOD to resume his overcoat.

When in his own room, at GOWANUS, that night, Mr. DIBBLE, in his nightcap, paused a moment before extinguishing his light, to murmur to himself: "I wonder, now, whether poor PORTS confided his orphan child to me because he knew that I might have been the successful suitor to the mother if I had been worth a little more money just about then?"

What time, in the law-office in town, Mr. BLADAMS was upon his knees on the floor, tossing crackers from all directions on the carpet into his mouth, like a farinacious goblin, and nearly suffocating whenever he glanced at the disordered table.

(To be Continued.)

THE FREE BATHS.



PUNCHINELLO begs to congratulate the Hon. W. M. TWEED upon his inestimable boon to the public—the Free Baths. With regard to a certain class—and a very large class—of the public of New York City, it has sometimes been cynically asked, "Will it wash?" Since the establishment of Free Baths under the Department of Public Works, that question has been satisfactorily replied to in the affirmative. Hard-worked mechanics at once recognized the chance for a wash, and went at it with a rush. It was Coney Island come to town, with the roughs left behind, and the extortionate bathing-dress men,

and the other disagreeable features of that lovely but desecrated isle. In recognition of the decided success of the new baths, and of the vast benefit that must be derived from them by a large portion of the community, PUNCHINELLO begs to invest the Hon. W. M. TWEED with the Blue Ribbon of the O. F. B., or "Originator of the Free Baths."

THE PLAYS AND SHOWS.



CENTRAL PARK GARDEN is the subject of this article.

It is all very well for the editor of PUNCHINELLO to require me to write about the Plays and Shows, but how would he like to do it himself, with the thermometer at 103 degrees, and the Fourth of July only just over? And then, inasmuch as I am not a white-batted philosopher, writing of "What I know about Farming," how can I be expected to write of things which have no existence? For, with the exception of the CENTRAL PARK GARDEN, and one or two minor places of amusement, there are no plays and shows at present in this happy city.

We certainly owe the managers a debt of gratitude for closing their hot and glaring theatres during this intolerable month. Of course nobody was obliged to attend them while they were open; but then, when people were told that the theatres were crowded to an uncomfortable extent, they felt an irrepressible desire to go and be uncomfortable.

It is one of the peculiar characteristics of Man, as distinguished from the higher animals, that he will go through fire and water to get into a theatre which he is told is crammed to the point of suffocation, whereas he won't deign to enter one where he is sure to find a comfortable seat. Now the charm of the CENTRAL PARK GARDEN consists in this: that the visitor can take his vapor bath in the Seventh Avenue cars on his way to the Garden, and can enjoy the sweet consciousness of being jostled and sat upon in the search for amusement, while he is still certain of finding pure air and plenty of room at the GARDEN itself.

By the bye, it has just occurred to me that the Fourth of July is properly a show. It might be called a burlesque, but for the fact that it is unaccompanied by the luxury of legs. Indeed, after the celebration is over, there are always fewer legs in the nation than there were at its commencement. There is no canon of criticism which would expurgate legs from the theatrical burlesque, but there are are cannons of Fourth of July which do their best to abolish the incautious legs of patriotic youth. I reconsider my purpose of writing of the CENTRAL PARK GARDEN, and will devote this column to the national show.

I have somewhere read—not in BANCROFT's History, of course; no man ever did that and lived—that the Fourth of July was established in order to commemorate our deliverance from a government which taxed us with stamp-duties. How happy ought we to be when we reflect that, thanks to our noble fathers who fought and bled at Long Branch—I should say Nahant,—well, at some watering-place, I really forget precisely where,—we have no taxes, and know not what a revenue stamp is like! Thank fortune, we have no share in the national debt of Great Britain, and have no national debt of our own that is worth mention. Besides, we are going to fund the little debt that we do owe, so that nobody will ever be bothered about it again.

I like this plan of funding debts; but, curiously enough, sordid capitalists and miserly landlords don't. I offered the other day to fund all my personal debts, in the shape of a long loan at three per cent., but my creditors did not take kindly to the idea. Such is the sordid meanness which is too sadly characteristic of the merely commercial mind. But to return to our subject, which is, I believe, the CENTRAL PARK GARDEN.

It is curious how critics will differ. Here is a case in point. The other night, at the CENTRAL PARK GARDEN, I sat near a table surrounded by five well-known musical critics. THEODORE THOMAS had just led his orchestra through the devious ways of the *Tannhauser* overture, and I

naturally listened to hear the opinions which the critical five might express. This is what they really did say.

FIRST CRITIC. "Thank heavens, the music is over for a few minutes. Now, boys, we'll have some more beer."

SECOND CRITIC. "Not any for me, thank you. I'll have a Jamaica sour."

THIRD CRITIC. "Bring me a claret punch."

FOURTH CRITIC. "Whiskey cocktail."

FIFTH CRITIC. "Well! I'll stick to beer. It's the best thing in this weather."

What ought a man to think of the *Tannhauser*, after hearing these five contradictory opinions? For my own part I rather thought the cigars were a trifle too strong.

And there is just the same difference of opinion about THEODORE THOMAS'S merits as a conductor. On this occasion there were two aged and indigent musicians in the audience, who knew more about orchestral music than even the present President of the Philharmonic Society, and to each of them did I propound the question, "Is THOMAS a good conductor?"

FIRST AGED PERSON. "My dear sir, he doesn't conduct at all. His orchestra pays no attention to him, and plays in spite of the absurd and meaningless passes which he makes with his *baton*."

SECOND A. P. "My dear sir, he is the best conductor of the day. He has made his orchestra the best in the country,—in fact, the only one. No man has done more for our musical public than has THEODORE THOMAS."

And as I ordered eleemosynary beer for these Aged Persons, and pondered their slightly contradictory utterances in my mind, I heard a fair young creature in a scarlet plimpton and a fleazy robe of Axminster remark, "O! that dear delightful Mr. THOMAS. He is so perfectly lovely! and his coat fits him so divinely! He is ever so much handsomer than CARL BERGMANN."

While I agree most heartily with everything that I heard at the GARDEN on the occasion which I have mentioned, I am not quite sure that the establishment is either a play or a show. On the whole, I don't think I had better say anything about it. If anybody has a different opinion, let him express himself. If he don't like to take the trouble, let him apply to ADAMS Express Company, which will express him to the end of the world, if he should so desire. MATADOR.

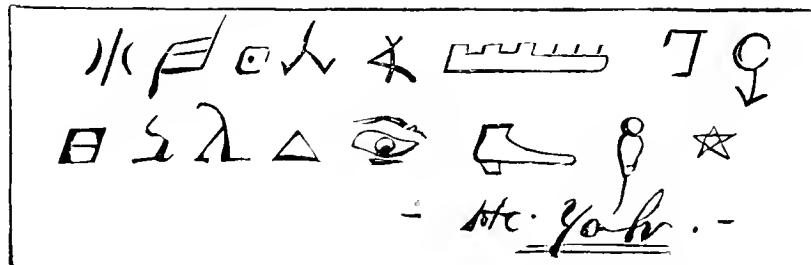
CRISPIN vs. COOLIE.

FOR CRISPIN, old CRISPIN, patron saint of all cordwainers, Mr. PUNCHINELLO has a profound respect. When still a young man, (A. D. 1125,) he was well acquainted with the venerable gentleman; and the very beautiful pair of shoes which Mr. P. wears when in full costume, (*vide* his portrait on the title page,) were heeled and tapped for him by the hands of CRISPIN himself. They are still in excellent order, although, in these very shoes, Mr. P. walked his celebrated match against Time, beating that swift old party and doing his 1000 miles in 24 h., 12 m., 30 s. Between Mr. P. and shoes there is a well-marked resemblance. The shoe has a sole and he has a soul; the shoe is both useful and ornamental, and so is he; the shoe has an upper, and Mr. P.'s motto is, "Upper and still up." In fact, he is so well satisfied with his own understanding, that he would not stand in any other man's shoes for any consideration; and so long as the CRISPINS will make him fits which are not convulsions, and will sew in a way which shall produce no crop of corns, and remind him, by the neatness of their work, of Lovely PEGGY, it is the intention of the SENOR PUNCHINELLO to patronize the Native American awl altogether.

For JOHN Chinaman also, the Herr VON PUNCHINELLO has a great admiration. He never takes tea, having been advised by his physician to drink nothing but lager-bier, with an occasional beaker of rum, or gin, or brandy, or Monongahela, or whatever may be handy on the shelf. Nevertheless, as an admirer of the fair sex, 'Squire PUNCHINELLO believes in Old Hyson and Hyson Jr., in Oolong and Bohea, in Son-chong and Gunpowder, in Black and Green; and if there were Scarlet or Yellow or Blue Teas, Col. PUNCHINELLO would equally admire, steep, sweeten and sip them. Nor is Dr. PUNCHINELLO less an admirer of the explosive fire-cracker, sent to us by JOHN, to assist us in the preservation of our liberties. The Hon. Mr. PUNCHINELLO declines dogs (in pies,) and opium (in pipes,) nor can he say whether he approves of bird's nests (in porridge,) as he has never eaten any, and never wants to; although he is, in his way, an acknowledged Nestor. But still, Prof.

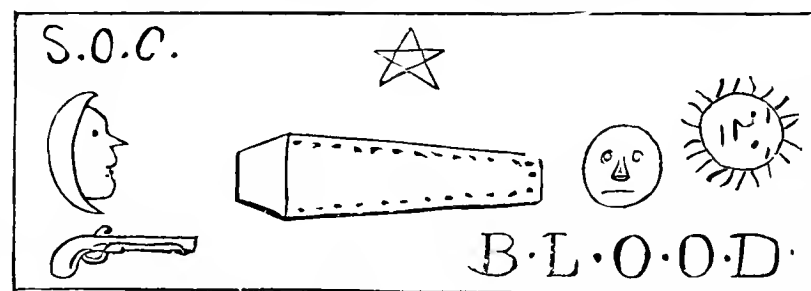
PUNCHINELLO wishes JOHN well, if for no other reason, at least out of respect for his old friend CONFUCIUS, with whom, some years ago, he was extremely intimate—many of the finest things in the books of that venerable sage having been suggested to him by Don PUNCHINELLO.

The reader, therefore, (if he is of an acute turn of mind,) will easily perceive that two distinct emotions fill the bosom of plain Mr. P., and are hitting out at each other with extreme liveliness. He desires for the Crispins all the wages they can manage to get. He desires for his friend HI-YAH, a boundless growth of the pig-tail of prosperity; and the only question is whether this is a vegetable, the growth of which should be encouraged upon the Yankee Doodle soil. As probably the most profound Political Economist of this or any other age, after a week's tremendous thinking upon this subject, after having a thousand times resolved to give it up, Mr. P. has received the following letter from North Adams, Mass., which he hastens to lay before his readers:



Exactly so! Right, JOHN, perfectly right! Our views, exactly! Our mutual friend, Prof. WHANG-HO, of the University of Pekin, couldn't have put it more neatly. But don't you think, if you are coming to America at all, that it would be well to come as the rest come, without selling yourself, body, soul and pig-tail, to some shrewd Dutch driver, like KOOPMANSCHOOP, for instance? O JOHN, my Joe JOHN! When you do come, let it be to freeze to the American Eagle, and with a firm determination to make him your own beloved bird! When you work, be sure that you get the worth of your work! No chains and slavery, or anything like them! And especially no nonsense about being sent back in your coffin to the Central Flowery Kingdom. A country which is good enough to live in, is good enough to be buried in.

And what is this missive which we have received through the post, and which we have since kept locked up in a powder-proof safe?



O ye beloved children of CRISPIN! why send to us these mysterious, manslaughterous and mortal hieroglyphics? Of course you don't mean to kill Mr. P., and even if you did, you couldn't do it, for the great P. is one of the immortals. Neither, if you will but stop to think about it, will you molest poor HI-YAH because he wears a tail and eats dog-cutlets fried in crumb. Before you indulge in the luxury of murder, or even the minor diversifications of mobbing, ducking, hustling, and stoning, why not try the expedient of making it up with the Bosses?

Mr. PUNCHINELLO has thought of visiting North Adams, Lynn, and other shoe-sites, for the purpose of offering the help of his eminently judicial mind in reconciling Employer and Employé; but fearing that he might get his nose (which is a beautiful and dignified protuberance) most shamefully pulled for his pains, he has concluded to keep the peace by keeping out of the scrimmage. But, as there never was a misunderstanding yet which time and common sense could not clear up, Mr. P. contents himself with exhorting the Bosses to be considerate, the Crispinians to be reasonable, and JOHN Chinaman to cut off his tail, whatever natural tears its loss may occasion.

See the Point?

EDWIN and ANGELINA took a sail up the lovely Hudson.

As they sailed on and on, EDWIN said to his ANGELINA:

"Dearest love, don't let your cerulean eyes rest upon West Point."

"And why not, darling old tootsicums?" asked ANGELINA.

"Because they have colored pupils in them, light of my life," replied EDWIN.



NO, THIS IS NOT ONE OF THE "BLONDES." THIS IS FITZ FADDLE, WHOSE CLOTHES WERE STOLEN WHILE HE WAS BATHING, AND WHO HAS CONVERTED HIS UMBRELLA INTO A TEMPORARY GARMENT, CLOTHED IN WHICH HE IS MAKING HIS WAY TO HIS HOTEL. THE REASON WHY HE WHISTLES IS TO LOOK AS IF HE DIDN'T CARE.

FOAM;*
OR,
HOW JENKINS WENT SUMMERING.
A Lyrical Drama.

Played with immense success at the summer residence of Gen. GRANT, at Long Branch, for one thousand and two nights. †

ACT I.

Scene.—Bed-room in attic of seventh-class boarding-house. Furniture, a bed, two chairs, and a table. The table is ornamented with a cup of coffee, a loaf of bread, and a plate of hash; knife, et cetera.

(Enter from the adjoining hall, MR. JENKINS CRUSOE, dressed in a tattered morning wrapper.)

JENKINS. (Loq.) Phew! I can't stand this hot weather. I must go into the country. But where shall I go? ‡ (Sings:)

If I'm any judge of the weather,
The days are refreshingly hot,
Though one place's as good as another,
I think I'll get out of this spot;
But where shall I go?
Where shall I go?
Where shall I go
For the summer?

(Looks at table.) Ha, ha! Ho, ho! My breakfast will be cold. (Reflectively.) I guess I'll eat. (Sits down and hurts the hash.)

Enter washerwoman, shoemaker, servant-girl, and hatter. They dance around the table, like English blondes.) (All sing:)

Poor old JENKINS CRUSOE,
Why did you go for to do so?
JENKINS! JENKINS! JENKINS! JENKINS!
Poor old JENKINS CRUSOE.

SERVANT GIRL. (Sings.) Pay for the floor I have scrubbed, sir.
WASHERWOMAN. " Pay for the clothes I have rubbed, sir.
HATTER. " Pay for the hats you have worn, sir.
SHOEMAKER. " Pay for the boots that are gone, sir.

* Must not be confounded with "Surf."

† The reader will notice that this drama was more popular than the Arabian Nights, which only ran for one thousand and one nights.

‡ The music of these songs can be purchased at Timbuctoo.

(All sing:)

Poor old JENKINS CRUSOE,

Why did you go for to do so?

JENKINS! JENKINS! JENKINS! JENKINS!

Poor old JENKINS CRUSOE.

(JENKINS rises from the table and sings:)

I've a castle in Spain,
Filled with ingots of gold,
I've a mine in Golconda,
Whose wealth is untold.
Then dry up your tears,
Come out of your sorrow,
I'll pay what I owe,
I'll pay you to-morrow,
I'll pay you to-morrow,
All that I owe.

(Servant-girl et al. dance "Shoo Fly," and sing:)

We feel, we feel, we feel,
We feel like a young typhoon;
We hope, we hope, we hope,
We hope you'll be paying soon.

(Exit Servant-girl, et al.)

JENKINS. (Loq.) Well, come soon. Now I must go. I hate to cheat the provider of that seventh-class hash, but I must beat on somebody. Well, let them all come, and devil take the hindmost. I'll pack my valise. (Puts things in his valise. Sings:)

It's rich that I am, am I not?
Just look at the fixings I've got;
Here's a brush, here's a comb,
Both are for fixing my dome,
A tooth-brush and collar, that's all,
My baggage's conveniently small.

JENKINS. (Loq.) That valise is too thin. No landlord would take me on that. It's consumptive-looking. I'll fill it with newspapers. Here, this will do, this triple-sheet *Tribune*, with Mrs. McFARLAND's epistle. That'll fill it. (Shoves paper in valise.) Now for my hat and coat. (Puts them on.) Off I go. (Sings:)

I'm off, I'm off,
I'm off for Long Branch,
I'll have a jolly old time,
I'll have a jolly old time,
I'll bathe in the surf,
I'll ride on the turf,
Dance with the girls,
Steal all their pearls,
And have a jolly old time.

(Exit JENKINS.)

Curtain.

ACT II.

Scene.—Steamboat landing. Real steamboat, real landing, real water, real smoke coming out of a real chimney on the steamboat. Real captain and real passengers. (It is understood that there is to be no make-believe about the fares.) A real chambermaid in the back cabin would add to the effectiveness of the scene, but is not an absolute necessity.

[The author would here say that he has a proper respect for the auxiliaries of the stage, and, in a scene, which belongs to the stage carpenter, the author would be cruel if he marred the effects of the scenery by mere words. He therefore uses as little of those superfluities as possible. In a nautical scene of course some words will slip in, which it would be improper to print, but as that is chicken (the polite for foul) language, the author, of course, is not responsible for it.]

As the curtain rises, real women with real oranges parade the dock, singing:

Come buy our sweet oranges, come buy!
Hark, as we holler,
Six for a dollar,
Come buy our sweet oranges, come buy!

Real scream from steam whistle. JENKINS obeys the orange-women, and goes by on a run. Steamboat leaves wharf—twenty-two feet out in stream, when JENKINS reaches string-piece. Grand and terrific jump by JENKINS, twenty-two feet in the clear. He lands on the steamer, and all the sailors shout.

Curtain.

[As in a realistic scene one must stick to reality, you will notice that I made JEN-

KINS leap twenty-two feet, which is, I am informed, the exact space jumped over by the father of his country on a festive occasion.]

(I would say to the young man who objects to carpenter scenes, that he can go out during this act and indulge in his favorite beverage—gin and milk.)

ACT III.

Scene.—Lawn in front of Continental Hotel at Long Branch. Enter JENKINS, disguised in a second-hand silk hat, and a claw-hammer coat, with a hand-organ on his back. He stops before one of the windows, grinds the hand-organ, and sings:

Gaily the troubadour
Touched his or-gan,
As he came staggering
Home with a can—

(Numerous heads put out of numerous windows.)

[As all the following are said at the same moment, the reader is here requested to take a long breath.]

1st Window. Stop that howling!

2d " Dry up, you idiot!

3d " Cork that organ!

4th " Bust that music-box!

(And so on, *ad infinitum*, until all the supes are used up; the supes can probably supply their own language of the above kind.)

(Windows shut. Enter JULIETTE, from window.)

JENKINS. Fair JULIETTE!

JULIETTE. Beautiful JENKINS!

JENKINS. Lovest thou CRUSOE? (She rests on his bosom.)

JENKINS. But SNUBS, the widower? Ha, Ha! Ho, Ho!

JULIETTE. (Sings :) I never loved him in my life,
I never loved his baby,
I'll slip out some dark night,
And marry JENKINS, maybe.

JENKINS. (Sings :) Pretty maid, if I kiss,
Will you faint away,
Will you cry for your pa,
Pretty maiden, say?
If I press dainty lips,
Will you make a screech?
If you do, I'll away,
And you cannot peach.
Pretty maid, do not faint,
Charming little belle,
Mind you now, pretty maid,
Do not kiss and tell.

(He charges upon her lips and then returns to the charge.)

JULIETTE. (Sings :)

You are going far away,
Far away from poor JULIETTE,
And there's no one left to love
me now,

I fear you'll too forget.

(Just at this moment, enter Heavy Father, and kicks JENKINS. Heavy Father then seizes JULIETTE and leads her into house. JENKINS skedaddles.)

Enter JENKINS at side, looks carefully around, and finding the coast clear, comes in, slings the organ on his back, and sings:

I went, I went,
As meek as any lamb,
He took me, yes, he took
me
For some other man.

Curtain.

(The manager should have the curtain in hand, because the last pathetic song of JENKINS will no doubt be encored.)

ERRATA.—Before the word "played," in the fifth line, insert the words "will be."

After the word "played," in the fifth line, insert the words, "if it is ever played at all." Lot.

ON DORGS.

DORGS are very useful animals, especially when you have nothing handy for dinner, and can get them to catch a rabbit for you.

A dorg is a very devoted animal, and should not be taxed, as its master often is, by its various eccentricities—when it makes off with his dinner, for instance, or leaves dental impressions on the meat in the pantry. Indeed, its owner is sometimes tempted to imitate his *canis* in the lifting business, and often with such success as to get board and lodging free.

Dorgs are pugnacious critters. I had one that set on every fellow of its kind he came across, and took such an affectionate grab of his foe, that nothing would divide them till death did them part.

I noticed, however, that this dorg of mine was mostly fond of the smaller fry, attacking them most vigorously, and barking from the door-steps at the larger.

I once had a dorgy (diminutive of dorg, *alias* puppy,) which was very fond of me, especially when I gave it something nice—which is nothing but human nature in the third degree. It got knocked about a good deal, especially its legs, so that it contracted a sort of hopping movement. I could not get it to catch mice; it seemed to think them third cousins, or something of the kind, and was very fond of playing with them; while, on the other hand, I had a large dorg which we kept by us when we took grain from the rick—I think he managed about 30 per minute. I never could follow them down his throat, but his increased bulk was a kind of index to the number. He generally lay by the kitchen fire twenty-four hours after his banquet, to recover himself.

I once tried my small dorg at the swimming business, by throwing him into a shallow pond. I had to go in after the beast pretty smart, boots, trowsers, socks, and all. He and I had a roast by the fire that evening. My trowsers, however, getting overdone in the operation, I lost \$4 by this experiment.

Dorgs are very fond of coat-tails and back-pockets, when some unseen attraction lies there. They don't believe in appetite-assuagers "wasting their fragrance on the desert air;" and will make vigorous efforts to take possession of the hidden treasure, at any risk whatsoever.

As this is the time I and my dorg go visiting, I must jerk up the machine for the present. I hope my remarks have done you some good. The motto I always follow is, "Brevity is the soul of wit."

BILL BISCAY.

Inspiration vs. Perspiration.

FLANNEL, being an absorbent, has usually been recommended as the best material for under-clothing in sweltering weather, such as that of the present summer. An ingenious gentleman of this city, however, has

discovered that a full under-suit of blotting-paper is by far more efficacious than flannel, and he has taken out a patent for the idea. The article will not come under the denomination of dry goods.

The Right Man.

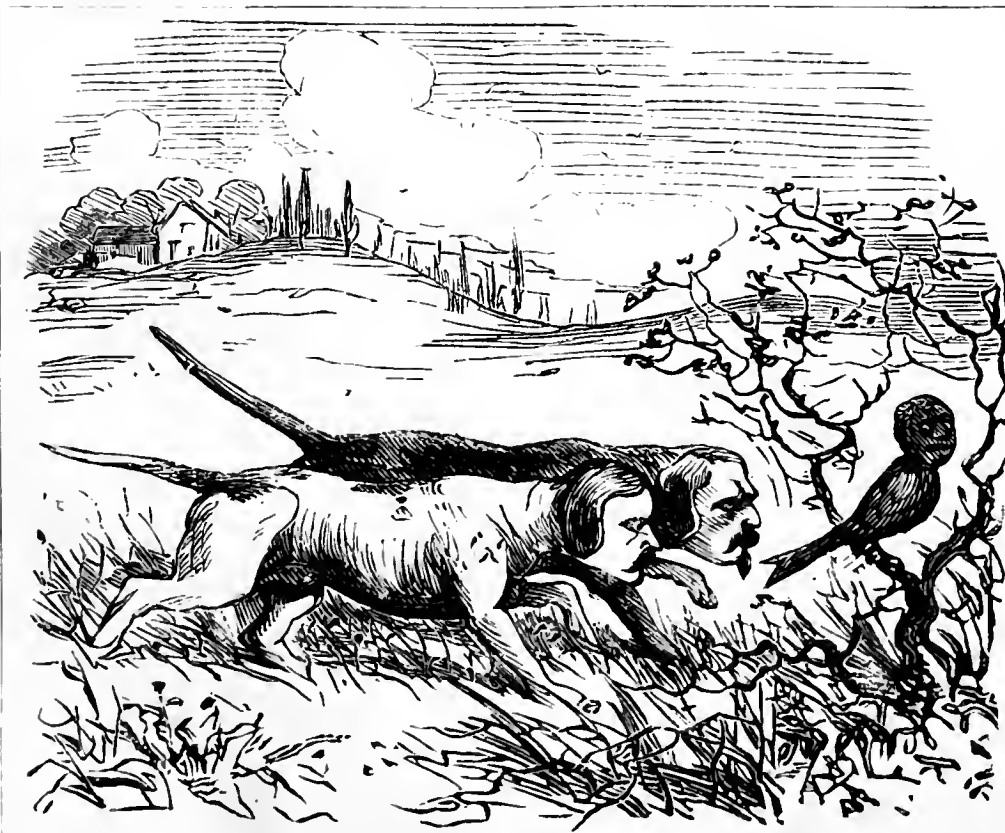
A Brooklyn item states as follows:

"Justice LYNCH is to have a new court-house in the Twenty-first Ward."

Why in that Ward, only? Have we not a Fourth Ward here, in New York, and a Sixth Ward, and an Eighth Ward, and a Seventeenth Ward? Judge LYNCH is just the man needed in each and all of these wards, and he may be found there yet.

Strangely Coincidental.

The Ice Panic and the Coolie Problem.



ILL-BRED DOGS.

WEST-POINTERS, SETTING AT A BLACKBIRD.

OUR PORTFOLIO.

It is related of the Prince of Wales, that, driving home from the late Derby Races, he lifted his hat to a group of ladies, and by accident dropped a glove, whereupon the fair ones dived eagerly into the dirt for it, while his Royal Highness laughed heartily at the scramble. Young ladies this side of the Atlantic, it may be said with justice, are quite as practiced divers; but when the darlings duck their fingers into the dirt before any young fellow here, it more frequently happens that they are not after his glove, or his heart, so much as his pocket-book.

The practice, quite common among rustic gentlemen, of visiting the city for the purpose of beholding the "elephant," doubtless suggested to the late Sir THOMAS BROWNE the following advice which he gave his son, who was about entering upon his studies in the department of Natural History:

"When you see the elephant, observe whether he bendeth his knees before and behind forward differently from other quadrupeds, as Aristotle observeth; and whether his belly be the softest and smoothest part."

It is possible that some elephants have a habit of bending at the knee-joints differently from others. Indeed, this reflection is more than likely when



THE CHINESE EXPERIMENT IN MASSACHUSETTS.

THE GREAT SHOE MANUFACTURER SERENELY CONTEMPLATES HIS HIVE OF CELESTIAL BEES.

we consider how many elephants there are, and upon what evil doings many of them are bent, but it is not so evident that a neophyte in this branch of knowledge could derive any benefit from following Sir THOMAS's injunctions. PUNCHINELLO begs leave to substitute for the above, some advice which he thinks would produce a vastly more salutary effect, and that is, to keep away from elephants altogether. Men of experience will bear out our assertion, that the much talked of "horns of a dilemma" are nothing to the tusks of an elephant; for it is possible for a person to hang upon the aforesaid "horns" without fatal results, but the party who is impaled upon the tusks of an elephant is generally ever after indifferent to the opinions of mankind.

Critical.

"WHERE do you intend to Summer?" asked JOWLER of GROWLER, one day in the "heated term."

"Summer?" retorted GROWLER — "is that what you call it?—I call it Simmer."

Personal.

PRINCE ARTHUR has taken his departure for England. It is but just to say that the regiment to which he belongs is not the same Rifle Brigade by which the Coney Island boats are controlled.

GRANT'S BLACKBIRD PIE.

Air: Sing a Song o' Sixpence.

Sing about a Treaty
Got up to supply
Half a million Black birds
For the Union Pie.
When the fact was published,
Swindlers at Sing Sing
Said the Author's one of us—
Let us call him King.

FISH was at the Treasury
Clamoring for the money,
GRANT was in the "Blue-room"
Looking blithe and sunny,
MORRILL, in the Senate,
Brought things to a close—
GRANT's half million Black birds
Vanished with the noes.

Suggested by the Heat of the Coolie Question.

KNEES that the Crispins are constantly down on—Chi-nese.

Probable result of that "Chinese Puzzle."

A Chinese Fizzle.

Eclipse of the "Sun."

JIMMY, the bootblack, says he "shines for all—price ten cents."

TO U, 'LYSS.

ON THE REJECTION OF THE BAEZ TREATY.

Behold how fickle Fortune the great ULYSSES treats,
Gives him victories in war-time, in peace heaps up defeats.
His Southern laurels linger a coronet of praise;
But a friendly Senate withers his San Domingan bays.



YAN-KI vs. YAN-KEE.

SHOWING THE DESCENT OF CELESTIAL CRISPINS UPON THE SHOEMAKERS OF THE BAY STATE, AND HOW THEY ROBBED THE NATIVE COBBLER OF HIS ALL.

HIRAM GREEN AT THE TOWER OF BABEL.

He interviews an old Settler.—A Remarkable Narrative.

While in New York, a few days sints, I was standin' in the reer of the old City haul, gazin' onto the unfinished marble bildin' which stands there.

My eye gobbled up the scen afore me, like a young weesel a suckin' of eggs, when an old rinkled-featured—silver-haired and snowy-bearded individual touched me on the sholder, and interogated me thuswisely:

"Stranger, you seem to be stuck to make out what that ere unfinished bildin' is."

"Kerzaclee, old Hoss," sed I, "and I wouldent mind standin' the Lager to find out."

"Come with me to yonder pile of stuns," sed the old feller, "and I will relate a tail, which, for its mysteriousness, ukers the kemikle analersis of a plate of bordin' house hash."

"Wall, old METHUSELER," sed I, as our legs was danglin' over the pile of stuns, "onwind your yarn, but don't let your immaginashun go further than a Bohemian's."

He then began the follerin' histry:

"In anshient times there was a Filosifer. HORRIS GREELEY was his cognovit.

"He was Editor of a daily noosepaper. He took it into his nozzle one day to rite some essays 'on what he knowed of farmin,' which he was about as well posted on as a porpoise is about climbin' a tree.

"One day this Jerkt farmer, by brevet, writ an artikle about irrigation.

"He told farmers that, in dry seasons, if they dammed the little streems which crossed their farms, the water would set back, and overflow their land, and keep their garden sas sozzlin' wet, and make things grow bully.

"He was a great advocate of Dams.

"He useter become so absorbed in his favorite pastime, that a feller man, if he irritated the Filosifer, became small streems *pro temper*, and were dammed pooty sudden."

"What, you don't mean to say that an Editor swore in them days?" sed I, interruptin' the old man.

"They occashunly took a hand in that ere biziness, and when they got onto a fit, could cuss and swear ekal to the best of us," sed he.

"Wall," sed I, "I thought they was all good moral men, like THEODORE TILTON & ANNER DICKINSON."

"Oh! no," he replide. "Editors in them days use to fat up on swearin'.

• He then resumed, "Farmers throughout the land tride H. G.'s dammin' ways.

"They dammed all the streams, and anybody who didn't like their stile of doin' things got sarved in the same manner. The consequents was, their was a flood—yes sir, a flood.

"Brooklin, Jarsey and Hoboken ferry-botes was swamped, and the passengers all drowned.

"To be a corroner them times was money in a feller's pocket, as the inquest biziness was the best biziness agoin' outside of any well-organized Ring.

"Only one bote lode was saved.

"JIM FISK, who was always on the look-out for a muss, was long-headed enough to own that craft.

"It was run by Captin NOAH, who Know-ed what was coming. NOAH took his family aboard, and as he owned a menagerie, he took all of his wild animals aboard to, besides the members of the Press, who kept their papers posted of the doin's aboard that Ark.

"In about 40 days time, ev'ry dammed stream busted away, and the waters dride up. And the boat ran ashore and got stuck fast, in one of them new-fashioned tar pavements.

"The Common Counsel invited NOAH and his fokes to a Lager bier garden and treated them to a banket, at the City's expense.

"NOAH, who liked his soothin' sirup, got drunker than a sensashun preacher, on gin and milk, an orthodox drink them times.

"He finally went to sleep in the gutter, after undressin' hisself and hangin' all his close on a lamp-post.

"HAM, a son of Captin NOAH's, diskiverin' his confused parient in a soot rather more comfortable than modest, was so mortified at his Dad's nakedness, that the mortificashun become sot, and when NOAH awoke from his soberin' off sleep, his son was blacker than the ace of spades.

"NOAH didn't like niggers.

"Not much he didn't.

"He hated 'em wusser nor a Pea cracker hates a Fenian.

"Seein' that his cheild had changed his political sentiments, he *Horris Greeleyized* him in the follerin' well-known words:

"'Cussed be Kanan.'

"HAM wasent to be fooled in that stile by the Govenor, so he got BUTLER, whose surname was BENJAMIN, into whose sack was found a silver cup, and I believe a few spoons, SICKLES, LOGAN, LONGSTREET, and a lot of other chaps, to change their complexion. With the assistants of these men, NOAH and his party was floored, and the 15th Amendment waxed mitey and strong, espeshally with the mercury at one hundred degrees in the shade.

"Fokes was gettin' wicked and wickeder all the time.

"Members of Congress was drawin' the wool over the Goddess of Liberty's eyes, and rammin' their hands way down into her purse. Cadetships were bein' sold to the highest bidder.

"One day the wise men of Gotham sed one to another:

"'Let us bild us a tower which H. G. can't flood, if he dams from now till dooms-day.'

"A big injun took the contract. As OOFY GOOFT, a dutch German, remarkt,

"'He vash got Tam-many oder braves to give him a boosht.'

"Street pavements were laid on 5th avenoo, which the wind took up, and the air smelt like a mixture of cold tar and Scotch snuff.

"Bulls and Bears of Wall street had a day of Egypshun darkness; it was called Black Friday.

"'Shoo-fly' was sung in our nashunal Councils.

"Banks were robbed, and Judges went snucks with the robbers.

"Men got on fits of temper-ary insanity and clubbed their wives over the head or popped off editors with a 6 shooter.

"Virtuous and respectable ladies were Spencerized in the Halls of Gustise, and the 12 temptashuns was drawin' crowded houses."

"See here, old man," sed I, "hain't you pilin' on the agony rather too thick?"

"Facts, Squire," sed he, "trooth is stronger than frickshun."

"About these times," he continered, "things was becomin' slitley mixed.

"The different tribes cooden't suck cider through the same straw any more.

"There was a confusion of tongues and a mixin' of contracts. The great Sachem and the Young Democracy had each other by the ear, while the Big Injun was bound to scratch his assailers bald headed.

"In this Reign of High Daddyism, the Young Democracy was scalpt, and that ere bildin' afore us, the great tower of Babel, come to a dead stand still, because the poletishuns coodent understand each other, and fokes dident know where the money was all gone to."

The old man paused.

I sprung to my feet.

"And this," I exclaimed, "is the mitey Babel? Wood that I possessed some of the fortins which has been made on thee. Wood that I was a contractor," sed I, awed in presence of the great bildin' which caused so many to sin.

In my enthusiasm I bust forth in that well-known Him:

"I want to be a contractor,
And with contractors share."

After I got cooled down I looked for the old man, and sure's your born he had wrigged off. I took a Bee line for a naborin' Refreshment stand, and cooled my excited brane with a fride doenut.

Adux, PUNCHINELLO.

Ewers and so 4thly,

HIRAM GREEN, Esq.,

Lait Gustise of the Peece.

All Stuff!

THAT crusty old bachelor, CUMGRUMBLE, objects to the franchise being extended to women, on the ground that, since they have become so accustomed to padding their persons, they would inevitably take to "stuffing" the ballot-boxes.

Chicago Eccentricities.

A newspaper item tells about a horse in Chicago that chews tobacco. Well, we can beat that in New York. Only a few days ago we saw Commodore VANDERBILT driving one of his fast teams in Harlem Lane, and both the horses were Smoking like mad.

But the item adds that the Chicago horse actually picks the hostler's pocket of tobacco.

Well, that is just what one might expect of a Chicago horse.

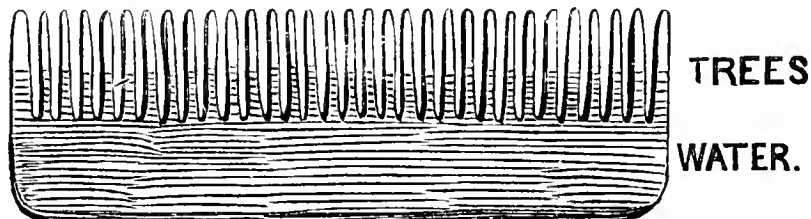
THE WATERING PLACES.

Punchinello's Vacations.

AFTER all, there is nothing like nature, in her primevality. When man attempts to add a finishing-touch to the loveliness of the forest, lake, or ocean, he makes a botch of it. What would the glowing tropics be, if Park Commissioners had charge of them? The heart, sick of the giddy flutterings of Man, seeks the sympathy of the shadowy dell, where the jingle of coin is heard not, and where the votaries of fashion flaunt not their vain tissues in the ambient air.

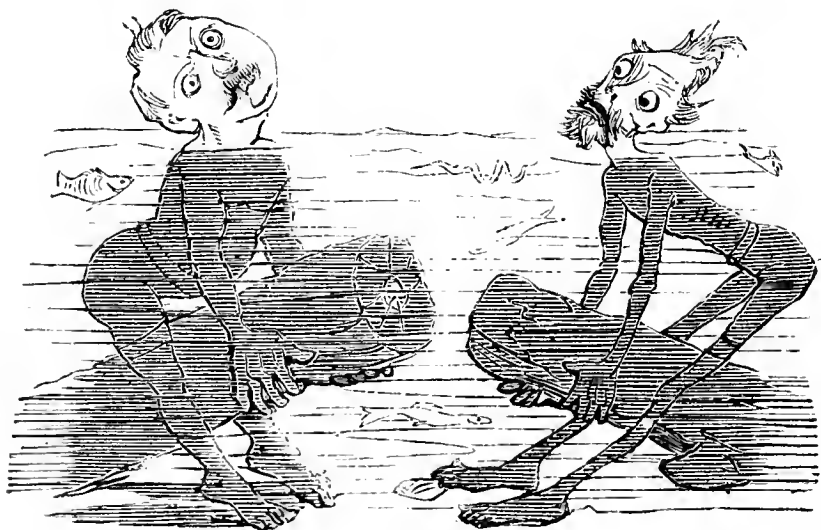
So, last week, thought Mr. P., and the moment he could get away he went on a little trip to the Dismal Swamp.

There he found Nature—there was primevality indeed! An instantaneous *rapport* took place between his feelings and the scene; of which the delicious loveliness can be imagined from this picture.



As he slowly floated along the shingle canal, from Suffolk to the "Dismal," what raptures filled his soul! Here, in the recesses of that solemn mixture of trees and water, which they were rapidly approaching, he could commune with his own soul, as it were. Mr. P. had never communed with his own soul, as it were, though he knew it must be a nice thing, because he had read so much about it. So he determined to try it. It was a delightful anticipation—like scenting a new fancy drink.

But his reflections were rudely interrupted. The men who propelled the scow which Mr. P. had chartered, had not pushed it more than four or five miles into the mystic recesses of the Swamp, when they suddenly stopped with a cry of "Breakers ahead!" Mr. P. rushed to the bow, and there he beheld two doleful heads just peering above the waters of the narrow canal. He started back in amazement. He thought, at first, that they were Naiads—(they could not be Dryads)—or some other watery spirits of these wilds. But he soon saw that they were nothing of the kind. It was only Messrs. SCHENCK, of Ohio, and KELLEY, of Pennsylvania, and through the limpid water it was easy to see that each of them was endeavoring to raise a sunken log from the bottom.



"Why, what in the world are you doing here?" cried Mr. P.

Mr. SCHENCK, of Ohio, looked up sadly, and, dropping his log upon the bottom, stood upon it, and thus replied:

"You may well be surprised, Mr. PUNCHINELLO, but we are here for the public good. We have reason to suspect, that, following the example of the Chinese Opium-smugglers, the vile traitors who are trying to break down our iron interests have smuggled quantities of scrap-iron into this country, and it is our belief that these sunken logs have been bored and are full of it."

At this Mr. P. laughed right out.

"Oh, you may laugh if you please!" cried SCHENCK, of Ohio, "and perhaps you can tell me why these logs are so heavy—why they lie here at the bottom instead of floating—why—" but at this instant he slipped from the log on which he was standing, and with a splash and a bubbling, he disappeared. The men who were pushing the scow thought this an admirable opportunity to pass on, and shouting to

KELLEY, of Pennsylvania, to bob his head, the gallant bark floated safely over these enthusiastic conservators of our iron interests.

Although diverted for a time by this incident, a shadow soon began to spread itself gradually over the mind of Mr. P. Was there, then, no place where the subtle influence of man did not spread itself like a noxious gas?—Where, oh, where! could one commune with his own soul, as it were?

At length they reached Lake Drummond, that placid pool in the somnolent shades, and Mr. P. put up at the house of a melancholy man, with a fur cap, who lived in a cabin on the edge of the lonely water.

For supper they had catfish, and perch, and trout, and seven-up, and euchre, and poker, and when the meal was over Mr. P. went out for a moonlight row upon the lake. He had to make the most of his time, for it would take him so long to get back to Nassau street, you know. He had not paddled his scow more than half an hour over the dark but moon-streaked waters of the lake, when he met with the maiden who, all night long, by her firefly lamp, doth paddle her light canoe. This



estimable female steered her bark alongside the scow, and to the startled Mr. P. she said: "Have you my tickets?"

"Tickets!" cried Mr. P. "Me?—tickets? What tickets?"

"Why, one ticket, of course, on the Norfolk, Petersburg and Richmond line; and a through ticket from Richmond to New York, by way of Fredericksburg and Washington. What other tickets could I mean?"

"I know nothing about them," said Mr. P.; "and what can you possibly want with railroad tickets?"

"Oh, I am going to leave here," said she.

"Indeed!" cried Mr. P. "Going to leave here—this lake; this swamp; this firefly lamp? To leave this spot, rendered sacred to your woes by the poem of the gifted MOORE—"

"No more!" cried she. "I'm tired of hearing everybody that comes to this pond a-singin' that doleful song."

"That is to say," said Mr. P., with a smile, "if your canoe is birch, you are Sycamore."

"That's so," she gravely grunted.

"But tell me," said Mr. P., "where in the world can you be going?"

At this the maiden took a straw, and ramming it down the chimney of her lamp, stirred up the flies until they glittered like dollar jewelry. Then she chanted, in plaintive, tones, the following legend:

Three women came, one moonlight night,
And tempted me away.
They said, 'No longer on this lake,
Good maiden, must you stay.
We're SUSAN A. and ANNA D.,
And LUCY S. also,
And what a lone female can do
We want the world to know.
No better instance can we give,
Oh, Indian maid! than you,
How woman can, year after year,
Paddle her own canoe."

"Just so," said Mr. P., "but don't you think that as you are—that is to say—that not being of corporeal substance—by which I mean having been so long departed, as it were; or, to speak more plainly—"

"Oh, yes! I know.—Dead, you mean," said the maiden. "But that makes no difference. They'll be glad enough of a ghost of an example."

"Yes, yes," said Mr. P. "And yet their cause is good enough. I don't see why they should make up—"

He would have said more, but turning, he saw that the Indian maid, despairing of her tickets, had gone.

The next day Mr. P. went home himself. He communed with his own soul, as it were, for a little while, and has no doubt it did him a deal of good. But it would take so long to get back to his office, you see.

As a cheap watering place, where there are no fancy drives or fancy horses; no club-houses; no big hotels; no gay company; nor anything to tempt a man to sacrifice health and money in the empty pursuit of pleasure, Mr. P. begs to recommend the Dismal Swamp.

If he knew of any other watering place of which as much might be said, he would mention it—but he don't.

NOTES FROM CHICAGO.

"In the spring a young man's fancies lightly turn to thoughts of Love," and Picnics—and this is the time for them; consequently, the attention of the Western public is turned thoroughly and religiously to what may be considered as one of the most important results of civilization and refinement. We (the Western public) regard picnics as highly advantageous to health and beauty, promoting social sympathy and high-toned alimentiveness, advancing the interests of the community and the ultimate welfare of the nation. In the first place, they are the means, working indirectly, but surely, of encouraging the domestic virtues and affections, the peace and harmony of families, because on these festive occasions, the lunch is the most striking and attractive feature, and, in order to obtain this in its highest perfection, the culinary abilities of the lady participants are necessarily called into action—those talents which have fallen somewhat into disrepute, notwithstanding Professor Blot's magnanimous efforts to restore the glories of the once honored culinary art. Therefore a picnic may be considered as a great moral agency in promoting domestic happiness; for what is so likely to touch the heart and arouse the slumbering sensibility of a husband and father, as a roast of beef done to a charm, or an *omelette soufflée* presenting just that sublime tint of yellowness which can only be attained by means of the most delicate refinement and discrimination? No other attention, however flattering, is so soon recognised, or gratefully appreciated.

After one of these innocent festivals has been fully decided upon, then we always select a day when gathering clouds predict, most unmistakeably, a coming storm, because, what would a picnic be without some excitement of this kind? A pudding minus the sauce, a sandwich without the mustard, a joke without the point. What pleasure *could* there be in a dry picnic? Ladies never appear to such excellent advantage, never are so utterly bewitching, as when, with light summer dresses bedraggled and dirty, they cling helplessly to their protectors, or run in frantic haste to some place of shelter—for it is only when a woman (or a gentle bovine) runs, that the poetry of motion is fully realized. Then the gentlemen! Under what circumstances are they ever so chivalric as during a pouring rain, when, wet to the skin, they assist the faintly-shrieking beauties over the mud puddles, and hold umbrellas tenderly above chignons and uncrimping crimps! To be sure they do not often act as Sir WALTER RALEIGH did, but then they do not wear velvet cloaks, and what would be the wit of throwing a piece of broadcloth or white linen into the mud?

We have champagne picnics, lemonade and cold water picnics, and some, which, although they cannot be classed under the head of hot water, still manage, before they are through, to get all the participants into it. We have widows' and widowers' picnics, a kind of reunion for the encouragement of mutual consolation, where, meandering through green fields and under nodding boughs, they can talk or muse upon the virtues of the "dear departed," and the probable merits of the "coming man," or woman.

Then the anti-matrimonials have theirs, too, always exceedingly select, where the men look frightened, and the women indignant, and which partakes somewhat of the character of a Methodist prayer-meeting, the gentlemen all clinging to each other as if for protection, evidently in bodily fear of another Sabine expedition, with the order of the programme, however, a little reversed in regard to the two sexes. The Sanitary department also indulges in a little treat of this kind, and, in such a case, it becomes really a duty. After guarding the city's health for so long a time, after sternly following up Scarlet-fevers, Small-poxes, and Ship-plagues, and driving them forth from their chosen haunts, it certainly needs to look after its own constitution a little, and

sharpen, by country airs and odors, the powers probably deteriorated amid the noxious vapors of city alleys and by-ways.

The Teachers' Institute, too, looking at the thing physiologically, psychologically, and phrenologically, after mature deliberation, conclude to descend to a little harmless amusement, contriving, however, to mingle some instructive elements with the frivolous ones that less enlightened spirits delight in. For instance, the flowers, that are truly the "alphabet of angels" to the simple souls that love the violets and daisies for their own sweet sakes, offer a very different alphabet to the "Schoolma'ams" and Professors. They are no longer flowers, but specimens, each bud and blossom pleading in vain for life, as ruthless fingers coolly dissect them to discover whether they are poly or molly-andria. And what an ignoramus you must be, if you do not know that a balloon-vine is a *Cardiospermum Halicactum*. The "feast" on these occasions is that "of reason" alone, encyclopedias and dictionaries being all the nourishment required, although a stray bottle here and there might hint at "the flow" of a little something beside "soul."

Then there are the Good Templars' picnics, where "water, cold water for me, for me," is supposed to be the sentiment of every heart, mixing the beverage sometimes, however, with a little innocent tea, or coffee; and the Masonic festivals, where pretty white aprons and silver fringes, shining amid green dells and vales, present quite a picturesque and imposing appearance; and the Fenians, looking sometimes greener than the haunts they are seeking.

Then every distinct and individual Sunday-school in the city has a picnic, which it would be well to attend, if you are anxious to see the diversities and eccentricities of youthful appetites fearfully illustrated.—When the loaves and fishes were distributed, there could not have been many growing boys present.—And beside these, the family picnics, most cosy little affairs, represented by one big fat man, one delicate-faced woman, one maiden-aunt, four graduated boys, and five graduated girls, all piled into one big fat carriage, drawn by two big fat horses. But it is the Germans who take the palm, and here language fails, though beer doesn't.

COMIC ZOOLOGY.

Genus *Squalus*.—The Shark.

LINNÆUS classifies the Sharks as the Squalidæ family, and they are, upon the whole, as unpleasant a family as a Squalid Castaway would desire to meet with in a Squall. They are all carnivorous, cartilaginous, and cantankerous. No fish culturist, from St. ANTHONY to SETH GREEN, has thought it worth while to take them in hand, with the view of reforming them, and their Vices are as objectionable now as they were three thousand years ago. If a sailor falls overboard, the Contiguous Shark considers it a *casus belli*, and immediately makes a pitch at the tar, with the intention of putting itself outside of him. Failing in that, it generally shears off a limb before it sheers away. Herds of sharks instinctively follow fever-ships, and when the dead are thrown into the sea, are seen by the seamen in the shrouds, ready to perform the office of Undertakers. In the vicinity of the Trades, they sometimes lie under the counters of merchantmen for days together. Nothing comes amiss to them, from a midshipman to a marrow-bone, and it may be interesting to politicians to know that Repeaters and Rings have occasionally been found in the maws of these monsters. They bite readily at "Salt horse," and, when hooked with a rattan in throat, may be yanked on board with the bight of a hawser. An enormous specimen sometimes gets caught in a fore-castle yarn. In this case, never interfere with the thread of the narrative by asking impertinent questions, however difficult it may be to hoist it in.

Sharks abound at Newport, Long Branch, Cape May, and other watering-places, at this season of the year, and many victims are seized there by the Legs. The Bottle-Nose Shark is to be found in every harbor—generally in the vicinity of the Bar. He may be known from the other varieties by the redness of his gills. He is often seen disporting himself among the Shallows, but is usually too Deep to be pulled up. White Sharks are frequently observed hovering about emigrant ships in the vicinity of the Battery, and the Blue Shark is now and then hauled up as far North as Mulberry Street, while trying, as it were, to get on the other side of JOURDAN. In China, nobody objects to take the fin of a Shark, but in this country, when a Shark extends his fin to an honest man, it is always rejected with contempt. This voracious creature is common both in the Temperate and Torrid Zones. It has, in fact, no particular habitat, but is found in Diver's places in almost every latitude.



STAY-AT-HOME PEOPLE.

WHAT'S THE USE OF GOING TO THE EXPENSE OF A VISIT TO NIAGARA FALLS, WHEN SUCH A GRAND SHOWER-BATH AS THIS CAN BE EXTEMPORIZED IN THE GARDEN?

LETTER FROM A JAPANESE STUDENT.

MR. PUNCHINELLO:—I knowee you, but you no knowee me. My name Soogiwoora. I Japanee young mans friend of Tycoon, great ruler. I read muchee your paper. Sometimes it makee me laugh—sometimes cry. We have also much funee mans in Japan. I come here with other Japanee young mans to your college, what you call RUTGER'S, for learn to be great statesman, for study—how you call—logeec and diplomacee, to makee treattee. Much I readee your treattees and your policy much astudee. How too much I can admire your great statesmans. Your SEWARD, he great American mans, he gainnee much territoree to the United States. He also payee much for it. No gettee much in return. No matter. Americans rich peoples. They tella me Alaska too cold. Japanee mans no could live there then. Much snow and ice, big rocks, and—what you call—Fur Trees. How that? Fur no grow on tree in Japan. Strange ting. Muchee animal they say—what you call—walrus there. Perhaps Whale. That makee me to tink of Mr. FEESH. He is deep, that FEESH. So deep I no can understand him. They tella me much other peoples no can understand him too. He makee much policee with his Foreign Relations. I ask a much people to tella me who are his Foreign Relations. They laugh great deal and tella me Spain and General PRIM. No knowee Spain countree in Japan. I no tink it much of a countree, no havee muchee—how you call—Commerce. One ting puzzle me great deal. Here much freedom. Sometimes I tink, too much. But that Island—how you call it—Cuba. People tella me Spain cruel to that island. Now I read muchee in the speeches and—how you call—State papers, of great American mans, that your government is friend of—what you call 'ems—two awfully hard word—Ingles very hard—Stop! I go get book—O, now I have him—Oppressed Nationalities. Now, you lettee Spain buy—what you call—gunboats and big guns and powder and balls for shoot, but you no lettee Cuba buy. I ask some peoples how that is. They tella me Nootrality. Funny ting, Nootrality. Fraid Japanee mans stoopid, no can understand him now. Never mind. Learn bimeby.

Anoder ting. I no hear any one say General GRANT great mans. Only say he go muchee to clam bake, go fishee and much smokee. Dat's all. Why you makee him you ruler then? Because that he so much smokee? Tings much different here from Japan. Tycoon or Mikado no go clam bake, no go fishee. Stay at home and govern Japanee. No time go fishee. Only smoke opium sometimes. Why General GRANT no smokee opium too? Good ting for Japanee trade.

Since that I arrivee here much peoples aska me about hari-kari. One mans he aska me if that what Japanee mans eat. I laugh great deal, and tella him Japanee mans much prefer bird nest soup and shark fin. Then he laugh much great deal too. Why? The other day I tread on Professor mans foot. He old mans, much fat, with red nose and—how you call—gout. He swear one little swear, but no much loud, and look much 'fended. I say him, "No be 'fended," and proposee him hari-kari for—how you call—satisfaction. He much sprise, and say, "What Lari-kari?" Then I tella him that he should rip him ups and then I rip me ups—so. So Japanee mans do when not satisfy. Then he laugh much great deal, say he no 'fended, much satisfy, and shakee hands.

People here much friendly. Often say "Go drinkee with me." I say them I no go drinkee. They aska me "why not?" I say them Japanee man no want go talkee to lamp-post, shakee hands with pump, and try for makee light him cigar with door-key. So it make American man do. Drinkee no good for Japanee mans. Japanee TOMMY too much fond—what you call—cobblers. TOMMY bad boy. Got drunks. Him kill.

Some American mans too much questions askee. Want know too much. We have wild animal in Japan—what you call—Boar. We much fearee him. Run away when come. So I tearree and run away when come mans that too much questions ask. One ting puzzle me much. For why you call your money shinplaster? I no can tell, unless that he walk away so fast.

Soogiwoora.

A MOTLEY MELODY.

Air: Old Mother Hubbard.

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Quite overlooks Uncle SAM.
He asks not for chink,
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"Alabama" proclaims All a bam.

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Amor Patriæ leaks out as the turtle goes in.

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All our losses at Sea he condoneth in Port.

When by Britons soft-soaped, he's delighted to lave
In the lather that's only laid on for a shave.

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He accepts, in the place of hard dollars, red tape.

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He Tables our Claim while addressing the Chair.

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He is always the PRINCE OF AMERICAN SNOBS.

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THE
MYSTERY OF MR. E. DROOD.

AN ADAPTATION.

BY ORPHEUS C. KERR.

CHAPTER XII.

A NIGHT OF IT WITH McLAUGHLIN.

Judge SWEENEY, with a certain supercilious consciousness that he is figuring in a novel, and that it will not do for him to thwart the eccentricities of mysterious fiction by any commonplace deference to the mere meteorological weaknesses of ordinary human nature, does not allow the fact that late December is a rather bleak and cold time of year to deter him from taking daily airings in the neighborhood of the Ritualistic churchyard. Since the inscription of his epitaph on his late wife upon her monument therein, the churchyard is to him a kind of ponderous work of imagination with marble leaves, to which he has contributed the most brilliant chapter; and when he sees any stranger hovering about a part of the outer railings from whence the inscription may be read, it is with all the swelling pride of an author who, having procured the publication of some dreary article in a magazine, is thrown into an ecstasy of vanity if he sees but one person glance at that number of the periodical on a news-stand.

Since his first meeting with Mr. BUMSTEAD, on the evening of the epitaph-reading, Judge SWEENEY has cultivated that gentleman's acquaintance, and been received at his lodgings several times with considerable cordiality and lemon-tea. On such occasions, Mr. BUMSTEAD, in his musical capacity, has sung so closely in Judge SWEENEY's ear as to tickle him, a wild and slightly incoherent Ritualistic stave, to the effect that Saint PETER's of Rome, with pontifical dome, would by ballot Infallible be; but for making Call sure, and Election secure, Saint Repeater's of Rum beats the See. With finger in ear to allay the tickling sensation, JUDGE SWEENEY declares that this young man smelling of cloves is a person of great intellectual attainments, and understands the political genius of his country well enough to make an excellent Judge of Election.

Walking slowly near the churchyard on this particular freezing December evening, with his hands behind his back, and his eyes intent for any envious husband who may be "with a rush retiring," monumentally counselled, after reading the Epitaph, Judge SWEENEY suddenly comes upon Father DEAN conversing with SMYTHE, the sexton, and Mr. BUMSTEAD. Bowing to these three, who, like himself, seem to find real luxury in open-air strolling on a bitter night in midwinter, he notices that his model, the Ritual Rector, is wearing a new hat, like a Cardinal's, only black, and is immediately lost in wondering where he can obtain one like it short of Rome.

"You look so much like an author, Mr. BUMSTEAD, in having no overcoat, wearing your paper collar upside down, and carrying a pen behind your ear," Father DEAN is saying, "that I can almost fancy you are about to write a book about us. Well, Bumsteadville 'is just the place to furnish a nice, dry, inoffensive domestic novel in the sedative vein."

After two or three ineffectual efforts to seize the end of it, which he seems to think is an inch or two higher than its actual position, Mr. BUMSTEAD finally withdraws from between his right ear and head a long and neatly cut hollow straw.

"This is not a pen, Holy Father," he answers, after a momentary glance of majestic severity at Mr. SMYTHE, who has laughed. "It is only a simple instrument which I use, as a species of syphon, in certain chemical experiments with sliced tropical fruit and glass-ware. In the precipitation of lemon-slices into cut crystal, it is necessary for the liquid medium to be exhausted gradually; and, after using this cylinder of straw for the purpose about an hour ago, I must have placed it behind my ear in a moment of absent-mindedness."

"Ah, I see," said Father DEAN, although he didn't. "But what is this, Judge SWEENEY, respecting your introduction of McLAUGHLIN to Mr. BUMSTEAD, which I have heard about?"

"Why, your Reverence, I consider JOHN McLAUGHLIN a Character," responds the Judge, "and thought our young friend of the organ-loft might like to study him."

"The truth is," explains Mr. BUMSTEAD, "that Judge SWEENEY put

it into my head to do a few pauper graves with JOHN McLAUGHLIN, some moonlight night, for the mere oddity and dampness of the thing.—And I should regret to believe," added Mr. BUMSTEAD, raising his voice as he saw that the judiciary was about to interrupt—"And I should really be loathe to believe that Judge SWEENEY was not perfectly sober when he did so."

"Oh, yes—certainly—I remember—to be sure," exclaims the Judge, in great haste; alarmed into speedy assent by the construction which he perceives would be put upon a denial. "I remember it very distinctly. I remember putting it into your head—by the tumblerful, if I remember rightly."

"Profiting by your advice," continues Mr. BUMSTEAD, oblivious to the last sentence, I am going out to-night, in search of the moist and picturesque, with JOHN McLAUGHLIN—"

"Who is here," says Father DEAN.

OLD MORTARITY, dinner-kettle in hand and more mortary than ever, is indeed seen approaching them with shuffling gait. Bowing to the Holy Father, he is about to pass on, when Judge SWEENEY stops him with—

"You must be very careful with your friend, BUMSTEAD, this evening, JOHN McLAUGHLIN, and see that he don't fall and break his neck."

"Never you worry about Mr. BUMSTEAD, Judge," growls OLD MORTARITY. "He can walk further off the perpendicklar without tumbling than any gentleman I ever see."

"Of course I can, JOHN McLAUGHLIN," says Mr. BUMSTEAD, checking another unseemly laugh of Mr. SMYTHE's with a dreadful frown. "I often practice walking sideways, for the purpose of developing the muscles on that side. The left side is always the weaker, and the hip a trifle lower, if one does not counteract the difference by walking sideways occasionally."

A great deal of unnecessary coughing, which follows this physiological exposition, causes Mr. BUMSTEAD to breathe hard at them all for a moment, and tread with great malignity upon Mr. SMYTHE's nearest corn.

While yet the sexton is groaning, OLD MORTARITY whispers to the Ritualistic organist that he will be ready for him at the appointed hour to-night, and shuffles away. After which Mr. BUMSTEAD, with the hollow straw sticking out fiercely from his ear, privately offers to see Father DEAN home if he feels at all dizzy; and, being courteously refused, retires down the turnpike toward his own lodgings with military precision of step.

When night falls upon the earth like a drop of ink upon the word Sun, and the stars glitter like the points of so many poised gold pens all ready to write the softer word Moon above the blot, the organist of St. Cow's sits in his own room, where his fire keeps-up a kind of aspenish twilight, and executes upon his accordeon a series of wild and mutilated airs. The moistened towel which he often wears when at home is turbaned upon his head, causing him to present a somewhat Turkish appearance; and as, when turning a particularly complicated corner in an air, it is his artistic habit to hold his tongue between his teeth, twist his head in sympathy with the elaborate fingering, and involuntarily lift one foot higher and higher from the floor as some skittish note frantically dodges to evade him, his general musical aspect at his own hearth is that of a partially Oriental gentleman, agonizingly laboring to cast from him some furious animal full of strange sounds. Thus engaging in desperate single combat with what, for making a ferocious fight before any recognizable tune can be rescued from it, is, perhaps, the most exhausting instrument known to evening amateurs and maddened neighborhoods, Mr. BUMSTEAD passes three athletic hours. At the end of that time, after repeatedly tripping-up its exasperated organist over wrong keys in the last bar, the accordeon finally relinquishes the concluding note with a dismal whine of despair, and retires in complete collapse to its customary place of waiting. Then the conquering performer changes his towel for a hat which would look better if it had not been so often worn in bed, places an antique black bottle in one pocket of his coat and a few cloves in the other; hangs an unlighted lantern before him by a cord passing about his neck, and, with his umbrella under his arm, goes softly down stairs and out of the house.

Repairing to the marble-yard and home of OLD MORTARITY, which are on the outskirts of Bumsteadville, he wanders through mortar-heaps, monuments brought for repair, and piles of bricks, toward a whitewashed residence of small demensions with a light at the window.

"JOHN McLAUGHLIN, ahoy!"

In response, the master of the mansion promptly opens the door, and

it is then perceptible that his basement, parlor, spare-bedroom and attic are all on one floor, and that a couple of pigs are spending the season with him. Showing his visitor into this ingeniously condensed establishment, he induces the pigs to retire to a corner, and then dons his hat.

"Are you ready, JOHN McLAUGHLIN?"

"Please the pigs, I am, Mr. BUMSTEAD," answers McLAUGHLIN, taking down from a hook a lantern, which, like his companion's, he hangs from his neck by a cord. "My spirits is equal to any number of ghosts to-night, sir, if we meet 'em."

"Spirits!" ejaculates the Ritualistic organist, shifting his umbrella for a moment while he hurriedly draws the antique bottle from his pocket. "You're nervous to-night, J. McLAUGHLIN, and need a little of the venerable JAMES AKER'S West Indian Restorative.—I'll try it first to make sure that I haven't mistaken the phial."

He rests the elongated orifice of the diaphanous flask upon his lips for a brief interval of critical inspection, and then applies it thoughtfully to the mouth of OLD MORTARITY.

"Some more! Some more!" pleads the aged McLAUGHLIN, when the Jamaican nervine is abruptly jerked from his lips.

"Silence! Com on," is the stern response of the other, who, as he moves from the house, and restores the crystal antiquity to its proper pocket, eats a few cloves by stealth. His manner plainly shows that he is offended at the quantity the old man has managed to swallow already.

Strange indeed is the ghastly expedition to the place of skulls, upon which these two go thus by night. Not strange, perhaps, for Mr. McLAUGHLIN, whose very youth in New York, where he was an active politician, found him a frequent nightly familiar of the Tombs; but strange for the organist, who, although often grave in his manner, sepulchral in his tones, and occasionally addicted to coughin', must be curiously eccentric to wish to pass into concert that evening with the dead heads.

Transfixed by his umbrella, which makes him look like a walking cross between a pair of boots and a hat, Mr. BUMSTEAD leads the way athwart the turnpike and several fields, until they have arrived at a low wall skirting the foot of Gospeler's Gulch. Here they catch sight of the Reverend OCTAVIUS SIMPSON and MONTGOMERY PENDRAGON walking together, near the former's house, in the moonlight, and, instantaneously, Mr. BUMSTEAD opens his umbrella over the head of OLD MORTARITY, and drags him down beside himself under it behind the wall.

"Hallo! What's all this?" gasps Mr. McLAUGHLIN, struggling afrightedly in his suffocating cage of whalebone and alpaca. "What's this here old lady's hoop-skirt doing on me?"

"Peace, wriggling dotard!" hisses BUMSTEAD, jamming the umbrella tighter over him. "If they see us they'll want some of the West Indian Restorative."

Mr. SIMPSON and MONTGOMERY have already heard a sound; for they pause abruptly in their conversation, and the latter asks: "Could it have been a ghost?"

"Ask it if it's a ghost," whispers the Gospeler, involuntarily crossing himself.

"Are you there, Mr. G.?" quavers the raised voice of the young Southerner, respectfully addressing the inquiry to the stone wall.

No answer.

"Well," mutters the Gospeler, "it couldn't have been a ghost, after all; but I certainly thought I saw an umbrella. To conclude what I was saying, then,—I have the confidence in you, Mr. MONTGOMERY, to believe that you will attend the dinner of Reconciliation on Christmas eve, as you have promised."

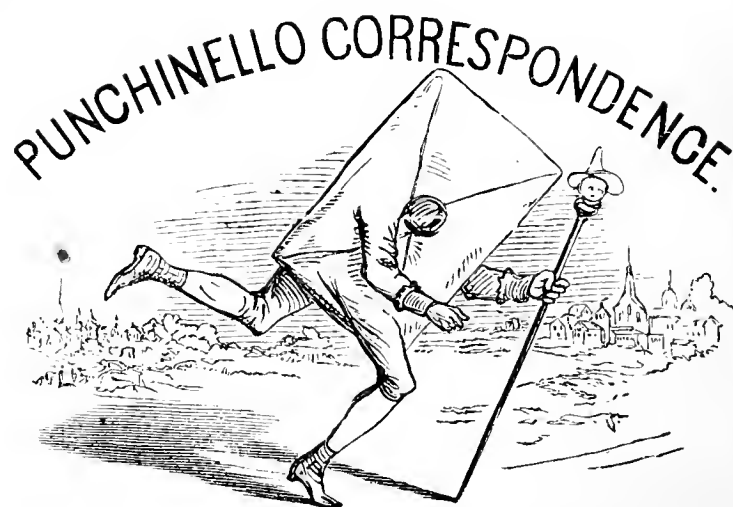
"Depend on me, sir."

"I shall; and have become surety for your punctuality to that excellent and unselfish healer of youthful wounds, Mr. BUMSTEAD."

More is said after this; but the speakers have strolled to the other side of the Gospeler's house, and their words cannot be distinguished. Mr. BUMSTEAD closes his umbrella with such suddenness and violence as to nearly pull off the head of McLAUGHLIN; drives his own hat further upon his nose with a sounding blow; takes several wild swallows from his antique flask; eats two cloves, and chuckles hoarsely to himself for some minutes. "Here, JOHN McLAUGHLIN," he says, at last, "try a little more West Indian Restorative, and then we'll go and do a few skeletons."

(To be Continued.)

What is Likely to be Raised, some day, regarding the Pneumatic TUBAL CAIN.



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In order to make this department of PUNCHINELLO as complete as possible, we have secured the services of the most competent authorities in literature, art, the sciences in general, history, biography, and the vast vague unknown. The answers furnished by us to our correspondents may therefore be relied upon as being strictly accurate.

Scales.—How old was DANIEL LAMBERT at the time of his death? *Answer.*—736 lbs.

Ignoramus.—Why were the Roman *Saturnalia* so called? *Answer.*—The proper spelling of the word is *Sauternalia*. They were wine feasts; and the vintage most in favor at them was Haut Sauterne.

Chasseur. Is the antelope to be classed among the goat family? *Answer.*—No. MOORE calls it a "deer gazelle."

Armiger.—Is "arm's length" a recognized measure? *Answer.*—Yes. It is a *Standard* measure, as may be seen in the way that journal is getting ahead of the *Sun*, which it keeps at arm's length.

Molar.—Yes; burnt Cork is an excellent dentifrice. It should not be applied to the teeth of children, however, as it is apt to impart an Irish accent, or, in extreme cases, even a negro dialect.

Bookworm.—Do two negatives always constitute an affirmative? *Answer.*—That depends upon the price charged by the photographer.

Sunswick.—Is it true that JAMES FISK, Jr., has purchased Baden and another German Duchy? *Answer.*—No: but he could have both if he wanted two.

Rockland.—Who are the suffering persons represented in DORE's remarkable picture of DANTE and VIRGIL visiting the frozen ward of the *Inferno*? *Answer.*—The Knickerbocker Ice Company.

Solitaire.—On what day did the Fourth of July fall in the year 1788? *Answer.*—On the Fourth.

James Lobbs.—How long ago is it since desiccated soup first came into use? *Answer.*—At least as long ago as the days of CROMWELL, whose advice to his troops was "Put your trust in Providence, and keep your chowder dry."

Bach.—Is the practice of divorce a mark of civilization? *Answer.*—It is. In the Gorilla family, (the nearest approach to the human,) divorce is not practiced, but it is in Indiana, which is usually considered to be a State of Civilization.

PAT TO THE QUESTION.

Our law-makers in Congress—or rather law-cobblers, for few of them have risen to the dignity of makers—are asked to repeal the *per cap.* duty imposed by California on all Chinamen imported there.

The Californians have the authority of Congress itself, for this duty. By reference to "HEYL'S Rates of Duties on Imports," page 36, art. 691, under head of "Act of June 30, 1864, chap. 171," "An act to increase Duties on Imports," etc., we find "on paddy one cent and a half per pound." Now if a good-sized Irishman pays \$2.25, why shouldn't a "Celestial" pay as much in proportion to the weight of his *corpus*?

Contradictory.

It appears that, by a joint resolution of Congress, the use of "that first-class humbug and fraud, the whiskey meter," has been abolished. Now there are dozens of members of Congress who are not only "first-class humbugs and frauds," but whiskey meters, to whom whiskey is both meat and drink, and yet who ever heard of their proposing to abolish themselves?



STAY-AT-HOME PEOPLE.

FOLKS MAY NOT BE ABLE TO GO TO NEWPORT OR LONG BRANCH, BUT THEY CAN ALWAYS CREATE A LOCAL SENSATION BY TAKING A FOOT-BATH IN THE BACK-YARD.

COMIC ZOOLOGY.

Genus *Culex*.—The American Mosquito.

Few American birds are better known than the mosquito. In common with the woodcock, snipe, and other winged succubi, it breeds in wet places, yet is always dry. Like them it can sustain life on mud juleps, but prefers "claret." It is a familiar creature, seems to regard the human family as its Blood relations, and is always ready to sucker them.

Being a bird of Nocturnal Habits, it is particularly attracted to human beings in their Night-shirts. The swallow preys upon it, but it generally eludes the Bat. Although it cannot be called Noctilucous, like the lightning bug, it has no objection to alight in the darkness, and you often knock till you cuss in your vain attempts to prevent its taking a Shine to you.

The mosquito differs in most respects from all the larger varieties of the winged tribes, and upon the whole takes after man more than any other living thing. Nevertheless, it certainly bears a noticeable resemblance to some of the feathered race. Like the Nightingale, it "sings darkling," and like the woodpecker, is much addicted to tapping the bark of Limbs and Trunks for the purpose of obtaining grub. It may be mentioned as an amiable idiosyncrasy of the mosquito, that it is fond of babies. If there is a child in the house, it is sure to spot the playful innocent; and by means of an ingenious contrivance combining the principles of the gimlet and the air-pump, it soon relieves the little human bud of its superfluous juices. It is, in fact, a born surgeon, a Sangrado of the Air, and rivals that celebrated Spanish Leech in its fondness for phlebotomy. Some infidels, who do not subscribe to the doctrine that nothing was made in vain, consider it an unmitigated nuisance, but the devout and thoughtful Christian recognizes it as Nature's preventive of plethora, and as it alternately breathes a Vein and a song, it may be said (though we never heard the remark,) to combine the *utile* with the *dulce*.

MURPHY THE CONQUEROR.

BY CORPORAL QUINN.

COME tip us your fist, then, yer sowl you,
Since iver I come from the wars
The like wasn't heerd. Fill the bowl you
Bowld sons of MILESUS and MARS;
And dhrink to ould Ireland the turfy
That's shmilin' out there in the say,
Wid three cheers for the conqueror MURPHY.
Whoo! America's ours from to-day.

Och! SAYZAR he walloped the Briton,
The Tarthars leap't China's big wall,
ALEXANDTHUR did half the world sit on,
But niver touched Ireland at all.
At Clontarf ould BORN in the surf he
Sint tumblin' the murdtherin' Danes—
But, yer sowl, the brave conqueror MURPHY
Takes the shine out of all of their panes.

ULYSSES has made him Collecthor,
(Sich choppin' o' heads ne'er was seen;)
Sure the hayro will make me Inspecthor
Whin there's so many "wigs on the green.
And we'll be night-watchmen uproarious,
Wid big badges on our coats,
And we'll fight for TOM MURPHY the glorious,
Wid our fists, our guns, and our votes.

At the Custom House, Dutchman and Yankee
Are thryin' to talk wid a brogue,
They're all *Irish*, now—fat, lean, or lanky,
And green are the neckties in vogue.
They're thracin' themselves to some DUFFY,
O'NEILL, or MCCANN, or O'TAAFFE,
I'll go bail the bowld conqueror MURPHY
'S too owld to be caught wid sich chaff.

Now Dutchmin may go to the divil,
And Yankees to Plymouth's ould rock,
We'll blast it, if they are not civil;
While boys of the raal ould stock
Will hurroo for ould Ireland the turfy.
Whoo! Jibralthar is taken to-day,
Our commandther's the conqueror MURPHY—
Now a tiger and nine times hooray!

All the members of the genus are slender and graceful in their shape and Gnatty in their general appearance. The common mosquito is remarkable for its strong attachments. It follows man with more than canine fidelity, and in some cases, the dog-like pertinacity of its affection can only be restrained by Muslin. It is of a roving disposition, seldom remaining settled long in one locality; and is Epicurean in its tastes—always living, if possible, on the fat of the land. As the mosquito produces no honey, mankind in general are not as sweet upon it as they are upon that bigger hum-bug, the buzzy bee; yet it is so far akin to the bee, that, wherever it forages, it produces something closely resembling Hives.

Few varieties of game are hunted more industriously than this, yet such is the fecundity of the species, that the Sportsman's Club has not as yet thought it necessary to petition the legislature for its protection.

The New Jersey Mosquito is the largest known specimen of the genus, except the Southern Gallinipper, which is only a few sizes smaller than the Virginia Nightingale, and raises large speckles similar to those of the Thrush. Ornithologists who wish to study the habits of the mosquito in its undomesticated or nomad state, may find it in angry clouds on the surface of the New Jersey salt marshes at this season, in company with its teetering long-billed Congener, the Sandsnipe.

During the last month of summer it reigns supreme in the swamps west of Hoboken, the August Emperor of all the Rushes, and persons of an apoplectic turn, who wish to have their surplus blood determined to the surface instead of to the head, will do well to seek the hygienic insect there.

An Apt Quotation.

The name "Louvre" has now been adopted by several places of entertainment in New York and its suburbs. A Boston gentleman, who visited seven of them a night or two since, under the escort of a policeman, declares that, by a slight alteration of a line of MOORE'S, New York may be well described as—

"A place for Louvres, and for Louvres only."

THE WATERING PLACES.

Punchinello's Vacations.

MR. PUNCHINELLO puts up at the Atlantic Hotel when he goes to Cape May; and if you were to ask him why, he would tell you that it was on account of the admirable water-punches which JOHN McMAKIN serves up. To be sure these mixtures do not agree with Mr. P., but he likes to see people enjoying themselves, even if he can't do it himself. It is this unselfish disposition, this love of his fellow-men, that enables him to maintain that constant good humor so requisite to his calling. In fact, though Mr. P. often says sharp things, he never gets angry. When, on Thursday of last week, he was walking down the south side of Jackson street, and a man asked him did he want to buy a bag, Mr. P. was not enraged. He knew the man took him for a greenhorn, but then the man himself was a Jerseyman. It is no shame to be a greenhorn to a Jerseyman. Quite the reverse. Mr. P. would blush if he thought there lived a "sand-Spaniard" who could not take advantage of him. So Mr. P. bought the bag, and because it was made of very durable canvas, and would last a great while, he paid a dollar for it.

He did not ask what it was for. He knew. It was to put Cape May Diamonds in! He put the bag in his pocket and walked along the beach for three miles. You can't walk more than three miles here, and if you hire a carriage you will find that you can't ride less than that distance. Which makes it bad, sometimes. However, when Mr. P. had finished his three miles, he didn't want to go any further. He stopped, and gazing carelessly around to see that no one noticed him, pulled out his canvas bag and did shuffle a little in the sand with his feet. He might find some diamonds, you know, just as likely as any of the hundreds of other people, who, in other sequestered parts of the beach, were pulling out other canvas bags, and shuffling in the sand with other feet. At length Mr. P. shuffled himself into a very sequestered nook indeed, and there he saw a man smoking. His melancholy little boy was sitting by his side. Perceiving that it was only General GRANT, Mr. P. advanced with his usual grace and suavity of manner.

"Why, Mr. President!" said he, "I thought you would be found at Long Branch this season."

"Long—thunder!" ejaculated the General, his face as black as the ace of spades, (which, by the way, is blue.) "I might go to Nova Zembla for a quiet smoke, and some sneaking politician would crawl out from the ice with a petition. I went fishing in Pennsylvania, and I found twenty of those fellows to every trout. However, I don't mind you. Take a seat and have a cigar."



Mr. P. took the seat, (which was nothing to brag of,) and a cigar, (which would have been a great deal to brag of, if he had succeeded in smoking it,) and, after a whiff or two, asked his companion how it was that he came to send such a message to Congress about Cuba.

"What message?" said GRANT, absently.

Mr. P. explained.

"Oh," said GRANT, "that one! Didn't you like it? CALEB CUSHING wrote it and brought it to me, and I signed it. If you had written one and brought it to me, I would have signed that. 'Tisn't my fault if the thing's wrong. What would you expect of a man?"

Mr. P. concluded that in this case it was ridiculous to expect anything else, and so he changed the subject.

That afternoon Mr. P. bathed.

He went to SLOAN's and fitted himself out in a bathing suit, and very lovely he looked in it, when he emerged from the bathing house at high-tide. With a red tunic; green pants; and a very yellow hat, he resembled a frog-legged Garibaldian, ready for the harvest.

When he hurried to the water's edge, he hesitated for a moment. The roaring surf was so full of heads, legs, arms, back-hair, hats and feet, that he feared there was no room for him. However, he espied a vacancy, and plunged into the briny deep.

How delicious! How cool! How fresh! How salt! How splendid!

He struck out with his legs; he struck out with his arms; he dived with his whole body. He skimmed beneath the green waters; he floated on the rolling wave-tips; he trod water; he turned heels over head in the emerald depths; and thus, gamboling like an infant Triton, he passed out beyond the breakers. It was very pleasant there. Being a little tired, he found the change from the surging waves to the gentle chuck and flop of the deep water, most delightful. Languidly, to rest himself, he threw his arm over a rock just peeping above the water. But the rock gave a start and a yawn.

It was a sleeping shark!

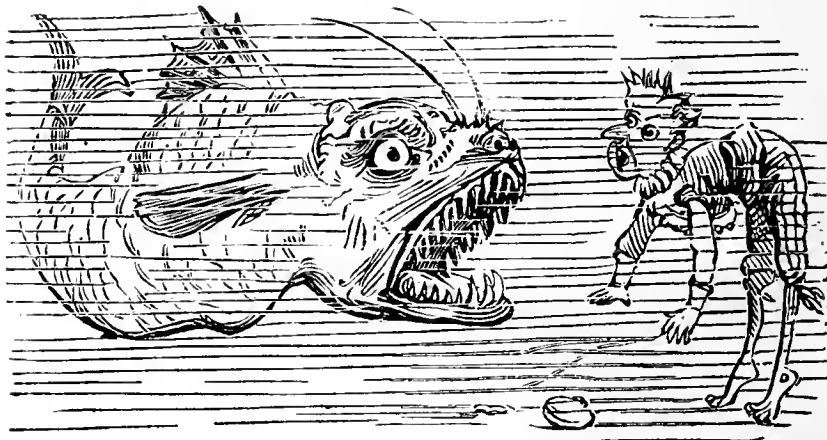
The startled fish opened his eyes to their roundest, and backed water.

So did Mr. P.

For an instant they gazed at each other in utter surprise. Then the shark began slowly to sink. Mr. P. knew what that meant. The monster was striving to get beneath him for the fatal snap!

Mr. P. sank with him!

With admirable presence of mind he kept exactly even with the fish.



At last they reached the bottom.

Mr. P. was nearly suffocated, but he determined that he would strangle rather than rise first. The shark endeavored to crawl under him, but Mr. P. clung to the bottom.

The fish then made a feint of rising, but, in an instant, Mr. P. had him around the waist!

The affrighted shark darted to the surface, and Mr. P. inhaled at least a gallon of fresh air. Never before had oxygen tasted so good!

On the surface the struggle was renewed, but Mr. P. always kept undermost.

At last they rested from the contest, and lay panting on the surface of the water, glaring at each other.

The shark, who was a master of *finesse*, swam out a little way, to where the water was deeper, and then slowly sank, intending, if Mr. P. followed him again to the bottom, to stay there long enough to drown the unfortunate man. But Mr. P. knew a trick worth two of that.

He didn't follow him at all! He swam towards shore as fast as he could, and when the shark looked around, to see if he was coming, he was safe within the line of surf.

Need it be said that when he reached dry land, Mr. P. became a hero with the crowds who had witnessed this heroic struggle?

That evening, as Mr. P. sat upon the portico of his hotel, there came unto him, in the moonlight, a maiden of the latest fashion.

"Sir," she softly murmured "are you the noble hero who overcame the shark?"

Mr. P. looked up at her.

Her soft eyes were dimmed with irrepressible emotion.

"I am," said he.

The maiden stood motionless. Her whole frame was agitated by a secret struggle.

At length she spoke.

"Is there a Mrs. P.?" she softly said.

Mr. P. arose. He grasped the back of his chair with trembling hand. His manly form quivered with a secret struggle.

He looked upon her!

He gazed for a moment, with glowing, passionate eyes, upon that matchless form—upon that angelic face, and then—he clasped his brows in hopeless agony.

Stepping back, he gave the maiden one glance of wildest love, followed by another of bitterest despair; and sank helpless into his chair.



The maiden leaned, pale and trembling, against a pillar; but hearing the approach of intruders, she recovered herself with an effort.

"Farewell," she whispered. "I know! I know! There is a Mrs. P!"—and she was gone.

Mr. P. arose and slipped out into the night, shaken by a secret struggle. He laid upon the sand and kicked up his heels.

There isn't any Mrs. P.!

Mr. P. does not wish to sweep his hand rudely o'er the tender chords of any heart, but he wants it known that he is neither to be snapped up by sharks in the sea, or by young women at watering places.

A DOG'S TALE.

Dogmatic.

I AM only a dog, I admit; but do you suppose dogs have no feeling? I guess if you were kicked out of every door-way you ran into, and driven away from every meat stand or grocery you happened to smell around, you would think you had feelings.

When I see some dogs riding in carriages, looking so grandly out of the windows, or others walking along proudly by the side of their owners, I have a feeling of dislike for the very thought of liberty!

I sometimes go with the crowd to a lecture-room, and listen to the speeches about freedom and liberty, the hatred of bondage, and all that sort of thing. I get my tail up, and wish I could tell them what liberty really is. There is nothing worse in the world than this running around loose, with no one to look after you, and no one for you to look after; no one to notice you when you wag your tail, and to have no occasion for so doing. You go out and you come in, and nobody cares. If you never come back, no one troubles himself about you.

Every day I hear men reading in the papers about some lucky dogs having strayed, or having been stolen, a large reward being offered for their recovery; and I envy each lost dog! I wonder who would advertise for me if I got lost! Alas! no one. They would not give me a bone to bring me back, or to keep me from drowning myself. But every boy in the street thinks he has a right to throw stones at me; and tie tin-kettles to my tail; and chase me when I have had the good luck to find a

bone; and to set big dogs upon me to worry me when I am faint from hunger and haven't much pluck; and worse than all, chase me and cry "Ki-yi," when I am almost dying of thirst!

If you only knew how hard it is for a poor dog to make his way in the world, with no one to help him to a mouthful of food, you would feel sorry for us.

But I think we might get along better if it wasn't for the scarcity of water. I hardly know a spot in the city where I can get a drink; and many a time I have gone all day without a drop.

If I happen to hang out my tongue and droop my tail, my ears are saluted with "Mad dog! Let's kill him!" You need not wonder I sometimes turn round, and snap at my pursuers. I think you would snap, too, if you were chased through street and lane and alley, till your blood was in a perfect fever, and you hardly knew which way you were running! I have, on many such occasions, actually run past a beautiful bone that lay handy on the side-walk, and never stopped to smell it.

Oh! I wish some one would take me prisoner, and continue to own me, and keep me in bondage as long as I lived! I should only be too happy to give up my liberty, and settle down and be a respectable dog!

A Bute-iful Idea.

THE Marquis of Bute denies that he is going to return to the Protestant fold. With reference to the rumor, the Pope stated in the Ecumenical Council that "the Bute was on the right leg at last, and that he would launch his thunder against him who should dare that Bute displace."

WHAT IS IT?

As the shades of night descend (in the neighborhood of Mecklenburg, N. C.,) and harmless domestic animals begin to compose themselves to sleep, suddenly the drowsy world is awakened by a roaring like that of a lion! It proceeds from the forest, in whose bosky recesses (as the Mecklenburgers suppose) some terrible creature proclaims his hunger and his inclination to appease it with human flesh! All night long the quaking denizens of that hamlet lie and listen to the roaring, which is an effectual preventive of drowsiness, as the moment any one begins to be seized with it he also begins to fancy he is about to be seized and deglutinated by the horrid monster! Naturalists are positive it is not the Gyascutis, but admit that a Megatherium may have lately awakened from the magnetic sleep of ages, with the pangs of a mighty hunger tearing his wasted viscera.

If our theory is correct, the good people of Mecklenburg (was it not in

Mecklenburg that the agitation for Independence began?) may be assured that deliverance from this unreasonable Dragon is possible. We think it more than likely that it is simply GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN practicing for the next invasion of Great Britain. Nothing could be more harmless. One Ku-Kluxian youth, armed with a double-barrelled shot-gun, four bowie-knives, and a number of revolvers, could rout him instantly, and even check the flow of his vociferous eloquence so suddenly as to put him in imminent danger of asphyxia.

Giving the Cue.

"Is that one of your Chinese belles?" asked Mr. PUNCHINELLO of Mr. KOOPMAN-SCHOOP, as one of the newly-imported yallagals passed.

"Yes," replied Mr. K. "You can always tell a Chinese bell from a Chinese gong by the bell-pull attached to it."

Mr. P. immediately presented his *chapeau* to Mr. K.



RETRIBUTION.

THE BOYS OF SAN FRANCISCO, EXASPERATED AT THE CONVERSION OF THEIR DOGS INTO PIE, TIE KETTLES TO THE TAILS OF THE CHINAMEN.

HINTS FOR—THOSE WHO WILL TAKE THEM.

MR. PUNCHINELLO: Your invaluable "Hints for the Family," published some time since, seem destined to work a revolution in our domestic economy; as the plans you propose must win the admiration of housekeepers by their extreme simplicity, aside from any other motives to their adoption. I have myself tested several of your methods, and find that you speak from thorough and circumstantial knowledge of your subject. In bread-making, for instance, we find that when the cat reposes in the dough, it (the dough) will not rise, though the cat does. But in the clock manufacture, we fear you have divulged one of the secrets of the trade.

Your little invention for carrying a thread should be recommended to students and other isolated beings, notwithstanding their unaccountable propensity to pierce other substances than the cloth. They would find driving the needle through much facilitated by a skilful use of the table formerly described.

Permit me to make a few additional suggestions.

Get some worsted and a pair of needles; set up from twenty to forty stitches, more or less, and knit till you are tired. When finished—(the knitting)—draw out the needles and bite off the thread. You will thus have made an elegant lamp-mat, of the same color as the worsted, and the very thing for a Christmas present to your grandmother.

This is a very graceful employment, and a great favorite with ladies; in fact, some ladies seem so infatuated with work of that

kind, that, according to the new theory of the Future, a fruition of fancy-work will be amongst their other blissful realizations. And so, after surveying Deacon Quirk's spiritual potato fields, or perhaps some fresh (spiritual) manifestation of Miss PHELPS's piety and intelligence, we may have the pleasure of seeing the sun and moon hung with tidies, and a lamp-mat under each star.

Take your rejected sketches and compositions, cut them in strips two or three inches wide, and as long as the paper will permit. Fold these strips lengthwise as narrow as possible, and smooth the edges down

flat with your finger. When finished, or perhaps before, you will find you have made a bunch of excellent lamp-lighters.

Get a suit of clothes—broadcloth is the best—and a pair of boots to stand them in. Button the coat, and insert in the neck any vegetable you choose, so that it be large enough, (one of the drum-head species is the best,) and finish with a hat. You will then find, doubtless to your surprise and delight, that you have a man, or an excellent substitute for one, equal, if not superior to the genuine article, warranted to be always pleased with his dinner, and never, necessarily, in the way. Some people may object to its lack of intelligence, as compared with the original, but careful investigation has shown that the difference is very slight; yet, admitting even this to be a positive fault, it is amply counterbalanced by negative merits. Your correspondent who writes about "The Real Estate of Woman," will be relieved to find that the threatened dearth in husbands can be so readily obviated.

Very truly,
ANN O. BLUE.

For Singers, Only.

WHAT is the best wine for the voice?
Canary.

A Chop-House Aphorism.

CUSTOMERS who fee waiters may always be sure of their Feed.

Wasby.

THE daily papers tell us that "Sixty-Eight Thousand persons visited the public baths during last week."

They went in—a week lot—and came out sixty-eight thousand strong.

Constructive Genius.

"A poor woman in Utica, who owns three houses and is building another, sends her children into the streets daily to beg."

Quite right. While the youngsters beg in the streets, let the enterprising old lady go on and begin another house.

A Result of the Mongol.

Owing to the influx of Chinamen into this country, the edict against allowing dogs to run at large during the Summer has been relaxed.



BOMBASTES BONAPARTE:

NOW PERFORMING AT THE THEATRE FRANCAIS.

"He who would these Boots displace
Must meet BOMBASTES face to face."



THE NEW PANDORA'S BOX.

REPRESENTATIVE MANUFACTURER, (springing open Chinese surprise box).—"THERE!—WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT LITTLE JOKER? KNIGHT OF ST. CRISPIN.—"PSHAW! THAT'S A MEAN TRICK: WAIT TILL I OPEN MY BOX!"

HIRAM GREEN ON THE CHINESE.

He writes a letter to the North Adams Shoe Manufacturer.—New Occupation for the "Coming Man."

NSBORO, NYE ONTO VARMONT, {
July the 11th, 18-Seventy.

MISTER SAMPSON:

SELESTIAL SIR:—I take my goose quill in hand to rite you a letter.

I like your stile—you soot me. I myself have been an old Statesman, having served my country for 4 years as Gustise of the Peece, raisin' sed offis to a higher standard than usual, as well as raisin' an interestin' family of eleven healthy children. Upon the linements of their countenance the features and stamp of GREEN stands out in bold relief. They are all genuine Green-bax.

A little cloud no bigger than a man's hand made its appearance over the golden streets of San Francisco.

It is growin' bigger, and afore we know it, will be bigger than a white elefant.

You have ceased the dilemer by the horn which hangs suspended from the dilemer's head, like the tail of a kite.

While you have set the Chinees peggin' away puttin' bottoms on shoes, a great many are peggin' away "puttin' a head onto you."

In the present statis of things you want to blow up your nerve, and stand as firm as the rox of Jiberalter, and like BYRON exclaim:

"To be or not to be, there's the question;—
Whether a man feels better to pay big wages for shoemakers,
Or to suffer the slings and arrows of everybody,
By hirin' Pig-tails for ½ price?"

Poleticians of the different churches don't endorse our Selestial brother. But, sir, I'll venter a few dollars, that if the children of the son—and dorter—leaned towards either party, he would be gobbled up quicker'n seat, even if he come red hot from old LUCIFER, with a pocket full of free passes, for the whole nashun, to the Infernal regions.

That's so. A vote's a vote, if it comes from Greenland's coral strand or Afric's icy mountains. I feel a good deal towards you as a nabor of mine, named JOE BELCHER, once did.

JOE likes his tod, and can punish as much gin and tansy as a New York alderman can, when drinkin' at the sity's expense.

JOE went to camp meetin' last week, and, I am pained to say it, JOSEF got drunker than a biled owl.

While one of the brethern was preachin', JOE sot on a pine log tryin' to make out wether the preacher was a double-headed man, or whether 2 men were holdin' forth.

"Who'll stand up for the carpenter's Son?" sed the preacher.

This made JOE look around.

The question was again repeated.

Again JOE looked around for an answer.

Again the preacher said: "Who'll stand up for Him?"

JOE by this time had got onto his feet, and was steadyin' himself by holdin' onto a tree, while he sung out:

"I say (hic!) ole feller, He stand up (hic!) for him, or any 'orrer man who hain't got any (hic!) more fren's than he has (hic!) in this 'ere crowd."

I feel a good deal as JOE did. Anybody who hain't got any more frends than you have, Mr. SAMPSON, has my sympathy.

For bringin' these *hily morril* and *refined* Monongohelians to Massachusetts is a big feather in your cap, and you will receive your reward bime-bye.

"The wages of sin is death."

But the wages of a Chinyman is money in a man's pocket. They work cheap.

I am trying to get the Chinese substituted for canal hosses.

A man here by the name of SNYDER, who runs a canal Hoss to our Co., talks of sendin' for a lot.

Won't they be bang up with their cues hitcht to a canal bote snakin' it along at the rate of a mile inside of 2 hours. "G'lang! Tea leaf."

Then when they was restin' from their labors, by tyin' 2 of 'em together by their cues, stand one opposite the other and hang close between 'em to dry, on washin' day.

What an aristocratic thing Chiny close-line posts would be. The only drawback that I know of is, that the confounded posts mite some day walk off with all the close.

But, sir, if they served me in that manner, I would cover the ground with broken crockery by smashin' their old Chiny mugs for 'em.

Since you've awoken to *notorosity*, I have been studdyin' out your family pedigree.

I find your Antsisters are connected with long hair more or less, same as you be with Chiny pig-tails.

Old SAMPSON the first's strength, like your'n of to-day, lade in his long hair.

He could cut off more heads, and slay more Fillistians with the jaw bone of a member of Congress than the President of these U. S. can by makin' a new deal in the Custom house department.

And, sir, I reckon about these days, we are getting rather more of that same kind of jaw bone than is healthy.

I am afrade not.

Mrs. SAMPSON worked like a kag of apple sass in hot weather, to find out where her old man's strength was. When she found out, what did she do? Why, she got a pair of sheep shears and cropped him closer'n a state prison bird, and tryin' to lift a house full of fokes, it fell onto him and smashed him.

Like Lor's wife, she'd orter been turned into a pillow of salt, and then the pillow had orter been sewed up and cast into the sea.

Another of the SAMPSONS wouldn't even chop off MARIAR ANTERNETTE's head until her hair had been cut off, so he could peel her top-knot off slick and cleen.

Lookin' back at these cheerful antsisters of your'n, it's no wonder you go in for long haired labor. It runs in the SAMPSON blood.

The public is cussin' you from DANIEL to BEERSHEBER, because you've brought a lot of modern Philistines to Massachusetts.

Let 'em cus.

That's their lay.

Your'n is, to bild up a fortin, if Poor-houses for white laborers to live in is thicker in North Adams than goose pimples on a fever and ager sufferer's form.

As old Grandma SAMPSON cut off her old man's long hair, so she could handle him in one of them little fireside scrimmages which we married fokes enjoy, so fokes would crop you, my hi toned old Joss stick.

But I've writ more'n I intended to. I would like to have you come and make us a visit.

Bring along your wife, DELIAL. Tell her to bring her croschay work.

Mrs. GREEN is interestin' company among wimmen.

What MARIAR don't know about her nabors, don't happen.

Then her veel pot-pies and ingin puddins are just rats.

She can nock the spots off from any woman who wears a waterfall, gettin' up a good square meal.

Anser soon, and don't forget to pay your own postige.

Hopin' you are sound on the goose and able to enjoy your *Swi lager und Sweitzer*, I am thine, old hoss,

HIRAM GREEN, Esq.,

Lait Gustise of the Peece.

TREATMENT FOR POTATO BUGS.

MR. CLARK JOHNSON, of Pendleton, Indiana, not at all discouraged by the signal failures of many previous campaigns against the Bug, has entered the (potato) field with a new weapon, viz.: a mixture of Paris Green and Ashes. Applied frequently, as a Top Dressing, this gentle stimulant imparts a new energy to the vine, and also to the Bug, who thus becomes so vigorous, and at the same time restless, that an uncontrollable impulse seizes him to visit the home of his ancestors, (Colorado.) Here, as is supposed by Mr. JOHNSON, the fictitious energy that had been supplied by the Mixture deserts the immigrant, who now settles down contentedly, nor ever roams again.

As (owing to the present facilities of freighting, etc.) the Potatoes of Pendleton may eventually find the New York market, which always invites the superior esculent, we would like to suggest to Mr. JOHNSON that this Mixture be administered to the Bug with a spoon, and not sprinkled promiscuously on the ground. We have drank Tea with a "green flavor," and found it comparatively innocuous; but Potatoes with a green flavor, (especially if flavored by the JOHNSONIAN method,) we should consider as doubtful, to say the least. It is the general impression that there is nothing Green in Paris; but your house painter knows there is such a thing as Paris Green, and that it is the oxyde of copper. Therefore, should one eat many of the potatoes nourished as above, we should expect to see him gradually turning into a Bronze Statue—a fate which, unless he were particularly Greeky and nice-looking, we should wish to anticipate, if possible, in the interests of art.



MR. SWACHENBACHER, OF THE AIRY 'UN SOCIETY, CREATES A SENSATION AMONG THE LADY BATHERS AT "THE BRANCH," BY APPEARING AMONG THEM AS A MERMAN, WITH A REAL LOOKING-GLASS AND A FALSE TAIL.

OUR AGRICULTURAL COLUMN.

Memorabilia of "What I Know About Farming."

PROFOUND subjects should be well meditated upon. A man may write about "New America," or "Spiritual Wives," or any such light and airy subject, without possessing much knowledge, or indulging in much thought, but he can't play such tricks upon Agriculture. She is very much like a donkey: unless you are thoroughly acquainted with her playful ways, she will upset you in a quagmire. Perhaps it is due to my readers that I should say here that I have read a great many valuable treatises upon this subject, among which may be named, "Cometh up as a Flour," "Anatomy of Melon-cholly," "Sowing and Reaping," one thousand or two volumes of Patent Office Reports, and three or four bushels of "Proverbial Philosophy." I would also add, that I invariably remain awake on clear nights, and think out the ideas set down in this column. Probably you may not be able to find traces of all that labor here, but I assure you that those books are more familiar to me than is my catechism. However, anybody who thinks he knows more about vegetables than I do, can send me a letter containing his information, and, if I don't cabbage it, I will plant it carefully in the bottom of the waste paper basket. We now proceed to consider.

PAR'S NIPS.

This vegetable always flourishes in a moist soil, though it generally has a holy horror of *aqua pura*. Some of them are of an immense size; I have seen them fill a tumbler. Producers, however, generally charge more for the large ones than for the small. The size of the nip usually depends upon the par. It may be that your par's nip is extremely small, while JOHN SMITH's par's nip is very large. Four fingers is, I believe, considered to be the regulation size.

This vegetable is served up in a variety of forms. Some pars like it with milk; in that case it is generally "hung up." In the winter it is often called a sling or a punch; in the summer it is denominated a cobbler or a jew-lip. Perhaps it would be well for those who love it, to indulge in par's nip now, for some people say, that in the days of the "coming man" there will be no par's nips. It must be admitted that the father of a family, who indulges too freely in par's nip, is very likely to run to seed, and to plant himself in such unfruitful places as the gutter. If he be a young par, he may become a rake, and fork over his money, and then ho! for the alms-house.

Fashionable Intelligence.

Two colors that once were fashionable in the Parisian *toilette*, viz.: BISMARCK brown and Prussian blue, are now excluded from court circles, by command of the Empress.

Weather or No.

Most remarkable in the history of mathematics are the calculations published by the weather-prophet of the *Express*. Arithmetic turns pale when she glances at them, and, striking her multiplication table with her algebraic knuckles, demands to know why the *Express* does not add a Cube-it to its THATCHER.

Comparative Industry.

It is reported that "the journeymen lathers demand four dollars per day." As a question of comparative soap, the latherers will in due time strike too. The ultimatum will be—"Raise our pay or we drop the Razor."

"Omnibus Hoc," etc.

WHAT is the difference between theft in an omnibus and the second deal at cards?

One is a Game of the Stage, and the other is a Stage of the Game.

Numerous efforts have been made to suppress this vegetable, among which may be reckoned, "Father, dear Father, come home with me now," Brother GOUGH's circus, and the parades of the F. M. T. A. B Societies. Maine and Vermont Neal together in the front rank of its opponents. In Boston they tried to suppress this vegetable, but, if you followed your par to a store and heard him order a cracker, you could smell par's nip.

Among the mild varieties of this article may be mentioned benzine, camphene and kerosene; the next strongest kind is called Jersey lightning; but, if you desire par's nips in their most luxuriant form, go to Water street and try the species known as "rot-gut."

OUR PORTFOLIO.

POETRY is the exclusive birthright of no age of people. The dirtiest Hindoo sings to his *fetish* the songs of the Brahmin muse, with as keen a relish as the most devout Christian does the hymns of Dr. WATTS. Melody comes of Heaven, and is a gift vouchsafed to all generations, and all kinds of men. In proof of this, let us adduce a single extract from the great epic of the Hawaiian poet, POPPOORI, entitled "Ka Nani E!"

Ka nani e! ka nani e!
Alohi puni no
Mai luna, a mai lalo nei,
A ma na mea a pau.

We would call the attention of our readers particularly to the sublime sentiment of the second line. "Alohi puni no," sings the peerless POPPOORI, and where, in the pages of that other Oriental HOMER, the Persian HAFI, can be found anything half so magnificent? There may be critics bigoted enough to think that the last line destroys the effect of the other three; but *we* don't. PUNCHINELLO would much rather discover the good in a thing at any time, than go a-fishing on Sundays.

It is not in the nature of a properly constituted human being to lay his hand upon his heart and chant:

"Ka nani e! Ka nani e!"

in the presence of his mother-in-law, without feeling that life is not so miserable as some people would make it out. In the words of ALEXANDER SELKIRK's man FRIDAY: "*Palman qui meruit ferat.*"

THE PLAYS AND SHOWS.



EMMET is a name which has heretofore been associated in the public mind with the Negro Minstrel business. Certain weird barbaric melodies, which defy all laws of musical composition, but which haunt one like a dream of a lonely night on some wild African river, are said to have been written by "OLD EMMET." Is there any such person? Has any one actually seen "OLD EMMET" in the flesh, and with—say a high hat and a cotton umbrella? For my part I disbelieve in the popular theory of the origin of these EMMETIC melodies which stir one so strangely. They are not the work of any earthly song

writer, but are born of some untuned Eolian harp played upon by uncertain breezes, that murmur the memory of tropical groves and sigh with the sadness of exile. There is no "OLD EMMET." If there is, let him be brought forward—not to be chucked out of the window, as Mrs. F.'s AUNT might suggest,—but to be thanked and wondered at as an inchoate OFFENBACH, who might, under other circumstances, have written an American opera-bouffe, or, better still, as a possible CHOPIN, who might have written a second "March Funébre" as hopeless and desolate and fascinating as that of the despairing and poetic Pole. (I am coming to "FRITZ" in a moment, but I won't be hurried by any one.)

As for JOSEPH K. EMMET, he is an undoubted reality. If you don't believe it, go to WALLACK's and see him. Somebody discovered this EMMET in the Pastoral privacy of the Bowery. Mr. GAYLER was made to write a play for him, and EMMET, the Bowery Minstrel, straightway became Mr. JOSEPH K. EMMET, the renowned impersonator of "FRITZ." He plays "FRITZ" at WALLACK's every evening, and the entertainment is something of this nature.

ACT I.—Scene, the outside of Castle Garden. Enter baggage-smashers, emigrant-runners, aldermen, and other criminals.

RUNNER. "There's a ship a' comin' up. I'll lay for the Dutchmen."

BOBBY. (A concert-saloon manager.) "There's a ship coming up. I'll lay for the Dutch girls."

DISSOLUTE COLONEL. "There's a ship coming up. I want you two fellows to look out for a Dutchman named "FRITZ," who is on board. He takes care of a girl, KATRINA, whom I adore. Carry off FRITZ and I'll carry off the girl."

(Various emigrants enter and are hustled off by the runners. FRITZ and KATRINA finally appear.)

FRITZ. "Ja. Das ist gut. Ach himmel; zwei bier und Limburger."

(The runners seize his trunk and carry it off. The DISSOLUTE COLONEL hurries KATRINA into a coach and carries her off. FRITZ is carried away by his emotions. Curtain.)

ACT II.—Scene, a boarding-house parlor. Enter DISSOLUTE COLONEL and KATRINA.

DISSOLUTE COLONEL. "You are in my power. Be mine, and you shall have as many bonnets and things as you can wish. Refuse, and I'll send every reporter in the city to interview you."

KATRINA. "Base villain! I despise you. Let the torturers do their worst."

(Enter FRITZ, disguised as a member of the Sorosis.)

KATRINA. "You here! Be cautious. The hash is drugged. Save me, my beloved."

FRITZ. "Ja. Das ist nicht gut. Herr Colonel, Ich bin KATRINA's aunt. Ich habe gekommen to take her away wid me, ye owdacious spalpeen."

DISSOLUTE COLONEL. "Glad to see you. Take some hash, madam?"

FRITZ. "Ja. Das ist gut. Take some yourself, you murtherin' thafe of the worruld."

(The DISSOLUTE COLONEL forgets that the hash is drugged. He takes it and falls insensible. FRITZ and KATRINA escape. Scene changes to Judge DOWLING's court-room.)

FRITZ. (Having left off his Sorosis disguise.) "Ja. Das ist nicht gut. Behold, O wise young judge, the misguided person who put my trunk in his pocket and ran away with it."

JUDGE. "Prove your case."

FRITZ. "Ja. Das ist gut. Begar! I proves him *toute de suite*—what you call to wunst. You see those Limburger cheese in the villain's mouth. He got them out of my trunk." So you see I have him in thief geproven."

JUDGE. "Your case is proved. Let the prisoner be removed."

FRITZ. "Ja. Das ist sehr gut. Now I'm a gwine to de saloon, where dis niggah has a ningagement for to sing."

(Scene changes to a concert saloon. FRITZ enters and goes through an entire programme of negro minstrelsy, to the wild delight of the gallery. At last the lazy curtain slowly consents to fall.)

ACT III.—The DISSOLUTE COLONEL comes to grief, and FRITZ marries KATRINA. If you want to know all about it, go to the theatre. I don't intend to ruin the establishment by giving the public the whole play for the ridiculous sum which is charged for this copy of PUNCHINELLO. The third act is the last of the play, and when the curtain falls, the audience immediately proceeds to pick EMMET to pieces.

BOY IN THE GALLERY. "Ain't he just tip, though? I've seen him lots o' times at TONY PASTOR'S, and I allers knowed he'd be a big thing if the Bowery or thishyer theatre got a hold on him."

YOUNG LADY. "Isn't it frightfully low? The idea of Mr. WALLACK permitting this negro minstrelsy in his theatre. To be sure Mr. EMMET is funny; but I hate to see people funny in this place."

OLD GENTLEMAN. "My dear! don't be absurd. Suppose Mr. EMMET has been a minstrel, is that any proof that he can't be an actor? The young fellow has his faults, but they will wear off in time, and he is brimful of real talent. The play isn't a model of excellence, but it was made to show EMMET's strong points, and it answers its purpose. Shall we cry down a talented and promising young actor simply because he has been a minstrel, and now has the audacity to play at WALLACK's? And besides, haven't we seen pantomime, and legs, and LOTTA, and DAN BRYANT at WALLACK's? You never objected to any of the illegitimacies that have preceded FRITZ;—why then should you begin now? Give EMMET and GAYLER a chance. At any rate they can make you laugh, which is something that BOUCICAULT with his 'Lost at Sea' did not do."

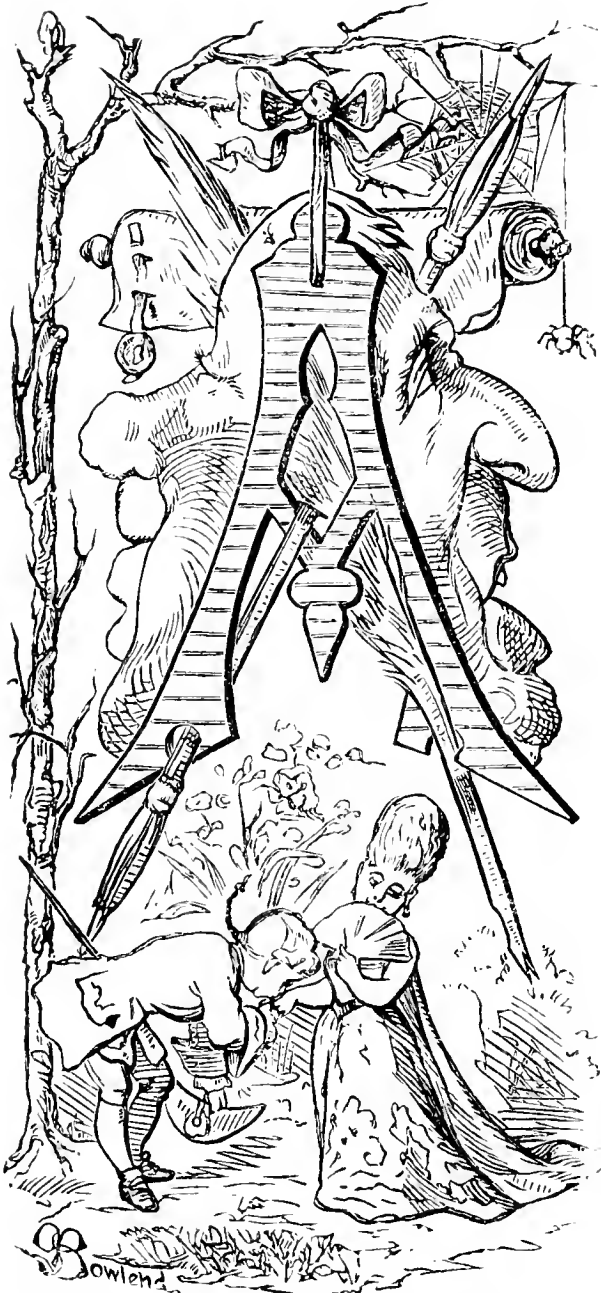
MATADOR.

A PARABLE ABOUT THE TWELFTH OF JULY.

In a far distant land, beyond the sea, there dwelt an Orange Lily. Separated from it by a very absurd and useless ditch, a Green Shamrock spread its trefoil leafage to the sun, and grew greener every day. Now, in course of time, a very ill feeling sprang up between the Lily and the Shamrock, on account of color, the former despising the latter because it was green, and the latter hating the former because it was orange—as if both colors hadn't lived together in the rainbow ever since the aquatic excursion of old Mr. NOAH, without ever falling out of it or with each other. In time they both crossed the sea, and took root in a far-away land, where they became acquainted with a very remarkable animal called the American Beaver.

The industry of this creature urged the Lily to toil and spin, contrary to its usual habits, while the Shamrock converted its trifoliated leaves into shovels, and took a contract for excavating the hemisphere. And so they might have jogged on very well together, but for their stupid way of showing their colors when there was no occasion for it. This greatly disgusted their friend, the American Beaver, who didn't care a pinch of snuff about color, (black is not a color, you know,) but who went in for faithful and persistent work. One beautiful Twelfth of July, the Lily arose very early in the morning, and, shaking out her orange leaves, defied the Shamrock to "come on." The Shamrock came on. There was a vegetable howl, and clash, and clangor in the air, and the Lily, having knocked off several of the Shamrocks' greenest leaves, went to its friend, the American Beaver, for comfort and support. But the American Beaver, instead of countenancing the Lily, said: "Look here, Lily, I guess you are about the greatest fool I ever *did* see, except, perhaps, the Shamrock. As long as you two stick to your work, instead of sticking out your colors and sticking your knives into each other, I am very glad to have you for neighbors, but now that you have shown yourselves to be jack-asses instead of vegetables, I would not give an American Beaver dam for the two of you."

CONDENSED CONGRESS.



ment which so many SMITHS had conspired to overthrow. Moreover, this was an incorrigible SMITH. It was an undisputed fact that SMITH had given up a lucrative office to follow his political convictions. Such a man could not be viewed by Senators with any other feelings than those of horror and disgust. Let them reflect what would be the effect of polluting this body, as by this bill it was proposed to make it possible to do, with a man so dead to all the common feelings of our nature that he would set up his own conceits against the practice of his fellow-Senators, and the rewards of a grateful country. This settled the fate of SMITH, but the rest of Mr. McCREERY's friends, being obscure persons, were let in, in spite of the "barbaric yaup" of DRAKE, who said that the next thing would be a proposition to enact a similar outrage in Missouri, and thereby abet the efforts of the bold bad men who were trying to get him out of his seat.

HOUSE.

SCHENCK insisted upon the Tariff. He had been visited by delegations from the great heart of the nation, who assured him that the great heart of the nation yearned for an immediate increase of the duty on various articles which competed with the articles manufactured by the members of the delegation. No longer ago than yesterday a manufacturer of double-back-action jack-planes had assured him that the single-forward-action jack-planes poured upon our shores by the pauper labor of Europe, were, so to speak, shaving off the edge of the national life. A gentleman whose name was known to the uttermost parts of the civilized world, who had shed new lustre upon the American name by the great boon he had bestowed upon mankind in the American self-filling rotary Bird of Freedom inkstand with revolving lid, had said, with the tears of patriotic shame and sorrow in his eyes, that there were recreant writers who preferred to purchase the Birmingham inkstand, which required to be filled, did not rotate, and had no revolution to its lid, at fifty cents, than to secure his own triumph of American ingenuity at ten dollars. Such misguided men must be taught their duty to their native land. Mr. SCHENCK moved an increase to 4,000 per cent. *ad valorem* on the foreign jack-plane, which he characterized as a Tool of Tyranny, and the Birmingham inkstand. The thing was done.

Mr. DAWES said he was disgusted. Everybody's jobs were put through except his. He threatened to go home and tell his constituents.

Mr. PETERS suggested that Mr. DAWES had better go out and take "suthin' soothin'." (Mr. PETERS is from Maine, and his remark will probably be understood there.) If he

SENATE.

PLEASANT philosopher tells us that blessings brighten as they take their flight. The flight of Congress may be regarded as a blessing. But Congressmen do not brighten. PUNCHINELLO listens in vain for the swan song of SUMNER, and looks longingly, without being gratified by the spectacle of the oratorical funeral pyre of NYE. Almost the only gleam of humor he discerns in his weekly wading through the watery and windy wastes of the Congressional Globe is a comic coruscation by

Mr. CAMERON. Mr. McCREERY had had the abominable impudence to introduce a bill relieving the disabilities of a few friends of his in Kentucky. Mr. CAMERON objected upon the ground that one of these persons was named SMITH, and used to be a New York Street Commissioner. Any man who had been a New York Street Commissioner ought to be hanged as soon as any decent pretext could be found for hanging him. (Murmurs of approbation from the New York reporters.) Still this was not his main objection to SMITH. The SMITH family had furnished more aid and comfort to the rebel army than any other family in the South. No SMITH should, with his consent, be permitted to participate in the conduct of a Govern-

ment which so many SMITHS had conspired to overthrow. Moreover, this was an incorrigible SMITH. It was an undisputed fact that SMITH had given up a lucrative office to follow his political convictions. Such a man could not be viewed by Senators with any other feelings than those of horror and disgust. Let them reflect what would be the effect of polluting this body, as by this bill it was proposed to make it possible to do, with a man so dead to all the common feelings of our nature that he would set up his own conceits against the practice of his fellow-Senators, and the rewards of a grateful country. This settled the fate of SMITH, but the rest of Mr. McCREERY's friends, being obscure persons, were let in, in spite of the "barbaric yaup" of DRAKE, who said that the next thing would be a proposition to enact a similar outrage in Missouri, and thereby abet the efforts of the bold bad men who were trying to get him out of his seat.

might be pardoned the liberty he would recommend a little ice in it.

Mr. DAWES said he could do his own drinking. As for PETERS, he scorned him. Moreover, PETERS was one-eyed.

Mr. PETERS appealed to his record to show that he had two eyes. He did not understand the anger of Mr. DAWES. Of course when he suggested a drink, he assumed the responsibility of paying for it.

Mr. DAWES said that altered the case entirely. He took pleasure in withdrawing his hasty remarks, and in assuring the House that he profoundly venerated PETERS, and that PETERS had two perfect eyes of unusual expressiveness.

Mr. BINGHAM called attention to the case of Mr. PORTER, who had been smitten on the nose by a vile creature whom he declined to drink with. This was a blow at the national life, and he thought the punishment of treason was imperatively demanded.

Mr. BUTLER said he had been kicked once. He assured the House that the sensation was repugnant to his feelings as a man—much more as a Congressman. He moved to amend by substituting slow torture.

It was finally resolved to put the wretch in irons and feed him on bread and water.

A Browsy Con.

WHEN a man is sleepy, what sort of transformation does he desire?

He wishes he were a-bed.

An Anecdote of the good old Square Kind.

MRS. PRINGLEWOOD, having been afflicted with a chimney that smoked, sent for a chimney-doctor to cure it.

When the cure had been thoroughly effected, says MRS. PRINGLEWOOD to the chimney-doctor: "My son, a boy of but fourteen, smokes awful; couldn't you cure him as you did the chimney?"

"No I couldn't, marm," returned the chimney-doctor, who was a wag: "but I see what you're arter, marm—you want me to teach him to draw!"

O Deer, Deer!

Trichine are said to have been discovered in the flesh of Oregon deer. If this should prove true, Oregon venison must be anything but a benison; but it is more than likely that the report originated in the fact that there is in the East Indies a species of the cervine family known as the Hog deer.

Scientific Intelligence.

WE learn from exchanges that in Missouri, where the wages of working-people average five dollars *per diem*, that the Legislature have decreed a Mining Bureau, and a Geological Survey of the State—the remuneration of the assistant geologists to be at the rate of \$1.50 *per diem*. Why should these learned geologists waste their time for a compensation so mean? Let them rather convert their surveying-staffs into ox-goads, and turn their attention to Gee-hawlogy,—'twill pay better than t'other thing.

Men and Manners.

THE following paragraph, cut from a newspaper, suggests a good deal:

"A Hindoo cabby, before mounting the box and taking the reins, always first prays that his driving may be to the glory of his God."

Now this is precisely what the New York hackman invariably does before he gathers up the reins and urges on his "galled jades." He curses his horses, his passengers, and his own eyes, and thus commends his driving to the glory of *his* God, whose other name is LUCIFER.

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No. 19



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THE MYSTERY OF MR. E. DROOD.

AN ADAPTATION.

BY ORPHEUS C. KERR.

CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

The pauper burial-ground toward which they now progress in a rather high-stepping manner, or—to vary the phrase—toward which their steps are now very much bent, is not a favorite resort of the more cheerful village people after nightfall. Ask any resident of Bumsteadville if he believed in ghosts, and, if the time were mid-day and the place a crowded grocery store, he would fearlessly answer in the negative; (just the same as a Positive philosopher in cast-iron health and with no thunder shower approaching would undauntedly deny a Deity;) but if any resident of Bumsteadville should happen to be caught near the country editor's last home after dark, he would get over that part of his road in a curiously agile and flighty manner;—(just the same as a Positive philosopher with a sore throat, or at an uncommonly showy bit of lightning, would repeat "Now I lay me down to sleep," with surprising devotion.) So, although no one in all Bumsteadville was in the least afraid of the pauper burial-ground at any hour, it was not invariably selected by the great mass of the populace as a peerless place to go home by at midnight; and the two intellectual explorers find no sentimental young couples rambling arm in arm among the ghastly head-boards, nor so much as one loiterer smoking his segar on a suicide's tomb.

"JOHN McLAUGHLIN, you're getting nervous again," says Mr. BUMSTEAD, catching him in the coat collar with the handle of his umbrella and drawing the other toward him hand-over-hand. "It's about time that you should revert again to the hoary JAMES AKER's excellent preparation for the human family.—I'll try it first, myself, to see if it tastes at all of the cork."

"Ah-h," sighs OLD MORTARITY, after his turn has come and been enjoyed at last, "that's the kind of Spirits I don't mind being a wrapper to. I could wrap *them* up all right."

Reflectively chewing a clove, the Ritualistic organist reclines on the pauper grave of a former writer for the daily press, and cogitates upon his companion's leaning to Spiritualism; while the other produces matches and lights their lanterns.

"Mr. McLAUGHLIN," he solemnly remarks, waving his umbrella at the graves around, "in this scene you behold the very last of man's individual being. In this entombment he ends forever. Tremble, J. McLAUGHLIN!—forever. Soul and Spirit are but unmeaning words, according to the latest big things in science. The departed Dr. DAVIS SLAVONSKI, of St. Petersburg, before setting out for the Asylum, proved, by his Atomic Theory, that men are neatly manufactured of Atoms of matter, which are continually combining together until they form Man; and then going through the process of Life, which is but the mechanical effect of their combination; and then wearing apart again by attrition into the exhaustion of cohesion called Death; and then crumbling into separate Atoms of native matter, or dust, again; and then gradually combining again, as before, and evolving another Man; and Living, and Dying, again; and so on forever. Thus, and thus only, is Man immortal. You are made exclusively of Atoms of matter, yourself, JOHN McLAUGHLIN. So am I."

"I can understand a man's believing that *he, himself*, is all Atoms of matter, and nothing else," responds OLD MORTARITY, skeptically.

"As how, JOHN McLAUGHLIN,—as how?"

"When he knows that, at any rate, he hasn't got one atom of common sense," is the answer.

Suddenly Mr. BUMSTEAD arises from the grave and frantically shakes hands with him.

"You're right, sir!" he says, emotionally. "You're a gooroleman, sir. The Atom of common sense was one of the Atoms that SLAVONSKI forgot all about. Let's do some skeletons now."

At the further end of the pauper burial-ground, and in the rear of the former Alms-House, once stood a building used successively as a cider-mill, a barn, and a kind of chapel for paupers. Long ago, from neglect and bad weather, the frail wooden superstructure had fallen into pieces and been gradually carted off; but a sturdy stone foundation remained underground; and, although the flooring over it had for many

years been covered with debris and rank growth, so as to be undistinguishable to common eyes from the general earth around it, the great cellar still extended beneath, and, according to weird rumor, had some secret access for OLD MORTARITY, who used it as a charnel store-house for such spoils of the grave as he found in his prowlings.

To the spot thus historied the two moralists of the moonlight come now, and, with many tumbles, Mr. McLAUGHLIN removes certain artfully placed stones and rubbish, and lifts a clumsy extemporized trap-door. Below appears a rickety old step-ladder leading into darkness.

"I heard such cries and groans down there, last Christmas Eve, as sounded worse than the Latin singing in the Ritualistic church," observes McLAUGHLIN.

"Cries and groans!" echoes Mr. BUMSTEAD, turning quite pale, and momentarily forgetting the snakes which he is just beginning to discover among the stones. "You're getting nervous again, poor wreck, and need some more West Indian cough-mixture.—Wait until I see for myself whether it's got enough sugar in it."

In due time the great nervous antidote is passed and replaced, and then, with the lighted lanterns worked around under their arms, they go down the tottering ladder. Down they go into a great, damp, musty cavern, to which their lights give a pallid illumination.

"See here," says OLD MORTARITY, raising a long, curved bone from the floor. "Look at that: shoulder-blade of unmarried Episcopal lady, aged thirty-nine."

"How do you know she was so old, and unmarried?" asks the organist.

"Because the shoulder-blade's so sharp."

Mr. BUMSTEAD is surprised at this specimen of the art of an AGASSIZ and WATERHOUSE HAWKINS in such a mortary old man, and his intellectual pride causes him to resolve at once upon a rival display.

"Look at this skull, JOHN McLAUGHLIN," he says, referring to an object that he has found behind the ladder. "See this fine, retreating brow, bulging chin, projecting occipital bone, and these orifices of ears that musht 've been stupen'sly long. It's the skull, JOHN McLAUGHLIN, of a twin-brother of the man who really wished—really wished, JOHN McLAUGHLIN—that he could be sat'shified, sir, in his own mind, that CHARLES DICKENS was a Christian writer."

"Why, thash's skull of a hog," explains Mr. McLAUGHLIN, with some contempt.

"Twin-brother—all th'shame," says Mr. BUMSTEAD, as though that made no earthly difference.

Once more, what a strange expedition is this! How strangely the eyes of the two men look, after two or three more applications to the antique flask; and how curiously Mr. BUMSTEAD walks on tip-toe at times and takes short leaps now and then.

"Lesh go now," says BUMSTEAD, after both have been asleep upon their feet several times; "I think th's snakes down here, JOHN Mc-BUMSTEAD."

"Wh'ist! monkies, you mean,—dozens of black monkies, Mr. BUM-LIN," whispers OLD MORTARITY, clutching his arm as he sinks against him.

"Noshir! Serp'nts!" insists Mr. BUMSTEAD, making futile attempts to open his umbrella with one hand. Warzesmarrer with th' light?—ansh'r me t' once, Mac JOHN-BUNCKLIN!"

In their swayings under the confusions and delusions of the vault, their lanterns have worked around to the neighborhoods of their spines, so that, whichever way they turn, the light is all behind them. Greatly agitated, as men are apt to be when surrounded by supernatural influences, they do not perceive the cause of this apparently unnatural illumination; and, upon turning round and round in irregular circles, and still finding the light in the wrong place, they exhibit signs of great trepidation.

"Warzesmarrer wirralight?" repeats Mr. BUMSTEAD, spinning wildly until he brings up against the wall.

"Ishgotb'witched, I b'lieve," pants Mr. McLAUGHLIN, whirling as frenziedly with his own lantern dangling behind him, and coming to an abrupt pause against the opposite wall.

Thus, each supported against the stones by a shoulder, they breathe hard for a moment, and then sink into a slumber in which they both slide down to the ground. Aroused by the shock, they sit up quite dazed, brush away the swarming snakes and monkies, are freshly alarmed by discovering that they are now actually sitting upon that perverse light behind them, and, by a simultaneous impulse, begin crawling about in search of the ladder.

Unable to see anything with all the light behind him, but fancying that he discerns a gleam beyond a dark object near at hand, Mr. BUMSTEAD rises to a standing attitude by a series of complex manœuvres, and plants a foot on something.

"F'morth'larrer!" he cries, spiritedly.

"Th'larrer's on me!" answers Mr. McLAUGHLIN, in evidently great bewilderment.

Then ensue a momentary wild struggle and muffled crash; for each gentleman, coming blindly upon the other, has taken the light glimmering at the other's back for the light at the top of the ladder, and, further mistaking the other in the dark for the ladder itself, has attempted to climb him. Mr. BUMSTEAD, however, has got the first step; whereupon, Mr. McLAUGHLIN, in resenting what he takes for the ladder's inexcusable familiarity, has twisted both himself and his equally deluded companion into a pretty hard fall.

Another interval of hard breathing, and then the organist of Saint Cow's asks: "Di'youhear anything drop?"

"Yshir, th'larrer got throwed, f'rumpudence to a gen'l'm'n," is the peevish return of OLD MORTARITY, who immediately falls asleep as he lies, with his lantern under his spine.

In his sleep, he dreams that BUMSTEAD examines him closely, with a view to gaining some clue to the mystery of the light behind both their backs; and, on finding the lantern under him, and, studying it profoundly for some time, is suddenly moved to feel along his own back. He dreams that BUMSTEAD thereupon finds his own lantern, and exclaims, after half an hour's analytical reflection, "It musht'ave slid round while JOHN McLAUGHLIN was intosh'eated." Then, or soon after, the dreamer awakes, and can discern two Mr. BUMSTEADS seated upon the step-ladders, with a lantern, baby-like, on each knee.

"You two men are awake at last, eh?" say the organists, with peculiar smiles.

"Yes, gentlemen," return the McLAUGHLINS, with yawns.

They ascend silently from the cellar, each believing that he is accompanied by two companions, and rendered moodily distrustful thereby.

"Aina maina mona—Mike,
Bassalona, bona—Strike!"

sings a small, familiar voice, when they stand again above ground, and a stone whizzes between their heads.

In another moment BUMSTEAD has the fell SMALLEY by the collar, and is shaking him like a yard of carpet.

"You wretched little tarrier!" he cries in a fury, "you've been spying around to-night, to find out something about my Spiritualism that may be distorted to injure my Ritualistic standing."

"I ain't done nothing; and you jest drop me, or I'll knock spots out of yer!" carols the stony young child. "I jest come to have my aim at that old Beat there."

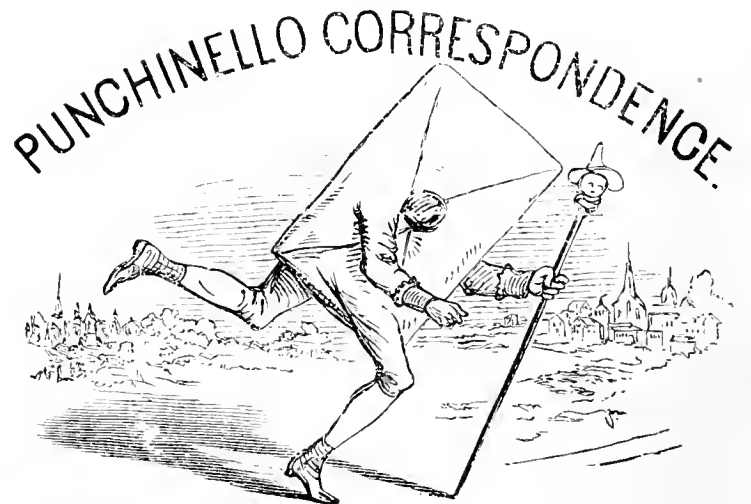
"Attend to his case, then—his and his friend's, for he seems to have some one with him—and never let me see you two boys again."

Thus Mr. BUMSTEAD, as he releases the excited lad, and turns from the pauper burial-ground for a curious kind of pitching and running walk homeward. The strange expedition is at an end;—but *which* end he is unable just then to decide.

(To be Continued.)



CLERKS ALL AWAY ON A SATURDAY FROLIC, WHICH ACCOUNTS FOR THE UNFORTUNATE POSITION OF THIS STOUT GENTLEMAN, WHO WAS LEFT ALONE TO LOCK UP HIS STORE.



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Johnny.—Yes, you may offer your arm to your pretty cousin in the country whenever you think she would like it, except when Mr. PUNCHINELLO is present. If that gallant gentleman is at hand, escort duty may, with perfect propriety, be left to him.

Charles inquires whether his handwriting is good enough to qualify him for membership in a base ball club. We think he is all right on that score.

Glaucus.—We have never heard that Newport is a good place for gathering sea-shells, but we presume you can shell out there if you wish.

Chapeau.—Hats will be worn on the head this season. It is not considered stylish to hang them on the ear, eyebrow, or coat collar.

Cit.—The correct dimensions of a Saratoga pocket-book have not been definitely decided. As to sending it, it is doubtful whether the railroad companies would receive it as baggage. Perhaps you could charter a canal boat.

Aspirant.—We cannot tell you the price of "bored" in Washington "for a few weeks." No doubt you could get liberally bored at a reasonable rate.

Sorosis.—It was very wrong for your husband to mention the muddy coffee. However, we advise you to attempt a settlement of such troubles without creating a public scandal.

Butcher Boy.—You cannot succeed as a writer of "lite comidy" if you continue to weave such tragic spells. "The Lean Larder" would not be an attractive title for your play.

C. Drincarty submits the following problem: If one swallow don't make a summer, how many claret punches can a man take before fall? Will some of our ingenious readers offer a suitable solution?

Culturist.—The potato has been grafted with great success on the cucumber tree in some of the Western States. The stock should be heated by a slow fire until the sap starts. The grafts should be boiled in a preparation known to science as vanilla cream.

Truth.—Your information is not authentic. LOUIS NAPOLEON never played marbles in Central Park, nor took his little Nap in the vestibule of Wood's Museum.

Fanny inquires whether "ballot girls" are wanted in New York. Wyoming is a better field for them than this city.

Maine Chance has been paying his *devoirs* with great impartiality to two young ladies. One of them has red hair and a Roman nose, but the paternal income is very handsome. The other is witty and pretty, but can bring no rocks, except possibly "Rock the cradle." Recently he called on the golden girl, and a menial rudely repulsed him from the door. This hurt his feelings. He then went to the dwelling of the Fair, when a big dog attacked him "on purpose," and lacerated his trousers. He wants to know whether he has any remedy in the courts. His best way is the way home.

Rifleman.—You are right; the rival guns—the Dreyse and the Chassepot—are also rifle-guns. Both of them are provided with needles, as you suppose, but, so far as there is any chance of their being put to the test under present circumstances, in Europe, it rather appears that both of them will prove Needless.

Piscator.—No; the weak-fish is not so called on account of any supposed feebleness attributable to it. If you take a round of the markets one of these roaring hot days, your senses will tell you that the weak-fish is sometimes very strong.

THE PLAYS AND SHOWS.



As a good many persons know, *LA GISELLE* is a ballet whose hundred legs are nightly displayed on the stage of the GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

The *Twelve Temptations* have ceased to tempt, and the familiar legs of LUPE no longer allure. But in their place we have KATHY LANNER, and BERTHA LIND, and nearly a gross of assorted legs of the very best quality.

Why do the women clamor for the ballot, when they have almost exclusive possession of the ballet? The latter is much nicer and more useful than the former. The average repeater can obtain only a dollar for his ballot, but the average ballet will find any quantity of enthusiastic admirers at one dollar and a half a head.

Would any man pay KATHY LANNER a dollar for the privilege of seeing her with a ballot in her hand?

On the other hand, lives there a man with eyes so dead that he would not cheerfully pay twice that sum to see her in the mazes of the ballet?

But *La Giselle*? Certainly. I am coming to that in a moment. I have often thought that nature must have intended me for a writer of sermons. I have such a facility for beginning an article with a series of general remarks that have nothing whatever to do with the subject.

Though how can any one be rationally expected to stick to anything in this weather, except, perhaps, the newly varnished surface of his desk? And how can even the firmest of resolutions be prevented from melting and vanishing away, with the thermometer at more degrees than one likes to mention? You remember the old proverb: "Man proposes, but his mother-in-law finally disposes." The bearing of this observation lies in its application.

By the bye, I don't know a better application, in the present weather, than claret punch. Apply yourself continually to that cooling beverage, and apply it continually to your lips, and the result is a sort of reciprocity treat, whose results are much more certain than those of the reciprocity treaty, of which Congress has latterly had so much to say.

To contemplate *La Giselle* in all its bearings is a pleasure which is peculiarly appropriate to the season. KATHY LANNER and her companions may not be really cool, but they look as though they were. They remind one of the East Indian country houses that are built on posts, so as to allow a free circulation of air beneath the foundation. Anyhow, they look as if they took things coolly.

(A joke might be made on the words coolly and Coolie. The reader may mix to his own taste. It's too hot for any one to make jokes for other people.)

But *La Giselle*? Yes! yes! I am just ready to speak of it. *La Giselle* is a grand ballet in which an elaborate plot is developed by the toes of some fifty young ladies. There is a young woman in it who loves a man, and there is another woman who also loves him, and another man who loves the first woman, and meddles and mars as though he were a professional philanthropist.

The woman—the first woman, I mean—goes crazy down to the extremity of her feet, and dies, and then there are more women,—no; these last are disembodied spirits, with nothing but light skirts on,—who dance in graveyards, and make young men dance with them till they fall down exhausted, calling in vain for BROWN to take them home in carriages, and pay for their torn gloves. The first young woman, and a young man—not the other young man, you understand—does a good deal of— Well, in fact, things are rather mixed before the ballet comes to an end, but I know that it's a good thing, for FISK sits in his private box and applauds it, which he wouldn't do if he didn't.

And now, having placed *La Giselle* plainly before your mental vision, I desire to rise to a personal explanation. For the ensuing four weeks, the places, in PUNCHINELLO, which have heretofore known me, will

know me no more. I am going to a quiet country place on Long Island to write war correspondence for the—well, I won't mention the name of the paper. You see the editor of the *Na*— of the paper in question, I should say,—wants to have an independent and unprejudiced account of the great struggle on the Rhine—something that shall be different from any other account.—Down on Long Island, I shall be out of the reach of either French or Prussian influence, and will be able to describe events as they should be. I have made arrangements with the "Veteran Observer" of the *Times* to take charge of this column during my absence. If he can only curb his natural tendency toward frivolity and jocoseness, I am in hopes that he will be able to draw his salary as promptly and efficiently as though he were a younger man. Remark—ing, therefore, in the words of *Kathleen Mavourneen*, that my absence "may be four weeks, and it may be longer," I bid my readers a warm (thermometer one hundred and five degrees) farewell. MATADOR.

JUPITER BELlicosus.

Truly, PUNCHINELLO, this is an age of progress. Wars of succession are no more. Absolutism must forever hang its head. Fling a glance at France; peer into Prussia. *Vox populi* is the voice of the King, and the voice of the king is therefore *vox Dei*. When a king speaks for his people he must speak sooth; what he says of other peoples must be taken with a grain of salt. Bearing this in mind, the apparent inconsistency between the regal rignmarole and the Imperial improvisation (these epithets are a tribute to the Republic) which I have received by our *special wire* from Europe were addressed by the monarchs to their respective armies before the grand "wiring in" which is to follow.

WILHELM KOENIG VON PRUSSEN.

Soldaten: The Gaul is at our gates. *Vaterland* is in danger: my *weiss* is then for war. France, led by a despot, is about to desecrate the Rhine. His imperial bees are swarming, but we shall send him back with his bees in his bonnet, and a bee's mark (BISMARCK) on the end of his nasal organ. France wars for conquest; Prussia never. When FREDERICK the Great captured Silesia from a Roman without any apparent pretext, was he not an instrument of Providence? When, in company with Austria, we beat and bullied Denmark out of Schleswig-Holstein, were we not victorious, and is not that sufficient justification? When we afterwards beat this Austria, did it not serve her right? And when we absorbed Hanover, &c., was it not to protect them? Yes, our present object is the defence of our country and the capture of Alsace and Lorraine, which mere politeness prevented us from claiming hitherto. On, then, soldiers of Deutchland. Let our *law reign* in Lorraine, for what is sauce for the Prussian goose should be Alsace for the Gallic gander. The God of battles is on the side of our just cause; Leipsic is looking at us, Waterloo is watching us. GOTT und WILHELM, *sauerkraut und schnapps*. *Vorwärts*.

NAPOLEON, EMPEREUR DES FRANCAIS.

Soldats: True to your trust in me, I am about to lead you to slaughter. *L'Empire c'est la paix*. Prussia would place a poor and distant relative of mine on the throne of Spain, therefore must we recover the natural frontier of France, which lies upon the Rhine. The rhino is ready, and we are ready for the Rhine. Let my red republican subjects recall Valmy and Jemappes, and their generals KELLERMANN and DUMAURIOT. Let every Frenchman kill a Prussian, every woman too kill her man. They did much for *la patrie* in those days, but *do more ye to-day*. France wars for ideas only; Prussia for rapine. We have heard this Rhine-whine long enough; it has got into our heads at last.

The spirit of my uncle has it's eye upon you. Ambition was no part of his nature. His struggles were all for the good of France, "which he loved so much," as he himself said at his country-seat at St. Helena. Marshal, then, to the notes of the *Marseillaise*, which I now generously permit you to sing.

The Gallic rooster shall "cackle, cackle, clap his wings and crow," *Unter der Linden*. Jena judges us, Auerstadt is our *status*. The Man of Destiny and December calls you. The God of armies (who marches with the strongest battalions) is with us.

La gloire et des Grenouilles, France and fried potatoes. *L'Empire et moi et le prince Imperial*. *En avant marche!*

A District that ought to be subject to Earthquakes.

Rockland County.



THE CELESTIAL SCARECROW IN MASSACHUSETTS.

IT CONSISTS OF A CHINESE GONG AND A LOT OF PUPPETS WORKED BY THE HANDS OF CAPITAL; AND SOME PERSONS THINK IT A GOOD JOKE.

THE POEMS OF THE CRADLE.

CANTO II.

"Hey! Diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle
The cow jumped over the moon,
The little dog laughed to see the sport,
And the dish ran after the spoon."

These were the classic expressions of the hilarious poet of a period far back in the vista of ages. How vividly they portray the exalted state of his mind; and how impressed the public must have been at the time; for did not the words become popular immediately, and have they not so continued to the present day?

Every mother immediately seized upon the verse, and, setting it to music of her own, sang it as a cradle song to soothe the troubles of infancy, and repeated it in great glee to the intelligent babe when in a crowing mood, as the poem most fitted for the infant's brain to comprehend.

Papa, anxious to watch the unfolding of the human mind, and its gradual development, would take the baby-prodigy in his arms, and with keen glance directed upon its face, repeat, in thrilling tones, the sublime words. With what joy would he remark and comment upon any gleam of intelligence, and again and again would he recite, in an impressive voice, those words so calculated to aid in bringing into blossom the bud of promise.

But who can meditate upon the memorable stanzas, and not see, in fancy, the enthusiastic youth—the lover of melody and of nature—as he enters his dingy room, the ordinary abiding place of poetical geniuses. He sees his beloved fiddle, and his no less beloved feline friend, in loving conjunction; he bursts out rapturously with impetuous joy:

"Hey! diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle!"

He sees the two things dearest to his heart, and sees them both at one time! And he must be excused for his sudden flight into the regions of classicism.

THE VULTURE'S CALL.

Come—sisters—come!
The din of arms is rising from the vale,
Bright arms are glittering in the morning sun
And trumpet tones are ringing in the gale!
Hurrah—hurrah!
As fast and far
We hurry to behold the blithesome game of War!

Haste—sisters—haste!
The drums are booming, shrill fifes whistling clear,
The scent of human blood is in the blast,
And the loud cannon stuns the startled ear.
Away—away!
To view the fray,
For us a feast is spread when Man goes forth to slay.

Rest—sisters—rest!
Here on these blasted pines; and mark beneath
How war's red whirlwind shakes earth's crazy
breast
And cumbers it with agony and death.
Toil, soldiers, toil,
Through war's turmoil,
We Vultures gain the prize—we Vultures share the
spoil.

Not Generally Known.

The new three cent stamp smacks of the Revolution; containing, as it does, the portraits of two military heroes of that period. General WASHINGTON will be recognized at once, while in the background can be discerned that brilliant officer—General GREEN.

Our Future Millionaires.

ONCE let the Celestials get our American way of doing business, and there will be plenty of China Astors among us.

No wonder that he immediately imagines the world to be as full of joy as he himself, and that he thinks

"The cow jumped over the moon."

Perhaps the sight was a sufficient re-moon-eration to him for his past troubles; and the exhilaration of his spirits caused him to dance, to eat pigeon-wings, and otherwise gaily disport himself; consequently,

"The little dog laughed to see the sport,"

which every intelligent dog would have done, under the circumstances. Certainly, dear reader, you would have done so yourself.

The hilariousness of the poet increasing, and his joyfulness expanding, his manifestations did not confine themselves to simple dancing-steps and an occasional pigeon-wing, but, inadvertently perhaps, he introduced the "can-can," and that explains why

"The dish ran away with the spoon."

For the end of his excited toe came in contact with his only dish and spoon, and propelled them to the other side of the room. As he does not tell us whether the dish remained whole after its escapade, we must conclude that it was broken, and that the dreadful accident caused, immediately, a damp to descend upon his effervescent spirits.

In what better way could he give vent to his feelings than in descriptive verse? He could not shed his tears upon the paper and hand them around for inspection, or write a melancholy sonnet on the frailty of crockery, as a relief to his mind. No! he chose the course best fitted to command public attention, as the result proved. He told his tale—its cause and effect—in as few words as possible. Fortunate if other poets would only do the same!

An Ornithological Con.

What bird does General PRIM most resemble?
A Kingfisher.



NOTES ON THE FERRY.

MR. CAMEL, WHO IS OBSERVANT, CONTEMPLATIVE, AND GIVEN TO COMPARISON, ARRIVES AT THE CONCLUSION THAT SOME WOMEN ARE NICER THAN OTHERS.

THE MISERIES OF A HANDSOME MAN.

EVER since my earliest recollections I have been a victim to circumstances.

Beauty, which others desire and try every means to obtain, to me has been a source of untold misery. From my infancy, when ugly women with horrid breaths would stop my nurse in the streets and insist upon kissing me—through my school-days, when the girls would pet me and offer me a share of their nuts and candies, and the boys laugh at me in consequence, and call me “gal-boy,” squirt ink upon my face for beauty-spots, and present me with curl-papers and flowers for my hair—until the present, when I am denied introductions to young ladies and am put off on old women—I have suffered for my looks.

In my boarding-house I am shunned as if I had the plague. When I enter the parlor or dining-room, I see the ladies look at each other with a knowing air, as much as to say, “Look at him!” And the answer is telegraphed back, “Ain’t he handsome? but he knows it,” as if I could help knowing it with every one telling me so fifty times a day; and husbands pay unusual attention to their wives when I am around, as if I were an ogre.

I am naturally a modest man, made more so by my extreme sensitiveness to personal criticism; and to be obliged to stand apparently unconscious, when I know I am being looked at and commented upon, is harrowing to my feelings. I feel sometimes as if I should drop down on the floor, but then folks would never stop laughing if I did, at what they would be pleased to term my extreme ladylikeness! I have actually prayed that I might get the small-pox, and once walked through the small-pox hospital for that purpose, but escaped unharmed.

I suppose I must have been vaccinated. In fact, I know I have been, for how often have I looked at the scar on my arm, and wished it had been on my cheek, or at the end of my nose, or, in fact, on any place where it might be considered a blemish.

When I was a child I came near killing myself one night by going to bed with two large bottle-corks thrust into my nostrils, to make them large, like other boys'; and have made my mouth sore by stretching it with my fingers, or forcing melon-rinds into it, to enlarge it. But it

was useless; perhaps the mouth might be sore for a couple of days, but its shape remained unaltered.

Now that I am a man, I am as unfortunate as ever. My hair *will* curl, even when shaved within half-an-inch of the scalp; my monstache will stay jet-black, although I sometimes wax the ends of it with soap, and walk on the sunny side of Broadway; my teeth are perfect, and I never need a dentist; and my hands are “shameful for a man,”—so all my old-maid-aunts and bachelor-uncles say.

My affections have been trifled with several times, “because,” as they said, “when they had drawn me to the proposing point, I was too handsome to be good for anything as a husband—I did very well for a bean.” Goodness! is it only ugly men that can marry? I want to marry and settle down; for I am so slighted in society that I look with envy upon homely or mis-shapen men.

But who will have me? I put it to you, my friend, if it isn’t a hard case. I want an intelligent and agreeable wife, and one that comes of a respectable family. I don’t think I am asking too much, but it seems fate has determined such a one I can never have! I have either to remain single, or take one that is “ignorant and vulgar.” That, of course, would be as much remarked upon as my appearance, so it cannot be thought of.

I want to escape observation and criticism. I think strongly of emigrating to the Rocky Mountains, donning a rough garb, and digging for gold, in the hope of getting round-shouldered; or hiring myself out as a wood-chopper, in anticipation of a chip flying up and taking off part of my obnoxious nose.

If there were no women around, I might escape notice out there. But if one happened to come along, I should be obliged to leave, for her eyes would ferret out my unfortunate peculiarities, and all my wounds would be opened afresh. Sometimes I think there is no spot on the globe where I would be welcomed; and I feel inclined to commit some desperate deed, that I may be arrested and confined out of the sight of man and woman-kind, until I am aged and bent enough to be presentable.

OUR PORTFOLIO.

PASSING down Chatham street the other day, PUNCHINELLO stopped in front of a window where hung a highly-colored engraving of an Austrian sovereign engaged in the Easter ceremony of washing the feet of twelve old men and women.

An Irishman at our side, who had been puzzling some time to comprehend the problem thus submitted to him, finally broke out:

“An’ may I ax ye, misther, to be koind enough to exshplain phat in the wurruld that owld rooster’s doin’?” pointing to the figure of the kneeling monarch.

“He is washing the feet of the ladies and gentlemen,” mildly put in PUNCHINELLO.

“Bedad,” says PAT, “don’t I see that for meself; but phat is he doin’ it for?”

“It is a ceremony of the Catholic Church,” PUNCHINELLO explained, “typical of the washing of the feet of the Twelve Apostles.”

PAT eyed PUNCHINELLO askance with an expression which plainly enough said that he did not believe we had been reared to tell the truth strictly upon all occasions, and then added:

“Bad cess to your manners, then, don’t I know betther nor that; for haven’t I been in the church these forty years, and sorrow a sowl ever washed me feet!”



THE SITUATION IN EUROPE.

INTO "BIZ" LOUIS NAP HE IS GOING,
TO PAY OFF THE DEBTS THAT HE'S OWING;
DETERMINED THAT HE WILL MAKE *his* MARK,
BY TAKING THE CHANGE OUT OF BISMARCK.

FROM AN ANXIOUS MOTHER TO HER DAUGHTER.

[Who is at a Watering Place.]

NEW YORK, July 12, 1870.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER: How are you getting on, dear? Well, I hope, for you know I *do* want to get you off, desperately. Thirty-seven, and still on my hands! Mr. GUSHER, of the Four-hundred-and-thirty-ninth Avenue, goes down next Saturday. He will hunt you up. Mr. GUSHER is a nice man—so sympathetic and kind; and has such a lovely moustache. Besides, my dear SOPHY, he has oceans of stamps. Quite true, my child, he hasn't much of anything else, but girls at thirty-seven must not have too sharp eyes, nor see too much. Do, dear, try and fix him if you can. Put all your little artifices into effect. Walk, if possible, by moonlight, and alone; that is, with him. Talk, as you know you can, of the sweets of love and the delights of home. Dwell on the felicities of love in a cottage, and if he doesn't see it, dilate on the article in a brown-stone front, with marble steps. Picture to him in the most glowing terms the joys of the fireside, with fond you by his side. If he hints that a fireside in July is slightly tepid, thoughtfully suggest that it is merely a figure of speech, and introduce an episode of cream to cool it. Quote vehemently from TENNYSON, and LONGFELLOW, and MRS. BROWNING. Bring the artillery of your eyes to bear squarely on the mark. Remember that thirty-seven years and an anxious mother are steadily looking down upon you.

Cut SMIRCH. SMIRCH is a worthless fellow. Would you believe it? his father makes boot-pegs for a living. The house of WIGGINS cannot consort with the son of one who pegs along in life in this manner! Never. Banish SMIRCH. Don't let SMIRCH even look at your footprints on the beach.

Then there is Mr. BLUSTER. What is he? Who? Impertinent puppy! Pretended to own a corner-house on the Twenty-fifth Avenue, and wanted to know how *I* should like it? Like it? I should like to see him in Sing-Sing! *He* own a house?—a brass foundry more like, and that in his face! Keep a sharp eye on BLUSTER and his blarney.

He's what our neighbor GINGER calls a "beat," whatever that is—a squash, no doubt.

Don't spare any pains, my dear, for a market. I was only twenty-six when I married the late lamented Mr. WIGGINS. And a dear good man he was—only I wish he had paid his bills at the corner groceries. How he *did* love, my dear—that favorite demijohn in the corner! And then when he came home at night with such a smile—he'd been taking them all day. Don't fail to catch somebody. GUSHER, depend, is the man. Money is everything. Never mind what he hasn't got just under the hat. It is the pocket you must aim at. What is life and society—what New York—without money? Say you love him to distraction. Declare your existence is bound up in his. (Greenback binding.) Throw yourself at his feet at the opportune moment, and victory must be yours. Impale him at all hazards. Remember you are thirty-seven and well on in life.

Your own loving

MARIA ANASTASIA WIGGINS.

THE PUMP.

An Old Story with a Modern Application.

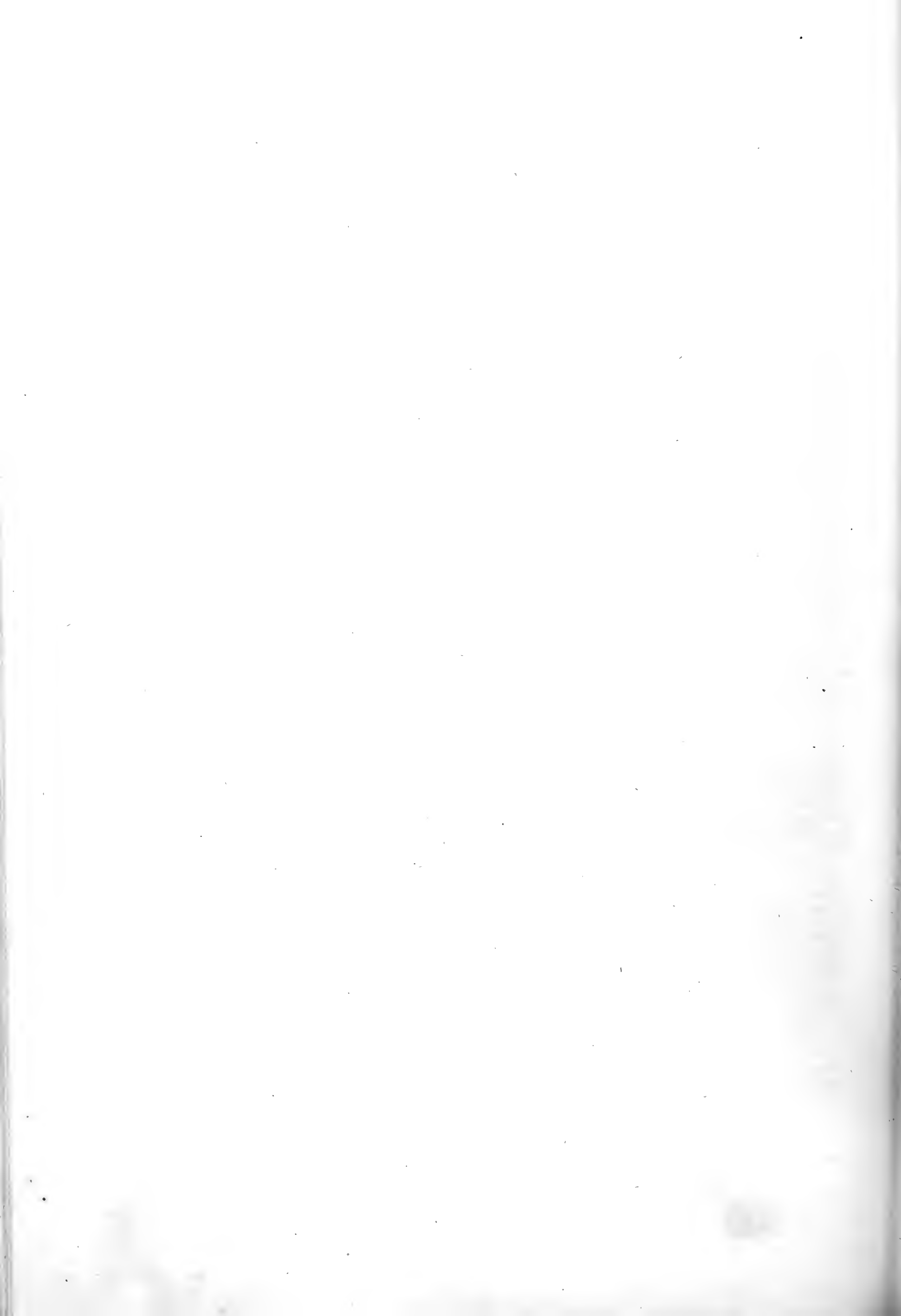
Like rifts of sunshine, her tresses
Waved over her shoulders bare,
And she flitted as light o'er the meadows,
As an angel in the air.

"O maid of the country, rest thee
This village pump beside,
And here thou shalt fill thy pitcher,
Like REBECCA, the well beside!"

But a voice from yonder window
Through my shuddering senses ran,
And these were its words: "MARIA-R!
MA-RIA-R! don't-mind-that-man!"



LUCIFER'S LITTLE GAME WITH HIS ROYAL PUPPETS.



HIRAM GREEN'S EXPERIENCE AS AN EDITOR.

Lively Times in the Editorial Sanctum.—The "Lait Gustise" handled Roughly.

"Whooray! Whooray!" I exclaimed, rushin' into the kitchen door, one mornin' last spring, and addressin' Mrs. GREEN. "I've been invited to edit the *Skeensboro Fish Horn*. Fame, madam, awaits your talented pardner."

"Talented Lunkhead, you mean," said this interestin' femail; "you'd look sweet editin' a noose paper. So would H. WARD BEECHER dancin' 'shoo-fly' along with DAN BRYANT. Don't make a fool of yourself if you know anything, HIRAM, and respect your family."

The above conversation was the prelude to my first and last experience in editin' a country paper.

The editor of the "Fish Horn" went on a pleasure trip, to plant a rich aut who had died and left him some cash.

Durin' his absence I run his paper for him. Seatin' my form ontop of the nail keg, with shears and paste brush I prepared to show this ere community how to run a noosepaper.

I writ the follerin' little squibs and put 'em in my first issue.

"If a sertin lite complexion man wouldn't run his hands down into sugar barrels so often, when visitin' grocery stores, it would be money in the pocket of the Skeensboro merchants"—

"Query.—Wonder how a farmer in this town, whose name we will not rite, likes burnin' wood from his nabor's wood-pile?"—

"We would advise a sertin toothles old made to leave off paintin' her cheeks, and stop slanderin' her nabors. If she does so, she will be a more interestin' femail to have around."

"Stop Thief.—If that Deekin, who trades at one of our grocery stores, and helps himself to ten cents worth of tobacker while buyin' one cents worth of pipes, will devide up his custom, it would be doing the square thing by the man who has kept him in tobacker for several years."

These articles was like the bustin' of a lot of bombshells in this usually quiet boro.

The Deekins called a church meetin', and played a game of old sledge, to see who would call and demand satisfaction for the insult. As they all smoked, they couldn't tell who was hit, as their tobacker bill was small all around.

Deekin PERKINS got beat when they come to "saw off."

Said this pious man:

"If old GREEN don't chaw his words, I'll bust his gizzard."

The farmers met at SIMMINSES store. After tryin' on the garment about steelin' wood, it was hard to decide who the coat fit the best, but each one made up his mind to pay off an old grudge and "pitch into the Lait Gustise."

All the old mades met together in the village milliner shop, where the Sore-eye-siss society held meetin's once a week, and their false teeth trembled like a rattlesnake's tail, when they read my artickle about old mades.

It was finally resolved by this anshient lot of caliker to "stir up old GREEN."

Headed by SARY YOUNG, the crossest old made in the U. S., and all armed with broom-sticks and darnin'-needles, the door of my editorial offis was busted open, and the whole caboodle of wimmen, fanishin' for my top hair, entered.

They foamed at the mouth like a pack of dissappointed Orpheus—C—Kerrs, as they brandished their wepins over my bald head.

"Squire GREEN," sed a maskaline lookin' specimen of time worn caliker, holdin' a copy of the *Fish Horn* in her bony fingers, "did you rite that 'ere?"

"Wall," sed I, feelin' somewhat riled at the sassy crowd, "s'posen I did or didn't, what on it?"

"We are goin' to visit the wrath of a down-trodden rase upon your frontispiece, that's what we is, d'ye hear, old Pilgarliek?" said the exasperated 16th Amendmenter, as she brought down her gingham umbrella over my shoulders.

At this they all rushed for me. With paste-brush and shears I kept them off, until somebody pushed me over a woman who had got tripped up, when the army of infuriated Amazons piled onto my aged form.

This round dident last more'n two minutes, for as soon as they got me down, they all stuck their confounded needles into me, and then left me lookin' more like a porkupine than a human bein'.

I hadent more'n had time to pull out a few quarts of needles, before in walks 2 big strappin' farmers.

"Old man, we've come for you," said one of 'em. "We'll larn you to slander honest fokes."

At this he let fly his rite bute at my cote skirts.

I was home-sick, you can jest bet. Then t'other chap let me have it.

"Down stairs with him," sed they both, and down I went, pooty lively for an old man.

Just as I got to the bottom I lit on a man's head. It was Deekin PERKINS comin' to "bust my gizzard."

"Hevings and airth," sed the Deekin as he tumbled over in the entry way. I jumped behind a door, emejutly, and as the farmers proceeded to polish off the Deekin, I was willin' to forgive both of 'em, as the Deekin groaned and yelled.

Yes siree! it was soothin' fun for me, to see them farmers welt the Deekin.

Steelin' up stairs agin, I was brushin' off my clothes, when in walks EBENEZER.

"Sawtel," said he, ceasin' me by the cote collar and shakin' me, "Ile larn you to rite about steelin' sugar; take that—and that," at which he let fly his bute, and down stairs I went agin—Eben urgin' me on with his bute.—

Suffice to say, the whole village called on me that day, and I was kicked down stairs 32 times by the watch.—Hosswhipt by 17 wimmen—besides bein' stuck full of needles by a lot more.

I got so used to bein' kicked down stairs, that evry time a man come in the door, I would place my back towards him and sing out:

"Kick away, my friend, I'm in the Editorial bizness to-day—to-morrow I go hents—there's rather too much exsitement runnin' a noosepaper, and I shall resine this evenin'."

When I got home that nite, I looked like an angel carryin' a palm-leaf fan in his hand, and clothed in purple and fine linen. My body was purpler than a huckleberry pie, and my linen was torn into pieces finer than a postage-stamp.

"Sarved you rite, you old fool," said Mrs. GREEN, as she stood rubbin' camfire onto me. "In ritin' noosepaper articles, editors order name their man. A shoe which hain't bilt for anybody in particular, will get onto evrybody in general's foot. When it does, the bilder had better get ready for numerous bootin's, from that self-same shoe."

Between you and I, PUNCHINELLO, MARIAR is about $\frac{1}{2}$ rite. Too-rally ewers.

HIRAM GREEN, ESQ.,

Lait Gustise of the Peece.

COMIC ZOOLOGY

Order, Cetacea.—The Right (and wrong) Whale.

The largest of the Cetacea is the Right whale, of which—so persistently is it hunted down—there will soon be but few Left. Some flippant jokist has remarked that there is no Wrong whale, but this is all Oily Gammon. There is a right and a wrong to everything—not excepting the leviathan of the deep.

By the courtesy of the Fisheries, the planting of a harpoon in the vitals of a Right whale gives the planter a pre-emption claim to it. If subsequently appropriated by another party it becomes, so far as that party is concerned, the Wrong whale, and on Trying the case its value may be recovered in a court of law, with Whaling costs.

The sperm whale, or cachalot, (genus *physeter*) is a rare visitor in the higher latitudes. Now and then a solitary specimen is taken in the Northern Atlantic, but the best place to catch a lot is on the Pacific coast. It may be mentioned incidentally, as a curious meteorological coincidence, that Whales and Waterspouts are invariably seen together, and hence it was, (perhaps,) that the long-necked cloud pointed out by HAMLET to POLONIUS, reminded that old Grampus of a Whale.

The favorite food of the great marine mammal of the Pacific is the Squid, and as this little creature swarms in the vicinity of Hawaii, the cachalot instinctively goes there at certain seasons to chew its Squid by way of a Sandwich.

Although the capture of the whale involves an immense amount of Paying Out before anything can be realized, it has probably always been a lucrative pursuit. The great fish seems, however, to have yielded the greatest Prophet in the days of JONAH. No man since then has enjoyed the same facilities for forming a true estimate of the value of the monster, that were vouchsafed to that singular man. Perhaps during his visit to Nineveh he entertained the Niinies with a learned lecture on the subject, but if so, it has not turned up to reward the research of modern Archæologists. LAYARD found the word JONAH inscribed among

the ruins of the old Assyrian city, but the name of the ancient mariner was unaccompanied by any mention of the whale.

All the whale family, though apparently phlegmatic, are somewhat given to Blowing up, and, when about to die, instead of taking the matter coolly and philosophically, they are always terribly Flurried. In fact, the whale, when in *articulo mortis*, makes a more tremendous rumpus about its latter end than any other animal either of the sea or land.

The Right whale, though many people make Light of it, is unquestionably the heaviest of living creatures. Scales never contained anything so ponderous. But while conceding to Leviathan the proud title of Monarch of the Deep, it should be remarked that it has a rival on the land, known as Old King Coal, that completely takes the Shine out of it.

THE WATERING PLACES.

Punchinello's Vacations.

At Newport, one cannot fail to perceive a certain atmosphere of blue blood—but it must not be understood, from this expression, that the air is filled with cerulean gore. Mr. P. merely wished to remark that the society at that watering place is very aristocratic. He felt the influence himself, although he staid there only a few days. His aristocratic impulses all came out. Whether they staid out or not remains to be seen.

But no matter. He found many of the best people in Newport, and he felt congenial. When a fellow sits at his wine with men like JOHN T. HOFFMAN, and AUGUST BELMONT, and PARAN STEVENS; and takes the air with Mrs. J. F., Jr., behind her delightful four-in-hand, he is apt to fell a little "uppish." If any one doubts it let him try it. At the Atlantic Hotel they gave Mr. P. the room which had been recently vacated by Gov. PADEFORD. He was glad to hear this. He liked the room a great deal better when he heard that the Governor wasn't there any more.

The first walk that he took on the beach proved to him that this was no place for illiterate snobs and shoddyites. Everybody talked of high moral aims, or questions of deep import, (especially the high tariff Congressmen,) and even the little girls who were sitting in the shade, (with big white umbrellas over them to keep the freckles off,) were puzzling their heads over charades and enigmas, instead of running around and making little Frou-Frons of themselves. Mr. P. composed an enigma for a group of these young students. Said he:

"My first is a useless expense.

My second is a useless expense.

My third is a useless expense.

My fourth is a useless expense.

My fifth is a useless expense.

My sixth is a useless expense, and so is my eighth, ninth, tenth, and eleventh, and all the rest of my parts, of which there are three hundred and fifty.

My whole is a useless expense, and sits at Washington."

The dear little girls were not long in guessing this ingenious enigma, and while they were rejoicing over their success, Mr. P. was suddenly addressed by a man who had been standing behind him. Starting a little, he turned around and was thus addressed by his unknown listener.



"Sir," said that individual, "do I understand you to mean that the Congress of the United States is a useless expense?"

"Well, sir," said Mr. P., with a smile, "as it costs a great deal and does very little, I cannot but think it is both useless and expensive."

"Then sir," said the other, "you must think the whole institution is a nuisance generally."

"You put it very strongly," said Mr. P., "but I fear that you are about right."

"Sir!" cried the gentleman, his face beaming with an indescribable expression. "Give me your hand! I am glad to know you. I agree with you exactly. My name is WHITTEMORE."

But Mr. P. did not waste all his time in talking to strangers and concocting enigmas. He had come to Newport with a purpose. It was none of the ordinary purposes of watering place visitors. These he could carry out elsewhere.

His object in coming here was grand, unusual and romantic. *He came to be rescued by IDA LEWIS!*



It was not easy to devise a plan for this noble design, and it was not until the morning of the second day of his visit, that Mr. P. was ready for the adventure. Then he hired a boat, and set sail, alone, o'er the boundless bosom of the Atlantic.

He had not sailed more than a few hours on said boundless bosom, before he turned his prow back towards land,—towards the far-famed Lime Rocks, on which the intrepid heroine dwells. He had thought of being wrecked at night, but fearing that IDA might not be able to find him in the dark, he gave up this idea. His present intention was that Miss LEWIS should believe him to be a lonely mariner from a far distance, tossed by the angry waves upon her rock-bound coast. But there was a certain difficulty in the way, which Mr. P. feared would prove fatal to his hopes.

The sea was just as smooth as glass!

And the wind all died away!

There was not enough left to ruffle a squirrel's tail. How absurd the situation! How could he ever be dashed helpless upon the rocks under such circumstances?

The tide was setting in, and as he gradually drifted towards the land, he saw the storied rocks, and even perceived Miss IDA, sitting upon a shady prominence, crocheting a tidy.

What should he do to attract her attention? How put himself in imminent peril? His anxiety for a time was dreadful, but he thought of a plan. He got out his knife and whittled the mast half through.

"Now," thought he, "if my mast and rigging go by the board, she will surely come and rescue me!"

But the mast and rigging were as obstinate as outside speculators in Wall street,—they would not go by the board,—and Mr. P. was obliged at last to break down the mast by main force. But the lady heard not the awful crash, and little weened that a fellow-being was out alone on the wild watery waste, in a shipwrecked bark! After waiting for some time, that she might ween this terrible truth, Mr. P. concluded that there was nothing to do but to spring a leak.

But he found this difficult. Kick as hard as he might, he could not loosen a bottom board. And he had no auger! The Lime Rocks were getting nearer and nearer. Would he drift safely ashore?

"Oh! how can I wreck myself, 'ere it be too late?" he cried, in the agony of his heart. Wild with apprehensions of reaching the land without danger, he sat down and madly whittled a hole in the bottom of the boat, making it, as nearly as possible, such a one as a sword fish would be likely to cut. When he got it done, the water bubbled through it like an oil-well. In fact, Mr. P. was afraid that his vessel would fill up before he was near enough for the maiden on the rocks to hear his heart-rending cries for succor. He could see her plainly now. 'Twas certainly she. He knew her by her photograph—"Twenty-five cents, sir. The American female GRACE DARLING, sir. Likeness warranted, sir.")

But she turned not towards him. Confound it! Would she finish that eternal tidy ere she glanced around?

The boat was almost full now. It would sink before she saw it! That hole must be stopped until he had drifted near enough to give vent to an agonizing cry for help.

Having nothing else convenient, Mr. P. clapped into the hole a lot of manuscripts which he had brought with him for consideration. (Correspondents who may experience apparent neglect will please take notice. It is presumed, of course, that every one who writes anything worth reading, will keep a copy of it.)

Now the rocks were comparatively near, and standing up to his knees in water, Mr. P. gave the appropriate heart-rending cry for succor. But in spite of the prevailing calm, he perceived that there was a surf upon the rocks, and a noise of many waters. At the top of his voice Mr. P. again shouted.

"Hello, IDA!"

But he soon found that he would have to hello longer as well as hello IDA, and he did it.

At last she heard him.

Dropping her work-basket, she ran to the edge of the rock, and making a trumpet of her hands, called out:

"Ahoy there! What's up?"

"Me!" answered Mr. P., "but I won't be up very long. Haste to my assistance, oh maiden! ere I sink!"

Then she shouted again:

"I've got no boat! It's over to McCURDY'S, getting caulked!"

No boat!

Then indeed did Mr. P. turn pale, and his knees did tremble.

But IDA was not to be daunted. Bounding like a chamois o'er the rocks, to her house, she quickly returned with a long coil of rope, and instantly hurled it over the curling breakers with such a strong arm and true aim, that one end of it struck Mr. P. in the face with a crack like that of a giant's whip.



He grasped the rope, and that instant his boat sank like a rock!

IDA hauled away like a steam-engine, and Mr. P.'s prow (his nose, you know,) cut through the water like a knife, in a straight line for the shore. In front of him he saw a great mass of sharp rocks. He shuddered, but over them he went. On, on, he went, nor turned aside for jagged cleft or sharp-edged stone. A ship, loaded with queensware, had been wrecked near shore, and through a vast mass of broken plates, and cups, and saucers, Mr. P. went,—straight and swift as an arrow.

At last, wet, bleeding, ragged, scratched, and faint, he reached the shore. Said IDA, as she supported him towards her dwelling: "How did you ever come to be wrecked on such a day as this?"

Mr. P. hesitated. But with such a noble creature, the truth would surely be the best. He told her all.

"Oh!" said he. "Dear girl, 'twas I, myself, who hewed down my mast and scuttled my fair bark. And I did it, maiden fair! that thy brave arm might rescue me from the watery deep, (you know what a good thing it would be for both of us, when it got in the papers,) and that on thy hardy bosom I might be borne——"

"Born jackass!" interrupted IDA. "I believe that everybody who comes to Newport make fools of themselves about me; but you are certainly the Champion Fool of the Lime Rocks."

Mr. P. couldn't deny it.

Alphabetical.

From the insult passed upon Count BENEDETTI, at Ems, it appears that the Prussian government does not always mind its P's and Q's.

A ROSE BY ANY OTHER NAME.

A Love Tale.

I.

"I won't do it—there!"

MISS ANGELINA VAVASOUR sat her little fat body down in a chair, slapped her little fat hands upon her little fat knees, swelled her little fat person until she looked like a big gooseberry just ready to burst, and then turned her little fat red face up to Mr. JOHN SMITH, who was standing before her.

"I regret," said Mr. J. S., "that you should refuse to be Mrs. JOHN SMITH." (ANGELINA shuddered.) "Might I ask you why?"

"No," said she. "Say, my age."

"But I don't object to that," said J. S.

"Well, I won't," said ANGELINA, "that's all!"

J. S. rubbed the fur on his hat the wrong way, pulled up his shirt collar, looked mournfully at the idol of his heart, and departed.

Why did she refuse him? Listen!

About a thousand or two years ago—well, perhaps we had better not go so far back—anyhow, Miss VAVASOUR had ancestors, and she was proud of them; she had a name, and she gloried in it; she had \$100,000, and therefore insisted on keeping her aristocratic name; she had kept it for forty years, and was willing to take a contract for the rest of the job, though she did feel that she needed a man to slide down the hill of time with her, and she was rather fond of SMITH.

Mr. JOHN SMITH wanted to marry her for herself alone, though he had made inquiries and knew all about that \$100,000.

Thus it was.

II.

"That's all!" Miss VAVASOUR had said.

But was it all? She thought it was matrimony; J. S. thought it was matter o' money, and J. S. had a long head—an awfully long head.

Mr. JOHN SMITH sat before the grate. His auburn locks, his Roman nose, his little grey eyes, his thin lips, his big ears, and each particular hair of his red whiskers, expressed intense disgust.

He was day-dreaming, seeing visions in the fire. There he saw Miss ANGELINA VAVASOUR. Her eyes were ten dollar gold pieces, her nose a little pile of ducats, each cheek seemed swelled out by large quantities of dollars, every tooth in her head was a double-eagle, and her hair was a mass of ingots. He heaved a sigh and took a fresh chew.

The tobacco seemed to refresh him; he walked the floor for a while, and then sat in his chair. Suddenly his countenance was irradiated, like a ripening squash at early morn, and he sprang to his feet, crying out, "Eureka! I'll do it."

III.

Eureka! How? What? Thus.

One month afterwards our hero presented himself at the house of Miss VAVASOUR, carrying under his arm a large volume, bound in calf.

"Miss VAVASOUR," said he, "I come to repeat my proposition to you. Will you reconsider?"

"Sir?" said she.

"Things have changed," said our hero.

"Changed!" echoed she. "What do you mean, Mr. JOHN SMITH?"

"Call me not by that vile cognomen," quoth he. "Look!" and he opened the Session Laws at page 1004.

She read:

"STATE OF NEW YORK,
COUNTY OF BLANK."

I, JONATHAN JERUSALEM, Clerk of said County, do hereby certify that the following change of name has been made by the County Court of this County, viz.:

JOHN SMITH to AUGUSTUS VAVASOUR.
In testimony whereof, I have set my hand and the seal of the County, June 3d, 1870.

[L. S.]

JONATHAN JERUSALEM,
Clerk."

She fell into his arms, and rested her palpitating head upon his palpitating bosom. He pulled up his shirt-collar, trod on the cat, and gently whispered, \$100,000."

MORAL.

A word to the wise. Go and do like-wise.

LOT.

Gummy.

The following is from a Western paper:

"At Council Bluffs, Iowa, a woman who don't chew gum is out of style, and gets the cold shoulder."

Our comment upon the above is that there must be very little gumshun among the women of Council Bluffs.



"SUCH IS LIFE."

HERE YOU SEE TOM, DICK, AND HARRY, AS THEY LOOKED WHEN STARTING IN THE MORNING FOR A DAY'S FISHING.

AND THIS IS THE SAME PARTY, DEJECTED, BEDRAGGLED, AND FOOT-SORE, WEARILY MAKING THEIR WAY HOMEWARD AFTER THEIR DAY'S "SPORT."

DOWN THE BAY.

MR. PUNCHINELLO: It is just possible that you never went on a fine fishing excursion down the Bay with a party of nice young men. If you never did, don't. I confess it sounds well on paper. But it's a Deceit, a Snare, and a Hollow Mockery. I will narrate.

Some days ago I was induced (the Deuce is in it if I ever am again) to participate in a supposed festivity of this nature. In the first place, we (the excursionists,) chartered a yacht, two Hands that knew the Ropes—they looked as if they might have been acquainted with the Rope's End—and a small Octoroon of the male persuasion as waiter. As CHOWLES characteristically observed, (he is a Stock Broker, and was one of the party,) "there is nothing like a feeling of Security." So we engaged a Skipper who was perfectly familiar with the BARINGS of the Banks, and Thoroughly Posted on all Sea 'Changes, at least so CHOWLES expressed it, but then he is apt to be somewhat technical at times. This accomplished mariner was reputed to have been "Round the Horn" several times, which I am led to believe was perfectly true, as he smelt strongly of spirits when he came on board. I was much discouraged at the appearance of this Skipper, and had half a mind to give my friends the Slip when I saw him on the Wharf.

Having manned our craft, we purchased a colossal refrigerator in which to put our Bass and Weak Fish, laid in a stock of cold provisions—among other things a Cold Shoulder—plenty of exhilarating beverages, and, with Buoyant Spirits, (every Man of us,) and plenty of ice on board, started on the slack of the Morning Tide. I regret to state that by the time we were ready to start our Skipper was half way "Over the Bay," being provided with a pocket pistol charged to the muzzle. He and his two subordinates were pretty well "Shot in the neck" by the time we reached Fort Lafayette. The consequence of this was that we no sooner came Abreast of the reef in that locality than we got Afoul of it. For getting Afoul of the Rocks we had to Fork over twenty dollars to the captain of a tug boat which came and Snaked us off with a Coil of Rope when the tide rose.

During the time we remained stationary, the Bottle, I am sorry to say, kept going Round. All the excursionists except myself got half

seas over, and when we resumed our voyage the steersman had fallen asleep, so the vessel left a Wake behind her which was extremely crooked.

We anchored that night outside Sandy Hook, and next morning cast our lines overboard, and commenced fishing. Our success in that Line was astounding, not to say embarrassing. We commenced to take Fish on an unparalleled Scale. Dog Figh and Stingarees were hauled over the side without intermission. The former is a kind of small shark. As they will Swallow anything, we Took them In very fast. Although extremely voracious, they are so simple that if it were not for their size they would fall an easy prey to the Sea Gull, which, in spite of its name, is a very Wide Awake bird. Stingarees are fish of much more Penetration—their sharp tails slashing everything that comes in their way. These natural weapons, which have been furnished them by Providence as a means of defence in their Extremity, cut through a fellow's trousers like paper. The interesting creatures cut up so that we kindly consigned them, together with the dog fish, to their native element, having first benevolently knocked them on the head. Changing our location for a change of luck, we captured a superb mess of sea robins and toad fish. This satisfied us. So we pulled up anchor, not Hankering for any more such sport, and left the Hook, very glad to Hook It. We didn't have any of our toadies or robbins cooked, as those "spoils of ocean," although interesting as marine curiosities, are not considered good to eat, but each man had a Broil, as the Sun was very hot, and as CHOWLES remarked, "brought out the Gravy." That night we turned in, having been turned inside out all day. Next morning we reached home. The skipper presented his Bill in the course of the day. Although extremely exorbitant, we paid it without a murmur, being too much exhausted from casting up accounts ourselves, to bring him to Book for his miseondnet. Such is the sad experience of

Yours Reverentially,

CHINCAPIN.

The Pillar of Salt (Lake.)

Lot's (of) Wife.

A. T. Stewart & Co.

Are offering novelties in
Crepe de Chine Sashes
WITH HEAVY FRINGES,
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WIDE BLACK AND COLORED
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At a Great REDUCTION IN PRICES,
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**Suits, Robes, Reception
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Some less than half their cost.
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**Plain and Braided Victoria Lawn,
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SIZES FROM 2 YEARS TO 10 YEARS OLD.
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From \$3.50 to \$7 each.
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Cloth Breakfast Jackets,**
PARIS MADE,
\$8 each and upward.

A. T. STEWART & Co.
BROADWAY,
4TH AVE., 9TH AND 10TH STREETS.

PUNCHINELLO.

The first number of this Illustrated Humorous and Satirical Weekly Paper was issued under date of April 2, 1870. The Press and the Public in every State and Territory of the Union endorse it as the best paper of the kind ever published in America.

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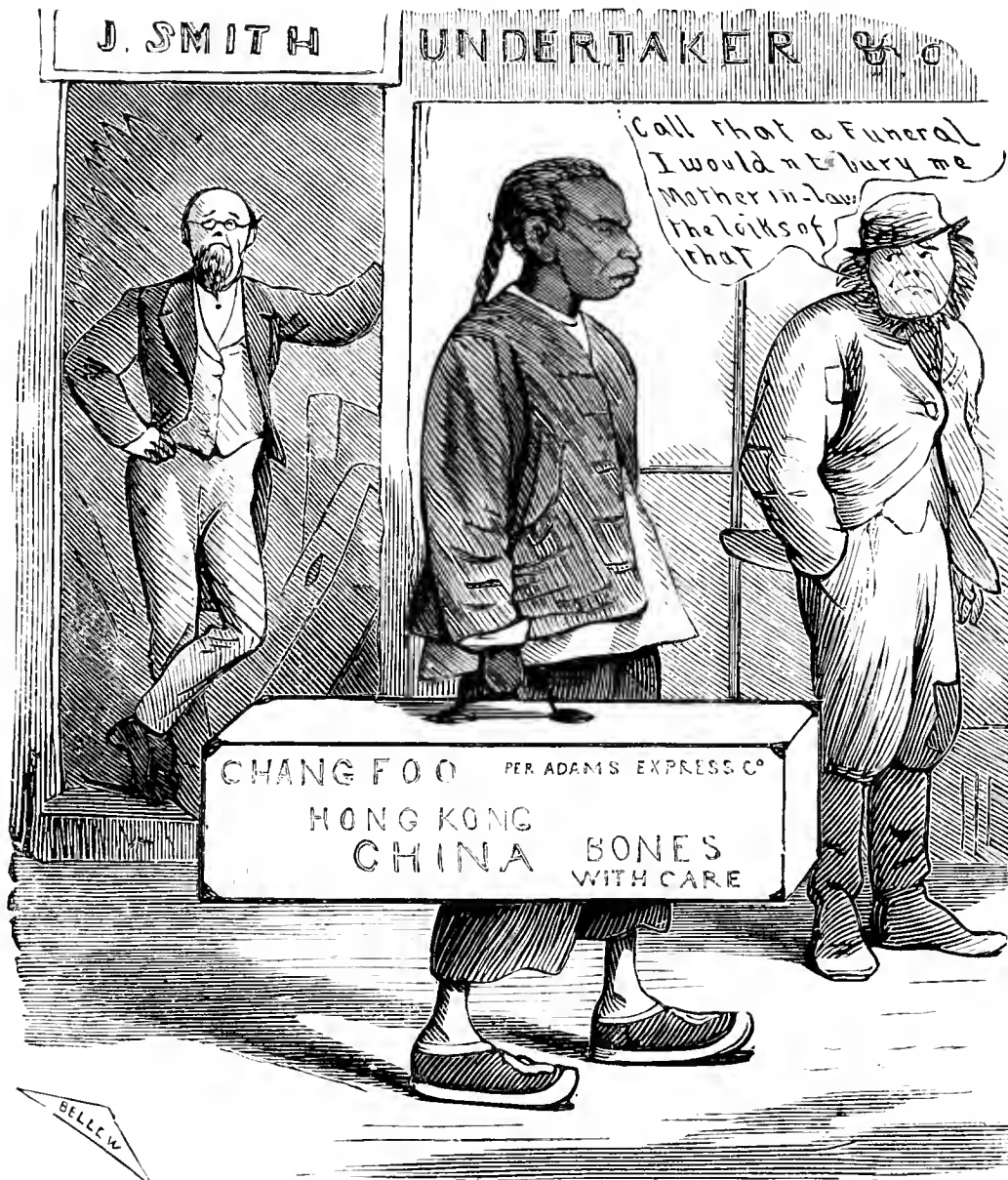
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THE MYSTERY OF MR. E. DROOD.

AN ADAPTATION.

BY ORPHEUS C. KERR.

CHAPTER XII.

FOR THE BEST.

MISS CAROWTHERS'S educational hotbed of female innocence was about to undergo desolation by the temporary dispersal of its intellectual buds and blossoms to their native soils, therefrom to fill home-atmospheres with the mental fragrance of "all the branches." Holiday Week drew near, when, as MISS CAROWTHERS ritually expressed it, "all who were true believers of the American Church of England in their hearts would softly celebrate the devout Yearly Festival of Apostolic Christianity, by decking the Only True Church with symbolical evergreens over places where the paint was scratched off, and receiving New Year's Calls without intoxicating liquors." In honor of this approaching solemn season of peace on earth, good will to young men, the discipline of Macassar Female College was slightly relaxed: Bible-studies were no longer rigorously inflicted as a punishment for criminal absence of all punctuation from English Composition, and any Young Lady whose father was good pay could actually sneeze in her teacup without being locked into her own room on bread-and-water until she was truly penitent for her sin and wished she was a Christian. Consequently, an air of unusual license pervaded the Alms-House; woman's rights meetings were held at the heads of stairways to declare, that, whereas MARY AMANDA PARKINSON'S male second-cousin has promised to meet her at the railroad station, and thereby made her pretend to us that the letter was from her father, when all the time ANN LOUISA BAKER accidentally caught sight of the words "My Precious MOLLY" while looking for her scissors in the wrong drawer, and therefore, be it Resolved, that we wish he knew about one shoulder being a little higher than the other, (as she *knows* the dressmaker told her,) and about that one red whisker under the left hand corner of her chin which she might as well stop trying to keep cut off; dark assemblages resembling walking lobsters were convened in special dormitories at night, to compare brothers and tell how they Byronically said that they never should care for women again after what they had sacrificed for them in the horse-cars without so much as a "Thank you, sir," but if they ever *could* be brought to liking a girl now, it would be on account of her not pretending to care for anything but money and a husband's early grave; and very white parties of pleasure were organized in the halls, at ghostly hours, to go down to the cupboard for a mince-pie under pretense of hearing burglars, and subsequently to drink the mince-pie from curl-papers, accompanied by whispers of "H'sh! don't eat the crust so loud, or MISS CAROWTHERS 'll think it's a man."

In addition to these signs of impending freedom, trunks were packed in the rooms, with an adeptness of getting in things with springs twice as wide as any trunk, and of laying cologne-bottles, fans, and brushes, between objects with ruffles so as to perfectly protect the latter, that would have put the most conceited old bachelor to shame. Affected tenderly by thoughts of a separation which, so ridiculously uncertain is human life, might be forever, the young ladies who couldn't bear each other, and had been quite sorry for each other because she couldn't help it with such a natural disposition and rough forehead as hers, poor thing!—graciously made-up with each other, in case they should not meet again until in Heaven.—You will not think any more, HENRIETTA TOMLINSON, of what I told you about AUGUSTUS SMITH'S remarks to me that Sunday coming out of chapel. I *didn't* let you know before, my dear, but when he had the impudence to say that one of your eyebrows was longer than the other, and that you had a sleepy look as though a little more in the upper-story wouldn't hurt you, I stood up for you, and told him he ought to be ashamed to talk so on Sunday about you, after you'd taken such pains to please him. That's just all there was about that whole thing, HENRIETTA, dear, and now I hope we may part friends.—Why *shouldn't* we, MARTHA JENKINS? I'm sure *I've* never been the one to be unfriendly, and when Mr. SMITH told me, that he guessed my friend MISS JENKINS didn't know how much she walked like a camel, I was as sarcastic as I could be, and said I didn't know before that gentlemen ever made fun of natural deformities.—Yes, HENRIETTA, my love, I know how you've *always*, te-he! spoken well of *everybody* behind

their backs. Gentlemen give *you* their confidence as soon as they see you, without a *bit* of fishing for it on *your* part, and then you have a chance to befriend your poor friends.—Oh, well, MARTHA, darling, there's no need of your getting provoked because I wouldn't hear you called a camel—he! he!—after you'd been so angelic with him about stepping on the middle back-breadth of your poplin—"Oh, *never* mind it at *all*! Mayistah SA-MITH; it's of *No-o* consequence!"—Te-he-he-he! When *is* it to come off, Miss TOMLINSON? When does your AUGUSTUS finally reward your *perseverance* with his big red hand?—I haven't asked him yet, Precious! out of regard for your feelings. He's so sensitive about having any one think he's *jilted* her; quite ridiculous, I tell him.—HENRIETTA TOMLINSON! you—you'd get on your *knees* to make a man look at you: *EVERYBODY* says *that*!—But then, you know, MARTHA JENKINS, there *are* persons who wouldn't be looked at much, even if they *did* go on their knees for it, *lovey*.—M'm'm! Ph'h'h! Please keep by your *own* trunk, HENRIETTA. I don't want anything *stolen*, Miss!—He! he! Of course I'll go, MARTHA. There's so *much* danger of my stealing your old rags!—*Don't* provoke me to slap you, Miss!—Who are *you* pushing against, *Camel*?—Aow-aouw-k!—Ah-h-h!—R-r-r-r'p, sl'p, p'l'l—Miss CROWTHERS' coming!!—* * And thus to usher in the merry, merry Christmas time of peace on earth, good will to young men.

At noon on the Saturday preceding Holiday-Week, MISS CAROWTHERS, assisted by her adjutant, Mrs. PILLSBURY, had a Reception in the Cackleorium, when emaciated lemonade and tenacious gingerbread were passed around, and the serene conqueror of Breachy, Mr. BLODGETT, addressed the assembled sweetness. Ladies, the wheel of Time, who, you know, is usually represented as a venerable man of Jewish aspect with a scythe, had brought around once more a festival appealing to all the finer feelings of our imperfect nature. Throbbled there a heart in any of our bos—hem!—in any of the superstructures of our waists, that did not respond with joy and gladness to the sentiment of such a season? In view of Christmas, Ladies, did we say, in the words of—an acceptable Ritualistic translation from the Breviary—

"Day of vengeance, without morrow,
Earth shall end in flame and sorrow,
As from saint and seer we borrow?"

No; that was not our style. We saw in Christmas a happy time to forgive all our friends, to forget all our enemies at the groaning board, and to keep on remembering the poor. Might we find all our relatives well in the homes we were about to revisit, and ready to liquidate our little semi-annual expenses of tuition. Might we find neighborhoods willing to take the resumption of piano-practicing in the forgiving spirit of the Christmas-time, and to accept the singing of Italian airs, at late hours, with the tops of windows down, as occurrences not to be profanely criticized in sleepless beds at a time of year when all animosities should be repressed. With love for all mankind, Ladies, where it was strictly proper, we would now separate until after the Holidays, wishing each other a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Then ensued leave-takings all around; terminating with a delicate consciousness on the part of each young lady present that she was not to be entirely without escort on her way to her home, inasmuch as there was a BILL prepared to go with her and be presented to her parents.

A number of times had FLORA PORTS witnessed this usual breaking up, without any other sensation at herself being left behind in the Alms-House than one of relief from incessant attempts of dearest friends to find out what Mr. E. DROOD wrote about longing to clasp her again, in his last; and on this occasion she came near being really happy in having her dear MAGNOLIA PENDRAGON to remain with her. MAGNOLIA had never mentioned EDWIN'S name since the virtual compact between herself, and her brother, and Mr. SIMPSON, on the Pond shore; which was, perhaps, carrying woman's friendship rather too far to the other extreme:—she might at least have said, "Are you thinking of something commencing with a D.?" once in a while:—but the Flowerpot, while slightly wondering, of course, found a pleasant change in a companion of her own sex and age who was not always raising the D. in conversation.

A lovely scene was it, and maddening to masculine imagination, when so many of Miss PORTS'S blooming young schoolmates kissed her good-bye in the porch, and gave her a last chance to tell them what he *had* written, then. It was charming to see that willed-away little creature, without her enamel, waving farewell to the stages departing for the ferry; and to hear the disappearing ones calling out to her: "By-bye, FLORA, dear; EDDY ought to see you now with your natural complexion." "Au revoir, Pet. You'd better hurry in now; here comes a man!"

"Don't stay out in the sun for us, Darling, or the belladonna may lose its effect."

Oh, rosebud-garden of girls! Oh, fresh young blossoms, to which we of the male and cabbage growth are as cheap vegetables! Cling together while ye may in the fair bouquet of sweet school friendship, of musical parlor-sisterhood. So shall your thorns be known only to each other in such fragrant clustering, and never known at all to Men unless they insatiably persist in giving you their hands.

While the Flowerpot was thus receiving fond good-byes, EDWIN DROOD, on his way to see her, suffered an indecision of purpose which might have bred disquiet in a more gigantic mind than his. With the package containing the memorial stay-lace in one pocket, and his hands in two others, he strode up the Bumsteadville turnpike in a light overcoat and a brown study. But for good Mr. DIBBLE's undeniably truthful picture of a modern lover's actual situation, he might have allowed matters to go as they would, and sunk into an early marriage without one prayer to Heaven for mercy. Now, however, that picture troubled him even more than the bump which he had got upon his head from the tilting table in the lawyer's office, and he was disposed to send the stay-lace back to the candid old man. "FLORA and I have about equal intellects," reasoned he to himself. "Shall I leave the whole question to her, or my own decision! One would be about as profound in wisdom as the other. Which? I guess I'll toss-up for it."

He stepped aside from the road, under a leafless tree, and drew from a pocket a badly speckled nickel coin. "Heads for her, tails for me," he said, with some awe in his tone. The tasteful coin was tossed, and "Heads" stared up at him from the frozen ground. "It's her inning," he muttered, and, re-pocketing the money and his hands, went on whistling. Thus the great crises of our laborious human lives are settled by the idle inspiration of a moment, and fate, for good, or evil, comes as it is cent.

The Flowerpot, expecting him, was ready in her walking dress, and, by tacit permission of Miss CAROWTHERS, the two started upon a promenade for the nearest confidential cross-road, each eating half of an apple which Mr. DROOD had brought to disguise his feelings.

"My dear, absurd EDDY," said FLORA, when they had arrived in a secluded lane not far from St. Cow's Church, "I want to give you something very serious, and oh! I'm so ridiculously nervous about doing so,—especially after your giving me this apple."

"Never mind the apple, FLORA. It was the fruit of our First Parents, and has constituted the most available pie of the poor ever since. Don't allow it to fetter your freedom of speech, and please try to eat it without such a gashing noise."

"Thank you, EDDY. You have always been liberal with me. And now are you sure you won't be absurdly angry with me if I give you something?"

He fell away from her a moment, as half anticipating a kiss, but promised that he would restrain his temper.

"Then here you are, EDDY;" and she drew from a pocket in her dress and held out to him a small worsted mitten.

"You give this to me?" he said, accepting it, and tossing it from one hand to the other, as though it were something hot.

"Yes, dear, ridiculous friend; and from this day forth let us give up the cold indifference of people engaged to each other, and be as truly affectionate as brother and sister."

"Never get married?"

"Not to each other."

Under the ecstatic influence of the moment, the emancipated young bondman began dancing and turning somersaults like one possessed; but, quickly remembering himself, hastened to regain a perpendicular position at her side, and coughed energetically, as though the recent gymnastics had been prescribed for his cold.

"My own sister!" he exclaimed, "a weight is now lifted from both of our minds, and both of us should be the better for the lifting-cure. It is noble in you to let me off so."

"And it's perfectly splendid in you, EDDY, to make no horrid fuss about it."

The beautiful contest of generousities between these two young souls made each as tender toward the other as though the parents of both had been alive and frantically opposed to their mutual attachment.

"We are both sorry that we have ever had any absurd engagement between us," said FLORA, with a manner of exquisite softness, "and, now, that we are like brother and sister, we need not be all the time playing the Pretty with each other, and needn't be putting on our best things every time we have to meet. You think that my hair always curls in this way, don't you, EDDY?"

"Why, you don't mean to say, FLORA, that it's *all*—"

"—False? No, you absurd thing! But curling irons, and oil, and crimping pins have to be used hours and hours."

"Ha! ha!" laughed EDWIN DROOD, "I see the point; you've had to make-up for me. Now I dare say that you have thought my boots, which I have worn in your company, were the right size for me? They're really one and a half sizes too small, and almost kill me. As for gloves, I never wear any at all except when I come to see you."

"And my complexion, dear brother?"

"Oh, I know all about that, darling sister. I couldn't find any fault with *that*, so long as my own seal-ring, which you thought so rich-looking, was only plated."

The little creature burst into a laugh of delight, and pressed his arm with sisterly enthusiasm. "And we can be perfectly honest with each other; can't we, EDDY? As a partnership for life until death should us part is no longer our object, we have no need to utterly deceive each other in everything."

"No," answered the equally happy young man; "as we're not trying to marry now, we may as well drop the swindle."

"And just suppose we'd gone on and got married," cried the Flowerpot, with dancing-eyes. "When it was too late, you'd have found out what I really was—"

"And you'd have found *me* out," interrupted EDWIN, vivaciously.

"I should have wanted more expenditure upon myself, for giving me my proper place in society, than you, with your limited means, could have possibly afforded.—"

"And I should have told you it would ruin me—"

"And that would have made me more disappointed in you than ever, and provoked me to call you a pauper-monster.—"

"And then I would have twitted you about being anything but an heiress yourself when I married you—"

"—Which would have thrown me into hysterics—"

"—Which would have made *me* lock you up in your room, and leave the house—"

"—For which I would have sued you for an Indiana divorce—"

"—Thus driving *me* to commit suicide—"

"—And bringing myself under a cruel public prejudice seriously detrimental to my future prospects."

Gloriously excited and made nearly breathless by their friendly rivalry in thus specifying what must have been the successive results of their union without plenty of money, the animated pair panted at each other in a kind of imaginative intoxication, and then shook hands almost deliriously.

In a moment after, however, Mr. DROOD thrust his hands into his pockets and presented an aspect of sudden discomfiture.

"I forgot about my uncle, JACK BUMSTEAD," he said, uneasily. "It will be a dreadful blow for JACK: he's counted so much upon my having a wife for him to flirt with.—There he is, now!"

"Where?"

"Amongst those trees down there—Look!"

In a small grove, skirting the road some distance behind them, Mr. BUMSTEAD could indeed be seen, dodging wildly from one tree to another in an extraordinary manner, and occasionally leaping high in the air and slashing excitedly around him with his alpaca umbrella. A hoop from a barrel, possibly cast out upon the road by somebody, had, apparently, become entangled around the legs and in the coat-tails of the Ritualistic organist; and he, in his extreme nervous sensibility, precipitately mistaking it for one of his old enemies, the snakes, had evidently fled headlong with it as far as the grove, and was there engaging it in frantic single-combat.

"Oh, take me home, at once, please!" begged FLORA, alarmed at the remarkable sight.

"Poor dear old fellow!" exclaimed her companion, obediently hurrying onward with her, "I shall never have the heart to tell him of our separation, and must leave it to your guardian. He'll think he's been the cause of it, by stealing your heart from me.—Here he comes!"

They had barely time to conceal themselves in the Macassar porch, when, with umbrella in full play, and the barrel-hoop half-way up to his waist, Mr. BUMSTEAD came bounding along the turnpike with frenzied agility. "Shoo! 'Scat, you viper! Get out!" cried he; and stopped, with an unearthly culminating scream of terror, immediately in front of the Alms-House, where the hoop suddenly fell at his feet. A moment he beat his fallen enemy with the umbrella, as though madly striving to actually hammer it into the earth; then, as suddenly, suspended his attack, stooped low to eye his victim more closely, and, with a fierce pounce, had it in his grasp. "Was it only *this*?" he hissed, holding it at arm's length: "Sold again: signed, J. BUMSTEAD." And, hanging it over his umbrella, he stalked moodily onward.

"What a struggle his whole lonely life is!" said EDWIN DROOD, coming out from the porch.

FLORA's parting look, as she entered the door, was as though she had said, "Oh! don't you understand?" But the young man went away unconscious of its meaning.

(To be Continued.)



"THE NEXT THING TO IT."

SCENE—NORTH ADAMS.

Butcher, (who is not quite prepared for the new order of things, to Chinese delegation:) "WELL, WE'RE JUST OUT OF DOG, BUT WE'VE SOME FIRST-RATE SAUSAGES."

A SEASONABLE PARODY.

Three women went waddling out into the surf,
Out into the surf at Newport town;
Each wore a bath suit of the very best,
Costing as much as a wedding-gown.
For men must work, and women must lave,
And what men earn their wives don't save,
Though husbands they be moaning.
Three brokers sat up at three high desks,
And balanced their books as the sun went down;
Each "poring" o'er ledgers that wouldn't come straight,
Each wrapped in a study disgustingly brown.
For men must sweat, and women keep cool,
And woman will ever be fashion's fool,
Though husbands they be moaning.
Three names are struck from the Gold Board's books,
Three brokers' sign-boards are taken down;
Three men are busy "seeing their friends,"
Borrowing money to get out of town.
For men must break if women must waste,
And it costs a deal to be "people of taste,"
So good-bye to the fools and their moaning.

OUR PORTFOLIO.

DEAR PUNCHINELLO: You may have heard of a slight breeze recently stirring at the Custom House, consequent upon the removal of Mr. GRINNELL and the appointment of the Hon. THOMAS MURPHY. The savage feelings which this event aroused have sufficiently subsided to allow a plain statement of the causes which led to it. At the time, it was the opinion of many that our worthy Chief Magistrate, convinced that things were getting along too smoothly in this State, had determined to infuse new life into both men and measures here. He didn't find it such a hard job "infusing" the measures, but when he came to the men all the usual machinery failed, and he had to get out a new patent battering-ram to wake them up. Such, I say, at least, was the popular impression, confirmed by the subsequent appearance of the persons against whom its operations were directed; but the initiated knew better. A few months ago a private commission, whose expenses were defrayed out of the Secret Service Fund, was sent to California to explore the region thereabouts for any hitherto undiscovered connection of the GRANT genealogical tree. For a long time the search was in vain, but finally the commission unearthed a chap in the mining district, who hadn't heard of LEE's surrender yet, but whose sister had married a nephew of Mrs. GRANT's brother-in-law. The poor fellow was promptly captured, combed and curried, and shipped East *via* Pacific Railroad, with a label across his back inscribed,

"Care of HIS EXCELLENCY, U. S. GRANT,
Washington, D. C.

C. O. D."

On his arrival the express charges were duly paid, and he was billeted at the White House, while orders were sent to the heads of the different departments to report what vacancies existed. Brief replies were returned from each, to the effect that another straw laid on the camel's back would break it, and, moved by a constitutional antipathy to breaking camel's backs, the President desisted from his efforts in those quarters. In this dilemma, the usual recourse was had to the New York Custom House, and Mr. GRINNELL was sounded as to what he could do for the last of the GRANTS. This is what he wrote:

"Not even standing-room left. I have more branches of your genealogical tree now than would serve to thatch the Capitol. The

federal turkey at this port is stuffed to bursting. You may think that the old Exchange Building, which we now occupy, is a secure building, and so it is, but I don't think it could hold me if another 'connection' is coming. My blue book divides these family contributions to the service of the country into three orders, viz.: 'GRANT,' 'DENT,' and 'SHARPE.' Of the order 'GRANT' I have fifteen in the cellar, forty-seven on the first and second floors, and ten in the attic; of the order 'DENT,' nineteen on the two floors, seven in the attic, and seventeen in the cellar, and of the order 'SHARPE,' so many that I have engaged the Lightning Calculator of the *World* to compute them. Your Excellency will perceive that my situation is something like that of a commander who is troubled with too many officers, and if I should be attacked you will grant that it would take some pretty Sharp practice to make even a Dent in the armor of my adversary.

"The best I can do is to request you to authorize the creation of a new office, such as Supervision of Custom House Cobwebs, Keeper of the Water Tanks, or Statistician of Distilled Spirits consumed by Revenue Officers during the ensuing fiscal year, and then, on condition that he will never show his face in my office again, I will appoint your California offering to the place.

Your disgusted friend and servant,

MOSES."

When the President read this epistle, he was so agitated that he put the lighted end of his segar in his mouth, but did not discover his mistake until Secretary FISH observed the ashes coming from his nose, and with an air of mock solicitude asked:

"Does your Excellency experience any internal symptoms of a volcanic character, for I perceive that the crater is working?" pointing to the Presidential olfactory, while the owner sneezed a fresh volley of ashes through it.

"It don't make any difference if I do," tartly responded ULYSSES, "but I tell you what it is, FISH, I'm going to build a little volcano under MOSE GRINNELL's chair that'll 'hist' *somebody* when it breaks out." Saying which he threw the late Collector's missive towards the piscatorial premier, and hurriedly left the room.

The above is a genuine narrative, collected from authoritative data, and may be relied upon when all other means of ascertaining the truth fail.

Yours, historically,

DICK TINTO.

THE WATERING PLACES.

Punchinello's Vacations.

ON the portico of the Mountain House, in the Catskills, Mr. PUNCHINELLO had the honor of being welcomed by Prof. AGASSIZ. Mr. P. had just arrived, and his valise was in his hand; but the Professor insisted on a little conversation with him.

"In spite of the crowds at these summer resorts," said this learned man, "one seldom meets with any one who takes an interest in science."

Mr. P. bowed, and mentally resolved to rub up his stock of polytechnology for the occasion.

"I am glad, Mr. PUNCHINELLO," continued the Professor, "that you have not neglected science in your excellent journal. You have had some admirable treatises on natural history. The country is your debtor, sir."

Mr. P. bowed again, and hoped, in his inmost heart, that the country would soon pay up.

"I must admit that I am disappointed here—in several ways. In the first place, I have not found a single glacier."

"No glaciers!" cried Mr. P., in surprise.

"No sir, not one, and I can find no sign of the Triassic period."

"Oh no!" said Mr. P. "Not now. That was several years ago, when GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN, COLORADO JEWETT, and DAN RICE's celebrated little donkey were here. They're all gone now."

The Professor looked up a little surprised at these remarks, but went on with his complaints. "And not a trace of cleavable pyroxene," said he.

"Pie rock!" said Mr. P. to himself. "I'm glad it isn't seen. Have these geologists got to that?"

"I hoped, too," continued the Professor, "to get a little scoria."

"Oh!" said Mr. P. "You wanted to run up a little score here. Well sir, I think, in your case, that might be done—in fact, I've no doubt of it."

"I fear you do not quite understand me," said the Professor. "I have not found here what I had expected. To be sure, I met with a little gneiss—"

"Ah! a little niece," said Mr. P., rubbing his hands. "Well, now, that must be pleasant. I am very glad indeed to hear it. It will certainly make the place much more agreeable for you."

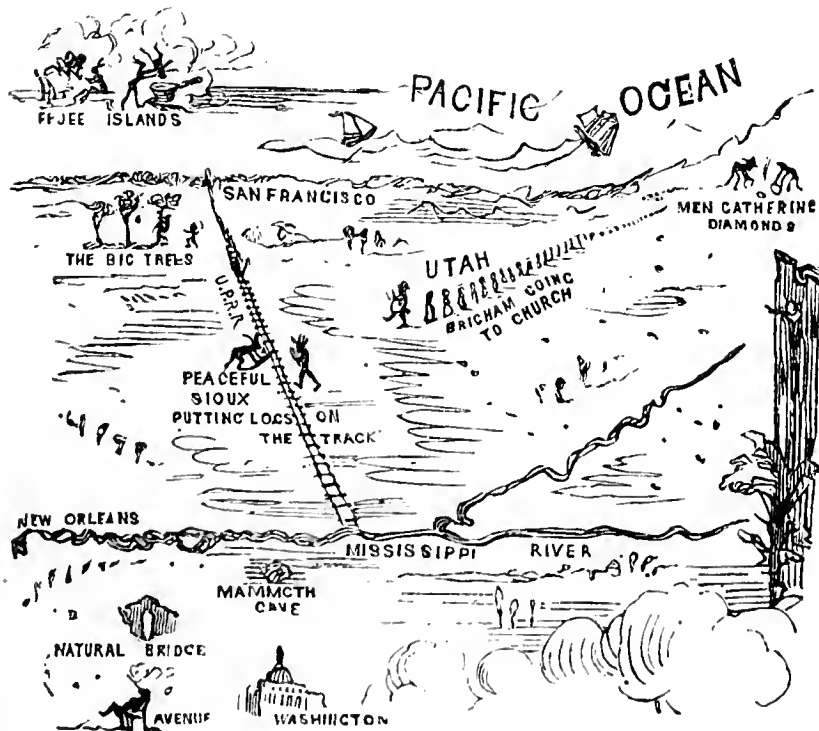
"Yes," said the Professor, "but it don't amount to much. I wanted particularly to find on these mountains some traces of their having once been a part of the shores of the ocean—"

"Oh!" cried Mr. P., "I can help you there. I can show you a fine BEACH,—if that is what you want."

"You can?" exclaimed the Professor. "With shells?"

"I don't know about that," said Mr. P., "but there he is, in the bar-room—he keeps the house—and you can ask him yourself about the shells."

Mr. P. now took occasion to hurry after the waiter to his room, but he heard the muttered thunder of a German-storm below him as he rapidly climbed the stairs. He had a very nice room in the extreme upper part of the house, and the view was charming.



To the East one could see the Hudson—"winding like a silver thread," the distant Bay of Fundy; and the foggy shores of Newfoundland.

To the South were distinctly visible the blue Juniata; the bold arch of the Natural Bridge; and the long lines of shipping at New Orleans; while in the West, the setting sun could be seen glowing upon the walls of the Yo Semite, and gilding the tops of the big trees in the Mariposa valley.

After feasting his eyes on this magnificent prospect, Mr. P. came down-stairs to feast on something which owed its enchantment to a cooking-range, and not to a range of distance. He met the Professor at the bottom of the stairs, and hastened to pacify him by inquiries about some little bushes that he had just gathered.

"That is laurel," said the learned man, grumly.

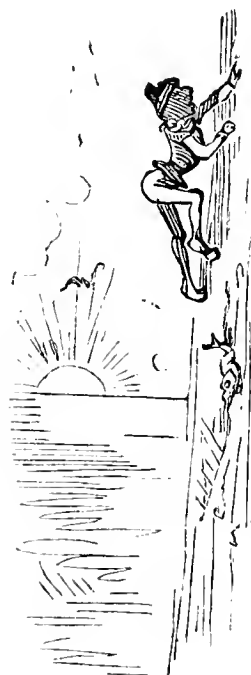
"Indeed!" said Mr. P. "We make lard of that in New York."

"Lard?" cried the Professor. "I never heard of such a thing."

"Oh, yes, certainly!" said Mr. P.

"Have you never heard of the great LORILLARD manufacturing establishment?"

"Never," said AGASSIZ, "and I'll go and see it the very day I reach the city."



The next day Mr. P. made the ascent of High Peak. Everybody does that; and so, with a small party, Mr. P. started out—gaily enough. On reaching the place where the heavy climbing begins, they met the New York Fat Men's Club coming down, and the peculiar appearance of the members deterred most of Mr. P.'s party from attempting the great feat. It was proposed that Mr. P. alone should make the ascent. He assented—and being thus, in a manner, ordered up—went it alone.

It was not an easy thing—that climbing of High Peak—as any one will be apt to conclude after attentively studying this picture of the ascent. But an indomitable will can conquer all obstacles that are not too much for it, and at last Mr. P. balanced himself on the extreme point of the Peak. The view was so glorious that he instantly hastened down to inform his companions that they too must not miss it upon any account. Several of them, JOHN BINGHAM, of Ohio; SIMON CAMERON, and HENRY WILSON, of Massachusetts, objected very strongly to the proposed climb, as they were never in the habit of occupying very high ground. But Mr. P. insisted that they would there obtain what they



needed more than anything else in the world, and he begged their pardon if he referred to extended views. So at last they all went up, and when they reached the topmost point Mr. P. placed himself so as to cut off his companions' retreat, and then he delivered to them a discourse that they will not soon forget.

When from his remarks, and the practical illustration which lay beneath them, they had been made aware that it was a great country of varied interests, and not a few little sections, for which they should legislate, Mr. P. let them down.

The following morning, after testing an admirable specimen of horn-blending—offered him by Mr. BEACH, and not Prof. AGASSIZ, Mr. P. set out alone for the Kauterskill Falls. His trip was wonderful. He went in a wagon. The scene was sublime. At one place he came across a bevy of New York artists sketching the scenery, and their sensations when he suddenly cut off their north light must have been peculiar. But they regained their accustomed pallor as the old horse struggled manfully, and the danger passed away.

At last, after an exciting ride over roads that had perhaps never been trod before by human wheels, Mr. P. reached the great Kauterskill



Falls—that lovely freak of nature which has been celebrated in all ages, and of which the poet says:

“The noble splash Niagara gives,
In thee, fair Kauterskill, still lives;
All but the mighty roar and size,
And clamor of wild hackmen’s cries.”



This view of the Falls is from a sketch by Mr. P. himself.

(He will send a beautiful chromo of it—seventeen and a fourteenth by eighteen and thirteen fifteenths of an inch—life size,—and a copy of the paper for nine years, for thirty-four dollars and a quarter—postage paid.)

COMIC ZOOLOGY.

Genus Fells.—The Lion.

The Lion is a Cat, and has probably been a greater Scourge to humanity than any other of the feline race, with the exception of the nine-tailed variety, now almost extinct. He is known in Africa as the *Rad*, an Arabic word signifying thunder, and not, as the superficial philologist might suppose, a contraction of the name of a political party in this country that at present enjoys the Lion’s share of the spoils. It is true that some of the American Rads are immense brutes, but in other respects they do not bear much resemblance to the “lord with a big head” which infests the African and Asiatic continents. Much has been said of the pluck and endurance of the Lion, but his heart often fails him in the hour of danger, and he sometimes Caves in without showing as much Bottom as is displayed by his counterfeit presentment on the stage. In short, like the Noble Savage of our own wilds, his moral attributes have been greatly exaggerated. He prowls through the woods at night in search of the herbivora which constitute his prey, but generally vanishes at the appearance of Aurora. The Rad also makes tremendous havoc among the stock in many parts of the East, but has never been known to molest the Bullock in Georgia.

Among the sports who have particularly distinguished themselves as assailants of the Lion, may be mentioned SAMSON, HERCULES, NIMROD, JULES GERARD, Captain CUMMING, Sir SAMUEL BAKER, VAN AMBURGH, and CHARLES SUMNER, of Massachusetts. The last named gentleman, who is not generally looked upon as an ardent votary of the Chase, some time ago attacked the British Lion (*Leo Britannicus*) with tre-

mendous ferocity, injuring that somewhat superannuated beast as much as it was possible to do with a short range air-gun at the distance of three thousand miles. For a moment the shaggy monster looked angrily across the Main at Massachusetts, but was soon satisfied that his antagonist was fainting, whereupon he yawned, winked lazily at an adjacent Unicorn, and relapsed into his customary state of doze. He evidently regards American Lion-shooters as a Motley throng, from whom nothing serious is to be apprehended.

Several varieties of the Lion have been domesticated in this country, the principal of which is the Black African, mentioned by GERARD as the most formidable of the leonine tribe. Here, however, it is tolerably tame, and breeds faster than in Congo or Dahomey. There are two specimens (whelps) in the West Point Menagerie, and one of more venerable appearance, with a full mane (black and curly) in the Zoological Collection at the Capitol in Washington. Of this breed there are supposed be about three millions in our Southern provinces. Some persons are of opinion that the Lion predestined to lie down with the snow-white lamb, in the millennium, is the Black African species, and from the fact that instances of this kind of union are even now of frequent occurrence, some people believe that the Reign of the Saints on Earth has already commenced. *Nous verrons.*

URBS IN RURE.

Having been often importuned for advice, by inexperienced persons who are about to visit the country, Mr. PUNCHINELLO has concluded to make a full exposition of his ideas on the subject of rural summerings, as follows:

When you pack your wardrobes put a few spring-beds in your trunk. You will find them less depressing than the ordinary summer beds out of town. A hair mattress or two may be stowed in the odd corners of your travelling bag.

Arrange, if possible, for a regular supply of Croton. The ablutionary fluid is most difficult to be had in places where water is abundant. It is mostly reserved for scenic purposes, and for the promotion of “the mill-wheel’s hum.”

Smokers should not lumber their baggage with Partagas. Connecticut supplies all summer resorts with the finest Havana segars.

If you cannot live without Kissingen you had better take with you the necessary ingredients, and prepare your beverage yourself. Country dispensaries dispense with such drinks.

No gentleman should go out of town without half a dozen high hats, in separate packages. They are just the thing for summer rambles in the woods. But remember to touch your beaver where the hemlock boughs are low. White duck is recommended for travelling suits. If the weather should moderate unexpectedly you can procure caloric at the kitchen fire. The finest kid gloves are to be worn on fishing excursions.

Ladies should have with them as much jewelry as possible, borrowed or otherwise. A few five-thousand-dollar dresses will be appropriate when you go out to see the sun rise. The sun is quite fastidious about such things, and warmly approves an effective toilette.

It will not be necessary to carry with you opera librettos. Any well-regulated country tavern can furnish everything of that sort that you will require.

Have a few billiard-balls in your pocket, however. In cloudy weather you can improvise a game on the dining-room table. Travelling Chinamen will probably furnish you with queues.

If you should be invited to try the fruit of the oak tree, on the theory that it is the American filbert,—very superior,—you can take your friend’s word for it, without eating.

Get up early in the morning and go out to shoot Welsh rabbits for breakfast. The exercise will improve your appetite.

Find out all the novelties you can. It is a good thing to watch the black cat fish. Feelin’ weary of that sport, you can sit on the rocks and tell the servant to bring you the evening paper on a silver salver.

Observe carefully the auriferous sunsets among the mountains. You will thus be enabled to determine with sufficient accuracy how gold is “closing” in New York.

Finally, write occasional letters to the *Evening Bubble*. If your name is JONES, sign yourself “SENOR.” This thin disguise will be very pretty and will deceive your most intimate friends. Say in your correspondence that the tables of the house where you stay are “loaded with all the luxuries of the season.” If convenient, show your letters to the landlord, whisper to him, “JONES fecit,” and explain the little joke about the signature. This courtesy may somewhat alleviate your board bill.



VICISSITUDES OF THE NATIONAL GAME.

SKETCH OF LATE MATCH AT GOAT'S HILL, BETWEEN RIVAL CLUBS "BARE LEGS" AND "BULLY BOYS." UMPIRE UNDERTOOK TO RESERVE HIS DECISION UPON A "FLY CATCH." "BULLY BOYS" TOOK GAME INTO THEIR OWN HANDS, SETTLING IT AND THEIR OPPONENTS FOR ONE SEASON AT LEAST.

MY TURKISH BATH.

DEAR PUNCHINELLO: It happened to be eleven o'clock some time during yesterday forenoon.

I generally take something at that hour.

Yesterday I took a Turkish Bath.

I took a horse-car. (That, however, is neither here nor there: but it got within two blocks of there at 11.25.) I ran up the steps of the T. B. establishment, and wired the inmates. The door flew open, and an ideal voter, erst a chattel (I hope I am not obscure in this deeply interesting portion of the narrative) pointed his thumb over his shoulder, displayed a choice assortment of ivory, and chuckled with great natural ease. I supposed this to be a custom with the colored population of Turkey, and passed on.

Everything was Turkish. I was struck with the order of the bath: also the scimetary of the apartments. As I think I before remarked,—I passed on.

The M. D. proprietor shook hands with me very cordially. I also shook hands with him. I told him that I wanted no ceremony; but if agreeable to him, I would gird up my loins and go in. He intimated that the only ceremony was to fund a small portion of the contents of my pocket-book. I am a little hard of hearing,—and I passed on.

An assistant, in the light and airy costume which I have so often noticed in Central Africa, in midsummer, beckoned to me, after I had laid aside a quantity of goods, (belonging to my tailor, and other downtown business men,) and I followed him.

The room we entered was heated by what I took to be a successful furnace. I must have been mistaken, however, for I understood the assistant to apologise because, by reason of a defect in the flues, they had been able to get the temperature up only to about 475 degrees that morning. I was a little disappointed, but simply suggested that the thermometer was Fair in Height; but if I felt chilly I would send out for some blankets.

He laid me on a slatted couch.

I experienced a gentle glow.

Afterwards, (I don't know why, exactly, I have always attributed it to the temperature,) I felt hot—hotter—Hottentotter! It seemed as though the equator ran right along the line of my back-bone.

I didn't care.

I couldn't recollect whether my name was SHADRACH, MESHACH, or ABEDNEGO; but I was baking and sizzling just as furiously as though I had paid in advance. My pores were opening, and the perspiration was immense. A red bandanna handkerchief would have been swamped.

There was a bald-headed man next me. He said he had been lying there three weeks, and he was going home next Saturday if he didn't strike oil. I grappled with the allusion, and replied that that was a poor opening any way, and I didn't believe I could myself lie there so coolly.

Waiting till my identity was pretty much gone, I dropped into another marble ball. The assistant (to whom my warmest thanks are due, scooped up what was left of me and laid me on a slab.

The assistant said I needed him, but, to the best of my recollection, he kneaded me. He went all over me, taking up a collection, and did first-rate. I threw off all reserve—about half a pound, I should judge. He seemed to take a fancy to me. I never knew a man to get so intimate on short acquaintance.

We talked rationally on a good many subjects.

He said he barely got a living there. I was surprised. I supposed he managed to scrape together a good deal in the course of a year.

He said he wanted to go into some wholesale house. I ventured to predict that success awaited him in the rubber business. In fact, we kept up quite a stream of conversation, which he supplemented with a hose that played over me in a gentle, leisurely manner, as if I were fully insured.

He then shoved me into a deep-water tank where the "Rules for Restoring Persons apparently Drowned" whizzed through my mind, and I came very near forgetting that I didn't know how to swim. I managed, however, to fish myself out in season to observe the bald-headed ANANIAS, who murmured that he had been laid upon the table and should take a peel!

I came out to the drying-room, and made them think I was General GRANT, by calling for a cigar. I drank a cup of coffee. After a while I rattled into my clothes and felt better. So much so, that I did what I seldom do, walked clean home.

If I live to be ninety-eight years old, and am pensioned by Congress, the explanation which I shall give to the country at large is that it is due to that Turkish Bath. I can't tell you what I owe to it.

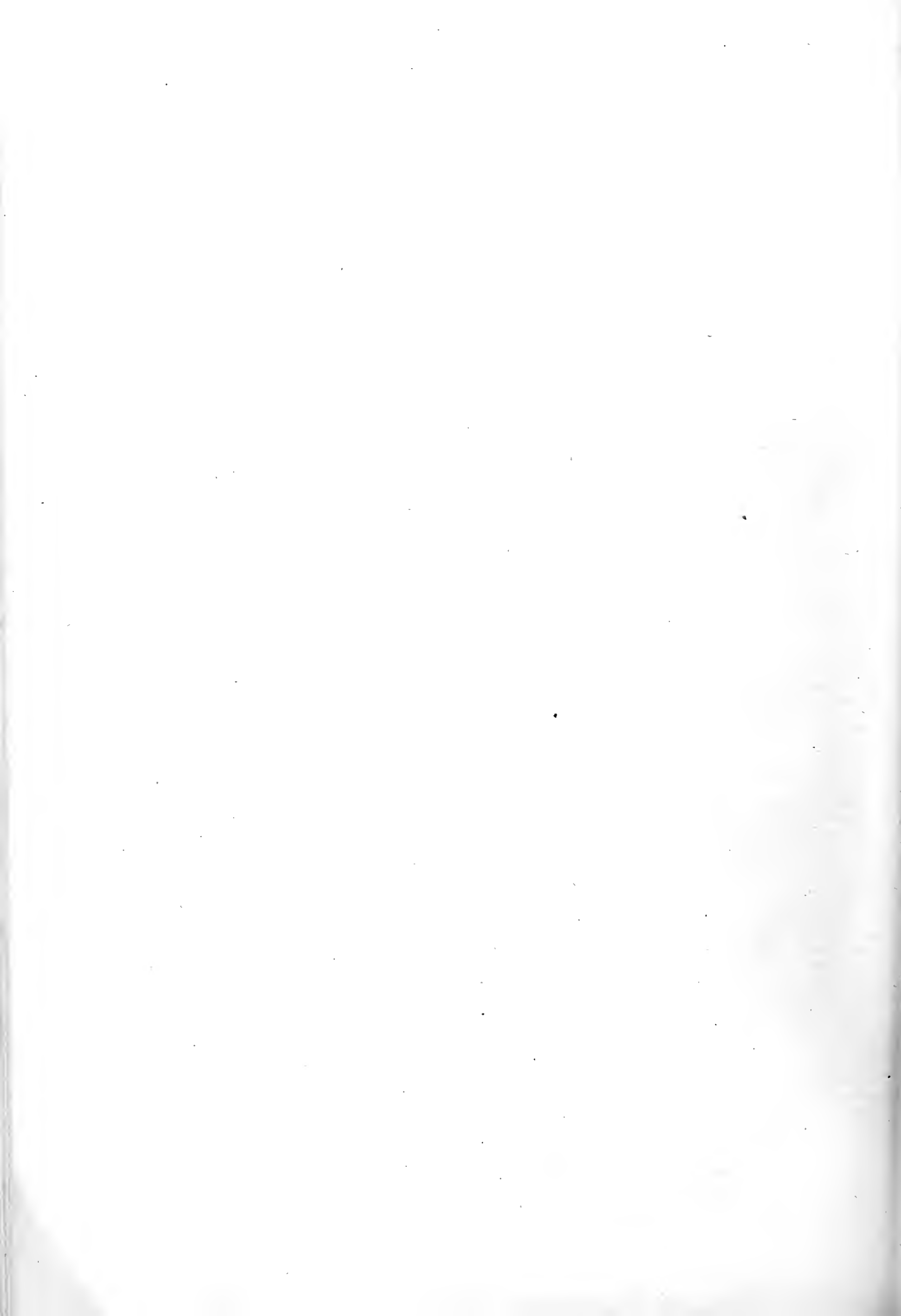
SARSFIELD YOUNG.



DEATH OF THE "ENTENTE CORDIALE."

Mother Ball. "WELL, I NEVER THOUGHT MUCH OF IT. IT ALWAYS WERE A PUNY, SICKLY LITTLE THING."

Mother Nap. "AND TO THINK HOW I HAVE NURSED IT AND NURSED IT!"



HIRAM GREEN WRITES TO NAPOLEON.

His opinion of the Cause of the War—Reviews the late War for the Union—A Few Suggestions.

SKEENSBORO, NYE ONTO VARMONT, {
July—18 Seventy.

FREND LEWIS:—How does the Emperor bizzness pay about these times?

Wouldn't you rather be door-keeper in some well payin' Circus, than rool on the Thrown of Frants about now?

Haint your present birth enuff to occashunly make a man forgit the 3rd Commandment, and use Congreshunal langwige freely?

I see, by the papers, you're up on your mussle, and are about to cave in Prushy's head, unless Prushy nocks you out of time.

You've got a very ingenious brain, my friend.

What you don't know, DANIEL WEBSTER never rote in his Dickshunary.

Feelin' bad about BENDITTY gettin' his smell-o-factory snubbed by King WILLIAM, haint what you got up this ere war for.

I can see through your little dodge, my Royal friend.

Things was gettin' too warm for your Imperial top-knot.

Them little jewels, which rested upon your brow, didn't set easy, and was makin' Corns on your figger head.

Your subjects was spilin' for a fite—and as sure as your borned, nothin' but a forrin war would keep you from follerin' in the footsteps of LEWIS the 16th, and keep the Boneypart Die-nasty on its pins.

A good chance turnin' up, you got up a nasty war, so the Prints Imperial would die off of the Thrown.

"Eh! how's that for Hi?"

Yes, LEWIS, you are a bitter pill to swaller, and no mistake.

I, the Lait Gustise says so.

Us folks over here hain't so much on the war as we was. We've had our stomach full of war.

Nootrality is what ales us jist now, altho' I must confess we don't go quite so heavy on it as England did doorin' our family quarrel. England was so afrade she couldn't preserve her nootrality alone, that she fitted up the Alabarmy to help her. And some other folks I know of was so fast to perserve her nootrality, that she came over to Mexico so as to be near bye to do it, but if this court hain't laborin' under a teckinal error a few Pea-crackers traded off their soger overcotes for white pine ones. And the rest of 'em scratched gravel pooty lively for lay bell France.

I'm afrade I can't jerk soft sawder when I git hold of a goose quill. Guess not.

When you kill off all your present army, you must git up a draft.

When we had our war here, a man who didn't stand his little draft didn't amount to shucks. Altho' we had more cripples and able-bodied loonatics here them times, than since. The enthusiasm got up to that pitch, that when an enrolling officer would pass down the streets, crowds would rush after him, and with tears in their eyes and a \$300 bill in their hand, beg the enrolling officer to let them die for their blessed country—by sendin' a substitoot. Patriotism ran so high, that altho' a man hadn't a dollar to his back or a shirt in his pocket, he marched gallantly to the war meetins, and voted to assess his rich nabor to raise money for the purpose of buyin' substitoots with which to prosecute the war.

Them was the times as tride men's soles, and made the shoemakers laff, who done the toppin'.

Jumpin' bounties paid them times.

The bold patriot and able-bodied hero who couldn't jump his two bounties a week, beside his bord and washin', wasn't warmed by the fires of 1776.

Yes, sir; the self-sacrificing contractor, doorin' that eventful period, by cuttin' down the poor sewin' wimmen's wages, partriottically furnished the Government a superior lot of pastebord shoes for \$27.00 a pair, and a nice cool shoddy overcote for \$97.00 apiece.

Having received the reward of a gratefool country, he is resting from his patriotick labors at Saratogy or Long Branch.

Seein' that you have got a war on your hands, I hope it will pay better than your Plebiscotum, altho' I don't know whether that 'ere article resembles a bile or a brick meetin' house.

I understand you have mobilized your army.

My advice is to unmobilize 'em again, and get 'em in line.

I don't believe in mobs.

They are apt to get mixed, and popp off each other.

Millingtery disipline is a commander's best holt.

Little FILL SHERIDAN is comin' over to see you fite.

FILLIP is a plucky little cuss. He allers used to fite in the Calvary.

I don't believe he likes Infant-ry, for he remains onmarried.

If "Old 20 miles away" calls on you, tell him I've got a gal, smarter'n a 2 year colt, he can have by the askin'. She's a good cook, and can do up a shirt *el commee faw*, and you know what that is, better'n I do.

Don't appint your wife Re-gent. It will be a sorry day for you, if you do.

I appinted Mrs. G. in that position durin' the Honey moon of our wedded life, and the old gal has hung onto the Specter ever since, and she wields it with a cast-iron hand. As somebody says:

Give a woman an inch, and you'll get 'el.

Remember your grate uncle.

He was a able sojer, and could worry down hard tack and mule beef ekal to the best of 'em.

But Waterloo ukered the old man, and the "Head of the army" pegged out at Saint Heleny.

Look out that his nefew don't get served ditto.

As I've writ you considerable on public affairs, I will addres you a few lines on private ones.

Mrs. GREEN would like to borrow a new fashioned caliker dress pattern of UGEENT.

MARIAR bought a ticket in a church lottery, and drew a new fast collers caliker.

Would you have her make it up with a pancake attached to back of it, or would you put a pendelum on it?

She thought of having it scoloped, but in hot weather scollops are apt to spile unless cookt, and I think a *roosh* of oyster shells would be rather more *distanque*.

My wife makes all her own dresses; but I suppose, as you get good wages, like as not your woman has some one to do the fittin', while she runs up the seams on a sewin' machine.

Take good care of yourself.

Don't drink ice water this hot weather without temperin' it with brandy. When "this cruel war is over" come and see us, and believe me, my dear Imperial rooler—duke of the Empire—and master of the royal Household of Frog Eaters, Ewers:

HIRAM GREEN, Esq.,

Lait Gustise of the Peece.



THE LAST CASE OF "SHOO! FLY."



PLIGHT BY THE SEA.

Charles. "O THAT LAST DIP! SPEAK, NOW, MY DEAREST JANE, AND SAY THOU WILT BE MINE FOREVER."

Jane. "I AM THINE, DEAREST! EVER, EVER THINE!—BUT SAY, WILT THOU NOT GIVE ME ANOTHER DIP?"

Charles, (vulgar wretch!) "YOU BET!"

RAMBLINGS.

BY MOSE SKINNER.

MR. PUNCHINELLO: I infer that you never visited Slunkville, Vermont. Still, it is not strange, for many very estimable people have not done so, and still they are happy.

It is a very quiet hamlet. More quiet, if possible, than Booth's HAMLET.

I am sojourning here for the summer. Communing with Nature, I believe they call it. I can commune here for five dollars a week and no extra charge for retiring pensively to a babbling brook, and reading MILTON or BYRON, though when my poetic soul hankers most, I prefer Bacon.

I take it fried, about an inch thick, with plenty of ham fat.

I went to hear Parson SLOWBOY last Sunday, on the Coolie question. He handled it without gloves, and, it being very warm, without stockings also. It's a very exciting question just now, almost as exciting as the question, "What'll you take?" and I must say, that, even in the heat of argument, he talked Cool-ie.

The Parson is very zealous, but rather illiterate. During a fervent exhortation he prayed that, "all the undiscovered and uninhabited isles of the sea might become converted," and on another occasion he began with,—"Oh, Lord, thou art a merciful sinner."

But he means well, and that is everything. A man knocked me down once, and stamped on my head several times. But he meant well because he thought I was another fellow. He apologised so politely that I actually felt cheap because he hadn't done it a little more.

But I'm afraid we shall lose Parson SLOWBOY. He's had a call. He hates to go, but he says it's his duty; the call is so loud.

It is two hundred dollars louder than his present salary.

The Lyceum Committee held their annual meeting last week. They are in a flourishing condition, having recently embellished their front door-step with a new and elegant scraper of unique design; and purchased four superb spittoons for the use of the committee. The President announced, amid great cheering, that they would probably open the fall campaign with eleven dollars in the treasury. The course will open with a debate on the question: "Are sardines wholesome

when ripened in the shade?" * * *

She who was among us one short year ago, with her winning smile and gentle simplicity of manner, is now no more. The grass grows green o'er her last resting place, while he who crushed her young life is far away among his dis-solute companions.

LUCY JONES was indeed a lovely maiden. The tear rises unbidden to my eye, as I recall her in the artlessness of her maiden beauty, hanging her feet into the mill-pond, or chewing the strings of her sun-bonnet. And when the stage-coach came in she would stand with her apron full of horse-chestnuts, and heave 'em at the passengers.

But the tempter came, and from that time she began to droop.

She continued to droop till she couldn't get any drooper.

And, with the gentle breath of June wafting sweet perfume from a wealth of new-born roses, they laid her away.

And the undertaker's bill was seven dollars and forty-five cents.

Her old man's constitution was never robust, and this was too much.

"I don't complain at the seven dollars," said he, in a voice broken by emotion, "but ain't the forty-five cents rather crowding the mourners?"

This undertaker is an awful lazy man. The neighbors say he was born with his hands in his pockets, and they go so far as to say that 'twould have been a good thing for his wife and family if he'd been still born. But I think this is going too

far.

I don't think he ever got over the death of his brother, about a year ago. It was very sudden. Without thinking what he was doing, he sat down on a keg of powder with a lighted pipe in his mouth, and we have no authentic information of his whereabouts since.

The neighbors heard him when he went off, and, amusements being scarce in that section, they proposed to regale themselves with an inquest.

Twenty active boys volunteered to scour the neighborhood in search of a piece of the unfortunate man. Nineteen came back empty-handed.

The twentieth brought a button-hole, and over this the inquest was held.

His brother never took on much, but I know he felt it, for he always calculated to have that pipe when JOHN died. It *was* rather rough, if you examine it critically.

P. S. What'll you charge to publish a little editorial in your paper, saying that I am as genial and polished a gentleman as you ever met, and 'twould be perfectly safe to lend me any amount? I want it for circulation among new acquaintances.

PARDONABLE SOLICITUDE.

MR. PUNCHINELLO: Having the most unbounded respect for your Gudgment i wanto know whether you think ther is rely gonto be mutch fiting between the french and the Prooshuns. It will be a important question to me this Year, as i hev Raised over 100 bushel of weat and i think it wood make a differns of over \$20 to mc, and i think if NAPOLIN gives up without fiting he isen't mutch of a man eny how.

AN AMERICAN FARMER.

[Our-correspondent will understand that the question of the continuance of the war depends altogether on the comparative merits of the needle gun and the Chassepot. Possibly our correspondent has not a supply of either of these weapons at hand, but he can test them as follows: Arm yourself with a sewing-machine as a representative of the needle gun; then let one of your neighbors arm himself with a *chasse café* to represent the Chassepot, and then fight it out on that line until the best weapon wins.—ED. PUNCHINELLO.]

THE MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.



ERUSAL of the last Annual Report of the Mercantile Library Association—the forty ninth annual, by the way,—convinces PUNCHINELLO that matters are all serene in that favorite resort of his. The only “burst” about it appears, according to the report, to arise from a plethora of books, which are bursting each other off from the shelves for want of room. There is something funny in this statement when we read, elsewhere, that 250 copies of “Little Women” have been added to the shelves. Little women are notoriously pugnacious, and, as a matter of 250 copies of the “Old-fashioned Girl” have also found lodgings on the library shelves, no wonder that there

was a “muss” on the premises.

So far as the Reading-room is concerned, PUNCHINELLO is glad to know that the reserve with which magazines were kept behind the desk for a year or two past, has given place to a new and better arrangement. One can take up his magazine, now, from a table appropriated to periodicals, just as if he were in his own house—only more so, as there are not many private mansions that can boast of a supply of 174 magazines, which is just the number taken in at the Reading-room. The only objection to this arrangement, according to PUNCHINELLO’s way of thinking, is that it debars a fellow from the opportunity of addressing himself to one of the fascinating ladies in charge of the room, and having a private lark with her under the pretext of obtaining a magazine.

The Report states that the magazine thief, and the cutter and maimer of newspapers, are characters not as yet altogether unknown to the pleasant acre or two of room appropriated to the readers of such literature. Not unfrequently has PUNCHINELLO, when tumbling about copies of magazines exposed for sale on street tables, detected copies bearing the mark of the Association. Hence it appears that certain mean miscreants keep themselves in tobacco and other cheap luxuries by filching single magazines from the room, and disposing of them in bulk, when they have accumulated as many of them as will fetch fifteen or twenty cents at reduced prices. Meaner, if possible, than said miscreant, is the one who cuts from a paper such paragraph as may be most valuable to him for some inscrutable purpose—a paragraph containing important news, perhaps, from the knowledge of which the next reader is consequently debarred. A roll upon the first layer of a patent pitch pavement, and a subsequent plunge into the show-case of a feather-dealer, would be merely a sportive hint to these reading-room malefactors that their room would be nicer than their company.

PUNCHINELLO is glad that the Directory of the Association have paused on the question of opening the Reading-room on Sundays. The matter with most city people is that their eyes have too much paper and printer’s ink forced upon them during the six days of the week. Give the eyes a holiday on Sunday, by all means. Let them rest themselves upon the blue skies and the green meadows; upon the birds, and flowers, and butterflies, in Central Park, and upon everything else that is lovely, including the muslins and sweet things in ribbons of the period.

In conclusion, PUNCHINELLO delights in whiling away an hour or two in the Reading-room of the Mercantile Library Association. There he feels perfectly at home; and if he has a word or two of information to obtain from the dark-eyed young lady in charge of the room, he is always certain to find himself prettily Posted.

An Interesting Relic.

A GENTLEMAN of this city is in possession of a very curious and elaborate watch-guard made of the Hairs of ANNEKE JANS.

THE NEW “PROCESS.”

The two-fold plan which contemplates, 1st, Making Ice out of Water; 2nd, Making Money out of Ice, has some features which, we should say, will be of interest to the various Metropolitan Ice Companies. As it can be “no joke” to them, perhaps it should be no joke to us: though, on reflection, we are not so very like. No, no, indeed! As for ourselves, we are liberal. You will never find us taking advantage of the necessities of the public.

The “cream” of the joke, as we see it, is that, owing to the abundance and cheapness of this machine-made ice, the Ice Cream of the future—by containing rather less farina and skim-milk (very good, indeed, in a pudding,)—may be rather more worthy its title, at present so idealistic and humorously preposterous. (“Cream,” indeed! Ha! ha!)

Success to the new Process. We “freeze to it” instantaneously, and find that we have left the celebrated Zero at least forty degrees behind.

THE WRINGER OF THE FUTURE.

The Yankee who invented everything else has now invented the “Wringer Man’s Monitor!” In spite of its name, the Monitor is a machine for the use (and, we suppose, benefit,) of washer-women. “It is so constructed * * so as to allow the rollers to separate *equally alike* at both ends,” observes the tautological inventor. We hope he has been more economical in the expenditure of wringing power than he seems to be in the use of the English language; otherwise, we fear the poor laundresses will find the Monitor a trifle too heavily plated.

What we want (and we here beg the attention of inventive Yankees,) is a machine that will, if possible, wring the truth from current Cable news, and stop just as the lies begin to be squeezed out. Perhaps the stuff won’t wash! Then let the main pressure be felt by its inventors and publishers.

O THAT AIR!

At the Grand Opera, in Paris, the great excitement is the singing of the “Marseillaise,” by Madame Sass. Not many months ago the *Sans-culottes* made the streets ring with this famous air, which was then a revolutionary one, but, since the declaration of war, has flushed up with the deepest dye of imperial purple. On the principle that “What is Sass for the goose is Sass for the gander,” Madame S. certainly should not decline to sing the air on “t’other tack,” when the time arrives for the *Sans-culottes* to demand it of her.

Singular Mistake.

On Wednesday of last week a rumor prevailed in the city that most of the waiters in the hotels and restaurants were on a strike. Investigation proved, however, that the rumor arose from the immense number of Waiters congregated at Sandy Hook, waiting for the arrival of the winning yacht.

The Heat of the Moment.

Just when the weather was at its hottest, a newspaper item kindly stated that “yesterday, the sun’s rays were tempered by a strong breeze.” Perhaps so; but they were very ill-tempered.

Local.

There is in this city a rag-picker so wealthy that he can afford to drink wine every day. It is needless to say that Sack is the wine preferred by him.

Shear Dissipation.

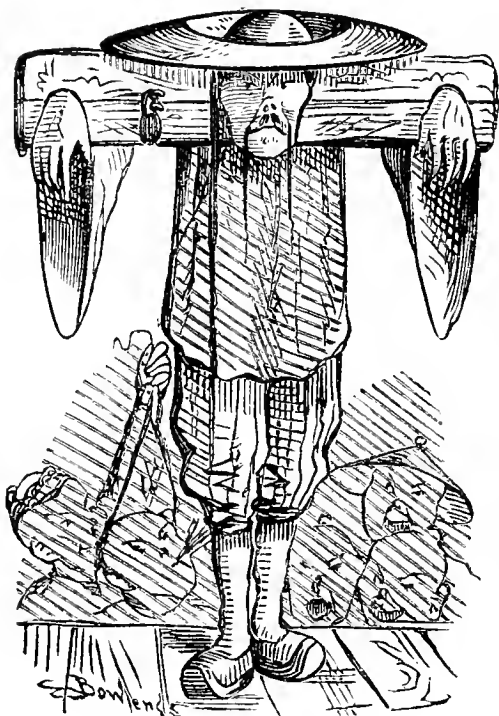
A MAN having his head shorn in hot weather, in order that he may be able to continue his mad career of mixed drinks with diminished danger.

Latest from the Seat of War.

THE WAR SPIRIT IN FRANCE.—Cognac.

THE WAR SPIRIT IN PRUSSIA.—Kornschnapps.

A CHINA PATTERN.



HERE has been much obloquy heaped upon the Chinaman ever since he has become an article of importation. He has been morally pilloried on account of the alleged immorality of his character. Some call him a thief; others impute unto him a kind of sub-cannibalism, inasmuch as he bringeth unto his flesh-pots that sagacious canine creature known for ages as the friend and companion of man. There be those who proclaim him liar, thief, counterfeiter, and apt practitioner, generally, in all the branches of infamy and crime. That some of these allegations may be true is more than probable, seeing that the city of New

York, alone, not to mention the rest of the world, contains not a few individuals known to be liars, thieves, counterfeiters, and apt practitioners, generally, in all the branches of infamy and crime, and who yet belong to races supposed to be far superior to the Mongolian.

None of the depreciators of the Chinaman, however, have yet impeached him of a fondness for intoxicating liquors. That he smokes opium is neither here nor there, seeing that smoking is not drinking. He stupefies himself to some extent with the drug, it is true, but the stupidity resulting from it is of an amiable and passive kind, quite unlike that of our native or imported rough, whose fiery potatoes, (word evidently derived from Irish potato,) impel him to imbrue his brass knuckles in blood, if only simply for amusement and to "keep his hand," (with the brass knuckles,) "in." And so, at present, WHANG-HI seems to be a far better citizen than HI! HI! of our low places, nor is there any prospect that he will turn over a new tea-leaf, and forsake his national beverage for the "fire-water" of the Western hemisphere.

Perhaps, in time, our great cities may profit by the presence of JOHN Chinaman among us as a pattern. O happy day! that on which the pug-nosed, bull-necked, brass-knuckled, beetle-browed, ugly New York rough discards whiskey and takes to opium instead. Ere long the use of the comatose drug would effect such a change in the characteristics of our dangerous classes, that the maintenance of so large a police force as we have at present would no longer be necessary.

That they would use the drug to excess there can be no doubt, and that is the main point.

Eventually, the brutes might become absolute Mongolians, and develop tails. That would be a blessed illustration of the gradual development theory! With our roughs all turned to Coolies, happily would glide the swift hours away. Let the government take this view of the matter, with which Mr. PUNCHINELLO has here the pleasure of presenting them. If they cannot abolish whiskey, let them increase the tax upon it, at least, and let them take the duty off opium just so soon as our American Chinaman shall have outgrown the use of that fatal narcotic, and introduced it to the favorable notice of our American rough.

QUERY.

MR. PUNCHINELLO: On very high authority, (that of the Emperor of France and the King of Prussia,) Providence is on the side of both parties in the present contest. As this is uniformly the case, according to the affirmations of both parties in the war, are we to infer that killing is a laudable pursuit, and that it is only in cases where one side happens to have "heavier artillery" than the other, that Providence actually chooses sides?

Two things I know—the weather is uncommonly warm, and this is an uncommonly tough question; so you may answer at your leisure (indeed, I suppose you would do that any way,)—or not at all: which, I observe, you sometimes do, when the question before you is a little too tough.

PARADOX.

OUR POPULARITY.

It is gratifying to know that PUNCHINELLO is fast becoming an object of interest to all intelligent citizens of this enlightened country. The recent large additions to our subscription list prove how highly we are appreciated. Would it be considered unreasonable of us, however, to ask that something less than twenty per cent. of our new sub-

scriptions should be spared to us by certain parties not wholly unconnected with country post-offices? Not long since, of forty-two subscriptions received from Whitehall, N. Y., in one week, nine copies of PUNCHINELLO No. 16 mysteriously disappeared between that place and New York city. Had the gentlemen who appropriated these papers, in their enthusiasm for PUNCHINELLO, kindly allowed them to go to their destination, instead, and written to us, pleading their inability to purchase copies of the paper, we might, perhaps, have sent them some in consideration of their indigent circumstances. If the abstraction of the papers was intended as a joke—the point of which we do not see, by the bye—we are willing to overlook the offence "just once." Should it be repeated, however, we shall have some reference to make to the proper quarter that will be pertinent to the subject.



POCAHONTAS SAVING THE LIFE OF CAPT. JOHN SMITH. FROM THE ORIGINAL PICTURE PAINTED BY SIR WALTER RALEIGH, FOR HER MAJESTY, QUEEN ELIZABETH, AND FOR WHICH THE QUEEN BEKNIGHTED HIM.

With admirable skill, the painter has depicted the heroic maiden as she uttered those memorable words—"Persevere in this measure, and you will lose the confidence of your squaw constituents!" the ladies having pronounced the Captain "perfectly splendid."

In the foreground is seen a wretched widower, clasping with affection an urn, supposed to contain the ashes of his dear departed, who was slain at the polls.

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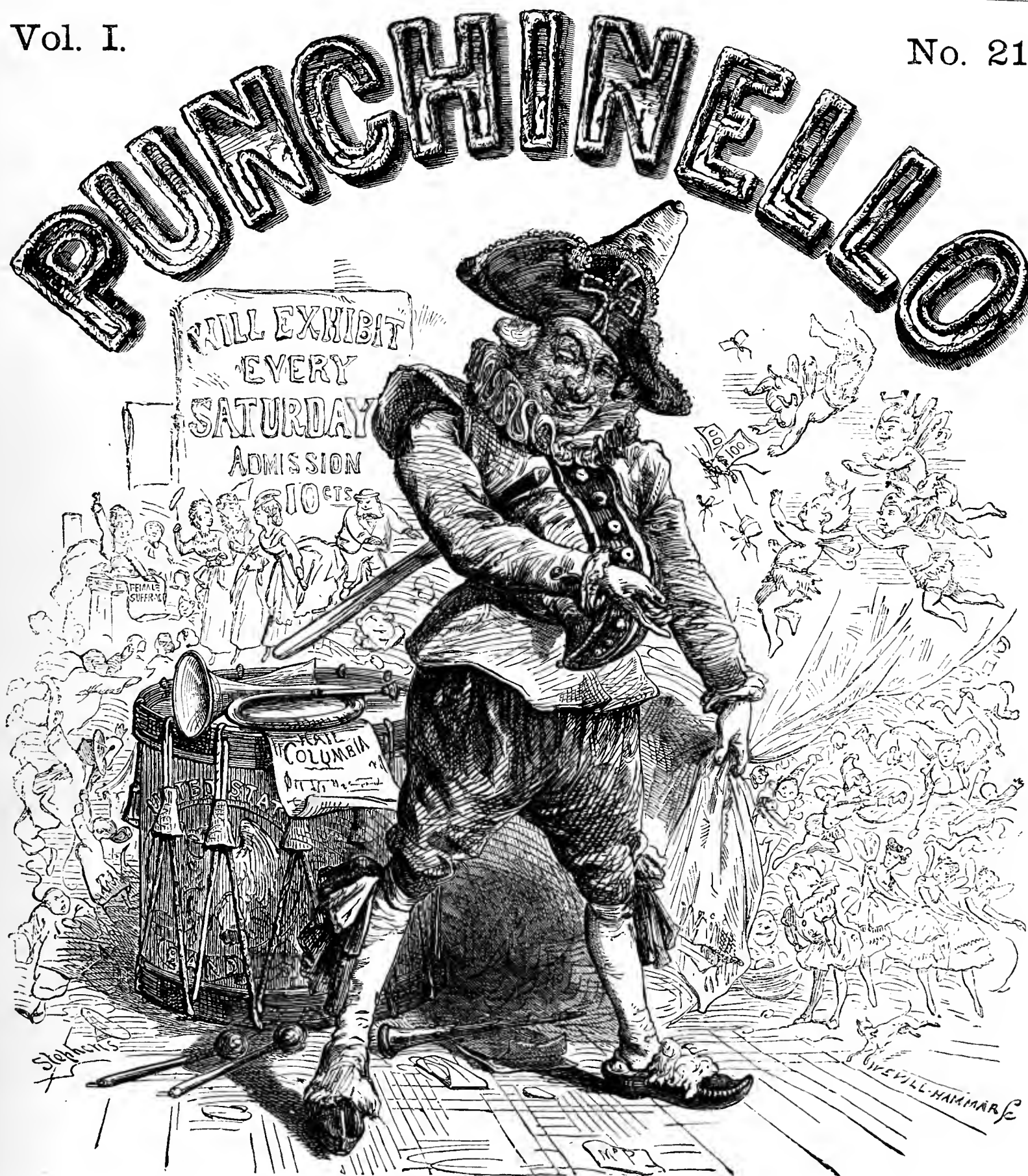
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THE
MYSTERY OF MR. E. DROOD.

AN ADAPTATION.

BY ORPHEUS C. KERR.

CHAPTER XIV.

CLOVES FOR THREE.

Christmas Eve in Bumsteadville. Christmas Eve all over the world, but especially where the English language is spoken. No sooner does the first facetious star wink upon this Eve, than all the English-speaking millions of this Boston-crowned earth begin casting off their hatreds, meannesses, uncharities, and Carlyleisms, as a garment, and, in a beautiful spirit of no objections to anybody, proceed to think what can be done for the poor in the way of sincerely wishing them well. The princely merchant, in his counting-room, involuntarily experiences the softening, humanizing influence of the hour, and, in tones tremulous with unwonted emotion, privately directs his Chief-Clerk to tell all the other clerks, that, on this night of all the round year, they may, before leaving the store at 10 o'clock, take almost any article from that slightly damaged auction-stock down in the front cellar, at actual cost-price. This, they are to understand, implies their Employer's hearty wish of a Merry Christmas to them; and is a sign that, in the grand spirit of the festal season, he can even forget and forgive those unnatural leaner entry-clerks who are always whining for more than their allotted \$7 a week. The President of the great railroad corporation, in the very middle of a growling fit over the extra cost involved in purchasing his last Legislature, (owing to the fact that some of its Members had been elected upon a fusion of Radical-Reform and Honest-Workingman's Tickets,) is suddenly and mysteriously impressed with the recollection that this is Christmas Eve. "Why, bless my soul, so it is!" he cries, springing up from his littered rosewood desk like a boy. "Here, you General Superintendent out there in the office!" sings he, cheerily, "send some one down to Washington Market this instant, to find out whether or not any of those luscious anatomical western turkies that I saw in the barrels this morning are left yet. If the commercial hotels down-town haven't taken them all, buy every remaining barrel at once! Not a man nor boy in this Company's service shall go home to-night without his Christmas dinner in his hand! Lively, now, Mr. JONES! and just oblige me by picking out one of the birds for yourself, if you can find one at all less blue than the rest. It's Christmas Eve, sir; and upon my word I'm really sorry our boys have to work to-morrow as usual. Ah! it's hard to be poor, JONES! A merry Christmas to us all. Here's my carriage come for me." And even in returning to their homes from their daily avocations, on Christmas Eve, how the most grasping, penurious souls of men will soften to the world's unfortunate! Who is this poor old lady, looking as though she might be somebody's grandmother, sitting here by the wayside, shivering, on such an Eve as this? No home to go?—Relations all dead?—Eaten nothing in two days?—Walked all the way from the Woman's Rights Bureau in Boston?—Dear me! can there be so much suffering on Christmas Eve? I must do something for her, or my own good dinner to-morrow will be a reproach to me. "Here! Policeman! just take this poor old lady to the Station-House, and give her a good warm home there until morning. There! cheer-up, Aunt; you're all right now. This gentleman in the uniform has promised to take care of you. Merry Christmas!"—Or, when at home, and that extremely bony lad, in the thin summer coat, chatters to you, from the snow on the front-stoop, about the courage he has taken from Christmas Eve to ask you for enough to get a meal and a night's-lodging—how differently from your ordinary style does a something soft in your breast impel you to treat him. "No work to be obtained?" you say, in a light tone, to cheer him up. "Of course there's none here, my young friend. All the work here at the East is for foreigners, in order that they may be used at election-time. As for you, an American boy, why don't you go to h—— I mean to the West. Go West, young man! Buy a good, stout farming outfit, two or three serviceable horses, or mules, a portable house made in sections, a few cattle, a case of fever medicine—and then go out to the far West upon Government-land. You'd better go to one of the hotels for to-night, and then purchase Mr. GREELEY's 'What I Know About Farming,' and start as soon as the snow permits in the morning. Here are ten cents for you. Merry Christmas!"—Thus to honor the natal Festival of Him

—the Unselfish incarnate, the Divinely insightful—Who said unto the lip-server: Sell all that thou hast, and give it to the Poor, and follow Me; and from Whom the lip-server, having great possessions, went away exceeding sorrowful!

Three men are to meet at dinner in the Bumsteadian apartments on this Christmas Eve. How has each one passed the day?

MONTGOMERY PENDRAGON, in his room in Gospeler's Gulch, reads Southern tragedies in an old copy of the *New Orleans Picayune*, until two o'clock, when he hastily tears up all his soiled paper collars, packs a few things into a travelling satchel, and, with the latter slung over his shoulder, and a Kehoe's Indian club in his right hand, is met in the hall by his tutor, the Gospeler.

"What are you doing with that club, Mr. MONTGOMERY?" asks the Reverend OCTAVIUS, hastily stepping back into a corner.

"I've bought it to exercise with in the open air," answers the young Southerner, playfully denting the wall just over his tutor's head with it. "After this dinner with Mr. DROOD, at BUMSTEAD'S, I reckon I shall start on a walking match, and I've procured the club for exercise as I go. Thus:" He twirls it high in the air, grazes Mr. SIMPSON's nearer ear, hits his own head accidentally, and breaks the glass in the hat-stand.

"I see! I see!" says the Gospeler, rather hurriedly. "Perhaps you had better be entirely alone, and in the open country, when you take that exercise."

Rubbing his skull quite dismally, the prospective pedestrian goes straightway to the porch of the Alms-House, and there waits until his sister comes down in her bonnet and joins him.

"MAGNOLIA," he remarks, hastening to be the first to speak, in order to have any conversational chance at all with her, "it is not the least mysterious part of this Mystery of ours, that keeps us all out of doors so much in the unseasonable winter month of December,* and now I am peculiarly a meteorological martyr in feeling obliged to go walking for two whole freezing weeks, or until the Holidays and this—this marriage-business, are over. I didn't tell Mr. SIMPSON, but my real purpose, I reckon, in having this club, is to save myself, by violent exercise with it, from perishing of cold."

"Must you do this, MONTGOMERY?" asks his colloquial sister, thoughtfully. "Perhaps if I were to talk long enough with you—"

"—You'd literally exhaust me into not going? Certainly you would," he returns, confidently. "First, my head would ache from the constant noise; then it would spin; then I should grow faint and hear you less distinctly; then your voice, although you were talking on the same as ever, would sound like a mere steady hum to me; then I should become unconscious, and be carried home, with you still whispering in my ear. But do not talk, MAGNOLIA; for I must do the walking-match. The prejudice here against my Southern birth makes me a damper upon the festivities of others at this general season of forgiveness to all mankind, and I can't stand the sight of that Drood and Miss Potts together. I'd better stay away until they have gone."

He pauses a moment, and adds: "I wish I were not going to this dinner, or that I were not carrying this club there."

He shakes her hand and his own head, glances up at the storm-clouds now gathering in the sky, goes onward to Mr. BUMSTEAD'S boarding-house, halts at the door a moment to moisten his right hand and balance the Indian club in it, and then enters.

EDWIN DROOD'S day before merry Christmas is equally hilarious. Now that the Flowerpot is no longer on his mind, the proneness of the masculine nature to court misfortune causes him to think seriously of Miss PENDRAGON, and wonder whether she would make a wife to ruin a man? It will be rather awkward, he thinks, to be in Bumsteadville for a week or two after the Macassar young ladies shall have heard of his matrimonial disengagement, as they will all be sure to sit symmetrically at every front window in the Alms-House whenever he tries to go by; and he resolves to escape the danger by starting for Egypt, Illinois, immediately after he has seen Mr. DIBBLE and explained the situation to him. Finding that his watch has run down, he steps into a jeweler's to have it wound, and is at once subjected to insinuating overtures by the man of genius. What does he think of this ring, which is exactly the thing for some particular Occasions in Life? It is made of the metal for which

* In the original English story there is, considering the bitter time of year given, a truly extraordinary amount of solitary sauntering, social strolling, confidential confabulating, evening-rambling, and general lingering, in the open air. To "adapt" this novel peculiarity to American practice, without some little violation of probability, is what the present conscientious Adapter finds almost the hardest artistic requirement of his task.

nearly all young couples marry now-a-days, is as endless as their disagreements, and, by the new process, can be stretched to fit the Second wife's hand, also. Or look at this pearl set. Very chaste, really soothing; intended as a present from a Husband after First Quarrel. These cameo ear-rings were never known to fail. Judiciously presented, in a velvet case, they may be depended upon to at once divert a young Wife from Returning to her Mother, as she has threatened. Ah! Mr. Drood cares for no more jewelry than his watch, chain and seal-ring? To be sure! when Mr. BUMSTEAD was in yesterday for the regular daily new crystal in his own watch—how does he break so many!—he said that his beloved nephews wore only watches and rings, or he would buy paste breastpins for them. Your oroidé is now wound up, Mr. Drood, and set at twenty minutes past Two.

"Dear old JACK!" thinks EDWIN to himself, pocketing his watch as he walks away; "he thinks just twice as much of me as any one else in the world, and I should feel doubly grateful."

As dusk draws on, the young fellow, returning from a long walk, espies an aged Irish lady leaning against a tree on the edge of the turn-pike, with a pipe upside-down in her mouth, and her bonnet on wrong-side-afore.

"Are you sick?" he asks kindly.

"Divil a sick, gintlemen," is the answer, with a slight catch of the voice,— "bless the two of yez!"

EDWIN DROOD can scarcely avoid a start, as he thinks to himself, "Good Heaven! how much like JACK!"

"Do you eat cloves, madame?" he asks, respectfully.

"Cloves is it, honey? ah, thin, I do that, whin I'm expectin' company. Odether-nodether, but I've come here the day from New York for nothing. Sure phat's the names of you two darlints?"

"EDWIN," he answers, in some wonder, as he hands her a currency stamp, which, on account of the large hole worn in it, he has been repeatedly unable to pass himself.

"EDDY is it? Och hone, och hone, machree!" exclaims the venerable woman, hanging desolately around the tree by her arms, while her bonnet falls over her left ear: "I've heard that name threatened. Och, aenshla wirasthu!"

Believing that the matron will be less agitated if left alone, and, probably, able to get a little roadside sleep, EDWIN DROOD passes onward in deep thought. The boarding-house is reached, and he enters.

J. BUMSTEAD's day of the dinner is also marked by exhilarating experiences. With one coat-tail unwittingly tucked far up his back, so that it seems to be amputated, and his alpaca umbrella under his arm, he enters a grocery-store of the village, and abstractedly asks how strawberries are selling to-day? Upon being reminded that fresh fruit is very scarce in late December, he changes his purpose, and orders two bottles of Bourbon flavoring-extract sent to his address. And now he wishes to know what they are charging for sponges? They tell him that he must seek those articles at the druggist's, and he compromises by requesting that four lemons be forwarded to his residence. Have they any good Canton-flannel, suitable for a person of medium complexion?—No?—Very well, then: send half a pound of cloves to his house before night.

There are Ritualistic services at Saint Cow's, and he renders the organ-accompaniments with such unusual freedom from reminiscences of the bacchanalian repertory, that the Gospeler is impelled to compliment him as they leave the cathedral.

"You're in fine tone to-day, BUMSTEAD. Not quite so much volume to your playing as sometimes, but still the tune could be recognized."

"That, sir," answers the organist, explainingly, "was because I held my right wrist firmly with my left hand, and played mostly with only one finger. The method, I find, secures steadiness of touch and precision in hitting the right key."

"I should think it would, Mr. BUMSTEAD. You seem to be more free than ordinarily from your occasional indisposition."

"I am less nervous, Mr. SIMPSON," is the reply. "I've made up my mind to swear off, sir.—I'll tell you what I'll do, SIMPSON," continues the Ritualistic organist, with sudden confidential affability. "I'll make an agreement with you, that whichever of us catches the other slipping-up first in the New Year, shall be entitled to call for whatever he wants."

"Bless me! I don't understand," ejaculates the Gospeler.

"No matter, sir. No matter!" retorts the mystic of the organ-loft, abruptly returning to his original gloom. "My company awaits me, and I must go."

"Excuse me," cries the Gospeler, turning back a moment; "but what's the matter with your coat?"

The other discovers the condition of his tucked-up coat-tail with some fierceness of aspect, but immediately explains that it must have been caused by his sitting upon a folding-chair just before leaving home.

So, humming a savage tune in make-belief of no embarrassment at all in regard to his recently disordered garment, Mr. BUMSTEAD reaches his boarding-house. At the door he waits long enough to examine his umbrella, with scowling scrutiny, in every rib; and then he enters.

Behind the red window-curtain of the room of the dinner-party shines the light all night, while before it a wailing December gale rises higher and higher. Through leafless branches, under eaves and against chimneys, the savage wings of the storm are beaten, its long fingers caught, and its giant shoulder heaved. Still, while nothing else seems steady, that light behind the red curtain burns unextinguished; the reason being that the window is closed and the wind cannot get at it.

At morning comes a hush on nature; the sun arises with that innocent expression of countenance which causes some persons to fancy that it resembles Mr. GREELEY after shaving; and there is an evident desire on the part of the wind to pretend that it has not been up all night. Fallen chimnies, however, expose the airy fraud, and the clock blown completely out of Saint Cow's steeple reveals what a high time there has been.

Christmas morning though it is, Mr. McLAUGHLIN is summoned from his family-circle of pigs, to mount the Ritualistic church and see what can be done; and while a small throng of early idlers are staring up at him from Gospeler's Gulch, Mr. BUMSTEAD, with his coat on in the wrong way, and a wet towel on his head, comes tearing in amongst them like a congreve rocket.

"Where's them nephews?—where's MONTGOMERIES?—where's that umbrella?" howls Mr. BUMSTEAD, catching the first man he sees by the throat, and driving his hat over his eyes.

"What's the matter, for goodness sake?" calls the Gospeler from the window of his house. "Mr. PENDRAGON has gone away on a walking-match. Is not Mr. DROOD at home with you?"

"Norrabit'v it," pants the organist, releasing his man's throat, but still leaning with heavy affection upon him: m'nephews wen' out with'm—f'r li'lle walk—er mir'night; an' 've norseen'm—since."

There is no more looking up at Saint Cow's steeple with a McLAUGHLIN on it now. All eyes fix upon the agitated Mr. BUMSTEAD, as he wildly attempts to step over the tall paling of the Gospeler's fence at a stride, and goes crashing headlong through it instead.

(To be Continued.)

ALL HAIL!

THE most fearful weapon yet brought into the field of war—if we are to believe newspaper correspondents—is the revolving grape-shot gun known as the "hail-thrower," a piece of ordnance said to be in use by the French and Prussian armies, alike. If half we hear about the "hail-thrower" be true, 'twere better for all concerned to keep out of hail of it. Many a hale fellow well met by that fearful hail storm must go to grass ere the red glare of the war has passed away. "Where do you hail from?" would be a bootless question to put when the "hail-thrower" begins to administer throes to the breaking ranks. Worse than that: it would probably be a headless question.

"THE PERFECT CURE."

A NEWSPAPER paragraph states that, in Minnesota, they have a very summary way of restoring the consciousness of pigs that have been smitten by the summery rays of the sun. They simply open piggy's head with a pick-axe or other handy instrument, introduce a handful or two of salt, close up the head again, and piggy is all right. But this, after all, is simply a new application of the old practice of Curing pork with salt.

Con by a Son of a Gun.

WHY are the new breech-loaders supplied with needles?
To keep their breeches in repair, of course.

Con by a Carpet-Shaker.

WHY is a large carpet like the late rebellion?
Because it took such a lot of tax to put it down.



ADVICE TO PICNIC PARTIES.

At this culminating period of the summer season, it is natural that the civic mind should turn itself to the contemplation of sweet rural things, including shady groves, lunch-baskets, wild flowers, sandwiches, bird songs, and bottled lager-bier.

The skies are at their bluest, now; the woods and fields are at their greenest; flowers are blooming their yellowest, and purplest, and scarletest. All Nature is smiling, in fact, with one large, comprehensive smile, exactly like a first-class PRANG chromo with a fresh coat of varnish upon it.

Things being thus, what can be more charming than a rural excursion to some tangled thicket, the very brambles, and poison-ivy, and possible copperhead snakes of which are points of unspeakable value to a picnic party, because they are sensational, and one cannot have them in the city without rushing into fabulous extra expense. It is good, then, that neighbors should club together for the festive purposes of the picnic, and a few words of advice regarding the arrangement of such parties may be seasonable.

If your excursion includes a steamboat trip, always select a boat that is likely to be crowded to its utmost capacity, more especially one of which a majority of the passengers are babies in arms. There will probably be some roughs on board, who will be certain to get up a row, in which case you can make the babies in arms very effective as "buffers" for warding off blows, while the crowd will save you from being knocked down.

Should there be a bar on board the steamer, it will be the duty of the gentlemen of the party to keep serving the ladies with cool beverages from it at brief intervals during the trip. This will promote cheerfulness, and, at the same time, save for picnic duty proper the contents of the stone jars that are slumbering sweetly among the pork-pies and apple-dumplings by which the lunch-baskets are occupied.

Never take more than one knife and fork with you to a picnic, no matter how large the party may be. The probability is that you may be attacked by a gang of rowdies, and it is no part of your business to furnish them with weapons.

Avoid taking up your ground near a swamp or stagnant water of any kind. This is not so much on account of mosquitoes as because of the small saurian reptiles that abound in such places. If your party is a large one, there will certainly be one lady in it, at least, who has had a lizard in her stomach for several years, and the struggles of the confined reptile to join its congeners in the swamp might induce convulsions, and so mar the hilarity of the party.

To provide against an attack by the city brigands who are always prowling in the vicinity of picnic parties, it will be judicious to attend to the following rules:

Select all the fat women of the party, and seat them in a ring outside the rest of the picnickers, and with their faces toward the centre of the circle. In the event of a discharge of missiles this will be found a very effective *cordon*—quite as effective, in fact, as the feather beds used in the making up of barricades.

Let the babies of the party be so distributed that each, or as many as possible of the gentlemen present, can have one at hand to snatch up and use for a fender should an attack at close quarters be made.

If any dark, designful strangers should intrude themselves upon the party, unbidden, make a point of promptly handing over to them their own watches and jewelry, as well as those of their lady friends.

Having arrived home, (we assume the possibility of this,) refrain, carefully, from communicating with the police on the subject of the events of the day. The publicity that would follow would render you an object of derision, and no possible good could result to you from disclosure of the facts. But you should at once make up your mind never to participate in another picnic.

the gentlemen present should by no means exhibit the slightest disposition to resent the intrusion, or to show fight, as the strangers are sure to be professional thieves, and, as such, ready to commit murder, if necessary. Treat the strangers with every consideration possible under the circumstances. Should there be no champagne, apologize for the absence of it, and offer the next best vintage you happen to have. Of course, having lunched, the strangers will be eager to acquire possession of all valuables belonging to the party. The gentlemen, therefore, will

A CHANCE FOR OUR ORGAN GRINDERS.

THE famous *miltraille*, or grape-thrower, with which LOUIS NAPOLEON has already commenced to astonish the Prussians, suggests congenial work for the numerous performers on the barrel-organ with which our large cities are at all times infested. It is worked with a crank, exactly after the manner of the too-familiar street instrument; and might easily be fitted with a musical cylinder arranged for the performance of the most inspiriting and patriotic French airs. Should Italy, at present neutral, take side with France hereafter, she should at once withdraw her wandering minstrels from all parts of the world, and set them to work on the "double attachment" engine of L. N. Nothing could be more appropriate for working the *miltraille* than a corps of barrel-organ grinders from the land of the Grape.

THE ORIGIN OF PUNCHINELLO.

MR. PUNCHINELLO: Though aware that you "belong to Company G," and must not be bothered, I wish to ask whether you are descended from the famous chicken-dealer of Sorrento, who sold fowls in Naples, and was well-known in that fun-loving city for the humor of his speech

and the oddity of his form. He was called "PULCINELLA," I believe, the name being the same as that of his wares.

If not to this celebrated wag, perhaps you trace your origin to Mr. PUCCIO D'ANELLO, who so delighted a company of actors at Aceria, with his jokes and gibes, that they invited him to join them, and soon discovered that they had found a Star.

If neither of these classical wags was your ancestor, may I ask, who the deuce *did* you come from?

Yours, truly,

CURIOSO.

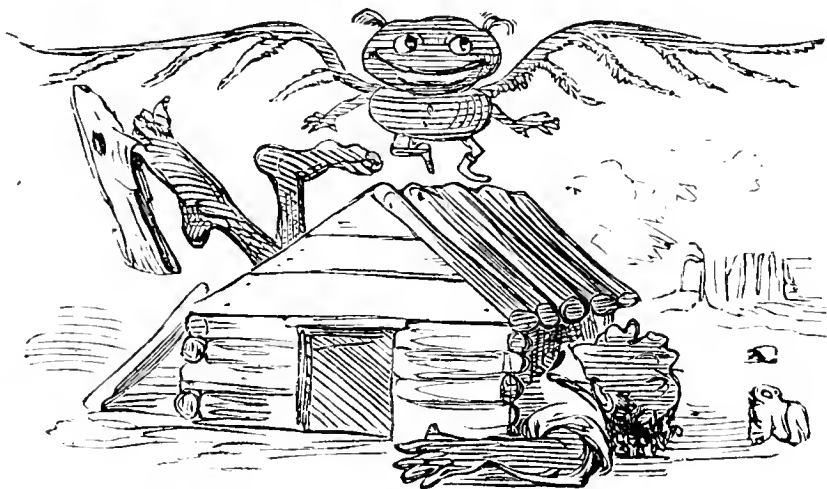
RECIPE TO BE TESTED.

WE see that they have been "firing cannon in the fields near Paris, to bring on a rain." If there is any virtue in this recipe, they are likely to get some moist weather to the north-eastward of Paris, to say the least. The firing in that quarter may even lead to a Reign in Paris such as France has not lately seen. We would not go so far as to *predict* anything of this sort. Oh, no; for we are aware that the moment we should do so, NAPOLEON would lick the Prussians on purpose to show the world that we didn't hit it that time.

THE WATERING PLACES.

Punchinello's Vacations.

WHEN one wants to see the great people who are to be seen nowhere else, one goes to the celebrated White Sulphur Springs of Virginia; and, very correctly supposing that there might be persons there who would like to see him, Mr. PUNCHINELLO took a trip to the aforesaid springs. He found it charming there. There was such a chance to study character. From the parlors where Chief-Justice CHASE and General LEE were hob-nobbing over apple-toddies and "peach-and-honey," to the cabins where the wards of the nation were luxuriating in picturesque ease beneath the shade of their newly-fledged angel of liberty, everything was instructive to the well-balanced mind.



Here, too, in these fertile regions, were to be seen those exquisite floral creations known as mint-juleps, the absence of which in our Northern agricultural exhibitions can never be sufficiently deplored.

Witness the beauty of the design and the ingenious delicacy of the execution of one of the humblest of the species.



From experience in the matter, Mr. P. is prepared to say, that not only as an exponent of the beauties of nature, but as a drink, a mint-julep is far superior to the water which gives this resort its celebrity. Why people persist in drinking that vilest of all water which is found at the fashionable springs, Mr. P. cannot divine. If it is medicine you want, you can get your drugs at any apothecary's, and he will mix them in water for you for a very small sum extra. And the saving in expense of travel, board and extras, will be enormous.

But in spite of this fact, there were plenty of distinguished-looking people at the White Sulphur. Mr. P. didn't know them all, but he had no doubt that one of them was General LEE; one PHIL. SHERIDAN; another Prof. MAURY; another GOLDWIN SMITH; and others Governor WISE; HENRY WARD BEECHER, WADE HAMPTON, WENDELL PHILLIPS, RAPHAEL SEMMES, and LUCRETIA MOTT. One man, an *incognito*, excited Mr. P.'s curiosity. This personage was generally found in the society of LEE, JOHNSTON, POPE, HAMPTON, GREELEY, and those other fellows who did so much to injure the Union cause during the war. One day Mr. P. accosted him. He was an oddity, and perhaps it would be a good idea to put his picture in the paper.



"Sir!" said Mr. P., with that delicate consideration for which he is so noted, "why do you pull your hat down over your eyes, and what is your object in thus concealing your identity? Come sir! let us know what it all means."

The *incognito* glanced at Mr. P. with the corner of his eye, and perceiving that he was in citizen's dress, pulled his hat still further over his face.

"My business," said he, "is my own, but since the subject has been broached, I may as well let you know what it is."

"You know me, then?" said Mr. P.

"I do," replied the other, and proceeding with his recital, he said, "You may have heard that a number of negro squatters were lately ejected from a private estate in this State, after they had made the grounds to blossom like the rose, and to bring forth like the herring."

"Yes, I heard that," said Mr. P.

"Well," said the other, "I happened to have some land near by, and I invited those negroes to come and squat on my premises——"

"Intending to turn them off about blossoming time?" said Mr. P.

"Certainly, certainly," said the other, "and I am just waiting about here until they put in a wheat crop on part of the land. I can then sell that portion, right away."

"Well, Mr. BEN BUTLER," said Mr. P., "all that is easily understood, now that I know who you are; but tell me this, why are you so careful to cover your face when in the company of civilians or ladies, and yet go about so freely among these ex-Confederate officers?"

"Oh," said the other, "you see I don't want to be known down here, and some of the women or old men might remember my face. There's no danger of any of the soldiers recognizing me, you know."

"Oh, no," cried Mr. P. "None in the world, sir."

"And besides," said the modest BUTLER, "it's too late now for me to be spooning around among the women."

"That's so," said Mr. P. "Good-bye, BENJAMIN. Any news from Dominica?"

"None at all," said the other, "and I don't care if there never is. I am opposed to that annexation scheme now."

"Sold your claims?" said Mr. P. The *incognito* winked and departed.

That evening at supper Mr. P. remarked that his bisenits were rather hard, and he blandly requested a waiter to take one of them out-



side and crack it. The elder PERTON, who runs the hotel, overheard Mr. P.'s remark, and stepping up to him, said:

"Sir, you should not be so particular about your food. What you pay me, while you stay at my place, is my charge for the water you drink. The food and lodging I throw in, gratis."

Mr. P. arose.

"Mr. PEXTON," said he, "when I was quite a little boy, my father, making the tour of America, brought me here, and I distinctly remember your making that remark to him. Since then many of my friends have visited the White Sulphur, and you invariably made the same remark to them. Is there no way to escape the venerable joke?"

The gentle PEXTON made no answer, but walked away, and after supper, one of the boarders took Mr. P. aside and urged him to excuse their host, as he was obliged to make the joke in question to every guest. The obligation was in his lease.

So the matter blew over.

Reflecting, however, that if he had to pay so much for the water, that he had better drink a little, Mr. P. went down to the spring to see what could be done. On the way, he met Uncle AARON, formerly one of WASHINGTON's body-servants. The venerable patriarch touched his hat, and Mr. P., hoping from such great age to gain a little wisdom, propounded the following questions:

"Uncle, is this water good for the bile?"

"Oh, lor! no, mah'sr! Dat dar water 'ud jis spile anything you biled in it. Make it taste of rotten eggs, for all the world, sir! 'Deed it would."

"But what I want to know," said Mr. P., "is why the people drink it."

"Lor' bless you, mah'sr! Dis here chile kin tell you dat. Ye see de gem'men from de Norf dey drinks it bekase they eat so much cold wheat bread. Allers makes 'em sick, sir."

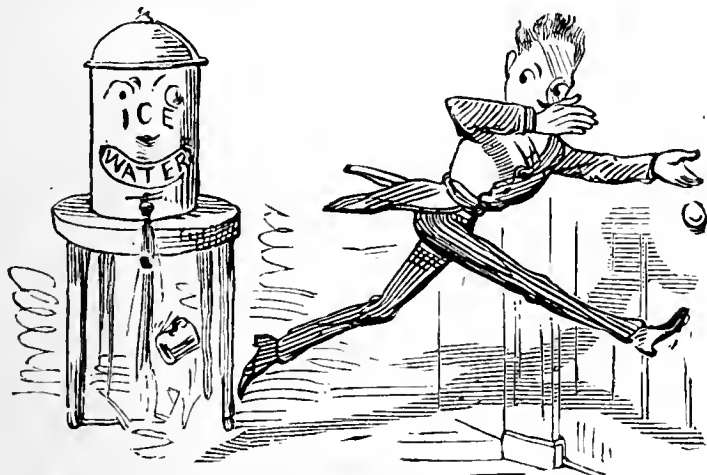
"And why do the Southerners drink it?"

"Wal, mah'sr, you see dey eats so much hot wheat bread, and it don't agree wid 'em, no how."

"But how about the colored people? I have seen them drinking it, frequently," said Mr. P.

"Oh, lor, mah'sr, how you is a askin' questions! Don't you know dat de colored folks hab to drink it bekase dey don't get no wheat bread at all?"

Mr. P. heard no better philosophy than this on the subject while he remained at the White Sulphur. When he left, he brought a couple of gallons of the water with him, and intends keeping it in the water-cooler in his office, for loungers.



THE POEMS OF THE CRADLE.

CANTO III.

"JACK and GILL went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water;
Jack fell down and broke his crown,
And GILL came tumbling after."

How many persons there are who read those lines without giving one moment's thought to their hidden beauty. Love, obedience, and devotion unto death, are here portrayed; and yet people will repeat the lines of the melancholy muse with a smile on their faces, and even teach it to their young children as a sort of joyful lyric.

My own infant-mind was tampered with in the same manner; and after I had committed the poem to memory I was proudly called up by my fond and doting parents to display my infantile acquirements before admiring visitors. The result might have been foreknown. All my infancy and youth passed away, and I never once perceived the hidden worth of these lines till I had tumbled down a hill myself, cracked my crown, and was laid up with it a week or more. During that time I had leisure to muse on the fate of poor JACK. When my mind expanded so as to take in all the sublimity of his devotion and death, my heart was filled with admiration and astonishment, and I resolved I would make one effort to rescue the memory of poor JACK and loving GILL from the oblivion it seemed to be falling into, in the greater admiration people gave to the musical style of the writer.

"JACK and GILL went up the hill."

Here you see the obedient, loving, long-suffering, put-upon drudge or his brothers and sisters—we will take the liberty of giving him a few of each as we are a little more generous than the author—who was compelled (not the author, *out JACK,*) to do all the chores, fetch and carry, 'tend and wait, bear the neat and burden of the day, and be the JACK

for all of them. He was not dignified by the respectable title of JOHN, or JONATHAN, but was poor simple JACK.

Virtue will always be rewarded, however, and even freckle-faced, red-headed JACK had one friend, blue-eyed, tender-hearted GILL, who, seeing the unhesitating obedience he rendered to all, forthwith concluded that one so lone and sad could appreciate true friendship and understand the motives that prompted her to give, unsolicited, her gushing love. So, when the good JACK started up the hill, loving GILL generously offered to accompany him. Probably the other children looked out of the windows after them, and laughed, and jeered, and wondered whither they were going; but, observing the pail, concluded they were going

"To fetch a pail of water,"

which they were willing JACK should do, as it would save them the possibility of being ordered to do it; not that there was a probability of such a command being given, but there was a slight danger that the thing might happen in case JACK was occupied otherwise when the water was needed. But now that he had gone for it, they were all right, and rejoiced exceedingly thereat.

Meanwhile the two little sympathizing companions toiled up the steep hill, drinking in with every inhalation of the balmy air copious draughts of the new-found elixir of life. "Soft eyes looked love to eyes that spake again,"* and their hearts melted beneath each tender glance. The little chubby hands that grasped the handle of the pail timidly crept closer together, and by the time they had reached the rugged top, it needed but one warm embrace to mingle the two souls into one, henceforth forever.

This was done.

Tremblingly they drew back, blushing, casting modest glances at each other; and then, to aid them in recovering from their confusion, turned their attention to the water, which reflected back two happy, smiling faces. Filling the pail with the dimpled liquid mirror, they turned their steps homeward.

Light at heart and intoxicated with bliss, poor JACK, ever unfortunate, dashed his foot against a stone, and thus it was that

"JACK fell down and broke his crown."

[Oh! what a fall was there, my countrywomen!] Fearful were the shrieks that rent the mountain air as he rolled down the hillside. The pail they had carried so carefully was overturned and rent asunder, and the trembling water spilled upon the smiling hill-side—fit emblem of their vanishing hopes.

Down went the roley-poley boy, like a dumpling down a cellar-door; crashing his head against the cruel rocks that stood in stony heartedness in his way, and dashing his brains out against their hard sides. His loving companion, eyes and mouth dilated with horror, stood still and rigid, gazing upon the fearful descent, and its tragic ending, then throwing her arms aloft, and giving a fearful shriek of agony that thrilled with horror the hearts of the hearers—if there were any—cast herself down in exact imitation of the fall of her hero, rolled over and over as he did, and ended by mingling her blood with his upon the same stones.

His crown was broken diagonally; hers slantindicularly; that was the only difference. Her suicidal act is commemorated in the line,

"And GILL came tumbling after."

The catastrophe was witnessed by the assembled family, who hastened to the bleeding victims of parental injustice, and endeavored to do all that was possible to restore life to the mangled forms of the two who loved when living, and in death were not divided.

But all in vain. They were dead, and not till then did the family appreciate the beautiful, self-denying, heroic disposition of the little martyr, JACK.

The two innocent forms were buried side by side, and the whole country round mourned the fate of the infant lovers.

Painters preserved their pictures on canvas, and poets sung them at eventide. The beauties of their life, and their tragic death, were given by the poet-laureate of the day in the words I have just transcribed; and such an impression did these make on the minds of the inhabitants, that the whole population took them to heart, and, with tears in their eyes, taught them to their children, even unto the third and fourth generations.

Alas! it was reserved for our day and generation to gabble them over unthinking, carelessly unmindful of the fearful fate the words describe.

Repentant ones, drop to their memory a tear, even now! It is not too late!

* Original, by some other fellow.



WHAT WE MAY EXPECT IN OUR ARMY OF THE FUTURE.

"NONE BUT THE BRAVE," Etc.

LETTER FROM A CROAKER.

MR. PUNCHINELLO: You have not, I believe, informed your readers, one of whom I have the honor to be, as to whether you have yet united yourself to any Designing Female. As this is a matter peculiarly interesting to many of your readers, all of whom, I have not the least doubt, are interested in your welfare, I would advise some statement on your part, respecting it.

I trust, my dear sir, that, if you are as yet free, you will take the well-intended advice of a sufferer, and steer entirely clear of the shoals and quicksands peculiar to the life of a married man, by never embarking in the matrimonial ship.

Do not misunderstand me. I lived happily, very happily, with my sainted BELINDA—it must be confessed that she had a striking partiality for sardines, which caused considerable of a decrease in the profits of my wholesale and retail grocery establishment. I cherish no resentment on that account, but, as you probably well know, one of the discomforts of matrimonial existence is children.

Sir, I have a daughter, who is considered passably good-looking by certain appreciative individuals. Since the unfortunate demise of my lamented wife, the profits of the mercantile establishment of which I am proprietor have largely increased, and as REBECCA is my only child, there is a considerable prospect of her bringing to the man who espouses her, a comfortable dowry, and probably a share in my business.

I keep no man-servant, and after my daughter retires—generally at the witching hour of two in the morning,—I am obliged to hobble down stairs, extinguish the lights, cover the fire, lock up the house, and ascertain whether it is perfectly fire and burglar-proof for the time being.

Were this, sir, the only annoyance to which I am subjected, my wrath would probably expend itself in a little growling, but hardly have I reposed myself upon my couch, ere my ear catches an infernal tooting and twanging and whispering, and a broken-winded German band, engaged by an admirer of my REBECCA, strikes up some outrageous *pot pourri*, or something of that sort, and sleep, disgusted, flees my pillow.

Last night—or rather this morning—they came again. Their discordant symphonies roused me to desperation. I seized a bucket of slops, and; opening the window, dashed the contents in the direction of

the music; the full force of the deluge striking a fat, froggy-looking little Dutchman, who was puffing and blowing at a bassoon infinitely larger than himself. He was just launching out into a prodigious strain, but it expired while yet in the bloom of youth. He remained for a short time in the famous posture of the Colossus of Rhodes, vainly endeavoring to shake off the cigar-stumps and other little *et ceteras* which were clinging to him like cements, uttering the while unintelligible oaths. Then he struck for his *domus et placens uxor* at as rapid a rate as his little dumpy legs could carry him.

If they come to-night—if they dare to come—I will give them a dose which they will remember.

My dear sir, what can I do to rid myself of these annoyances? The girl has been to boarding-school, and so can't be sent there again. She has no friends or relations whom it would be advisable to put her off upon. Assist me then, in this, the hour of my tribulation, and you, my dear Mr. PUNCHINELLO, will merit the lasting gratitude of an

UNHAPPY FATHER.

[The best thing an "Unhappy Father" can do, under the circumstances, is to learn to play upon the bass horn, and then, should the brazen serenaders again make their appearance, he can give them blow for blow.—ED. PUNCHINELLO.]

That Iron "Dog."

THE latest bit of intelligence given by the police regarding the "dog" so much spoken of in connection with the Twenty-third street murder, is that it is not, as at first stated, the kind of instrument used by shipwrights. In other words, the police have discovered that it is not a Water-dog, though, up to the present date, they have not been able to prove it a Bloodhound.

Severe Penalty.

A NEWSPAPER gravely informs us that "the Supreme Court" of Pennsylvania has refused the Writ of Error in the case of Dr. SHÄPPE, convicted of the murder of Mr. STEINNEKE, and will be hanged."

Can nothing be done to save this Court? One may say they had no business to refuse the Writ. But, at any rate, we are of opinion that the punishment is excessive.



WONDERFUL TOUR DE FORCE,

PERFORMED "ON THE BEACH AT LONG BRANCH," BY PROFESSOR JAMES FISK, JR., THE GREAT AMERICAN ATHLETE.

HIRAM GREEN ON JERSEY MUSQUITOES.

A Hard-fought Battle—Musquitoes have no Sting that Jersey Lightning cannot Cure.

NEW JARSEY is noted among her sister countries, as bein' responsible for 2 of the most destructive things ever got up.

The first is of the animal kingdom, and varyin in size from a 3 year old snappin' turtle, to a lode of hay.

It has a bagonet on its nose, in which is a skwirt gun charged with pizen.

It has no hesitation, whatsoever, of shovin' it's pitch-fork into a human bein', and when a feller feels it, it makes him think old SOLFERINO has come for him, and no mistake.

The sirname of this sleep-distroyin' animile, is Muskeeter. And they like their meet raw.

Misery Number 2 is a beverage manufactured from the compound extract of chain litenin on the wing, and ile of vitril. It is then flavored with earysipelas and 7 year itch, when it is ready to lay out it's man.

I was on a visit to Jarsey, a short time ago, and if ever a man was justified in cussin' the day he ever sot foot onto the classick red shores of New Jarsey, (which soil, by the way, is so greasy that all the red-headed New Jarsey gals use it for hair ile, while for greasin' a pancake griddle it can't be beat,) it was the undersined.

The first nite I was in that furrin climb, after hangin' my close over a chair, and droppin' my false teeth in a tumbler of water, I retired in a sober and morril condition.

"Balmy sleep, sweet nater's hair restorer," which sentiment I cote from Mr. DICKENS, who, I understand from the Bosting clergy, is now sizzlin', hadn't yet folded me in her embrace.

Strains of melody, surpassin' by severil lengths the meliflous discordant notes of the one-armed hand organist's most sublimerest seem-funny, sircharged the atmosfeer. Eyer and anon the red-hot breezes kissed the honest old man's innocent cheek, and slobbered grate capsules of oderiferous moisture, which ran in little silvery streams from his reclinin' form. Yea! verily, great pearls hung pendant from his nasal protuberants.

In other words, I hadent gone to sleep, but lay their sweatin' like an ice waggon, while the well-known battle song of famishen Muskeeters fell onto my ear. The music seized; and a regiment of Jarsey Muskeeters, all armed to the teeth and wearin' cowhide butes, marched single-file into my open window.

The Kernal, a gray-headed old war-worn veterenary, alited from his hoss, and tide the animal to the bed-post.

The Commander then mounted ontop of the wash-stand, and helpin' hisself to a chaw of tobacker out of my box, which lay aside him, the old scoundrel commenced firin' his tobacker juice in my new white hat.

"See here, Kernal," said I, somewhat riled at seein' him make a spittoon of my best 'stove-pipe,' "if it's all the same to you, spouse'n you eject your vile secretion out of the winder."

"Cork up, old man," said the impudent raskle, "or ile spit on ye and drown you."

All about the room the privates were sacreligiously misusing my property.

One red-headed old Muskeeter, who was so full of somebody's blood he couldn't hardly waddle, was seated in the rockin'-chair, and with my specturcols on his nose, was readin' a copy of PUNCHINELLO, and laffin' as if heed bust.

Another chap had got my jack-nife, and was amusin' hisself by slashin' holes in my bloo cotton umbreller, which two other Muskeeters had shoved up, and was a settin' under, engaged in tyin' my panterloon legs into hard nots.

Another scallawag had jammed my coat part way into my butes, and was pourin' water into 'em out from the wash-pitcher, and I am sorry to say it, evry darned Muskeeter was up to some mean trick, which would put to blush, even a member of the New Jarsey legislater.

Suddenly the Kernal hollered:

"To arms!"

And every Muskeeter fell into line about my bedside.

"Charge bagonets!" said the Kernal. At which the hul lot went for me. Their pizened wepins entered my flesh.

They charged onto my bald head. Rammed their bagonets into my arms—my back—my side—and there wasn't a place bigger'n a cent, which they didn't fill with pizen.

There I lay, groanin' for mercy.

But Jersey Muskeeters, not dealin' in that article, don't know what it is.

Like the new collector MURFY, when choppin' off the heads of FENTON offis-holders, mercy hain't their lay, about these times.

At this juncture a company of dragoons clinchin' their pesky bills into me, dragged me off onto the floor.

And then such a horrible laff they would give, when I would strike for them and miss hittin'.

There I lay on the floor, puffin' and blowin' like a steem ingine, while the hull army was dancin' a war dance around my prostrate figger, and the old Kernal was cuttin' down a double shuffle on the wash-stand, which made the crockery rattle.

I kicked at 'em as they would charge on my feet and l—limbs. I grabbed at 'em, as they charged on my face—arms—and shoulders.

Slap! bang! kick! sware!

I couldn't stand it much longer.

As a big corpulent feller, who, I should judge, was gittin' ready to jine a Fat mans club, went over me, I caught him by the heel.

I hung on to him with my best holt.

He dragged me all over the floor.

My head struck the bedposts, and other furniture.

3 other Muskeeters got straddle of me, and as if I was a hoss, spurred me up purty lively.

All of a sudden the Muskeeter I was hangin' to give a yank, and drew out his foot, left his bute in my hand.

Brandishin' the bute about my head, I cleared at lot of Muskeeters.

Jumpin' to my feet I made things fly for a minuit, pilin' up the killed and wounded in a promiscuous heap.

Secin' the Kernal settin' up there enjoyin' the fun, I let fly the bute at him.

Smash! went the lookin-glass.

The venerable commanding Muskeeter had dodged, and was settin' on the burow, with his thumb on his nose, wrigglin' his fingers at me in a very ongentlemanly manner.

There I was again unarmed, dancin' about, swelled up like a base ball player on match day.

"Blood IARGO!" was the cry.

I tride to make a masked battery with a piller. It was no protection again Jarsey Muskeeters.

As RACHEL mourned for her step-mother, I sighed for me home.

"Why, oh why," I cride, "did I leave old Skeensboro?"

A widder wearin' a borrowed suit of mornin'—eleven children cryin' because the governor had been chawed up by Muskeeters crowded into my thoughts.

The army was gettin' reddy to charge onto me agin, and avenge their fallen comrags.

Suddenly a brite thought struck me.

I ceased a sheet and waved it for a flag of truce.

The order wasn't given.

"Kernal," said I, "before we continue this fite, let's take a drink all around, and I'll stand treat."

"Done," said he, "trot out your benzine."

I opened the burow drawer, and took out a black bottle.

I pulled the cork and filled all the glasses, then poured a lot into the wash-bowl, when I handed the bottle to the Kernal.

"Make ready! Take aim! Drink!" Down went the lick.

I laffed a revengeful laff, as every condemned Muskeeter turned up their heels and cride:

"Water—send my bones back to Chiny—mother dear, I'm comein', 300,000 strong—we die—by the hand—of Jarsey—lite—"

And Jarsey litenin', more powerful than the chassapo gun of France or the needle-gun of Prushy, had done its work, and the old man was saved to the world!

It was 3 days before my close would again fit me.

I looked more like a big balloon than a human bein', I was swelled up so with the pizen.

My blessin's on the head of the individual who invented Jarsey litenin'. Nothin else would have saved the Lait Gustise's valuable life.

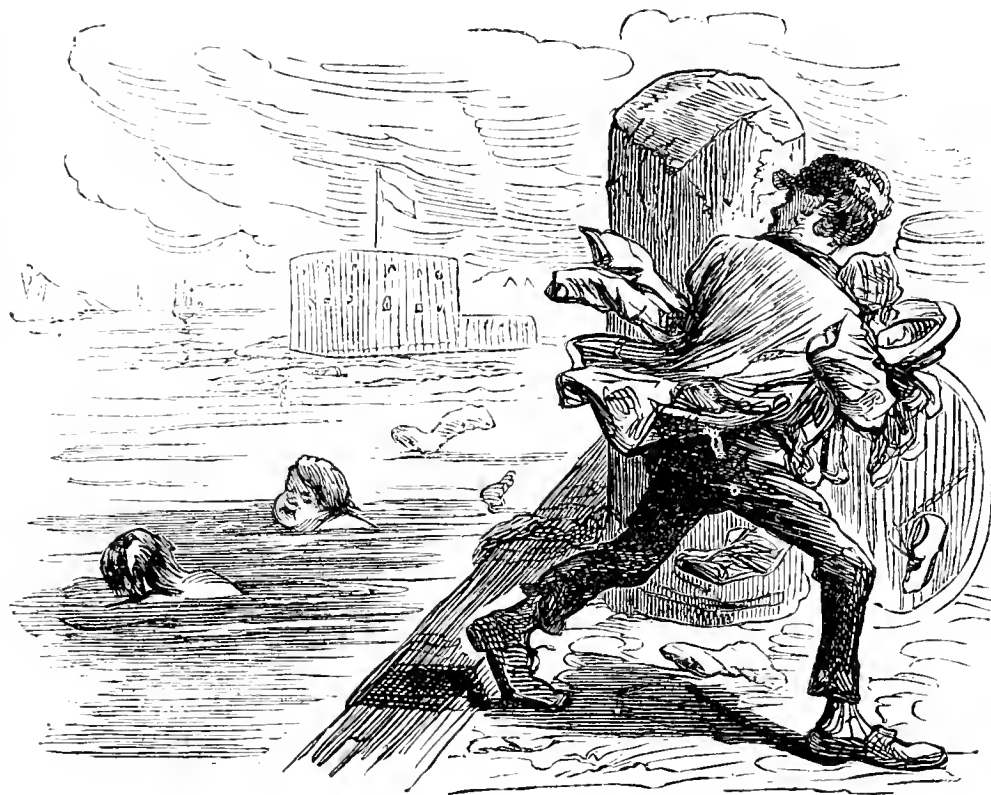
Ever of thow,

HIRAM GREEN, Esq.,

Lait Gustise of the Peece.

From our own Correspondent.

Rumors of war from Europe must always be expected, for how can we get Pacific news by Atlantic Telegraph?



"WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS," ETC.

First Small Bather. "WOULDN'T OUR MAMS GIVE US FITS IF THEY CAUGHT US SWIMMIN'?"

Second Ditto. "I'LL BET YER!"

(But neither of the happy little truants knows that a thief is running off with their clothes.)

REFORM IN JUVENILE LITERATURE.

SINCE the thrilling moment when GUTTENBURG made his celebrated discovery, numbers of persons have tried their hands—and undoubtedly their heads also—at Books for the Young. Hitherto, many of them have evinced a sad lack of judgment in respect of matter.

Would you believe it, in this highly moral and virtuous age? they have actually written stories!—stories that were not true! They haven't seemed to care a button whether they told the truth or not! Where can they have contracted the deadly heresy that imagination, feeling, and affection, are good things, deserving encouragement? Mark the effect of these pernicious teachings! Hundreds and thousands—nay, fellow mortal, *millions* of children,—now walk the earth, believing in fairies, giants, ogres, and such-like unreal personages, and yet unable (we blush to say it!) to tell why the globe we live on is flattened at the poles! Is it not a serious question whether children who persistently ignore what is true and important, but cherish fondly these abominable fables, may not ultimately be lost?

But, thanks to the recent growth of practical sense—or the decline of the inventive faculty—in writers for the young, a better day is dawning, and there is still some hope for the world. Men of sense and morality are coming forward: they dedicate their minds to this service—these practical minds whence will be extracted the only true pabulum for the growing intellect. It is to minds of this stamp—so truly the antipodes of all that is youthful, spontaneous, and child-like, (in a word: frivolous,) that we must look for those solid works which, in the Millennium that is coming, will perfectly supplant what may be termed, without levity, the "Cock and Bull" system of juvenile entertainment. Worldly people may consider this stuff graceful and touching, sweet and loveable; but it is nevertheless clearly mischievous, else pious and proper persons wouldn't have said so, time and again.

For our part, we may as well confess that our sympathies go out undividedly toward that important class who are averse to Nonsense,—more particularly *book-nonsense*,—which they can't stand, and won't stand, and there's an end of it. There is something exceedingly winning, to us, in that sturdy sense, that thirst for mathematical precision, that impatience of theory, that positive and self-reliant—we don't mind saying, somewhat dogmatical—air, that sternness of feature, thinness of lip, and coldness of eye, which belong to the best examples. We respect even the humbler ones; for they at least hate sentiment, they do not comprehend or approve of humor, and they never relish wit. What does a taste for these qualities indicate, but an idle and frivolous mind, devoted to trifles: and how fatal is such a taste, in the pursuit of wealth and respectability!

Fantastic people have much to say of the "affections," the "graces

and amenities of life," "soul-culture," and the like. We cannot too deeply deplore their fatuity, in giving prominence to such abstractions. As for children, the most we can concede is, that they have a natural—though, of course, depraved—taste for stories: yes, we will say that this fondness is irrepressible. But, what we really must insist on, is, that in gratifying that fondness, you give them *true* stories. Where is the carefully trained and upright soul that would not reject "JACK, the Giant-killer," or "Goody Two-shoes," if it could substitute (say, from "New and True Stories for Children,") a tale as thrilling as this:

"When I was a boy, I said to my uncle one day, 'How did you get your finger cut off?' and he said, 'I was chopping a stick one evening, and the hatchet cut off my finger.'"

Blessings, blessings on the man who thus embalmed this touching incident! Who does not see that the reign of fiction is over!

That the parental portion of the public may judge what the future has in store for their little ones (who, we hope, will be men and women far sooner than their ancestors were,) we present them with a fragrant nosegay (pshaw! we mean, a shovel-full) of samples, commending them, should they wish for more, to the nearest Sabbath-school library.

Ah, it is a touching thing, to see some great philanthropist come forward, at the call of Duty and his Publisher (perhaps also quickened by the hollow sound emitted by his treasure-box), and compress himself into the absurdly small compass of a few pages 18mo., in order to afford himself the exalted pleasure of holding simple and godly converse with children at large!

"All truth—no fiction." What further guarantee would you have? How replete with useful matter must not a book with *that* assurance be! Let us read:

"The Indians cannot build a ship. They do not know how to get iron from the mines, and they do not know enough."

"Besides, they do not like to work, and like to fight better than to work."

"When they want to sail, they burn off a log of wood, and make it hollow by burning and scraping it with sharp stones."

Now we ask, does not this satisfy your ideal of food for the youthful mind? Observe that it is simple, direct, graphic, satisfying. It cannot enfeeble the intellect. It will be useful. There is something tangible about it. The child at once perceives that if the Indians knew how to "get iron from the mines," and "knew enough" in general, they would build ships, in spite of their distaste for work. There can be no doubt that this is "all truth—no fiction," for Indians are sadly in want of ships. They like to sail; for we learn that "when they want to sail" they are so wild for it, that they even go to the length of "burning off a log of wood, and making it hollow by burning and scraping it with sharp stones." We thus perceive the significance of the apothegm, "Truth is stranger than fiction." The day is not far distant when children will think as much of the new literature as they formerly did of certain worm-lozenges, for which they were said to "cry."

And where everything has been inspired by the love of Truth, even the cuts may teach something. If "a canoe," contrary to the general impression, is at least as long as "a ship," it is very important that children should so understand it; and if "a pin-fish" is really as big as "a shark," no mistaken deference to the feelings of the latter should make us hesitate to say so.

No child, we are convinced, is too young to get ideas of science. In one of the model books we are pleased to find this great truth distinctly recognized:

"Is there anything like a lever about a wheelbarrow?" said his father. "O yes, sir," said JAMES. "The axle; and the wheel is the prop, the load is the weight, and the power is your hand."

This, we should say, speaks for itself.

Nor is a child ever too young to get ideas of thrift. One of our writers for infants observes, after explaining that the Dutch reclaimed the whole of Holland from the sea by means of dykes, "they worked hard, saved their money, and so grew rich." Any child can take such hints.

Neither is it wholly amiss to demonstrate that a child can't put a clock in his pocket. For it is plain that he would else be trying to do so sometime.

Now, where in the "Arabian Nights" do you find anything like this?—We answer, triumphantly, Nowhere!

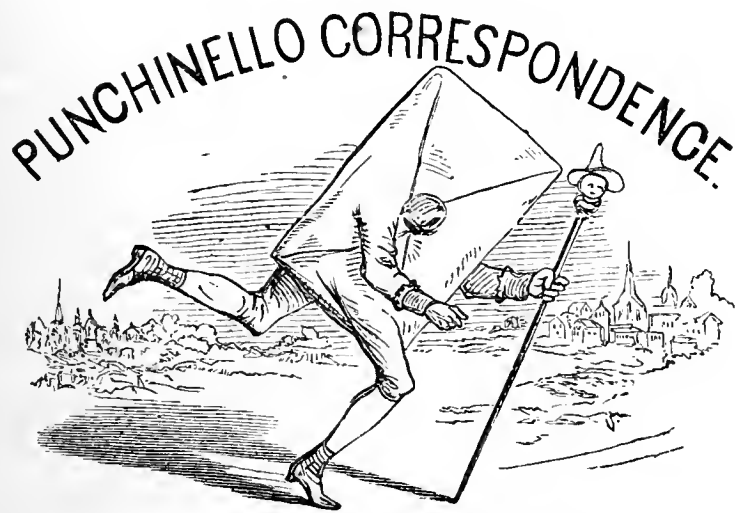
"JAMES," said his father, "do not shut up hot water too tight, and take care when it is over the fire."

"A lady was boiling coffee one day, and kept the cover on the coffee-pot too long. When she took it off, the water turned to steam, and flew up in her face, and took the skin off."

"Do you know how they make the wheels of a steamboat move? They shut up water tight in a great kettle and heat it. Then they open a hole which has a heavy iron bar in it, the steam lifts it, in trying to get out. That bar moves a lever, and the lever moves the wheels."

"Machines are wonderful things."

This fact the reader must distinctly realize. And doesn't he realize that the days of JACK, the Giant-killer, and Little Red Riding Hood, are about over? We want truth. The only question is, (as Festus observed), What is Truth?



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Derrick.—There is a superstition afloat that, if you see a ladder hoisted against a house, and, instead of passing outside the ladder you pass under it, some accident or affliction will befall you. What about this? *Answer.*—It all depends upon circumstances. If, while passing under the ladder, a hod of bricks should fall through it and strike you on the head, then an "accident or affliction" shall have befallen you: otherwise not.

Nincompoop.—I hear a great deal about the "log" of the *Cambria*. Can you tell me how it is likely to be disposed of? *Answer.*—It is to be manufactured into snuff-boxes for the officers and crew of the *Dawntless*, as a delicate admission that they are up to snuff and not to be sneezed at.

Nick of the Pick.—What is the best way of securing one's self from the bodily damages to which all persons who attend pic-nic parties now seem to be liable? *Answer.*—Don't go to pic-nic parties. Rough it at home.

John Brown.—We cannot insert jokes on the number of SMITHS in the world—except as advertisements. For lowest rates see terms on the cover.

Hircus.—We are sorry to say that your remarks on Baby Farming are not based upon facts. In nine cases out of ten it has nothing whatever to do with Husbandry.

Acorn.—As this is the seventh time you have written to us, asking whether corns can be cured by cutting, so it must be the last. The thing palls, and we must now try whether ACORN cannot be got rid of by cutting.

Horseman.—No; we never remember to have met a man who did not "know all about a horse." If such a man can be found, his fortune and that of the finder are assured.

Seeker.—It may be true that man changes once in every seven years, but that will hardly excuse you from paying your tailor's bill contracted in 1862, on the ground that you are not the same man.

Fond Mother.—None but a brutal bachelor would object to a "sweet little baby," merely because it was bald-headed.

Sempronius.—Would you advise me to commit suicide by hanging? *Answer.*—No. If you are really bound to hang, we would advise you to hang about some nice young female person's neck instead of by your own: it's pleasanter.

Wacks.—Yes, the Alaska seal contracts will undoubtedly include the great Seal of the United States.

"Talented" Author.—We do not pay for rejected communications.

Many Inquirers.—We can furnish back numbers to a limited extent; future ones by the cargo, or steamboat.

FINANCIAL.

WALL STREET, AUGUST 2ND.

RESPECTED SIR: Acting upon your suggestion that, despite the repugnance with which the truly artistic mind must ever view it, Commerce was a rising institution, and that amongst the thousands of the refined and haughty who read PUNCHINELLO with feelings of astonishment and awe, there were some misguided men whose energies had been perverted to the pursuit of filthy lucre, your contributor yesterday descended into

the purlieus of the city in quest of information wherewith to pander to the tastes of the debased few.

It would be useless to point out to you that 10 A. M. is not the hour at which it is the custom of Y. C. to tear himself from his luxurious couch. His conception of the exalted has always been associated with late breakfasts. On this memorable occasion, however, duty and a bell-boy called him; and at the extraordinary hour to which he has referred he arose and set about his investigations.

A party of distinguished and sorrowing friends accompanied him as far as BANG'S. The regard which he cherishes for poetry and art had hitherto marked out this pleasant hostelry as the utmost limit of his down-town perambulations. The conversation of his distinguished friends was elevating: the potations in which they drank their good wishes were equally, if not more so. Having deposited \$2.35 for safe-keeping with a trusted friend, your contributor hailed a Wall Street stage and sped fearlessly to his destination. He has gone through the ordeal safely. Annexed are the result of his labors, in the shape of bulletins which were forwarded to but never acknowledged by a frivolous and unfeeling editor.

WALL STREET, 10½ A. M.—The market opened briskly with a tendency towards DELMONICO'S for early refreshments. Eye-openers in active demand. Brokers have undergone an improvement.

11 A. M.—On the strength of a rumor that a gold dollar had been seen in an up-town jewelry store, gold declined 1-105.

11.15 A. M.—In consequence of a report that Col. JAS. FISK, JR., has secured a lease of Plymouth Church, and is already engaged in negotiations with several popular preachers, Eries advanced one-half per cent.

HALF-PAST ELEVEN A. M.—A reaction has commenced in Eries, it being given out that Madame KATHI LANNER had sustained an injury which would necessitate her withdrawal from the Grand Opera House.

TWELVE O'CLOCK.—Just heard some fellow saying, "St. Paul preferred." Couldn't catch the rest. It seems important. What did St. Paul prefer. Look it up, and send me word.

HALF-PAST TWELVE.—Market excited over a dog-fight. How about St. Paul?

ONE.—Police on the scene. Market relapsed. Anything of St. Paul yet? Send me what's-his-name's Commentaries on the Scriptures.

HALF-PAST ONE.—News has been received here that Commodore VANDERBILT was recently seen in the neighborhood of the Croton reservoir. In view of the anticipated watering process, N. Y. C. securities are buoyant. Many, however, would prefer their stock straight. But what was it St. Paul preferred? Do tell.

TWO O'CLOCK.—Immense excitement has been created on 'Change by a report that JAY GOULD had been observed discussing Corn with a prominent Government official. A second panic is predicted.

QUARTER PAST TWO.—Later advices confirm the above report. The place of their meeting is said to have been the Erie Restaurant. Great anxiety is felt among heavy speculators.

HALF-PAST TWO.—It is now ascertained that the Corn they were discussing was Hot Corn at lunch. A feeling of greater security prevails.

THREE O'CLOCK.—Intelligence has just reached here that a dime-piece was received in change this morning at a Broadway drinking saloon. Gold has receded one per cent. in consequence. Eries quiet, Judge BARNARD being out of town.

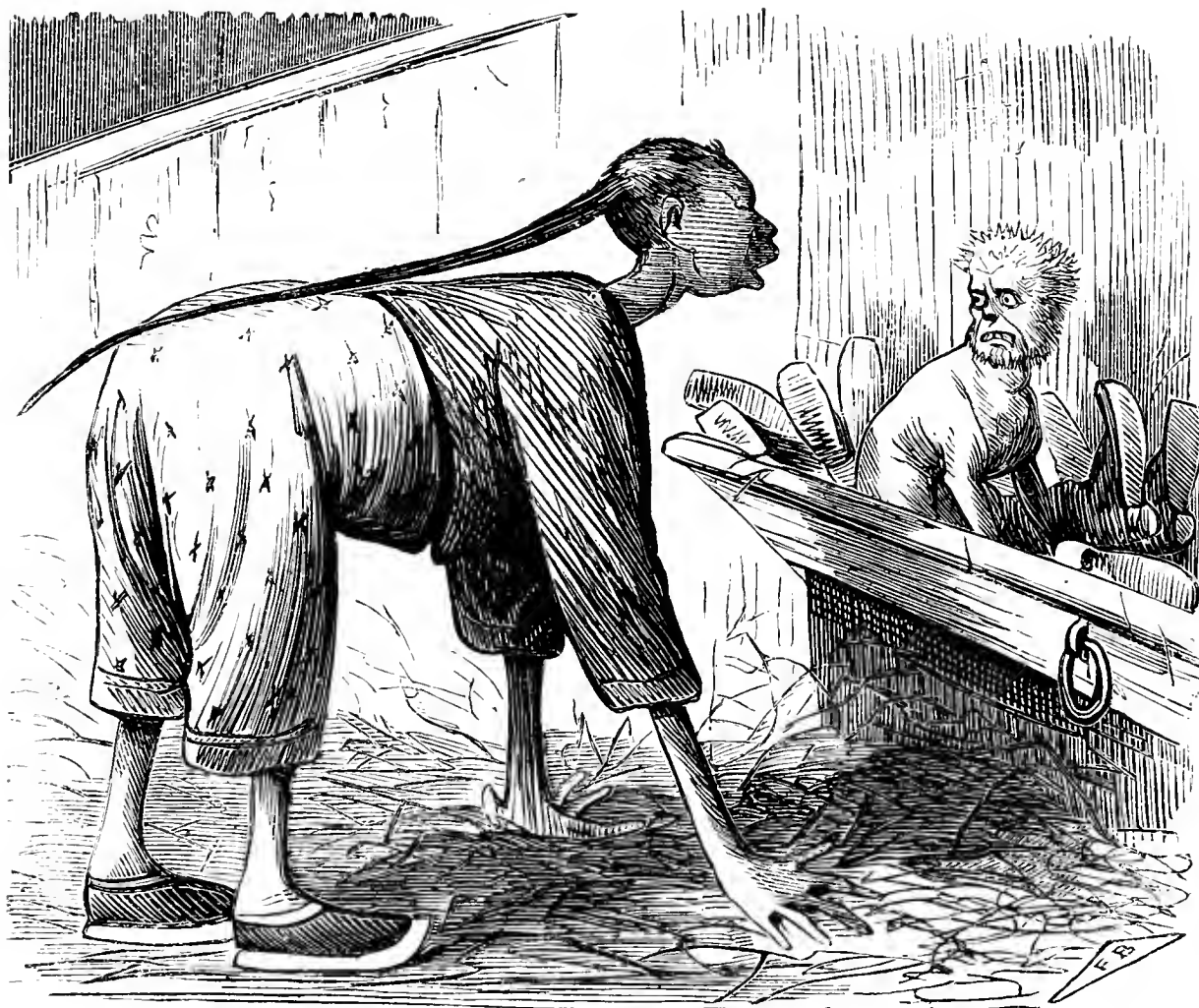
P.S. I haven't found out what St. Paul preferred. What's-his-name don't mention it in his Commentaries.

HALF-PAST THREE.—Sudden demand for New York Amusement Co.'s Stock. HARRY PALMER to reopen Tammany with a grand scalping scene in which the TWEED tribe of Indians will appear in aboriginal costume. NORTON, GENET, and confrères have kindly consented to perform their original rôles of *The Victims*.

P.S. Unless I receive some definite information concerning that preference of St. Paul's, I shall feel it incumbent on me to vacate my post of Financial Editor.

FOUR O'CLOCK.—On receipt of reassuring news from Europe, the market has advanced to DELMONICO'S, where wet goods are quoted from 10 cents upwards. Champagne brisk, with large sales. Counter-sales (sandwiches, etc.,) extensive. Change in greenbacks greasy.

P.S. Asked a fellow what St. Paul preferred. He said, "St. Paul Preferred Dividends, you know." Perhaps St. Paul did. A great many stockholders do. But what stock did St. Paul hold? Was it Mariposa or—"Only just taken one, but, as you observe, the weather is confounded hot—so I don't mind if I—" GREENBAYS.



THE DOG IN THE MANGER.

CRISPIN WON'T DO THE WORK HIMSELF, AND WON'T LET JOHN CHINAMAN DO IT.

OUR PORTFOLIO.

We have just received from "DICK TINTO," our special correspondent at the seat of war, the following metrical production said to have been written by HENRI ROCHEFORT in prison, but suppressed in obedience to orders from the Emperor. PUNCHINELLO felicitates his readers upon the enterprise which enables him to lay it before them, and flatters himself that the enormous trouble and expense involved in hauling it to this side of the Atlantic, will not prevent him from doing it again—if necessary.

AU PRINCE IMPERIAL.

SCENE.—A square fronting the Bureau of the chemin de fer for Chalons and Metz. Time, Midi.

The Prince Imperial, en route for the seat of war, is seated upon a milk-white steed. Beneath his left arm he convulsively carries a struggling game-cock, with gigantic gaffs, while his right hand feebly clutches a lance, the flapping of whose pennant in his face appears to give him great annoyance and suggests the services of a "Shoo-fly." Around him throng the ladies of the Imperial bed-chamber and a cohort of nurses, who cover his legs with kisses, and then dart furtively between his horse's *jambes* as if to escape the pressure of the crowd. Just beyond these a throng of hucksters, market-women, butchers, bakers, etc., vociferously urge him to accept their votive offerings of garden truck, carrots, cabbages, parsnips, haunches of beef, baskets of French rolls and the like, all of which the Prince proudly declines, whereupon the vast concourse breaks forth into this wild chant to the

BINGEN ON THE RHINE.

From fountains bright at fair Versailles,
And gardens of St. Cloud—
With a rooster of the Gallic breed
To cock-a-doodle-do—

Behold! our Prince Imperial comes,
And in his hands a lance,
That erst he'll cross with German spears
For glory and for France.

They've ta'en his bib and tucker off,
And set him on a steed;
That he may ride where soldiers ride,
And bleed where soldiers bleed.

They've cut his curls of jetty hair,
And armed him *cap à pie*;

Until he looks as fair a knight
As France could wish to see.

Ho! ladies of the chamber,
Ho! nurses, gather near;
Your charge upon a charger waits
To shed the parting tear.

Come! kiss him for his mother,
Et pour sa Majesté,
And twine his brow with garlands of
The fadeless *fleurs de lis*.

Voilà! who but a few moons gone
Of babies held the van,
Now wears his spurs and draws his blade
Like any other man!

Then come, ye courtly dames of France,
Oh! take him to your heart,
And cheer as only woman can
Our beardless BONAPARTE;

For ere another sun shall set,
Those lips cannot be kissed;
And through the grove and in the court
Their prattling will be missed.

The light that from those soft blue eyes
Now kindly answers thine,
Will flash where mighty armies tread,
Upon the banks of Rhine.

Yea, hide from him, as best you can,
All womanly alarms,
Nor smile with those who mocking cry,
"Behold! A babe-in-arms!"

A babe indeed! Oh! sland'rous tongues,
A Prince fresh from his smock,
Shows *manly* proof if he can stand
The battle shout and shock.

And this is one on whom the gods
Have put their stamp divine:
The latest, and perchance the last
Of Corsica's dread line.

Then for the Prince Imperial
Citoyens loudly cheer:

That his right arm may often bring
Some German to his bier;

That distant Rhineland, trembling,
May hear his battle-cry,
And neutral nations wondering ask,
"Oh! how is this for high?"

Our private dispatches from the seat of war in Europe are very confusing. The "Seat" appears to be considerably excited, but the "War" takes things easily, and seems to have "switched off" for an indefinite time. It is observed by many that there never was a war precisely like this war, and if it hadn't been for a Dutch female, the Duchess of Flanders, it is fair to suppose that PUNCHINELLO wouldn't have been out of pocket so much for cablegrams. The Duchess took it into her head (and her head appears to have had room for it,) that her blood relative, LEOPOLD, couldn't get his blood up to accept the Spanish Crown. Well, as it turned out, the Duchess was right. Anyhow, she went for L., (a letter by the way, which few Englishman can pronounce in polite society,) and told him that there was

"* * * a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

LEOPOLD said he had heard of that tide; but he didn't believe in always "follerin' on it," no matter what betided. Then the Duchess got up her Dutch spunk, and spoke out pretty freely, saying as much as if LEOPOLD were a tame sort of poodle, and that *she* ought to have been born to wear breeches, just to show him how a man should act in a great crisis like the present.

"Just so," says LEOPOLD, "but you see the 'crisis' is what's the matter. If it wasn't for the 'crisis,' I'd go in for ISABELLA's old arm-chair faster than a hungry pig could root up potatoes." FLANDERS saw at a glance how the goose hung, and that her bread would all be dough if something wasn't done, and that quickly. She knew LEOPOLD's weakness for Schnapps, when he was a boy at Schiedam, and, producing a bottle of the Aromatic elixir, with which she had previously armed herself in expectation of his obstinacy, poured out a glassful and requested him to clear his voice with it. Fifteen minutes after his vocal organs had been thus renewed, LEOPOLD was in a condition to see things in an entirely new light, and hesitated no longer to write the following note to General PRIM:

Dear PRIM: The thing has been satisfactorily explained to me, and I accept. Enclosed find a bottle of Schnapps. You never tasted Schnapps like this. The Duchess says she don't care a cuss for NAP, and that I mustn't neither.

LEOPOLD, SIGMARINGEN-HOHENZOLLERN.

This is a veritable account of the origin of the European "unpleasantness," and can be certified to any one who will call upon us and examine the original dispatches.

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EXTREMELY LOW PRICES,
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TWO CASES EXTRA QUALITY
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Trimming Silks and Satins.

Cut Either Straight or Bias, for
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A CHOICE AND SELECTED STOCK OF
Colored Gros Grain Silks,
At \$2.50 and \$2.75 per yard.

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A PASSAGE FROM CENTRAL PARK.

Whittier's Barefoot Boy. "O GOLLY! WHAT A SHAME FOR THAT OLD CUSS TO CHUCK THE STUMP OF HIS CIGAR INTO THE LAKE, 'STEAD OF DROPPIN' IT WHERE A FELLER COULD PICK IT UP!"

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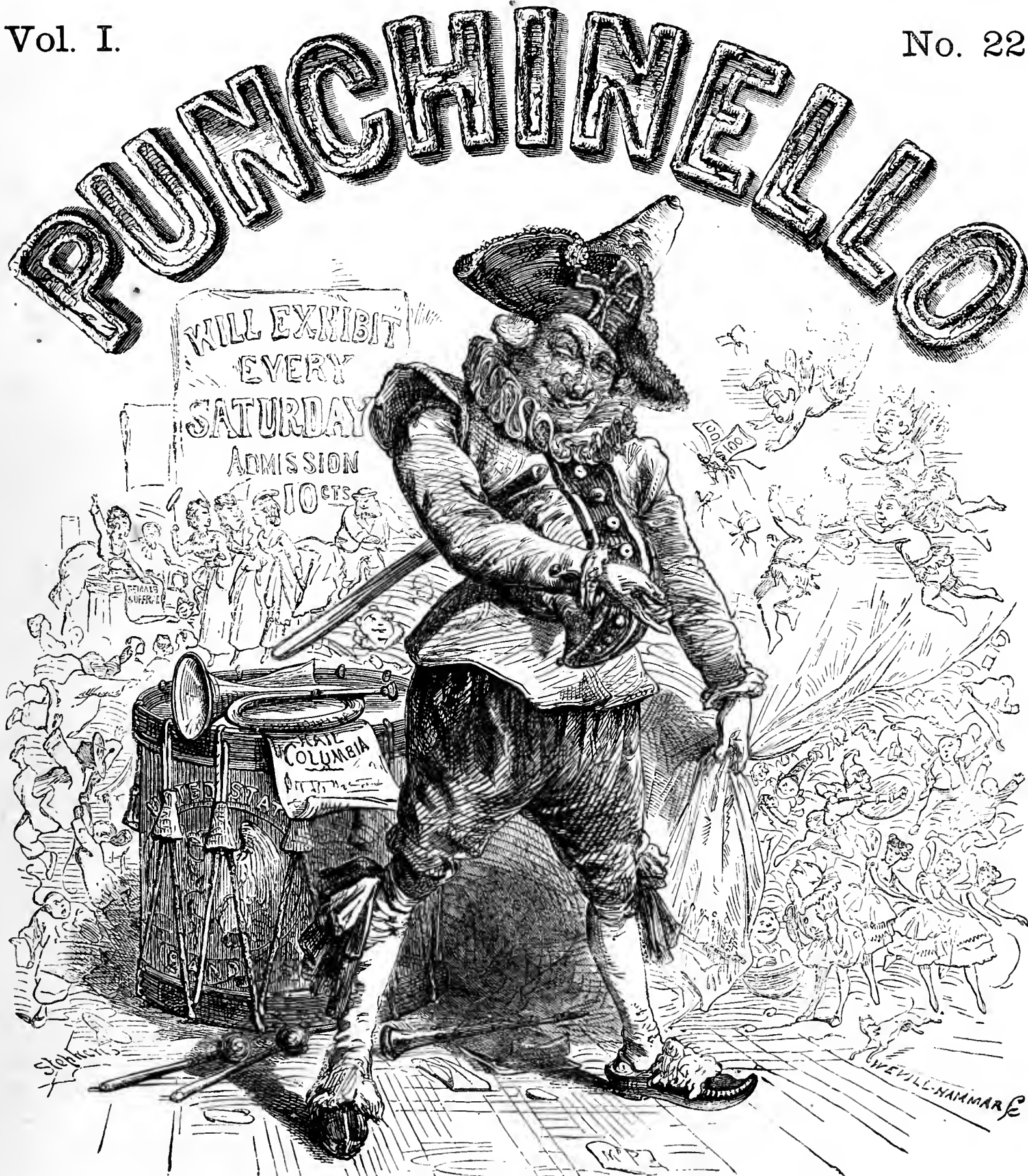
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Vol. I.

No. 22.



SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1870.

PUBLISHED BY THE
PUNCHINELLO PUBLISHING COMPANY,
83 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.

THE MYSTERY OF MR. E. DROOD,
By ORPHEUS C. KERR,
Continued in this Number.

See 15th Page for Extra Premiums.

\$47,000 REWARD.**PROCLAMATION.****The Murder of Mr. Benjamin Nathan.**

The widow having determined to increase the rewards heretofore offered by me (in my proclamation of July 29), and no result having yet been obtained, and suggestions having been made that the rewards were not sufficiently distributive or specific, the offers in the previous proclamation are hereby superseded by the following:

A REWARD of \$30,000 will be paid for the arrest and conviction of the murderer of BENJAMIN NATHAN, who was killed in his house, No. 12 West Twenty-third Street, New York, on the morning of Friday, July 29.

A REWARD of \$1,000 will be paid for the identification and recovery of each and every one of the three Diamond Studs which were taken from the clothing of the deceased on the night of the murder. Two of the diamonds weighed, together, 1, $\frac{1}{2}$, and $\frac{1}{3}$, and 1-16 carats, and the other, a flat stone, showing nearly a surface of one carat, weighed $\frac{3}{4}$ and 1-32. All three were mounted in skeleton settings, with spiral screws, but the color of the gold setting of the flat diamond was not so dark as the other two.

A REWARD of \$1,500 will be paid for the identification and recovery of one of the watches, being the Gold anchor Hunting-case Stem-winding Watch, No. 5657, 19 lines, or about two inches in diameter, made by Ed. Perregaux; or for the Chain and Seals thereto attached. The Chain is very massive, with square links, and carries a Pendant Chain with two seals, one of them having the monogram "B. N.," cut thereon.

A REWARD of \$300 will be given for information leading to the identification and recovery of an old-fashioned open-faced Gold Watch, with gold dial, showing rays diverging from the center, and with raised figures; believed to have been made by Tobias, and which was taken at the same time as the above articles.

A REWARD of \$300 will be given for the recovery of a Gold Medal of about the size of a silver dollar, and which bears an inscription of presentation not precisely known, but believed to be either "To Sampson Simpson, President of the Jews' Hospital," or, "To Benjamin Nathan, President of the Jews' Hospital."

A REWARD of \$100 will be given for full and complete detailed information descriptive of this medal, which may be useful in securing its recovery.

A REWARD of \$1,000 will be given for information leading to the identification of the instrument used in committing the murder, which is known as a "dog" or clamp, and is a piece of wrought iron about sixteen inches long, turned up for about an inch at each end, and sharp; such as is used by ship-carpenters, or post-trimmers, ladder-makers, pump-makers, sawyers, or by iron-moulders to clamp their flasks.

A REWARD of \$800 will be given to the man who, on the morning of the murder, was seen to ascend the steps and pick up a piece of paper lying there, and then walk away with it, if he will come forward and produce it.

Any information bearing upon the case may be sent to the Mayor, John Jourdan, Superintendent of Police City of New York; or to James J. Kelso, Chief Detective Officer.

A. OAKLEY HALL, Mayor.

The foregoing rewards are offered by the request of, and are guaranteed by me.

Signed, EMILY G. NATHAN,

Widow of B. NATHAN.

The following reward has also been offered by the New York Stock Exchange:

\$10,000.—The New York Stock Exchange offers a reward of Ten Thousand Dollars for the arrest and conviction of the murderer or murderers of Benjamin Nathan, late a member of said Exchange, who was killed on the night of July 28, 1870, at his house in Twenty-third street, New York City.

J. L. BROWNELL, Vice-Chairman

Gov. Com.

D. C. HAYS, Treasurer.

B. O. WHITE, Secretary.

MAYOR'S OFFICE, New York, August 5, 1870.

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ESTABLISHED 1866.

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THE
MYSTERY OF MR. E. DROOD.

AN ADAPTATION.

BY ORPHEUS C. KERR.

CHAPTER XV.

"SPOTTED."

When the bell of St. Cow's began ringing for Ritualistic morning-service, with a sound as of some incontinently rambling dun spinster of the lacteal herd—now near at hand in cracked dissonance, as the wind blows hither; now afar, in tinkling distance, as the wind blows hence—MONTGOMERY PENDRAGON was several miles away from Bamsteadville upon his walking-match, with head already bumped like a pineapple, and face curiously swelled, from amateur practice with the Indian Club. Being by that time cold enough for breakfast, and willing to try the virtues of some soothing application to his right eye, which, from a bruise just below it, was nearly closed, the badly banged young man suspended his murderous calisthenics at the door of a rustic hotel, and there entered to secure a wayside meal.

The American country "hotel," or half-way house, is, perhaps, one of the most depressing fictions ever encountered by stage-passenger, or pedestrian afield: and depends so exclusively upon the imagination for any earthly distinction from the retired and neglected private hiding-place of some decayed and morbid agricultural family, that only the conventional swing sign-board before the door saves the cognizant mind from a painfully dense confusion. Smelling about equally of eternal wash-day, casual cow-shed, and passing feather-bed, it sustains a lank, middle-aged, gristly man to come out at the same hour every day and grunt unintelligibly at the stage-driver, an expressionless boy in a bandless straw-hat and no shoes to stare blankly from the doorway at the same old pole-horse he has mechanically thus inspected from infancy, and one speckled hen of mature years to poise observingly on single leg at the head of the shapeless black dog asleep at the sunny end of the low wooden stoop. It is the one rural spot on earth where a call for fresh eggs evokes remonstrative and chronic denial; where chickens for dinner are sternly discredited as mere freaks of legendary romance, and an order for a glass of new milk is incredulously answered by a tumblerful of water which tastes of whitewash-brush. Whosoever sleeps there of a night shall be crowded by walls which rub off into a faint feather-bed of the flavor and consistency of geese used whole, and have for his feverish breakfast in the morning a version of broiled ham as racy of attic-salt as the rasher of Bacon's essays. And to him who pays his bill there, ere he straggles weakly forth to repair his shattered health by frenzied flight, shall be given in change such hoary ten-cent shreds of former postal currency as he has not hitherto deemed credible, sticking together in inextricable conglomeration by such fragments of fish-scales as he never before believed could be gathered by handled small-money from palms not sufficiently washed after piscatorial diversion.

It was in at a country hotel, then, that the young Southern pedestrian turned for temporary rest and a meal, and pitiless was the cross-examination instituted by the inevitable lank, middle-aged gristly man, before he could reconcile it with his duty as a cautious public character to reveal the treasures of the larder. Those bumps on the head, that swollen eye, and nose, came—did they?—from swinging this here club for exercise. Well, he wanted to know, now! People generally used two of the clubs at once—did they?—but one was enough for a beginner. Well, he *wanted* to know, now!! Could he supply a couple of poached eggs and a cup of milk? No, young man; but a slice of corned pork and a bowl of tea were within the resources of the establishment.

When at length upon the road again, the bruised youth resolved to follow a cattle-track "across lots," for the greater space in which to exercise with his Indian club as he walked. Like any other novice in the practice, he could not divest his mind of the impression, that the frightful thumps he continually received, in twirling the merciless thing around and behind his devoted head, were due to some kind of crowding influence from the boundaries on either side the way, and it was to gain relief from such damaging contraction of area that he left the highway for the wider wintry fields. Going onward in these latter at an irregular pace; sometimes momentarily stunned into a rangy stagger by a sounding blow on the cerebrum or the cerebellum; and, again, ir-

ritated almost to a run by contusion of shoulder-blade or funny-bone; he finally became aware that two men were following him through the lots, and that with a closeness of attention indicating more than common interest. To the perception of his keenly sensitive Southern nature they at once became ribald Yankee vandals, hoping for unseemly amusement from the detection of some awkwardness in the Indian-club-play of a defeated but not conquered Southern Gentleman; and, in the haughty sectional pride of his contemptuous soul, he indignantly determined to show not the least consciousness of their disrespectful observation. Twirling the club around and around his battered head with increasing velocity, he smiled scornfully to himself, nor deigned a single backward glance at the one of his two followers who approached more rapidly than the other. He heard the hindmost say to the foremost, "Leave him alone, I tell you, and he'll knock himself down in a minute," and, in a passionately reckless effort of sheer bravado to catch the club from one hand with the other while it yet circled swiftly over his skull, he accidentally brought the ungovernable weapon into tremendous contact with the top of his head, and dashed himself violently to the earth.

"Didn't I tell you he'd do it?" cried the hindmost of the two strangers, coming up; while the other coolly seated himself upon the prostrated victim. "These here Indian clubs always throw a man if he ain't got muscle in his arms; and this here little Chivalry has got arms like a couple of canes."

"Arise from me instantly, fellow. You're sitting upon my breast-pin," exclaimed MONTGOMERY to the person sitting upon him.

They suffered him to regain his feet, which he did with extreme hauteur, and surveyed his bumped head and swollen countenance with undisguised wonder.

"How dare you treat a Southerner in this way?" continued the young man, his head aching inexpressibly. "I thought the war was over long ago. If money is your object, seek out a citizen of some other section than mine; for the South is out of funds just now, owing to the military outrages of Northern scorpions."

"We're constables, Mr. PENDRAGON," was the reply, "and it is our duty to take you back to the main road, where a couple of your friends are waiting for you."

Staring from one to the other in speechless wonder at what this fresh outrage upon the down-trodden South could mean, MONTGOMERY allowed them to replace his Indian club in his hand, and conduct him back to the public road; where, to his increased bewilderment, he found Gospeler SIMPSON and the Ritualistic organist.

"What is the matter, gentlemen?" he asked, in great agitation: "must I take the oath of Loyalty; or am I required by Yankee philanthropy to marry a negress?"

At the sound of his voice, Mr. BUMSTEAD left the shoulder of Mr. SIMPSON, upon which he had been leaning with great weight, and, coming forward in three long skips, deliberately wound his right hand in the speaker's neck-tie.

"Where are those nephews—where's that umbrella?" demanded the organist, with considerable ferocity.

"Nephews!—umbrella!" gasped the other.

"The EDWINS—bone handle," explained Mr. BUMSTEAD, lurching towards his captive.

"Mr. MONTGOMERY," interposed the Gospeler, sadly, Mr. DROOD went out with you last night, late, from his estimable uncle's lodgings, and has not been seen since. Where is he?"

"He went back into the house again, sir, after I had walked him up and down the road a few times."

"Well, then, where's that umbrella?" roared the organist, who seemed quite beside himself with grief and excitement.

"Mr. BUMSTEAD, pray be more calm," implored the Reverend OCTAVIUS.

"Mr. MONTGOMERY, this agitated gentleman's nephew has been mysteriously missing ever since he went out with you at midnight: also an alpaca umbrella."

"Upon my honor, I know nothing of either," ejaculated the unhappy Southerner.

Mr. BUMSTEAD, still holding him by the neck-tie, cast a fiery and unsettled glance around at nothing in particular; then ground his teeth audibly, and scowled.

"My boy's missing!" he said, hissing.—"Y'nnderstand?—he's missing.—I must insist upon searching the prisoner."

In the presence of Gospeler and constables, and loftily regardless alike of their startled wonder and the young man's protests, the mad-dened uncle of the lost DROOD deliberately examined all the captive's

pockets in succession. In one of them was a penknife, which, after thoughtfully trying it upon his pink nails, he abstractedly placed in his own pocket. Searching next the overwhelmed Southerner's travelling-satchel, he found in it an apple, which he first eyed with marked suspicion, and then bit largely into, as though half expecting to find in it some traces of his nephew.

"I'll keep this suspicious fruit," he remarked, with a hollow laugh; and, bearing unreservedly upon the nearer arm of the hapless MONTGOMERY, and eating audibly as he surged onward, he started on the return march for Bumsteadville.

Not a word more was spoken until, after a cool Christmas stroll of about eight and a quarter miles, the whole party stood before Judge SWEENEY in the house of the latter. There, when the story had been sorrowfully repeated by the Gospeler, Mr. BUMSTEAD exhibited the core of the apple, and tickled the magistrate almost into hysterics by whispering very closely in his ear, that it was a core curiously similar to that of the last apple eaten by his nephew; and, having been found in an apple from the prisoner's satchel, might be useful in evidence. Judge SWEENEY wished to know if Mr. PENDRAGON had any political relations, or could influence any votes? and, upon being answered in the negative, eyed the young man sternly, and said that appearances were decidedly against him. He could not exactly commit him to jail without accusation, although the apple-core and his political unimportance subjected him to grave suspicion: but he should hold the Gospeler responsible for the youth's appearance at any time when his presence should be required. Mr. BUMSTEAD, whose eyes were becoming very glassy, then suggested that a handbill should be at once printed and circulated, to the effect that there had been Lost, or Stolen, two Black Alpaca Nephews, about 5 feet 8 inches high, with a bone handle, light eyes and hair, and whalebone ribs; and that if the said EDWIN would return, with a brass ferule slightly worn, the finder should receive earnest thanks, and be seen safely to his home by J. BUMSTEAD. Mr. Gospeler SIMPSON and Judge SWEENEY agreed that a handbill should be issued: but thought it might confuse the public mind if the missing nephew and the lost umbrella were not kept separate.

"Has either 'f yongen'tmen ever been 'n Uncle?" asked the Ritualistic organist, with dark intensity.

They shook their heads.

"Then," said Mr. BUMSTEAD, with great force,—"THEN, gen'tmen, you-know-nor-wahritis-to-lose-'n-umbrella!"

Before they could decide in their weaker minds what the immediate connection was, he had left them, at a sharp slant, in great intellectual disturbance, and was passing out through the entry-way with both his hands against the wall.

Early next morning, while young Mr. PENDRAGON was locked in his room, startled and wretched, the inconsolable uncle of EDWIN DROOD was energetically ransacking every part of Bumsteadville for the missing man. House after house he visited, like some unholy inspector: peering up chimneys, prodding under carpets, and staying a long time in cellars where there was cider. Not a bit of paper or cloth blew along the turnpike but he eagerly picked it up, searched in it with the most anxious care, and finally placed it in his hat. Going to the Pond, with a borrowed hatchet, he cut a hole in the thick ice, lost the hatchet, and, after bathing his head in the water, declared that his alpaca nephew was not there. Finding an antique flask in one of his pockets, he gradually removed all the liquid contents therefrom with a tubular straw, but still could discern no traces of EDWIN DROOD. All the live-long day he prosecuted his researches, to the great discomposure of the populace: and, with whitewash all over the back of his coat, and very dingy hands, had just seated himself at his own fireside in the evening, when Mr. DIBBLE came in.

"This is a strange disappearance," said Mr. DIBBLE.

"And it was good as new," groaned the organist, with but one eye open.

"Almost new!—*what* was?"

"Th'umbrella."

"Mr. BUMSTEAD," returned the old man, coldly, "I am not talking of an umbrella, but of Mr. EDWIN."

"Yesh, I know," said the uncle. "Awright. I'm liddle sleepy; tha'sall."

"I've just seen my ward, Mr. BUMSTEAD."

"She puerwell, shir?"

"She is *not* pretty well. Nor is Miss PENDRAGON."

"I'm vahr' sorry," said Mr. BUMSTEAD, just audibly.

"Miss PENDRAGON scorns the thought of any blame for her brother," continued Mr. DIBBLE, eyeing the fire.

"It had a bun—bone handle," muttered the other, dreamily. Then, with a momentary brightening—"scuse me, shir: whah'll y' take?"

"Nothing, sir!" was the sharp response. "I'm not at all thirsty. But there is something more to tell you. At the last meeting of my ward and your nephew—just before your dinner here,—they concluded to break their engagement of marriage, for certain good reasons, and thenceforth be only brother and sister to each other."

Starting forward in his chair, with partially opened eyes, the white-washed and dingy Mr. BUMSTEAD managed to get off his hat, covering himself with a bandanna handkerchief and innumerable old pieces of paper and cloth, as he did so, from head to foot; made a feeble effort to throw it at the aged lawyer; and then, chair and all, tumbled forward with a crash to the rug, where he lay in a refreshing sleep.

(To be Continued.)

CHINCAPIN AT LONG BRANCH.

A QUAKER friend of mine once observed that he loved the Ocean for its Broad Brim. So do I, but not for that alone. I am partial to it on account of the somewhat extensive facilities it affords for Sea Bathing. Learning to swim, by the way, was my principal Elementary study. I have just returned from taking a plunge in company with many other distinguished persons. How it cools one to rush into the "Boiling Surf." How refreshing to dive Below the Billow. I don't think I could ever have a Surfeit of the Surf, I am so fond of it. Oh! the Sea! the Sea! with its darkly, deeply cerulean—but stop! I am getting out of my depth. Would that I were a poet, that I—But I ain't, so what's the use?

As I sat on the verandah of the ——— Hotel the other morning, gazing on the broad expanse of Ocean and wiping the perspiration which trickled from my lofty brow, (the thermometer marked 90 degrees,) I could not help recalling the beautifully appropriate lines of the celebrated bard:

"When the sun's perpendicular rays
Begin to illumine the Sea,
The fishes exclaim in amaze
'Confound it! how hot it will be!'"

What a pity that the Bathing here has a drawback. I refer, of course, to the Under Tow, which has caused some Untoward accidents. Those who have experienced it, say it is impossible to keep your Feet when caught by the Under Tow. Presence of mind is indispensable in such a case, but, unfortunately, timid swimmers are too apt to lose their Heads as well as their feet. Some of the lady visitors are Beautiful Swimmers, and their Divers Charms excite universal admiration. Many of these fair Amphitrites are so constantly in or on the water that it would hardly be a Fib to call them Amphibious. Their husbands and brothers are, I regret to say, not so much On the Water, preferring something a trifle stronger semi-occasionally, if not oftener.

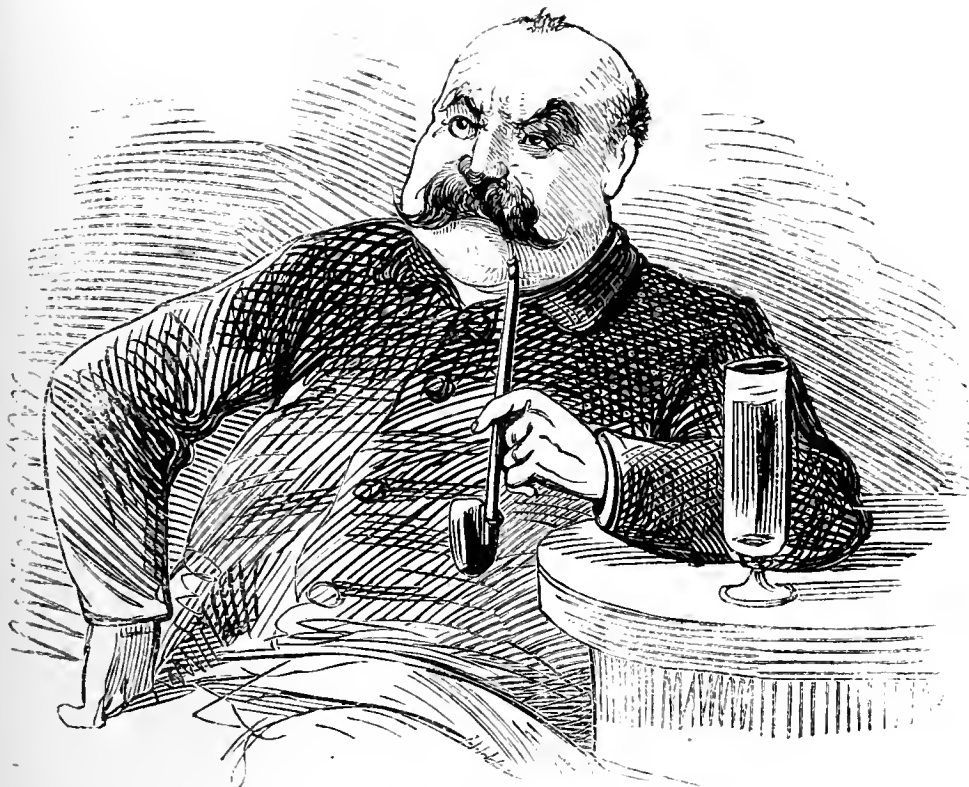
You know what a popular amusement crabbing is here. I seldom indulge in it myself, as I have bad luck, which makes me Crabbed.

Our "distinguished guests," as JENKINS would say, are very numerous, and it is truly an edifying sight to see judges, legislators, eminent politicians, and other "Heads of the People" bobbing about in the water together.

Some folks don't seem to care what they spend when they come here, and no sooner arrive at the Branch than they Branch out into all sorts of extravagance. There is some superb horseflesh here just now, and the fastest nags may be seen doing their Level best on the Smooth Beach. The Race Track, Grand Stand, &c., are all that the vivid fancy of a PUNCHINELLO can paint them. The bathing costumes! who can do justice to them and their lovely wearers? Some time ago, (as I am informed,) a lady made her appearance on the beach as a Nereid. Did you Ne'er read of the Nereids, Mr. PUNCHINELLO? If you have, you are aware that they were the Sea Nymphs of the Ancients, in other words the Old Maids of the Sea, who never got married, and frequently played Sealy tricks on Mariners. The Nereid referred to was arrayed in pea green and spangles, with green tresses, which is very well known to be the correct costume of a mermaid of antiquity, copied from the latest Paris fashions. This Spritely lady was, however, unprovided with a tail, which was Unmermaidenlike in the Extreme.

You know how brilliant the Hops are, so I will Skip them. One thing, however, is worth noting. At some of the Hotels they have a Spread on the carpet before the dancing begins, as well as a supper afterwards. The excellent music of the Hotel bands is Instrumental in drawing crowds of listeners to the Ball rooms. Some Chinese Jugglers gave an entertainment here the other evening, but I didn't go, not being in the Juggler Vein.

Yours Reverentially, CHINCAPIN.



PRUSSIC ACID.

"FIFTY DOUSAND FENIANS ARMED MID REPEATERS FOR FRANCE! LET 'EM GO!
BEESMARK WILL MAKE DEM NOT COOM PACK TO REPEAT IN DIS GOONDERY NO MORE!"

THE POEMS OF THE CRADLE.

CANTO IV.

Little JACK HORNER
Sat in a corner,
Eating a Christmas Pie;
He put in his thumb
And pulled out a plum,
And said, "What a brave boy am I."

In Canto I, I have shown the varied emotions which seized the tender soul of Old Mother HUBBARD'S Dog. Emotions so fierce in their sorrow, that they left not a single wiggle in his tail: his hopes were crushed, his expectations ruined. In Canto II I have pictured the musical propensities of the genus *Cat*, the wandering vagaries of the moon-dane cow, the purp's withering contempt thereat, and the frisky evolutions of the dish which rolled off on its ear. In Canto III I have portrayed the "tender passion" and its melancholy result on the hill-side—a fitting illustration of the fact that the course of true love never did run smooth, especially if there were big rocks to knock one's toes against. And now, in Canto IV, I am about to portray childish innocence in the pursuit of bliss.

All things are graded, with the trifling exception of many of our streets. But who cares about this grade of bliss? I don't, and I am sure the poet didn't when he sang the lines at the head of this chapter. Bliss is graded. The old man in Wall street, with white hair and white necktie, and smooth polished tongue, has his degree of bliss when he is engaged in throwing stones at the Apes in the tree-top, that they may return the throw with gold cocoa-nuts. The young lady has her degree of bliss when her waist is entwined by "Dear CHAWLES," who soothes her troubled spirit with the tender melody of "Red as a beet is she,"—alluding to her would-be rival. The nice young man has his degree of bliss when he chews a tooth-pick—poor goose! (not the nice young man, but the fowl which gave the quill,)—and is given a smile by a dark-eyed female in a passing stage.

And Infandom has— But our poet beautifully illustrates this in the stanzas we have quoted.

"Little JACK HORNER,"

says he, with the easy grace of one perfectly familiar with the subject he is to treat; neither frightened at its immensity, nor putting himself in the way of a dilemma by stopping to examine details. Little JACK was the poet's pet because he was the afflicted one of the household, and poets know full well how to sympathize with affliction. Perhaps JACK sat down to dinner next to cross-eyed SUSAN ANN, "by Brother BILL's gal," and perhaps JACK's nose was tickled by a little blue-bottle, and that he sneezed right into her soup-plate; and then he was hurried from

the table for blowing a fly into SUSAN ANN's soup! He would lose his dinner. His napkin would miss its accustomed wash!

"Shall it be thus? No!" says the poet. "Dry your tears, little JACK, go to the well-stocked pantry, my boy, and get something to eat. The jury will not convict you of stealing, for their verdict will be that you did the deed in self-defence." And he did—go to the closet, and—

"Sat in the corner,
Eating a Christmas Pie."

See the smiles as they wreath themselves on his chubby countenance. How little JACK looks at the pie! how he turns it round and round to find the best spot whereon to begin the attack! How he smacks his lips, and thinks how nice it would be if he *could* wish to give SUSAN ANN a taste! But he can't.

Suddenly an idea strikes JACK. He has heard Uncle TOM talk of a big war between Frawnce and Proossia, and all about the soldiers and the cannon, and the big noises. Little JACK will make war on the pie. He will be Frawnce, the pie will be Proossia. He sets it squarely before him on the floor; rolls up his sleeves, may be; his eyes sparkle with determination; he finds the most vulnerable spot in the crust; he makes one bold dive with his thumb, it goes down, down down, crushing everything before it; it feels something; renewed vigor flows through JACK's veins, and gives him new strength for the attack; victory crowns him; and, in the words of the poet,

"He pulled out a plum,
And said, 'What a brave boy am I.'"

—Now he is happy. He has realized his fondest hopes. The blue-bottle has no tickle for him now. He was Frawnce and he has licked Proossia. There is nothing left but the plate, and his teeth are not hard enough for that.

"Hooray for the Impurrry!"

THE ardor with which our Milesian element embraces the cause of France furnishes a puzzle for many thoughtful minds; and yet its solution is simple. In planning a passage of the Rhine, LOUIS NAPOLEON proposes to BRIDGET. That's all.

A Roland for his Oliver.

OLIVER DYER, of the *Sun*, is the original "Dyer Necessity that knows no law."

OUR PORTFOLIO.

AND now comes to light another divorce case in Chicago. Mrs. HUGG sues Mr. HUGG for a decree *e vinculo matrimonii*. If there is anything in a name, no one will gainsay the observation that if hugging has lost its charm, Mrs. HUGG is the last person to make a fuss about it. She took her HUGG with a full knowledge of the circumstances, and it is contrary to public policy and good morals that her plea of "hugged out" should enable her to obtain the remedy which she seeks.

IN France they do not wait for the completion of the years of adolescence to dub a scion of the royal family with the title of "man." The Prince Imperial, prior to his departure for the wars, was presented at Court as the "first gentleman" of France. For a youth of fourteen he is said to have gone through the trying ceremonies with great credit until directed by his mamma to dance with a venerable female of noble blood, just as he was about to lead a beautiful American miss through the mazes of a Schottische. The son of his father took one glance at the ancient dame, and one at the lovely creature beside him, and then set up a right royal blubber of disappointment.

"Remember, my son," said EUGENIE, "you are a man now, and men never cry."

"Oh! mamma," sighed the afflicted Prince, "let me be a boy again, rather than dance with *cette vieille* yonder!"

Alas! for the ambition of monarchs, who put forward their beardless progeny to do the deeds of men, and to suffer with men's fortitude, when they are more fit to be puling in a nurse's arms, or unravelling silk skeins for some maid of honor.

THE WATERING PLACES.

Punchinello's Vacations.

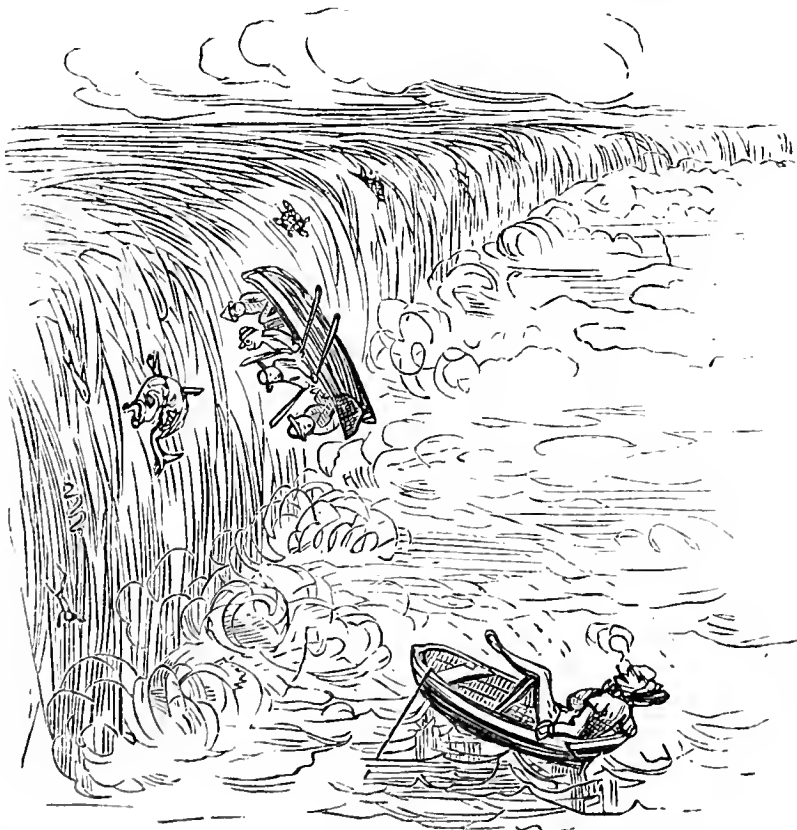
It was hot when Mr. PUNCHINELLO started for Niagara. So hot that no allusions to Fahrenheit would give an idea of the tremendous preponderance of caloric in the atmosphere. The trip was full of discomforts, and there was great danger, at one time, that the train would arrive at Niagara with a load of desiccated bodies. Of course the water all boiled away in the engine-tanks, causing endless stoppages; and of course the hot sun, pouring directly upon the roof of the cars, caused the boards thereof to curl up and twist about in such fantastic fashion, that they afforded no protection whatever to the passengers, who were obliged to resort to sunshades and umbrellas, or get under the seats. Added to this were the facts that the ice-water in the coolers scalded the mouth; the brass-work on the seats blistered the hands; and the empty stoves, almost red-hot from their exposure to the sun, superheated the cars to a degree that was maddening. Added to these was the fact that the intense heat expanded the rails until they were several miles longer than usual, and thus the passengers suffered the tortures of the transit for an increased length of time.

When, at last, Mr. P. was conveyed, in a stifling hack, (the fare had risen, under the unusual circumstances, about one hundred and ten degrees,) to a stifling little room under the hot roof of an hotel exposed to the sun on every side, and had taken an extempore Russian bath while changing his linen, and had partaken of a hot dinner, he might have been excused for saying that he would like to cool off a little.

Inquiring if there was any stream of water convenient, he was directed to the river Niagara, which runs hard by the hotel.

Reaching the banks of the river, Mr. P. was very much pleased by the prospect. There is a considerable depression in the bed of the stream at one point, and the water runs over the rocks quite rapidly, carrying with it such leaves, twigs, steamboats or other objects that may be floating upon its surface.

Mr. P. immediately perceived the advantages of this condition of things to a gentleman suffering from the heat, and procuring a boat, he rowed close to the foot of a cascade formed by the inclination in the bed of the river, and throwing out his anchor, revelled in the luxury of the cool spray and the refreshing sound of the rushing water.



Does not this look cool?

When sufficiently refreshed, Mr. P. rowed to shore, feeling like another man. With the greatest confidence in its merits, he recommends his plan to those who may be suffering from the summer heat.

After breakfast the next morning, Mr. P. set out to see what he could see. He did not engage the services of any hackman or professional guide.

He had heard of their extortions, and determined to submit to nothing of the kind. He intended relying entirely upon himself. He walked

some distance without meeting with any of the places of interest of which he had heard so much.

Meeting at length with a respectable elderly gentleman, Mr. P. inquired of him the way to the Cave of the Winds.

"The Cave of the Winds? Ah!" said this worthy person. "You turn to your left here, sir—ah! and then you keep on for about—ah! half a mile, and you will—ah! see a gate—ah! Behind that is a man and the cave—ah!"

Mr. P. thanked him and was proceeding on his way, when the worthy citizen touched him on the arm, saying:



"Twenty-one dollars, if you please, sir."

"Twenty-one dev—developments!" cried Mr. P. "Why, what do you mean?"

"Information, sir; fifty cents a word; forty-two words; twenty-one dollars."

It must not be supposed that Mr. P. submitted tamely to this outrage, but after a long dispute, it was agreed to refer the matter to the arbitration of three of the principal citizens. They promptly decided that the charge was just and must be paid, but, owing to Mr. P.'s earnest protestations, they agreed to throw out the "ahs," as being of doubtful value as information. The sum thus saved to Mr. P. exactly paid for drinks for the party.

Mr. P. now very sensibly concluded that it was about time to leave, if his editors, his printers, and the employes in his pun-factory were to expect any pay that week, and so he set out for home in the evening, taking a short cut by the way of Montreal.

He thought that a day might be very profitably spent here, especially if he could fall in with any of the French-Canadians, of whose peculiarities he had heard so much. The study of human nature was always Mr. P.'s particular forte.

On the morning of his arrival, Mr. P. met, in the dining-room of the hotel, a gentleman who was unmistakably a Frenchman, and being in Canada, was probably Canadian. As they were sitting together at the table, Mr. P., having mentally rubbed up his knowledge of the French language, addressed his companion thus:

"Avez-vous le chapeau de mon frere?"

The gentleman thus politely addressed, bowed, smiled, and after a little hesitation answered:

"Non, Monsieur; mais j'ai le fromage de votre sœur."

"Eh bien," said Mr. P., as he scratched his head for a moment.

"Olez vous vos souliers et vos bas?"

The other answered promptly, "Je n'ote ni les uns ni les autres."

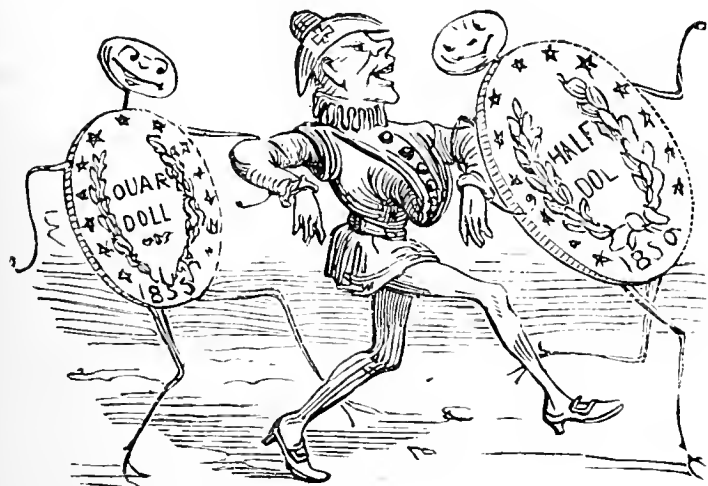
"Votre père," remarked Mr. P., "a-t-il la chandelle de votre oncle?"

His companion remained silent for a minute or two, and then he said:

"I forget the French of the answer to that, but I know the English of it; it is 'no, sir, but he has the apples-of-the-ground-of-sugar of my mother-in-law.'"

When Mr. P. discovered, after a little conversation in the vernacular, that his companion was a New York dry-goods clerk, he gave up the study of the French-Canadian character and went on with his breakfast.

When he went out into the streets to see the lions of the city he was delighted to meet with some old friends. In company with them he visited the Government House; the Cathedral; the Statue of NELSON; the VICTORIA bridge; and everything else of interest in the place. But nothing was so delightful to him as the faces of these old friends, from whom he had been separated so long.



When, at last, they left him, he returned sadly to New York.

IDIOTIC ITEMS.

On Tuesday last one of the swans in Central Park laid a hen's egg.

A celebrated English professor of heraldry is now at Long Branch, studying the crests of the waves.

Dr. LIVINGSTONE is no longer a white man. The large colored princess whom he has been compelled to marry has beaten him black and blue.

LOUIS NAPOLEON's first bulletin about the war was the bullet in the pocket of NAP Junior.

An intelligent cordwainer of this city has invented a bathing shoe to fit the under-toe at Long Branch.

The lock of the writing-desk made with his own hands by LOUIS NAPOLEON, at Hoboken, has been presented to the Empress EUGENIE by a gentleman residing at Union Hill, in exchange for a lock of her Majesty's hair.

Yesterday, while three eminent Wall street brokers—names, BROWN, JONES, and ROBINSON—were engaged in watering stock, they fell in and were drowned. Loss fully covered by insurance.

CARL FORMES is oddly reported to have lost his Bass voice through over indulgence in lager-beer. He drank a barrel of beer a day, and his voice has now become a barrel organ.

In France the *Marseillaise* has become the national Him; while, in Prussia, BISMARCK is decidedly the national Herr.

A French paper has an article respecting certain musical fishes found in the Indian Seas. They ought to be engaged for PIKE's Opera House.

The annual panther, weighing 8 ft., 9 inches, from snout to tip of tail, and measuring 213 lbs., has just been killed in the Adirondacks by a reporter.

POLITICAL CLAPTRAP.

The sympathy exhibited by the *Sun* reporters and editors for the unhappy victim of Ogre Tammany is particularly touching.

Association with the Wickedest Man in New York, the Honorable JOHN ALLEN, protégé of the Reverend OLIVER DYER, has evidently demoralized the pure beings who control the immaculate sheet known as the *Sun*, whose putrescent light "shines for all."

These panders to the depraved taste of a depraved portion of the community, may exult in the spectacle presented in the City of New York on Sunday, the 7th inst., but is it not a sorrowful thing in a so-called Christian land to see a murderer borne with triumph to his grave, while pseudo philanthropists deck his bier with flowers, and deliberately charge a great political party with having hunted the wretched man to his death?

Was there no nobler game worth the killing by Tammany? Was there not a "stag of Ten" to be found, to be struck, if party necessities required it? Would OAKLEY HALL and PETER B. SWEENEY put such a slight upon these bastard allies of the O'BRIENS and MORRISSEYS whose columns are open to the highest bidder, and whose lips reek venom while their hands are ever ready to strike a victim in the back, as to pass them by while they were on the war-path?

But hold—perhaps we have a clue to this singular conduct of the Tammany warriors. They may have foreseen how apt the sweet people are to confer immortality upon those whose death becomes them better

than their life, and therefore wisely forebore to disturb those blissful relations with murderers and felons which seem to bind the Satellites of the *Sun* and the denizens of the Tombs together.

SUMMER ON THE CATSKILLS.

BY REGALIA REYNA.

I.

O thou Mount Katskill! whom I now survey
In roseate brightness of the new-born day,
To thee my thankfulness I would convey,
For self and crowd;
Who from the glare and hum of hot
Financial lives,
Have sought repose upon thy wondrous crest, and
Brought our wives—
I gaze upon thy placid brow, where storms do
Reckless rage,
Forgetful of the storms of life, and Mister
BEACH's stage.

II.

I gaze upon thy beauteous vistas
Far and wide;
I see the day-break beautifully paint thy
Rugged side:
I see AURORA show the panorama
Night did hide:
I see the lazy Hudson grad-u-
Ally glide,
Reluctant to abandon thee, and seek
The salt sea tide.
I think almost excusingly of that tough
Two dollar ride;
And only for my wallet's sake, I longer
Would abide.

III.

Nature has kindly gifted thee with meadow,
Lake and dell,
And for the Falls of Kauterskill I know no
Parallel:
Humanity has crowned thee with this festive
Gay Hotel,
Where Fame and Fashion eager wait to hear
Thy dinner bell:
O Mount! O view! thy beauties now I can no
Longer tell,
For, after breakfast, I must say—O Katskill!
Fare thee well!
And leave thee—in one of those abominable stages,
"which I wish it"
Was in H——eaven!

Extraordinary Ledger-deman.

THE Soldiers' Monument at Cambridge is the result of the combined efforts of CYRUS and DARIUS COBB, whereas, SYLVANUS, alone and unassisted, is able to raise, every week, a tall column on the surface of the *N. Y. Ledger*.

Censor of the Press.

THE unfortunate official who sought reliable information, the other day, respecting the age and immense property possessions of PUNCHINELLO, on comparing his notes subsequently, remarked to a friend that he felt as if he had temporarily lost his Census.

Appropriate.

DANA, of the *Sun*, is about to open an undertaker's establishment for the arrangement of murderer's obsequies. Motto—"Pinking done here."

The Wrong Mouth.

A LITTLE Fourth-of-Julyer in Pittsburgh, going along with his mouth open, (after the manner of boys), caught a fire-cracker therein, just as the cracker was going off. He had often had crackers in his mouth, but preceding ones had proved nourishing and non-explosive; whereas, this cracker was quite the reverse. As a consequence, the boy has lost his voice, but (what is curious, certainly,) is otherwise all sound.

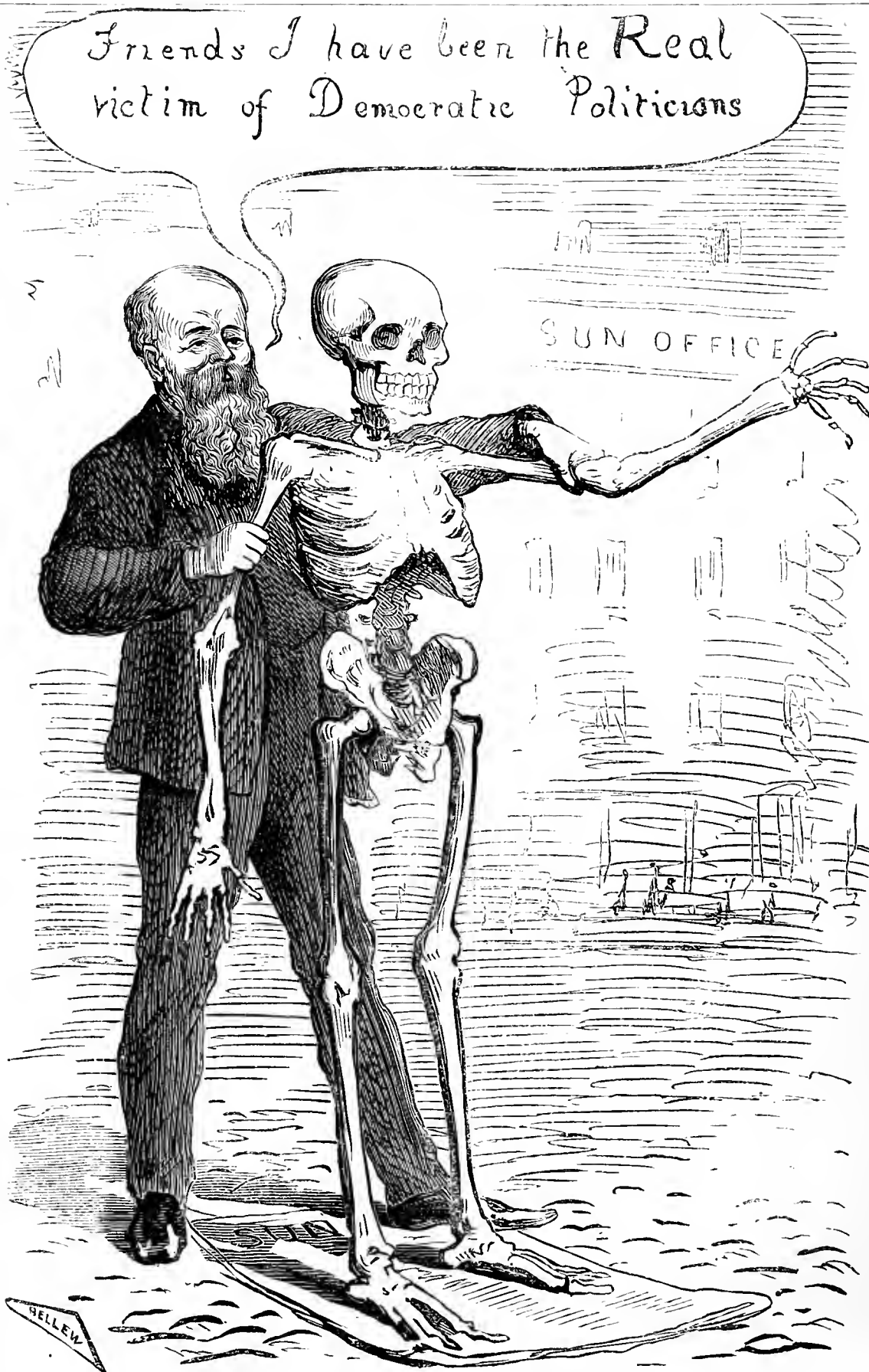
Were we certain that heaving a fire-cracker into an open mouth would always produce such a result, we should certainly hire some one to shut up the noisier of our public nuisances—such as G. F. TRAIN, and several members of Congress. This could be easily done, as their mouths are always open, and usually are very large ones. We invite proposals from boys, relating to next season's operations.

Theft Extraordinary.

A WEEKLY journal gravely informs a correspondent that "the line, 'A thing of beauty is a joy forever,' occurs in TUPPER'S *Proverbial Philosophy*."

Shades of the poets! More than fifty years ago, JOHN KEATS commenced a poem called "Endymion," with that very line. To think that he should have gone and borrowed it from TUPPER!

Politician's Plant.
Sec WEED.



THE LATEST MELODRAMATIC DODGE OF A PLAYED-OUT POLITICIAN.

PROMPTER DANA, OF THE "SUN," GIVES THE CUE TO A REAL SKELETON.

Conversion of the "Sun."

It was said of Bishop COLENSO that he "undertook to convert a Zulu Kaffir, but the Z. K. converted him."

Such a circumstance may be fallen upon without going so far as Africa to seek for it. JOHN ALLEN, of Water Street, was, once upon a time, the Zulu Kaffir of DANA of the *Sun* and his fascinating Satellite, OLIVER DYER.

The ways of JOHN ALLEN were very wicked when these pious missionaries threw themselves upon his trail, and tried to convert him. Perhaps the reformatory effort was well meant; but, alas! for the feebleness of all human arrangements—JOHN ALLEN remains the reprobate he was, while he to his flock has brought DANA, the *Sun* man, and DYER, the Satellite man, converts to the Allenian theory that money made from dirt is the only healthful stimulant to virtuous toil.

And so it was that DANA the devout, and DYER the saintly, went forth to convert the Zulu Kaffir of Water Street, and the Z. F. converted them.

Ready for Another Heat.

THE HORSES OF PHOEBUS.

A Royal Game.

THE ex-queen of Spain fears that ALFONSO will be "euchred." She remarked to him recently, Play you're king.

CONTEMPORARY SENTIMENTS,
On the Great War Question.

"WILLIAM's my man!" cries one enthusiast,—
"He'll be in Paris, sure, within ten days!"
"Paris' your Granny!" cries one just as fast;
"Ere that, man! you'll see Berlin in a blaze!"
"France has the finest soldiers ever seen!"
Says one who knows; "they never can be beat!"
One who knows also, says, "the French are green!"
Their only real strength is in their fleet!"
"Oh, hang their fleet!" exclaims another man;
"It's useless now,—it has no work to do!"
But let France use her navy all she can,
You'll see if Prussia doesn't put her through!"

"Prussia ain't able!" cries an eager one:
"Let her drink all the lager in her shops,
She'll find the little job is not yet done,
For all there's such enormous strength in hops!"
"And if there's any danger comes to France,"
Remarks the seventh man, "Ireland will arise!"
"And if she does, old England will advance!"
The eighth (an Englishman,) with pride replies.
And so they have it hot, for half a day,—
First A., then B., then C. and D. at once,
And thus the precious moments roll away,
And none can tell who is the greatest dunce.

The Aldermen to their Dinner.

Gorge us!



THE OVATION OF MURDER.

The Devil, (soliloquizing.) "NEW YORK'S THE PLACE FOR ME! THIS IS WHAT I CALL *REAL* ENJOYMENT—A MURDERER'S FUNERAL PROCESSION GRANDER FAR THAN THAT OF ANY GREAT AND GOOD CITIZEN, AND THIS IN A CITY OF SUNDAY-SCHOOLS AND CHURCHES!"

(*The Devil's Walk: Sunday, August 7, 1870.*)

HIRAM GREEN AT THE FEMALE CONVENTION.

The Cardiff Giant and other Fossils at Saratoga.

'Duble, duble, heaps of truble,
Wimmen's rites will bust the bubble.'

SHAKESPEAR. (WM.)

The wolves in sheeps clothin' convenshed agin for an annual rippin' up of things, at Saratogy.

The undersined, in custody of the undersined's wife, who is a Hicockalorum of the Skeensboro Sore-eye-sisses, was present at the singin' of the above selection from the defunct bard.

Male and femail wimmen was there dressed emblamatical of their callin'.

"Black folks and white
With red hair and gray,
Mingled for a fite
In Sar-a-to-ga."

SHAKESPEAR & GREEN.

SOOZAN B. ANTHENY was scrumpshusly ragged out in broad-cloth.

A turkish towellin' vest—pattent lether butes and silk hat, completed her *Toot in cymbals*.

ERNEST L. ROZE wore a nobby scotch cassimer soot. She carried a cane and wore her hair parted in the middle.

MRS. RUBE PHENTON—MARTHY WHITE—O'LIMPING BROWN—SARY FILLEO—MRS. DEXTER NOLTON—LILLY DEVERS BLAKE—SARY HALLEK—FEBEE CAREY, and other prominent Fireside agitaters and Herthstun depopulators, were becominly araid, and did gustise to their tailors.

PHREDRICK DOUGLIS, a firey broonet from Rochester, looked bewitchin' in a *more anteek* silk dress.

A camel's hair overskirt hung grasefully over his loins. Peepin' out from beneath his robes, was a delicate little foot, encased in a flesh culled pair of No. 11 buckskin mocasins.

His hair was done up in a 2 bushel waterfall, and was frizzled all over, a *lar Ethiope*.

EDWIN A. STUDWELL, of Brooklyn, looked stunnin' in a granny Dean walkin' dress and red cotton umbreller.

His back hair was tempestously arranged.

A couple of bolony sassiges, in a hily chawed up state, hung pendent from the aft of his gorgeous waterfall, and dangled to his heels, a *lar cheapee John*.

When approached by that great captivater of susseptible hearts (?) SOOZAN B. ANTHENY, Ed blushed like a red-headed woodpecker, and hid his modesty behind a \$4.00 palm leaf fan.

STEVE GRISWOLD, DAN KETCHAM and a few other manikins, was dressed accordin' to the prevailin' fashions of the feminin sects.

A good cleen shave would have completed their disgize, and folks wouldn't have had a suspicion but what they was what they was actin' to be.

I was shocked to hear one audacious retch remark:

"Them chaps look like a lot of hen-peckt broken furniture."

"Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites
And show the best of femail spites,
So teach that horrid critter, man,
We'll swaller him hul, when ere we can."

1ST WITCH.

SOOZAN B. was elected chairman.

On takin' her seat she said:

"My femail friends by birth, and my femail friends by brevet;

"We have convenshed for the purpuss of having our rites redressed

—"

A voice: "Haden't you better go home and redress yourselves first?"

The whole convention was onto their feet in a second, while the chairman fell into her seet and regained her composure, by takin' a good helthy pinch of scotch snuff.

Quiet bein' restored, a Mrs. GAGE riz to her feet, and, removin' a chew of tobacker from her mouth, read the follerin' resolutions:

Whereas: 2 National Wimmen's Suffrage Circus are industrously plyin' their vocation

Whereas: A effort is afoot to jine 'em together under the same tent.

Now be it resolved: We don't perceeve it in them sunbeams. The New York State Suffrage Circus is able to paddle her own stone bote. Bosting to the contrary not-with-out-standin'-up.

Resolved finally: We is the original JACOBS, and if Bosting don't like the cut of our Jib, let her lump it.

(Grate applaws.)

A strange lookin' woman, who wore a swaller tail cote, red the follerin' resolutions:

Whereas: Woman has a spear, it hain't to cook vittles—darn stockin's—tend baby and try to make her husbin happy.

Whereas: Man is a brute—woman an angle. Man can vote—woman can't.

Resolved: That as long as man won't give us the ballit, that after Jan., 1871, every mail brat that comes squawkin' into the world, be smothered the minnit he is borned.

Resolved: That when the mail rase is extinguished, the superior critter, woman, take peaceable possession of the ballit box.

These resolutions was vociferously cheered, Mrs. GREEN becomin' so exsited that she whacked me over the head with her parasol in a most ongentlymanly manner.

(N. B.—I would heer state that I'me a Resistanter agin femail suffrage.

Give woman the 16th Commendment and we can cry "peece" ontill our wind-pipes are collored, but not a darned bit of peece will we git, except occashunly a peece is nockt off of our snoot, for refusin' to get up early Monday mornin's to do the washin'.)

At the above juncture of the proceedin's, the Cardiff Jiant, who is spendin' the summer at this selebrated waterin' place, entered the room.

The old feller had heard of this grate Fossil Convenshun.

As the distinguished fraud entered the room, cheers filled the air.

Members in exstasy jumped up onto the benches—stood on their heads—threw their false teeth all about the floor, and acted like a lot of Rocky Mountain injuns, chock full of New England rum.

Silents was restored by tossin' a live man to the exsited Amazons, whom they tore to peeeces, partly satisfyin' their cravin' appetites.

Old GIPSUM then *oratoricised* as viz.:

"Feller Fossils: This is indeed the most momentous event I've attended since I left Onondagar.

"When COTTON MATHER came over in the Grate Eastern, he sent out a dove to see if the Pilgrims would allow her to pick any flowers off of Plymouth Rock.

"What was the result of that experiment?

"Why, the dove couldn't find any rest for the soul of her shoo, for Plymouth Rocks were thicker than Cardiff Jiants. That base man, BARNUM, had taken plaster casts of the old rock, and there wasn't a town along the coast, but what had its 'original Plymouth Rock.'

"The dove, not bein' a good judge of genuine stuns, made her "Shoo fly" back to the old ark, and told her tail. Therefore, I ask as a personal favor, seein' that BARNUM sarved me same's he did old Plymouth Rock, that when this august assemblage of Fossilized human bein's comes down onto the mail portion of the U. States, old P. T. be turned over to us. I'll make him think he's got straddle his wooly hoss, and an army of mermades was after him with red hot pitchforks.

"Grant me this favor, and when the fite of the Amazons begins, you can count on me to hold your bonnets."

Amid tremenjus applaus old Fort Dodger squatted.

Letters were then read from the Cohoes Mastodon—ARTEMAS WARD's wax figgers—the wooly hoss—a miselaneous lot of Egipshun Mummies, and THEODOR TILTIN—regrettin' their inability to attend the Fossil Convention.

HORRIS GREELY was then anathemized. BEN BUTLER—Senator WILSON—and GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN Ulogized.

Resolutions were offered that Congressman MORRISSEY be pulverized, by some talented femail startin' a opposition club house, employin' none but Tigers of the gentle sects.

After a few more summer complaint speeches agin that Horrible! Bloodthirsty! 2 legged Monkster, M A N!! the annual Hen convention of Antideluvian Fossils tide up their bonnet strings—took their husbands under their off arm—walked down to Congress Spring.

The witches who dipp up the mineral fluid danced about the cauldron, while the President of the company spyin' the Femails approachin' remarked:

"By the prickin' of my thumb
Somethin' wicked this way comes."

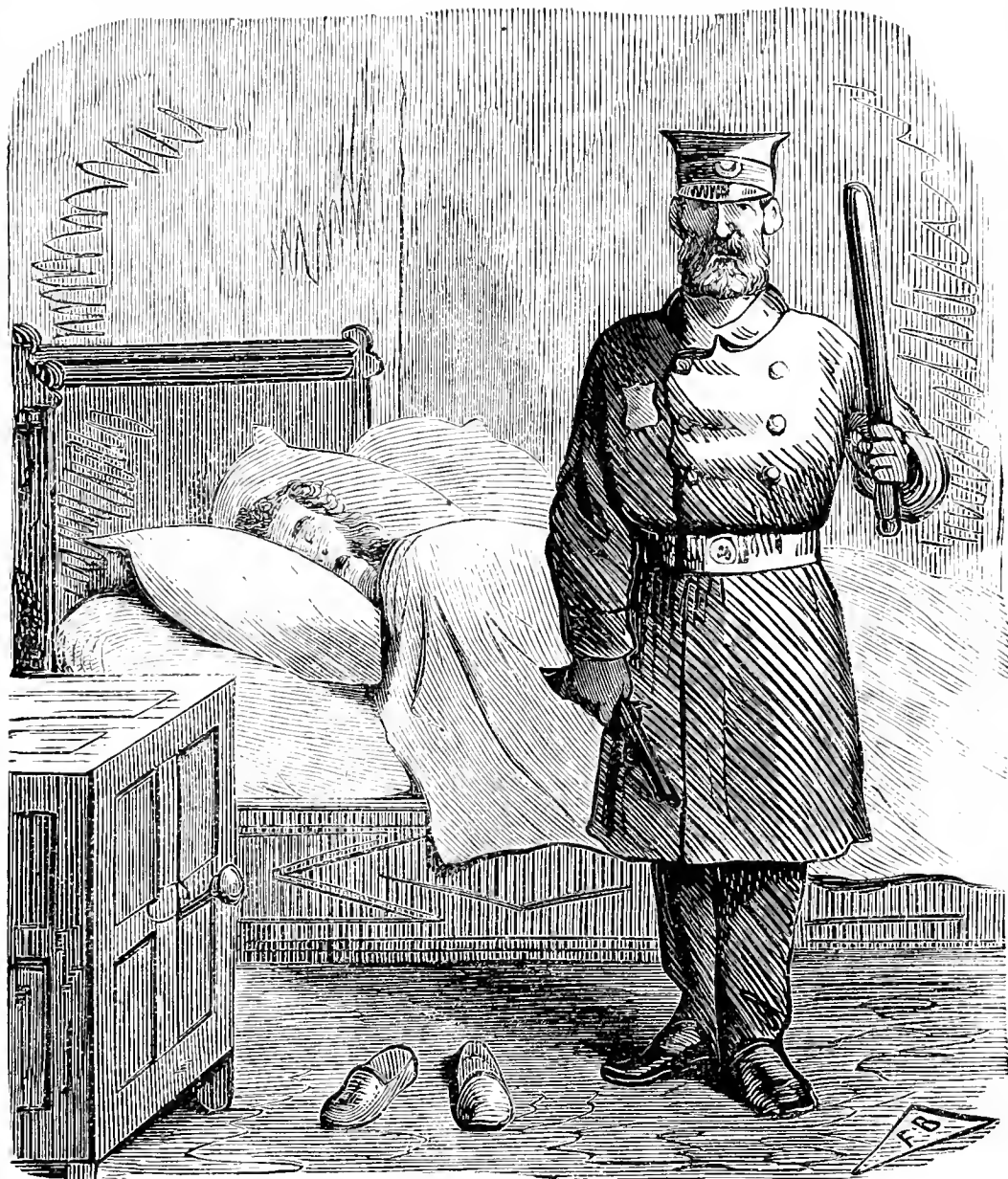
The above, Friend PUNCHINELLO, was as seen by,

Ewers faithfully,

HIRAM GREEN,
Lait Gustise of the Peece.

Birds of Passage.

THE African ostrich is sometimes trained to carry passengers on his back, but the player of "our national game" is often seen "going out on a Foul."



A VERY NECESSARY PRECAUTION.

BLOCKS AND BLOCKHEADS.

MR. PUNCHINELLO: As the acknowledged redresser of American wrongs and the enemy of public nuisances, we beg your attention to a vice which seems to be upon the increase, and which grows in strength with what it feeds upon. As the vice in question appears to be upon the increase, and to fascinate its victims by the allurements of the excitement, we consider it worthy of PUNCHINELLO's lance, or, in other words, of being transfixed upon PUNCHINELLO's quill.

We refer to the loafing which invariably takes place upon the occasion of the relaying of the wooden pavement. I say wooden more particularly, inasmuch as new fangled varieties of pavement, such as Concrete, Nicholson, etc., although they have their day, cannot be said to compete for a moment in public regard with the good old fashioned kind first described.

Of all the causes that arrest public attention, surely this laying of wooden pavement is the most enduring and effectual.

People of every grade and degree make a dead halt as they approach this centre of interest, and at once settle down for a prolonged inspection of the works before them. It is true that everybody has seen the same thing one hundred and fifty times, but this description of indulgence appears to grow by what it feeds upon, and the fascinated victim watches the operation of the workers with a gratification which knows no abatement. The usual formula gone through upon these occasions is as follows:

Citizen approaches the scene of interest, and sees crowds of spectators upon each side; he glances at the workmen, and, after taking stock of both them and the overseer, proceeds to read the opinion of his fellows in their faces, after which he settles down in right earnest with his hands in his pockets for a prolonged stare. This latter may continue for periods varying from ten minutes to an hour and three quarters, according to inclination or opportunity.

If the spectator is a man of business, it is just possible that he may content himself with measuring the size of the blocks with his eye, and then pass on, content to know that he, as one out of many taxpayers, is

getting the value of what they are called on to pay for. But with the mass of the onlookers, the pouring of the hot pitch into the gravelled interstices is watched with a satisfaction ever new, like that bestowed in the pantomime upon the application by the clown of the red-hot poker.

There is also the pleasure of seeing others at hard work, and the indulgence of everybody's belief (which is common to all present,) that he or she could suggest an improvement upon the work proceeding, and the manner of doing it. Then they look at each other once more and depart contented.

Upon a moderate calculation, the amount of time devoted by human beings to this amusing study, in the City of New York, amounts to 2,450,000 hours per annum.

ENGLAND'S QUANDARY.

Conjecture and expectancy, O PUNCHINELLO! have been the order of the day in this European turmoil, with regard to the position of what are called neutral Powers. People have been looking at England with much curiosity to see what she really does intend. With the facilities which our *special wire* affords, I am enabled to report a highly interesting soliloquy delivered by the Rt. Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE, to his bed-post, at his home in Spring Gardens, London, after a hot night's debate at St. STEPHEN'S. Our reporter concealed himself in the key-hole and took *verbatim* notes. As in the case of the speeches delivered by the rival monarchs to their armies, which you published a week in advance of the speeches themselves, the following can be relied on:

"I'm tired of answering questions. Let me think awhile. Is war the only alternative? They blame me for not talking out. Fools, they don't know where they stand. At home and abroad, difficulty. Our workmen emigrating; the Irish irreconcilable, (curse that word!) nothing cheerful that side.

"France can rock *her* irreconcilables to sleep to the war lullaby of that man we have so trusted only to be-

tray us; *our* irreconcilables only wait for war to side with our enemy. Prussia, grasping bull-dog as she is, makes capital out of it, and calls us to her side, while our stupid people burn with a Prussian fever, which may turn to a plague to-morrow.

"Is the Prussian whom we have helped to humble to be our only ally? Then must we write ourselves down asses in Constantinople.

"If we had some other head besides weather-cock expediency. France has an Emperor, Prussia a King to lead them; we have a Queen who takes walks in the Isle of Wight; and her son—bah! a *roué* about town. Their marriage alliances are drag-chains, not bonds of love. Denmark does not forget our treachery in '65. Holland is afraid of France. We are safe from America yet. They are too much afraid of the German vote, thank Heaven, to side with France, but "Alabama" is her watch-word, and she only waits to strangle us. LAFAYETTE and the Hessians are only memories, they have no votes. Ah! it was a mistake to sympathize with the South.

"Our statesmen—Heaven save the mark!—are our worst enemies. D'ISRAELI, the Jew, doubles our difficulty by showing our weakness. He would play the part of PIRR without his brains or his chances. Then we led, now we are dragged at the tail. We may sign treaties, but we cannot write them. BRIGHT would be friendly with both; GRANVILLE with neither, and thus each is offended. It is ridiculous, and the only course left is to bluster about Belgium.

"It must be the late dinner. There are all sorts of threatening shadows around, and but one light; that is a war flame. Let me sleep. To-morrow the gaping thousands will ask a sign. It may come, but it shall be hoisted on the Rhine, and, helpless tide waiters, we cannot tell from which side it shall come. Ah! 'Uneasy sits the man on the ministerial bench,' as SHAKESPEARE would say to-day, for the crown that he spoke of is an ornament in the tower."

REPORTER.

Magnetic.

POLISH soldiers should choose the needle gun. The needle is always true to the Pole.



A CAPITAL HINT FOR OUR STATIONARY STREET MUSICIANS, IF THEY WANT TO MAKE MONEY.

THE LEAVEN OF LEAVENWORTH.

THE great West has long been famous for the loose, untrammelled freedom with which its inhabitants treat everything and everybody. Breadth, no less than length, is a striking feature of Western settlements, and that this element is conspicuous in the journalism of those singular abodes, no less than in the social life of their inhabitants, generally, is evidenced in the following advertisement cut from "*The Times*"—a paper published at Leavenworth, Kansas:

"NOTICE TO DRIVERS OF FAST STOCK.—Hold your horses and do not drive so fast. All gay and festive cusses caught driving faster than ordinary gait in the city, will be brought before Judge Vaughan, for instance—the fine is \$20.

H. A. ROBERTSON, City Marshal."

The City Marshal of Leavenworth is clearly a pot-companion of the first (whiskey and) water. He declines to address his fellow-citizens in the commonplace terms usually recognised in more prosaic communities. To adopt his own style of phraseology, ROBERTSON is clearly a "gay and festive cuss." He is a specimen brick from Kansas, and doubtless always carries one in his hat. The expression "ordinary gait," as applied to driving in Kansas, where everybody owns "fast stock," is rather equivocal in these quieter latitudes to be sure, but we may guess that, at Leavenworth, a man who rides or drives at a pace of twenty miles an hour, is liable, "for instance," to a fine of \$20, or just one dollar per mile. Kansas may be a very nice place to live in, for some people, but we would hardly recommend Mr. ROBERT BONNER to emigrate thither, and so risk the probability of being advertised as a "gay and festive cuss."

SHIP AHoy!

Of all public performers, there are none who "draw" better than the gymnasts who risk their necks by attempting hazardous feats. The fool who attaches himself by the heels to the car of an ascending balloon is sure to have thousands of feeble-minded females waving handkerchiefs at him. BLONDIN, the great French tomfool, brought more people to Niagara Falls to see him, possibly, add a new Fall to the prospect, than ever the Falls themselves did. And when another donkey announces that he is going to stand upon his head on the point of a church spire, that church is sure to be thronged—outside. These performances, and all of their sort, should be made punishable, and will probably be so when a hundred or two performers shall have been killed, in addition to those who have already suffered.

Not nearly so exciting as performances of the kind referred to, though, perhaps, quite as rash, are the ocean voyages occasionally essayed by tiny, toy ships. One of these—the *Red, White and Blue*—is announced as about to start upon a "voyage round the world." We wish her our best wishes, and hope she may get round in the roundest way and time. One of her first stopping places, though, as we see, is Martha's Vineyard. Our advice to the skipper of the toy ship, is to go no further than that delightful haven of rest. MARTHA will cherish her as a chimney ornament, or give her to her kids to play with—and nobody will be hurt.

Two Renderings.

Finis coronat opus: The end crowns the work.

Finis coroner opus:—There is plenty of work for the Coroner, but the "end" does not always appear to be gained.

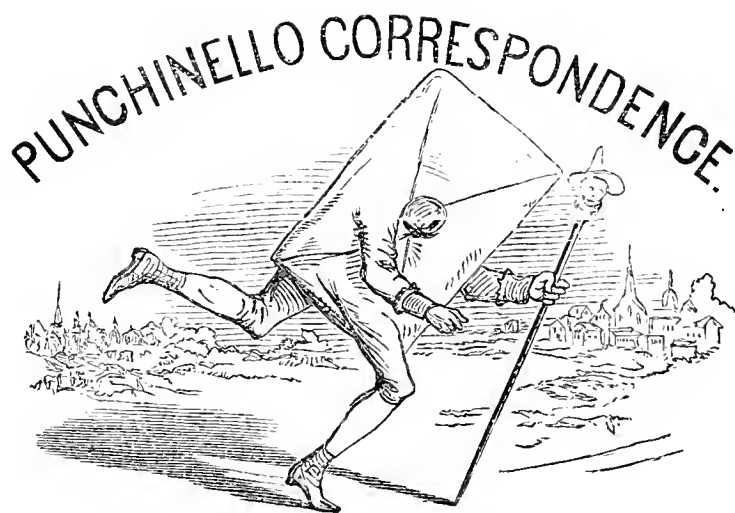
All of which is respectfully submitted to the investigators of murder in this city.

The Modern Monks of La Trappe.

THE Coroner, the Assistant District-Attorney, and certain other officials who have been trying the "trap" game on the witnesses examined in the NATHAN murder case.

Results of Silver Stock.

1. The dream is ore.
2. Never mined.



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Englishman, London.—You have lost your wager. Ohio is not the capital of Indiana.

Stranger, New York City.—When you get lost in our streets and do not know where you are, it is a good plan to seek information from a policeman. If he does not know where you are, come directly to the office of PUNCHINELLO.

Antiquary.—"The Last of the Barons" was a term applied to an implement used by the ancient shoemakers. The pedal members of the old English barons were of a peculiar aristocratic conformation, and lasts were made expressly for them. This is a curious fact not generally known.

Ploughboy finds the following remark in Mr GREELEY's thirtieth What, and asks explanation.

"So with regard to Carrots. I have never achieved success in growing these nor Beets."

We infer that the meaning is, With regard to carrots, sow them. "These nor Beets" are probably a new variety. They may have come from Norfolk, but more "presumably" they were found in Alaska.

Metaphysician, Cloudland.—Your article on the "Psychical Basis of Objective Existence" is excellent. Look out for it in the "Juvenile Department" of our Christmas number.

Grammarian.—The expression "We ain't got none" is manifestly incorrect. It has two negatives. "We ain't got any" is by far more elegant.

Wager says that A. made a bet with B. that he could cut a dime in two at one stroke of his pen-knife, C. to hold the stakes. A. took a ten-cent "scrip" and chopped it in two with his blade. Meantime C. walked away with the stake money. Who won? *Answer.*—The bet is off. C. is also off, but no better, and neither A. or B. is any better off.



NOTES ON THE FERRY.

Gushington, (with the pipe.) "SHE SMILED ON ONE OF US, I'LL SWEAR."
Spindle. "PERHAPS; BUT WHAT'S A SMILE? A POSITIVE NOD FOR ME, OR NOTHING!"

AERATED VERBIAGE.

An Every-day Romance.

CHAPTER I.

In a room in a palatial tenement house in Avenue D, stood GILBERT FERNANDE FROU FROU SNOGGS. G. F. F. F. S. was rampant.

"Why?" you say.

Gentle reader, hurry me not. Let the tale wag on. She was talking to her mamma.

"Now," said G. F. F. F. S., "I prognosticated that my maternal relative would become oblivious of my reiterated solicitations to perambulate the Avenue, and make the acquisition of four yards of cerulean hued ribbon," and she stamped her tiny number eights on the floor.

You will notice that, even in her anger, she did not forget her English.

"You can purchase it on the morrow," replied her mamma.

"I will not remain acquiescent. I will promenade upon my promulence to Sixth Avenue, and purchase the ceruleous ribbon immediately," said G. F. F. F. S., putting on her waterproof and sun-bonnet.

Her mother pointed to the paternal turnip, which hung over the mantel, and showed her that old Time was "doing stunts" at 10½.

But G. F. F. F. S. was obstinate. She put on her chignon, her curls, her breast elevator, her bustle, her high-heeled shoes, a little rouge, a little whiting and a bit of court-plaster, and sallied forth, down the dumb-waiter to the cellar, and thence, through the ash-hole, to the street.

CHAPTER II.

The deed was done!!! The purchase was made and G. F. F. F. S. walked towards her palatial paternal mansion. She felt slightly timid, for, as she looked at the heavens, she saw that ARCTURUS, who had been playing tag with CASTOR and POLLUX all the evening, had reached hunk, the Great Bear. From the astronomical knowledge which she had acquired at the Vavasour Female Academy, she knew that the paternal turnip now pointed to the witching hour of 11½.

Suddenly she found herself surrounded by a party of bandits, (she thought she was in Greece, but she was only in the 19th War

They seized her.

"Not a word," said the leader. "Your money or your life."

Now G. F. F. F. S. had lots of life and very little money, so she could hardly determine whether to give up some of her life or all of her money.

"Illustrious banditti," said she, "the auriferous contents of my reticulated depository are notable for minuteness. Be conservators of my pullulating existence."

"I say, Tom," said the leader, "what's her little game?"

"It sounds like Irish," said Tom.

"Hand over your stamps," said the leader.

G. F. F. F. S. slowly drew out her net purse, when suddenly the robbers fled. G. F. F. F. S. felt that her hero had come, and, like all the ARAMINTAS in the novels, she fainted and was caught in the arms of—

CHAPTER III.

The author tried to persuade the editor to allow him to write "to be continued" after the last thrilling chapter, but the editor was inexorable, hence this chapter, "in the arms of"—a little red-headed policeman.

G. F. F. F. S. smiled gently, but, as soon as she had opened her eyes, and had cast them on the red head, freckled face, pug-nose, and little eyes of MIKE McFLYNN, she sprang to her feet. It was better than forty gallons of hartshorn. She had wasted a faint.

"Perdidi animi deliquium," said she.

"Mother of MOSES, but you was heavy!" said McFLYNN.

But she did not wait, and a pair of number eight shoes might have been seen by an inquisitive reporter, cutting around the corners and stamping up seven flights of stairs.

MORAL.

When the paternal turnip solemnly points to 10½, G. F. F. F. S. puts her number eights on the mantel, looks reflectively at a sore-eyed kitten, and falls into polysyllables.

HOMODEIFICATION.

LATE advices from China convey the intelligence that the American-Chinese General WARD, who died in the service of the Celestial empire, has been postmortuarly brevetted to the rank of a "major god," and is now regularly worshipped as such by JOHN PIGTAIL.

Possibly the antithesis to this may turn up on the cards, here. In the course of events the bronze idol to which our PHILLIPSES and SUMNERS used to bend the knee, has been prostrated from his pedestal by the Fifteenth Amendment. Coolie labor, with its possible abuses, may engage the attention of the philanthropists, next, and we may yet behold JOHN PIGTAIL on a pedestal, in the character of an American "major god."

"LUCUS A NON," ETC.

In the culinary department of a newspaper we find a recipe for making "bird's nest pudding," which would surely make the pigtail of a JOHN Chinaman stick straight up on end. The component parts of the pudding are apples, sugar, milk, five eggs, and vanilla. Perhaps the inventor of the pudding once found a bird's nest with five eggs in it, and has thus essayed to immortalize the interesting fact.

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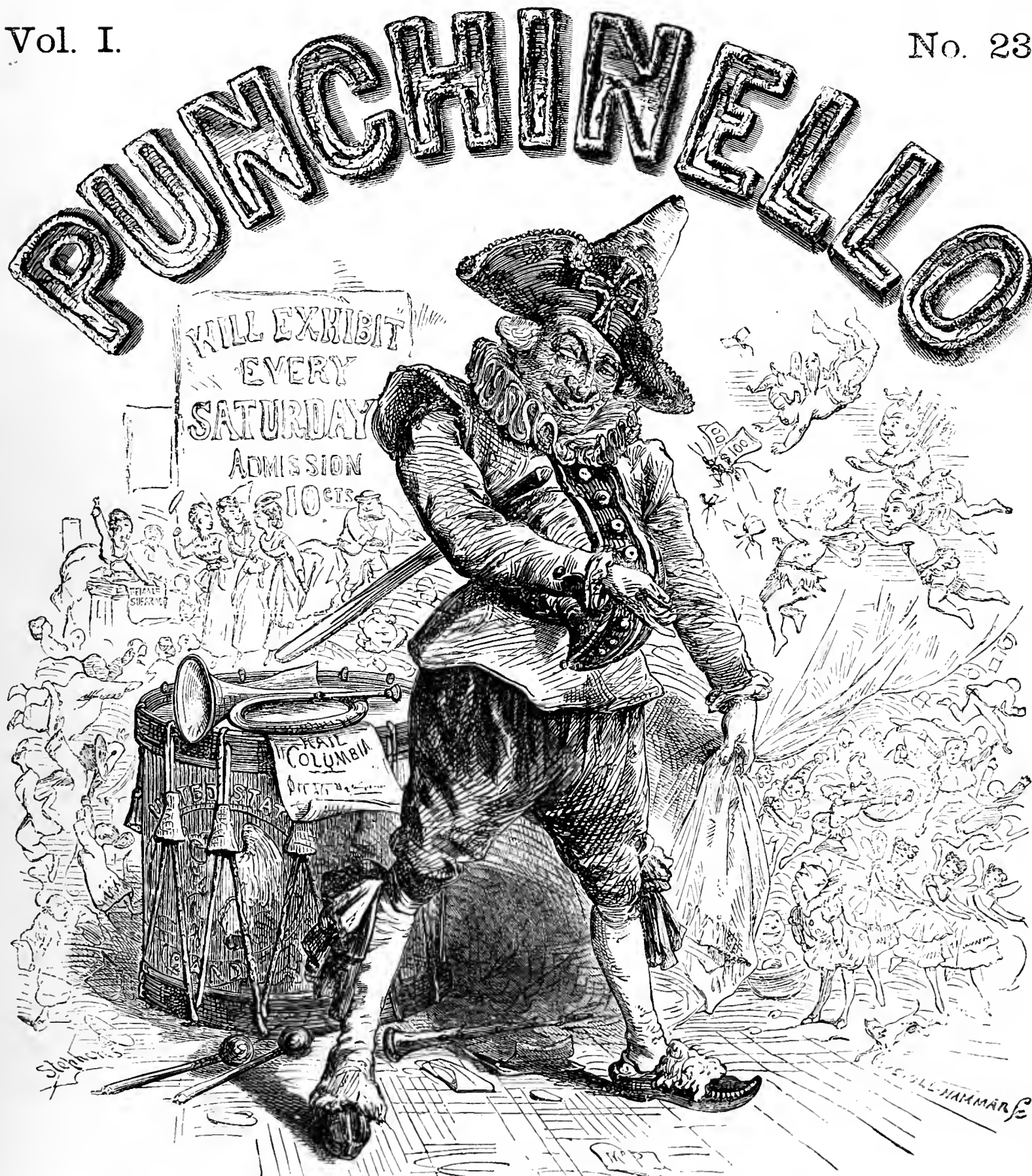


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Vol. I.

No. 23.



SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1870.

PUBLISHED BY THE
PUNCHINELLO PUBLISHING COMPANY,
83 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.

THE MYSTERY OF MR. E. DROOD,
By ORPHEUS C. KERR,
Continued in this Number.

See 15th Page for Extra Premiums.

\$47,000 REWARD.**PROCLAMATION.****The Murder of Mr. Benjamin Nathan.**

The widow having determined to increase the rewards heretofore offered by me (in my proclamation of July 29), and no result having yet been obtained, and suggestions having been made that the rewards were not sufficiently distributive or specific, the offers in the previous proclamation are hereby superseded by the following:

A REWARD of \$30,000 will be paid for the arrest and conviction of the murderer of BENJAMIN NATHAN, who was killed in his house, No. 12 West Twenty-third Street, New York, on the morning of Friday, July 29.

A REWARD of \$1,000 will be paid for the identification and recovery of each and every one of the three Diamond Shir Studs which were taken from the clothing of the deceased on the night of the murder. Two of the diamonds weighed, together, 1, $\frac{1}{2}$, and $\frac{1}{8}$, and 1-16 carats, and the other, a flat stone, showing nearly a surface of one carat, weighed $\frac{3}{4}$ and 1-32. All three were mounted in skeleton settings, with spiral screws, but the color of the gold setting of the flat diamond was not so dark as the other two.

A REWARD of \$1,500 will be paid for the identification and recovery of one of the watches, being the Gold anchor Hunting-case Stem-winding Watch, No. 5657, 19 lines, or about two inches in diameter, made by Ed. Perregaux; or for the Chain and Seals thereto attached. The Chain is very massive, with square links, and carries a Pendant Chain with two seals, one of them having the monogram "B. N.," cut thereon.

A REWARD of \$300 will be given for information leading to the identification and recovery of an old-fashioned open-faced Gold Watch, with gold dial, showing rays diverging from the center, and with raised figures; believed to have been made by Tobias, and which was taken at the same time as the above articles.

A REWARD of \$300 will be given for the recovery of a Gold Medal of about the size of a silver dollar, and which bears an inscription of presentation not precisely known, but believed to be either "To Sampson Simpson, President of the Jews' Hospital," or, "To Benjamin Nathan, President of the Jews' Hospital."

A REWARD of \$100 will be given for full and complete detailed information descriptive of this medal, which may be useful in securing its recovery.

A REWARD of \$1,000 will be given for information leading to the identification of the instrument used in committing the murder, which is known as a "dog" or clamp, and is a piece of wrought iron about sixteen inches long, turned up for about an inch at each end, and sharp; such as is used by ship-carpenters, or post-trimmers, ladder-makers, pump-makers, sawyers, or by iron-moulders to clamp their flasks.

A REWARD of \$800 will be given to the man who, on the morning of the murder, was seen to ascend the steps and pick up a piece of paper lying there, and then walk away with it, if he will come forward and produce it.

Any information bearing upon the case may be sent to the Mayor, John Jourdan, Superintendent of Police City of New York; or to James J. Kelso, Chief Detective Officer.

A. OAKLEY HALL, Mayor.

The foregoing rewards are offered by the request of, and are guaranteed by me.

Signed, EMILY G. NATHAN,
Widow of B. NATHAN.

The following reward has also been offered by the New York Stock Exchange:

\$10,000.—The New York Stock Exchange offers a reward of Ten Thousand Dollars for the arrest and conviction of the murderer or murderers of Benjamin Nathan, late a member of said Exchange, who was killed on the night of July 28, 1870, at his house in Twenty-third street, New York City.

J. L. BROWNELL, Vice-Chairman
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D. C. HAYS, Treasurer.

B. O. WHITE, Secretary.

MAYOR'S OFFICE, New York, August 5, 1870.

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NEW YORK.

THE
MYSTERY OF MR. E. DROOD:

AN ADAPTATION.

BY ORPHEUS C. KERR.

CHAPTER XVI.

AVUNCULAR DEVOTIO

Having literally *fallen* asleep from his chair to the rug, J. BUMSTEAD, Esquire, was found to have reached such an extraordinary depth in slumber, that Mr. and Mrs. SMYTHE, his landlord and landlady, who were promptly called in by Mr. DIBBLE, had at first some fear that they should never be able to drag him out again. In pursuance, however, of a mode of treatment commended to their judgment by frequent previous practice with the same patient, the good couple poured a pitcher of water over his fallen head; hauled him smartly up and down the room, first by a hand and then by a foot; singed his whiskers with a hot poker, held him head-downward for a time, and tried various other approved allopathic remedies. Seeing that he still slept profoundly, though appearing, by occasional movements of his arms, to entertain certain passing dreams of single combats, the quick womanly wit of Mrs. SMYTHE finally hit upon the homœopathic expedient of softly shaking his familiar antique flask at his right ear. Scarcely had the soft, liquid sound therefrom resulting been addressed for a minute to the auricular orifice, when a singularly pleasing smile wreathed the countenance of the Ritualistic organist, his eyelids flew up like the spring-covers of two valuable hunting-case watches, and he suddenly arose to a sitting position upon the rug and began feeling around for the bed-clothes.

"There!" cried Mrs. SMYTHE, greatly affected by his pathetic expression of countenance, "you're all right now, sir. How worn-out you must have been, to sleep so!"

"Do you always go to sleep with such alarming suddenness?" asked Mr. DIBBLE.

"When I have to go anywhere, I make it a rule to go at once:—similarly, when going to sleep," was the answer. "Excuse me, however, for keeping you waiting, Mr. DIBBLE. We've had quite a rain, sir."

His hair, collar, and shoulders being very wet from the water which had been poured upon him during his slumber, Mr. BUMSTEAD, in his present newly-awake frame of mind, believed that a hard shower had taken place, and thereupon turned moody.

"We've had quite a rain, sir, since I saw you last," he repeated, gloomily, and I am freshly reminded of my irreparable loss."

"Such an open, spring-like character!" apostrophized the lawyer, staring reflectively into the grate.

"Always open when it rained, and closing with a spring," said Mr. BUMSTEAD, in soft abstraction lost.

"Who closed with a spring?" queried the elder man, irascibly.

"The umbrella," sobbed JOHN BUMSTEAD.

"I was speaking of your nephew, sir!" was Mr. DIBBLE's impatient explanation.

Mr. BUMSTEAD stared at him sorrowfully for a moment, and then requested Mrs. SMYTHE to step to a cupboard in the next room and immediately pour him out a bottle of soda-water which she should find there.

"Won't you try some?" he asked the lawyer, rising limply to his feet when the beverage was brought, and drinking it with considerable noise.

"No, thank you," returned Mr. DIBBLE.

"As you please, then," said the organist, resignedly. "Only, if you have a headache don't blame me. (Mr. and Mrs. SMYTHE, you may place a few cloves where I can get them, and retire.) What you have told me, Mr. DIBBLE, concerning the breaking of the engagement between your ward and my nephew, relieves my mind of a load. As a right-thinking man, I can no longer suspect you of having killed EDWIN DROOD."

"Suspect me?" screamed the aged lawyer, almost leaping into the air.

"Calm yourself," observed Mr. BUMSTEAD, quietly, the while he ate a sedative clove. "I say that I can *not* longer suspect you. I can not think that a person of your age would wantonly destroy a human life merely to obtain an umbrella."

Absolutely purple in the face, Mr. DIBBLE snatched his hat from a chair just as the Ritualistic organist was about to sit upon it, and was on the point of hurrying wrathfully from the room, when the entrance of Gospeler SIMPSON arrested him.

Noting his agitation, Mr. BUMSTEAD instantly resolved to clear him from suspicion in the new-comer's mind also.

"Reverend Sir," he said to the Gospeler, quickly, "in this sad affair we must be just, as well as vigilant. I believe Mr. DIBBLE to be as innocent as ourselves. Whatever may be his failings so far as liquor is concerned, I wholly acquit him of all guilty knowledge of my nephew and umbrella."

Too apoplectic with suffocating emotions to speak, Mr. DIBBLE foamed slightly at the mouth and tore out a lock or two of his hair.

"And I believe that my unhappy pupil, Mr. PENDRAGON, is as guiltless," responded the puzzled Gospeler. "I do not deny that he had a quarrel with Mr. DROOD, in the earlier part of their acquaintance; but, as you, Mr. BUMSTEAD, yourself, admit, their meeting at the Christmas-Eve dinner was amicable; as I firmly believe their last mysterious parting to have been."

The organist raised his fine head from the shadow of his right hand, in which it had rested for a moment, and said, gravely: "I cannot deny, gentlemen, that I have had my terrible distrusts of you all. Even now, while, in my deepest heart, I release Mr. DIBBLE and Mr. PENDRAGON from all suspicion, I cannot entirely rid my mind of the impression that you, Mr. SIMPSON, in an hour when, from undue indulgence in stimulants, you were not wholly yourself, may have been tempted, by the superior fineness of the alpaca, to slay a young man inexpressibly dear to us all."

"Great heavens, Mr. BUMSTEAD!" panted the Gospeler, livid with horror, "I never—"

—"Not a word, sir!" interrupted the Ritualistic organist,—"not a word, Reverend sir, or it may be used against you at your trial."

Pausing not to see whether the equally overwhelmed old lawyer followed him, the horribly astounded Gospeler burst precipitately from the house in wild dismay, and was presently hurrying past the pauper burial-ground. Whether he had been drawn to that place by some one of the many mystic influences moulding the fates of men, or because it happened to be on his usual way home, let students of psychology and topography decide. Thereby he was hurrying, at any rate, when a shining object lying upon the ground beside the broken fence, caused him to stop suddenly and pick up the glittering thing. It was an oroid watch, marked E. D.; and, a few steps further on, a coppery-looking seal-ring also attracted the finder's grasp. With these baubles in his hand the genial clergyman was walking more slowly onward, when it abruptly occurred to him, that his possession of such property might possibly subject him to awkward consequences if he did not immediately have somebody arrested in advance. Perspiring freely at the thought, he hurried to his house, and, there securing the company of MONTGOMERY PENDRAGON, conveyed his beloved pupil at once before Judge SWEENEY, and made affidavit of finding the jewelry. The jeweler, who had wound EDWIN DROOD's watch for him on the day of the dinner, promptly identified the timepiece by the innumerable scratches around the keyhole; Mr. BUMSTEAD, though at first ecstatic with the idea that the seal-ring was a ferule from an umbrella, at length allowed himself to be persuaded into a gloomy recognition of it as a part of his nephew, and MONTGOMERY was detained in custody for further revelations.

News of the event circulating, the public mind of Bumsteadville lost no time in deploring the incorrigible depravity of Southern character, and recollecting several horrors of human Slavery. It was now clearly remembered that there had once been rumors of terrible cruelties by a PENDRAGON family to an aged colored man of great piety; who, because he incessantly sang hymns in the cotton-field, was sent to a field farther from the PENDRAGON mansion, and ultimately died. Citizens reminded each other, that when, during the rebellion, a certain PENDRAGON of the celebrated Southern Confederacy met a former religious chattel of his confronting him with a bayonet in the loyal ranks, and immediately afterwards felt a cold, tickling sensation under one of his ribs, he drew a pistol upon the member of the injured race, who subsequently died in Ohio of fever and ague. What wonder was it, then, that this young PENDRAGON with an Indian club and a swelled head should secretly slaughter the nephew and appropriate the umbrella of one of the most loyal and devoted Ritualists that ever sent a substitute to battle? In the mighty metropolis, too, the Great Dailies—those ponderous engines of varied and inaccurate intelligence—published detailed and mistaken reports of the whole affair, and had subtle editorial theories as to the

nature of the crime. The *Sun*, after giving a cut of an old-fashioned parlor-grate as a diagram of Mr. BUMSTEAD'S house, and a portrait of Mr. JOHN RUSSELL YOUNG as a correct photograph of the alleged murderer by ROCKWOOD, said:—"The retention of Mr. FISH as Secretary of State by the present venal Administration, and the official countenance otherwise corruptly given to friends of Spanish tyranny who do not take the *Sun*, are plainly among the current encouragements to such crime as that in the full reporting of which to-day the *Sun's* advertisements are crowded down to a single page, as usual. Judge CONNOLLY, after walking all the way from Yorkville, agrees with the *Sun* in believing, that something more than an umbrella tempted this young MONTMORENCY PADREGON to waylay EDWIN WOOD. To-morrow we shall give the public still further exclusive revelations, such as the immense circulation of the New York *Sun* enables us especially to obtain. On this, as upon every occasion of the publication of the *Sun*, we shall leave out columns upon columns of profitable advertising, in order that no reader of the *Sun* shall be stinted in his criminal news. The *Sun* (price two cents) has never yet been bought by advertisers, and never will be." The *Tribune* said: "What time the reader can spare from perusing our special dispatches concerning the progress of Smalleyism in Europe, shall, undoubtedly, be given to our female reporter's account of the alleged tragedy at Bumperville. There are reasons of manifest propriety to restrain us, as superior journalists, from the sensational theorizing indulged by editors choosing to expend more care and money upon local news than upon European rumors; but we may not injudiciously hazard the assumption, that, were the police under any other than Democratic domination, such a murder as that alleged to have been committed by MANTON PENJOHNSON on BALDWIN GOOD had not been possible. PENJOHNSON, it shall be noticed, is a Southerner, while young Goon was strongly Northern in sentiment; and it requires no straining of a point to trace in these known facts a sectional antagonism to which even a long war has not yielded full sanguinary satiation." The *World* said: "*Acerrima proximorum odia*; and, under the present infamous Radical abuse of empire, the hatred between brothers, first fostered by the eleutheromaniacs of Abolitionism, is bearing its bitter fruit of private assassination at last. Somewhere amongst our *loci communes* of to-day may be found a report of the supposed death, at Hampsteadville (not Bumperville, as a radical contemporary has it,) of a young Northerner named GOODWIN BLOOD, at the hands of a Southern gentleman belonging to the stately old Southern family of PENTORRENS. The PENTORRENS' are related, by old cavalier stock, to the Dukes of Mandeville, whose present ducal descendant combines the elegance of an Esterhazy with the intellect of an Argyle. That a scion of such blood as this has reduced a fellow-being to a condition of inanimate protoplasm, is to be regretted for his sake; but more for that of a country in which the philosophy of COMTE finds in a corrupt radical pantarchy all-sufficient first-cause of whatsoever is rotten in the State of Denmark." The *Times* said: "We give no details of the Burnstableville tragedy to-day, not being willing to pander to a vitiated public taste; but shall do so to-morrow."

After reading these articles in the Great Dailies with considerable distraction, and inferring therefrom, that at least three different young Southerners had killed three different young Northerners in three different places on Christmas-Eve, Judge SWEENEY had a rush of blood to the brain, and discharged MONTGOMERY PENDRAGON as a person of undistinguishable identity. But, when set at large, the helpless youth could not turn a corner without meeting some bald-headed reporter who raised the cry of "Stop thief!" if he sought to fly, and, if he paused, interviewed him in a magisterial manner, and almost tearfully implored him to Confess his crime in time for the Next Edition.

Father DEAN, Ritual Rector of St. Cow's, meeting Gospeler SIMPSON upon one of their daily strolls through the snow, said to him:

"This young man, your pupil, has sinned, it appears, and a Ritualistic church, Mr. Gospeler, is no sanctuary for sinners."

"I cannot believe that the sin is his, Holy Father," answered the Reverend OCTAVIUS, respectfully: "but, even if it is, and he is remorseful for it, should not our Church cover him with her wings?"

"There are no wings to St. Cow's yet," returned the Father, coldly,—"only the main building; and that is too small to harbor any sinner who has not sufficient means to build a wing or two for himself."

"Then," said the Gospeler, bowing his head and speaking slowly, "I suppose he must go to the Other Church."

"What Other church?"

The Gospeler raised his hat and spoke reverently:—

"That which is all of God's world outside this little church of ours. That in which the Altar is any humble spot pressed by the knees of the Unfortunate. That in which the priest is whoso doeth a good, unselfish deed, even if in the shadow of the scaffold. That in which the anthem of visible charity for an erring brother sinks into the listening soul an echo of an unseen Father's pity and forgiveness, and the choral service is the music of kind words to all who ever found but unkind words before."

"You must mean the Church of the Pooritans," said the Ritual Rector.

So, MONTGOMERY PENDRAGON went forth from Gospeler's Gulch to seek harbor where he might; and, a day or two afterwards, Mr. BUMSTEAD exhibited to Mr. SIMPSON the following entry in his famous Diary.

"No signs of that umbrella yet. Since the discovery of the watch and seal-ring, I am satisfied that my umbrella, only, was the temptation of the murderer. I now swear that I will no more discuss either my nephew or my umbrella with any living soul, until I have found once more the familiar boyish form and alpaca canopy, or brought vengeance upon him through whom I am nephewless and without protection in the rain."

(To be Continued.)

CHINCAPIN AMONG THE FREE LOVERS.

MR. PUNCHINELLO: When Oratory, rising to its loftiest flights upon the wings of Buncombe, denounces with withering scorn the effete and tyrannical monarchies of Europe, and proclaims the glorious fact that this is a Free Country, Fellow Citizens! it hardly does us justice. We are not only free, Mr. PUNCHINELLO, we are Free and Easy, sir. Breathes there a man so tortuously afflicted with Strabismus that he doesn't see it? If such there be let him go and visit the Oneida Community.

Last week I took a run down to Oneida myself. I found the Communists a very Social crowd, I can assure you. PROUDHON himself might be proud of such disciples, and DESIDERANT find nothing there to be Desiderated. The Communists divide everything equally, particularly the Affections, so there are no Better Halves among them. In Utah, you are aware, Mr. PUNCHINELLO, the women are Sealed to the men, but among these people they are not even Wafered. Your Own IDA may be anybody else's in the Oneida Community. The only individuals that object to Dividing are the children, who are generally opposed to Division, both long and Short, as well as to Fractions.

Infants don't go for much among the Free Lovers, and are Put Out—to Nurse. After the age of Fifteen months they are surrendered by their Ma's to the Charge of the Two Hundred (the number of men and women in the Community,) who become their common parents, and the infants become common property. The domestic arrangements are entrusted to two females, who are called the "Mothers of the Community." But whether these dual Mothers Do All the Nursing I am unable to say.

I had a little conversation with the Eminent and Aged Free Lover who acted as my guide, and I give it in the manner of the "interviewing reporter."

CHINC. Venerable Seer, tip us your views on the subject of Love.

AGED FREE-LOVER. Do you then take an Interest in our Principles?

CHINC. (Dubiously.) Then you have—

A. F. L. Yes, of our own. They are not those of a prejudiced Wor-r-r-ld. Our principles are Embraced in the Communism of Love and Passional Attraction.

CHINC. (Confidently.) Ah, yes; of course—you are Free Lovers.

A. F. L. Sir-r-r?

CHINC. (Much abashed.) Excuse me. I am young, inexperienced, and but slightly acquainted with the Dictionary.

A. F. L. So I see. Know, young man, that we scorn and repudiate the name of Free Lovers as applied to us by the newspapers. It is true we believe that Love should be untrammelled by the Hateful Bonds of Marriage. With us a Lady may have an affinity for any number of gentlemen, and *vice-versa*. But we are not Free Lovers.

CHINC. Oh, no! Not by no means. Not any.

A. F. L. (Growing eloquent.) We have only advanced from the simple to the more complex form of matrimony. Why should not the faithfulness which constitutes the wretchedly exclusive dual Marriage of the Wor-r-r-ld exist as well between Two Hundred as between two? Why?

CHINC. Why, O why? But there may be reasons—



LACONIC, BUT EXPRESSIVE.

SCENE: NEIGHBORHOOD OF THE FIVE POINTS

First Ruffian. "WHERE TO NOW, SNOOTY?"

Second Ditto. "PICNIC."

First Ditto. "WOTTERYER GOT IN YER LUNCH WALLET?"

Second Ditto. "SLUNG SHOT."

REJUVENATED FRANCE.

PUNCHINELLO has perused a draft of the next Constitution of the French people, or of France, if that is better. Unwilling to give it to his readers in full, at present, he considers himself authorized, however, to cite a few paragraphs of it, which will be found both original and interesting.

FIFTY-SEVENTH CONSTITUTION OF FRANCE.

(One a year, more or less.)

Paragraph 1. The French Nation is sovereign; the French people are sovereign; sovereigns are sovereign; every Frenchman is sovereign.

Paragraph 2. All men are equal, but Frenchmen are highly superior to all other men.

Paragraph 3. In order to secure peace, it is decreed and plebiscited that all governments shall have a chance. For the next ten years, or less, the Orleans Dynasty shall rule; after that a BONAPARTE for a few years; then a Republic, "democratic and social," as long as it can keep on its legs. After that a second Republic, for a twelvemonth at least. Then an old BOURBON, if one can be found. After this, a military dictatorship; the army to decide its duration. At each change the people will decide by plebiscit whether they want the respective governments to be personal, legal, or neither.

Paragraph 4.—But here we must stop

Titans.

THE *Liberté* says: "A lot of crazy fellows tried to proclaim the republic at Toulouse." Now there are manifestly two errors in this statement. The fellows alluded to were not Toulouse, but too tight fellows. Moreover, if they really had been crazies, as the *Liberté* supposes, they would have been instantly arrested and sent to Paris, under guard, by the way of the Madder line, to await the action of the Prefect of the Sane.

A. F. L. Young Man, reared in the hateful prejudices of an Unprogressive Wor-r-ld, there air none.

CHINC. This system, as you, Ancient Person, observe, is much complexed. Do I, then, understand you that a woman may have fifty affinities and yet be faithful to each?

A. F. L. Yes, my son, any number. This plurality of affinities you of course cannot appreciate. A prejudiced Wor-r-ld cannot understand the Bond of Union which connects all the Brothers and Sisters in a Spiritual Marriage. The results of the complex system are—

CHINC. (Interrupting.) I—I—fear the complexity of your system is one too many for me. I feel that my Brow cannot stand the pressure. I must away. Farewell, old man—Adieu!

Such, Mr. PUNCHINELLO, is briefly the Free and Easy Doctrine of Natural Affinity and Passional Attraction. I have no doubt there are some illiberal Persons who would give it a much harsher name. For myself, I believe in the Biggest kind of Liberty, but not for the Biggest kind of Libertines

Reverentially yours, CHINCAPIN.

Astronomical.

A NEW Milky Way has been discovered. It is the way the milk producers (farmers, not cows,) of Westchester County have of insisting upon raising their charges for milk from four cents to five cents a quart, wholesale. We fail to discern the milk of human kindness, here; but it is clear that the milk in the cocoa-nuts of these farmers is mighty sour.

A most appropriate Refreshment for a man about to propose to his Sweetheart.

Pop Corn.

WHAT SIGERSON SAYS.

SIGERSON (Dr.) of the Royal Irish Academy, has gone and said some mighty unpleasant things about the Atmosphere. How he found them out, we can't say, (and we hope *he* can't;) but nevertheless, he declares, with the most dreadful calmness, that if you go to visit the Iron Works, you will inevitably breathe a great many hollow Balls of Iron, say about one two thousandth of an inch in diameter! What these rather diminutive ferruginous globules will do for you, we do not know; but you can see for yourself, that with your lungs full of little iron balls you must certainly be in a "parlous" state. We should say that we had quite as lief have the air full of those iron spheres, termed Cannon Balls, as it is now in France. It is true, one couldn't get many of *these* inside one with impunity; and equally true, that foundry men do manage to live, with all that iron in their lungs; but we can't say we desire to "build up an Iron Constitution," as the P-r-n S-r-p folks say, by the inhaling process.

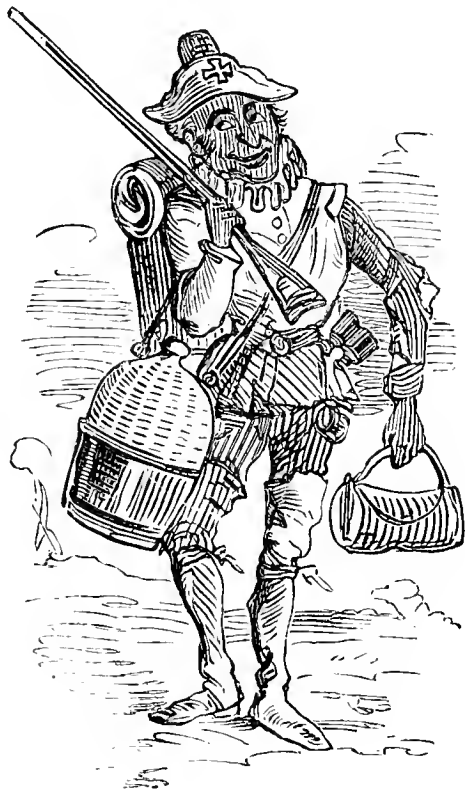
But SIGERSON is not content to render the neighborhood of Iron Works questionable to the delicate and apprehensive; in "shirt-factory air" he declares, upon honor, "there are little filaments of linen and cotton, with minute eggs" (goodness gracious!) "Threshing machines," he more than insinuates, "fill the air with fibres, starch-grains and spores," (spores! think of that;) and (what is truly ha(i)rrowing,) in "stables and barber's shops" you cannot but breathe "scales and hairs." Good Heavens!

What he says of printers and smokers is simply horrible; in short, this dreadful SIGERSON has gone and made life a wretched and lingering (to quote the sensitive Mrs. GAMP,) "progiss through this mortal wale."

THE WATERING PLACES.

Punchinello's Vacations.

WHEN we visit ordinary places of summer resort, we require no particular outfit, (it being remembered that the "we" alluded to comprehends only males,) excepting a suitable supply of summer clothes. But when we go to the Adirondacks,—certainly a most extraordinary place of summer resort,—we require an outfit which is as remarkable as the region itself. Thoroughly understanding this necessity, Mr. PUNCHINELLO made himself entirely ready for a life in the woods before he set out for the Adirondack Mountains. Witness the completeness of his preparations.



The railroad to the heart of this delightful resort is not yet finished, and when Mr. P. had completed his long journey, in which the excellence and abominability,—so to speak,—of every American form of conveyance was exhibited, he was glad enough to see before him those charming wilds which are gradually being tamed down by the well-to-do citizens of New York and Boston. He found that it was necessary, in order to enter the district, to pass through a gate in a high pale-fence, and, to his surprise, he was informed that he must buy a ticket before being allowed to proceed. On inquiry, he discovered that the Reverend Mr. MURRAY, of Boston, claiming the whole Adirondack region by right of discovery, had fenced it entirely in, and demanded entrance money of all visitors.

This was bad, to be sure, but there was no help for it, and Mr. P. bought his ticket and passed in.

The Adirondack scenery is peculiar. In the first place, there are no pavements or gravel walks.

This is a grievous evil, and should be remedied by Mr. MURRAY as soon as possible. The majority of the paths are laid out in the following manner.



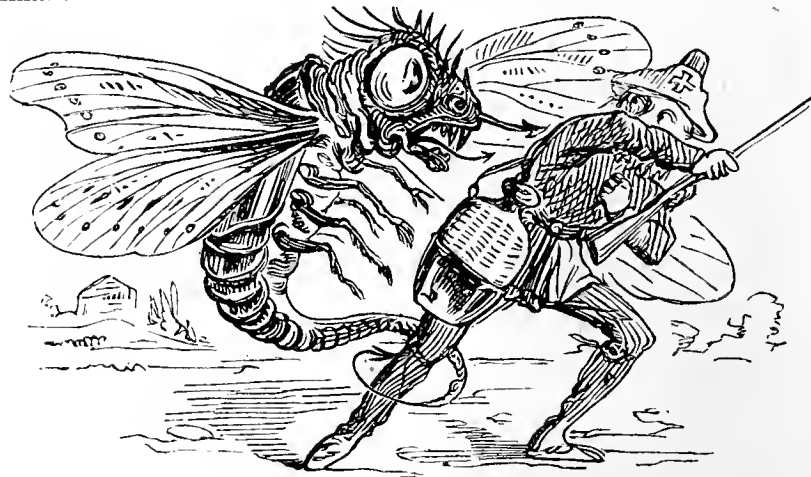
The scenery, however, would be very fine if the bugs were transparent.

The multitudes of insectivorous *carnivora*, which arose to greet Mr. P., effectually prevented him from seeing anything more than a yard distant.

But if this had been all, Mr. P. would not have uttered a word of complaint. It was not all, by any means.

These hungry creatures, these black-flies; midges; mosquitoes; yellow bloodsuckers; poison-bills; corkscrew-stingers; hook-tailed hornets; and all the rest of them settled down upon him until they covered him like a suit of clothes. A warmer welcome was never extended to a traveller in a strange land.

In case his readers should not be familiar with the animal, the accompanying drawing will give an admirable idea of the celebrated black-fly of the Adirondacks, which, with the grizzly bear and the rattlesnake, occupies the front rank among American ferocious animals.



After travelling on foot for a day and a night; drenched by rain; scorched by the sun; crippled by rocks and roots; frightened by rattlesnakes and panthers; blistered and swollen by poisonous insects; nearly starved; tired to death; and presenting the most pitiable appearance in the world, Mr. P. reached the encampment of Mr. MURRAY, proprietor and exhibitor of the Adirondacks.

Knowing that there was quite a large company in the camp, Mr. P. was almost ashamed to show himself in such a doleful plight, but he soon found that there was no need for any scruples on that account, as they were all as wretched looking as himself.

Mr. MURRAY welcomed him cordially, and after building a "smudge" around him to keep off the flies, he gave Mr. P. some Boston brown-bread and a glass of pure water from a rill.

This, with a sip from Mr. P.'s little flask, revived him considerably, and after a night's rest on the lee side of a tree, where the rain did not wet him nearly so much as if he had been on the other side, Mr. P. felt himself equal to the task of enjoying the Adirondacks.

That morning, Mr. MURRAY conducted a melancholy party of disconsolate pleasure-seekers to a neighboring stream, where he instructed them to fish for trout. He told them they must revel in the delights of the scene, and should tremble with the wild rapture of drawing from the rushing waters the bounding trout.

Mr. P. tried very hard to do this. He put his prettiest fly and his sharpest hook on his longest line, and, for hours, gently whipped the ripples. At last a speckled representative of the American National Game-fish took compassion on the patient fisherman and entered into a contest of skill with him. (A friendly match, and no bets on either side.) The game lasted some time. The fish made some splendid "fly-catches;" and Mr. P., slipping on a wet stone at the edge of the brook, got in once on his base. On this occasion, the line and a black-berry bush arranged a decided "foul" between them. At last, just at the most interesting point of the game, the sudden sting of a steel-bee caused Mr. P. to give a quick bawl, when the fish took a home-run and came back no more. Time of game, 3h., 50m.

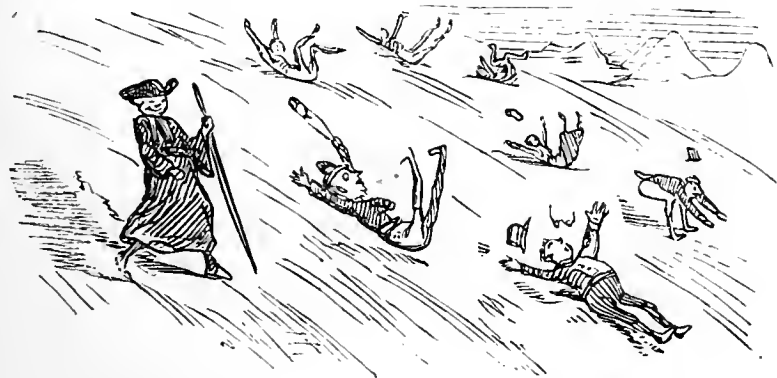
Mr. P. 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0—1.

Trout. 6 9 8 7 9 9 9 9 9—75.

That afternoon Mr. MURRAY took the party to Crystal Brook, Shanty Brook, Mainspring Brook, Tenement Brook, and more little mountain gutters of the kind than you could count on your fingers and toes. As an aristocratic residence, this region is certainly superior to New York, for the Murray Hills are as plenty as blackberries. The next day they all went up Mount Marcy. When the ascent was completed, every-

body lay down and went to sleep. They were too tired to bother themselves about the view. At length, after a good nap, Mr. MURRAY got up and wakened the party, and they all came down.

They came by the way of the "grand slide," but Mr. P. didn't like it. His tailor, however, will no doubt think very highly of it.



When all was quiet, that evening, on Dangle-worm Creek, near which they were encamped, Mr. P. found the Reverend MURRAY sitting in the smoke of his private smudge, enjoying his fragrant pipe. Seating himself by the veteran pioneer, Mr. P. addressed him thus:

"Tell me, Mr. MURRAY, in confidence, your opinion of the Adirondacks."

"Sir," said Mr. MURRAY, "I have no objection to give a person of your respectability and knowledge of the world my opinion of this region, but I do not wish it made public."

"Of course, sir!" said Mr. P. "A man of your station and antecedents would not wish his private opinions to be made too public. You may rely upon my discretion."

"Well, then," said the reverend mountaineer, "I think the Adirondacks an unmitigated humbug, and I wish I had never let the world know that there was such a place."

"Why then do you come here every season, sir?"

"After all I have written and said about it," said Mr. MURRAY, "I have to come to keep up appearances. Don't you see? But I hate these mountains from the bottom of my heart. For every word I have written in praise of the region I have a black-fly-bite on my legs. For every word I have said in favor of it I have a scratch or a bruise in some other part of my corpus. I wish that there was no such a season as summer-time, or else no such a place as the Adirondacks."

(Readers of this paper are requested to skip the above, as those are Mr. MURRAY's private opinions, and not the statements he makes in public, and his desire to keep them dark should be respected.)

It may be of interest to his patrons to know that Mr. P. arrived home safely and with whole bones.

RAMBLINGS.

BY MOSE SKINNER.

MR. PUNCHINELLO: The editor of the *Slunkville Lyre* says in his last issue:—

"Notwithstanding the calumnies of Mr. SKINNER, our reputation is still good, and we continue to pay our debts promptly."

This is the fifth hoax he has perpetrated within two weeks. His line of business at present seems to be the *canard* line.

I'll trust him out of sight if I can keep one eye on him. Not otherwise.

For a light recreation, combining a little business, I recommend his funeral.

It is pleasant to reflect that men of his stamp are never born again. They are born once too much as it is.

He went to the Agricultural Fair last Fall. There was a big potato there. After gazing spell-bound upon it for one hour, he rushed home and set the following in type:

"What is the difference between the Rev. ADAM CLARK, and the big potato at the fair? One is a Commentator, and the other is an Uncommon 'tater."

This conundrum was so exquisitely horrible, that his friends hoped he'd have judgment enough to hang himself, but such things die hard.

Colonel W——'s Goat. Colonel W——, is a great man in these parts. Like most village nabobs, he's a corpulent gentleman with a great show of dignity, and in a white vest and gold-headed cane, looks eminently

respectable. He owns a hot-house, keeps a big dog that is very savage, and his wife wears a silk dress at least three times a week,—either of which will establish a man's reputation in a country town.

Everything belonging to the Colonel is held in the utmost awe by the villagers. The paper speaks of him as "our esteemed and talented townsman, Col. W.," and alludes to his "beautiful and accomplished wife," who, by the way, was formerly waiter in an oyster saloon, and won the Colonel's affection by the artless manner in which she would shout: "Two stews, plenty o' butter."

Like others of his stamp, the Colonel amounts to something just where he is, but take him anywhere else, he'd be a first-class, eighteen carat fraud.

Awhile ago, the Colonel bought a goat for his little boy to drive in harness, and the animal often grazed at the foot of a cliff, near the house. One day, a man wandering over this cliff fell and was instantly killed, evidently having come in contact with the goat, for the animal's neck was broken.

But what amused me was the way the aforesaid editor spoke of the affair. He wrote half a column on the "sad death of Col. W's. goat," but not a word of the unfortunate dead man, till he wound up as follows:

"We omitted to state that a dead man was picked up near the unfortunate goat. It is supposed that this person, in wandering over the cliff, lost his foothold and fell, striking the doomed animal in his progress. Thus, through the carelessness of this obscure individual, was Col. W's. poor little goat hurled into eternity."

The Superintendent asked me last Sunday to take charge of a class.

"You'll find 'em rather a bad lot" said he. "They all went fishing last Sunday but little JOHNNY RAND. He is really a good boy, and I hope his example may yet redeem the others. I wish you'd talk to 'em a little."

I told him I would.

They were rather a hard looking set. I don't think I ever witnessed a more elegant assortment of black eyes in my life. Little JOHNNY RAND, the good boy, was in his place, and I smiled on him approvingly.

As soon as the lessons were over, I said:

"Boys, your Superintendent tells me you went fishing last Sunday. All but little JOHNNY, here."

"You didn't go, did you, JOHNNY?" I said.

"No, sir."

"That was right. Though this boy is the youngest among you," I continued, "you will now learn from his lips words of good counsel, which I hope you will profit by."

I lifted him up on the seat beside me, and smoothed his auburn ringlets.

"Now, JOHNNY, I want you to tell your teacher, and these wicked boys, why you didn't go fishing with them last Sunday. Speak up loud, now. It was because it was very wicked, and you had rather come to the Sunday School. Wasn't it?"

"No, sir, it was 'cos I couldn't find no worms for bait."

Somehow or other these good boys always turn out humbugs.

It is hardly good taste to introduce anything of a pathetic nature in an article intended to be humorous, but the following displays such an infinite depth of tenderness, fortified by strength of mind, that I cannot forbear. Although it occurred when I was quite young, it is firmly impressed on my memory:

The autumn winds sighed drearily through the leafless trees, as the solemn procession passed slowly into the quiet church-yard, and paused before the open grave, where all that was mortal of LUCY C—— was to be laid away forever, and when the white-haired old pastor, with trembling voice, recounted her last moments, sobs broke out afresh, for she was beloved by all.

The bereaved husband stood a little apart, and, though no tear escaped him, yet we all instinctively felt that his heart was wrung with agony, and his burden greater than he could bear. With folded arms, and eyes bent upon the coffin, he seemed buried in a deep and painful reverie. None dared intrude upon a grief so sacred. At last, turning to his brother, and pointing to the coffin, he said:

"JOHN, don't you call that rather a neat looking box for four dollars?"

Financial.

OUR French editor thinks that the Imperial revenues ought to be doubled at once, on the ground of the too evident Income-pittance of the Emperor.



AN EXCURSION.

Fanny. "ISN'T IT TOO BAD, FRANK; WE SHALL GET BACK TO TOWN LONG BEFORE DARK."

(Fact is, Fanny has a thick shawl, and it would be so nice to share it with Frank.)

OUR PORTFOLIO.

DEAR PUNCHINELLO: I see you have been at the White Sulphur Springs; but you forgot to tell us what we were all dying to hear, about the waters. Several friends had suggested that I should go to some watering place where I could get nothing else but water to drink, or to some spring where I couldn't get "sprung." I tried the White Sulphur, and while there learned some facts that may be useful to others who seek them for a similar purpose.

These springs differ from the European springs in that they were not discovered by the Romans. The Latin conquerors never roamed so far, and it was perhaps a good thing for them that they didn't. Sulphur water could not have agreed with Romans any more than it agrees with Yankees who take whiskey with it. I was asked if I would like to analyse the water, (as everything here is done by analysis under the eye of the resident physician.) My analysis was done entirely under the nose.

I raised a glass of the enchanted fluid to my lips: but my nose said very positively, "Don't do it," and I didn't. I told my conductor I had analyzed it, and he seemed not a little astonished at the rapidity and simplicity of the method. He asked me if I would be kind enough to write out a statement of the result after the manner of Dr. HAYES, Prof. ROGERS, and others who have examined these waters and testified that they would cure everything but hydrophobia. I told him I would, and retiring to my room, wrote as follows:

"Sulphur water contains mineral properties of a sulphuric character, owing to the fact that the water runs over beds of sulphur. Nobody has ever seen these beds, but they are supposed to constitute the cooler portions of those dominions corresponding to the Christian location of Purgatory. Sinners, preliminary to being plunged into the fiery furnace, are laid out on these beds and wrapped in damp sheets by chambermaids regularly attached to the establishment. This is meant to increase the torture of their subsequent sufferings, and there can be no doubt that it succeeds. Herein we have also an explanation of the reason of these waters coming to the surface of the earth—it is to give patients and other *miserables* who drink them a foretaste of future horrors. Passing

from this branch of the subject to the analysis proper, I find that fifty thousand grains of sulphur water divided, into one hundred parts, contains,

Bilge water,	- - - - -	95.75
Sulphate of Bilgerius,	- - - - -	1.855
Chloride of Bilgeria,	- - - - -	.285
Carbonate de Bilgique,	- - - - -	.750
Silica Bilgica,	- - - - -	1.955
Hydro-sulp-Bil,	- - - - -	.28

Twenty thousand grains of the water would contain less of the above element than fifty thousand grains, which ought to be mentioned as another one of the remarkable peculiarities of this most remarkable fluid."

I sent the foregoing scientific deductions to the "Resident Physician," and the bearer told me afterwards that the venerable Esculapian only observed,—“Well, the writer of that must have been a most egregious ass. There is no such thing as ‘Sulphate of Bilgerius,’ or ‘Silica Bilgica,’ or anything like them,” and then the old fellow chuckled to himself over my supposed ignorance. I was willing he should. I'm accustomed to being called an ass, and always like to be recognized by my kindred.

Chemically thine,

SULPHURO.

COOL, IF NOT COMFORTABLE.

Apropos of complications arising out of the late Navy Appropriation Law, a daily paper states as follows:

"The decision of the Attorney General now forces him to turn the balance into the Treasury, and the sailors have to go unclothed."

How this decision will affect recruiting for our navy yet remains to be seen, though it is probable that but few civilized men can be found to join a service in which nudity is obligatory. In such torrid weather as we are having, JACK ashore with nothing on, except, perhaps, a Panama hat, will be a novel and refreshing object—but how about the police?



LAW VERSUS LAWLESSNESS.

THE VIRTUOUS ALLIES OF THE NEW YORK "SUN" ENGAGED IN THEIR CONGENIAL OCCUPATION OF THROWING DIRT.

HIRAM GREEN ON BASE BALL.

A Match Game between Centenarians.—“Roomatix” vs. “Bloostockin’s.”

THE veterans of the war of 1812 of this place, organized a base ball club.

It was called the “Roomatix base ball club.”

A challenge was sent to the “Bloostockin’ base ball club,” an old man’s club in an adjoining town. They met last week to play a match game.

It required rather more macheenery than is usually allowed in this grate nashunal game of chance.

For instance: The pitchers hadn’t very good eye-site, and were just as liable to pitch a ball to “2nd base,” as to “Home base.”

To make a sure thing of it, a big long tin tube was made, on the principle of the Noomatic tunnel under Broadway, New York. A large thing, like a molasses funnel, was made, onto the end facin’ the pitcher.

The old man ceased the ball and pitched it into the brod openin’. The raceway was slantin’ downwards, towards the “Home base.” The batter stood at his post, with an ear trumpet at his ear, and a wash-bord in his two hands holdin’ onto the handles.

When he heard the ball come rollin’ down the tin, he would “muff” it with his wash-bord. Then the excitement would begin. The “striker” would start off and go feelin’ about the “field” for the base, while the “outs” got down onto their hands and knees and went huntin’ for the ball.

Sometimes a “fielder,” whose sense of feelin’ wasn’t very acute, got hold of a cobbler, then he would waddle, and grope his way about, to find the base. But I tell you it was soothin’ fun for the old men.

After lookin’ 20 minuts for a ball, then findin’ the base before the batter did, who just as like as not had strayed out into another lot, it made the old fellers laff.

Sometimes two players would run into each other and go tumblin’ over together. Then the “Umpire” would go and get them onto their pins agin, and give ’em a fresh start.

On each side of this interestin’ match game, was two old men who went on crutches.

It was agreed, as these men couldn’t run the bases, that a man be blindfolded and wheel these aged cripples about the bases in a wheel-barrer.

The minnit these old chaps would “strike,” they dropped their crutches, and the umpire would dump them into the *vehicle*, and away went mister striker.

A player was bein’ wheeled this way once, and the “outs” was down onto their marrow-bones tryin’ to find the ball, when a splash! was heard. The wheel-barrer man had run his cart into a goose pond, and made a scatterin’ among the geese.

“Fowl!” eride the Umpire.

The wheel-barrer man drew his lode ashore.

“Out!” hollers the Umpire.

And another victim went to the wash-bord.

Bets were offered 2 to one, that “The Roomatix” would *pass* more balls—on their hands and knees—than the “Bloostockin’s.” These bets were freely taken—by obligin’ stake-holders.

A friend of the “Bloostockin’s” jumped upon a pile of stuns and said:

“15 to 10 ‘the Roomatix’ have got more *blinds* than the ‘Bloostockin’s.’”

No takers—I guess he would have won his bet, for just at this juncture a “Roomatix” was at the bat.

The Umpire moved his head.

The old man thought it was the ball, and he “muffed” the “Umpire’s” head with his wash-bord.

The Umpire turned suddenly and wanted to know:

“Who was firin’ spit balls at his back hair?”

One “innin,” the ball was rolled through, it struck the batter in the rite eye.

“Out on rite eye,” eride the Umpire, and the batter was minus an eye.

Next man to the bat.

His eyes were gummy. He couldn’t see the ball.

He heard the ball rollin’.

He raised his wash-board.

His strength gave way.

Down came the bat, and the handle of the wash-bord entered his eye.

“Out! on the left eye,” screams the Umpire.

Old man No. 3 went to the wash-bord.

The ball came tearin’ along.

It was a little too swift for the old man.—Rather too much “English” into it. It “Kissed” and made a “scratch,” strikin’ the “Cushion” between the old man’s eyes.

This gave him the “cue.” Tryin’ to make a “draw” with the wash bord, so as to “Uker” the ball, and “checkmate” the other club, he was “distansed,” and his spectacles went flyin’, smashin’ the glass and shuttin’ off his eyesite.

“Out! agin,” bellers the Umpire.

This was the first *Blind* innin’s for the “Roomatix.”

The “Bloostockin’s” bein’ told how this innin’s stood, by addressin’ them through their ear-trumpets, made a faint effort to holler “Whooray!”

And, I am grieved to say it, one by-stander, who didn’t understand the grate nashunal game, wanted to know:

“What in thunder them old dry bones was cryin’ about.”

It was a crooel remark, altho’ the old men, not bein’ used to hollerin’ much, and not havin’ any teeth, did make rather queer work tryin’ to holler.

Ime sorry to say, the game wasen’t finished.

Refreshments were served at the end of this innin’s, consistin’ of Slippery Elm tea and watergruel.

The old men eat harty.

This made them sleepy, and the consequence was, that the minnit they was led out on the grass, “Sleep, barmy sleep,” got the best of ’em, and they laid down and slept like infants.

Both nines were then loaded onto stone botes and *drawn* off of the field.

The friends of both sides *drew* their stake money, and the Umpire, *drawin’* a long breath, declared the match a *draw* game.

Basely Ewers,

HIRAM GREEN, Esq.,

Lait Gustise of the Peece.

Bad Eggs.

THE following suggestive item appears in an evening paper:

“Illinois boasts of chickens hatched by the sun.”

Well, New York can beat Illinois at that game. The chickens hatched by the *Sun*, here, are far too numerous for counting, and they are curses of the kind that will assuredly “come home to roost.”

Disagreeable, but True.

THE restoration of the Bourbon dynasty is reckoned possible in France.

In this country the Bourbon die-nasty has never been played out. It is a malignant disease, sometimes known as *delirium tremens*.

Musical.

Mlle. SILLY, the daily papers inform us, has been engaged for the Grand Opera House in *opera bouffe*, and will make her *début* about the middle of September. The lady should not be confounded with any of our New York “girls of the period” who bear, (or ought to bear,) her name.

Caution to Readers.

SEVEN steady business men of this city, four solid capitalists of Boston, eighteen Frenchmen residents of the United States, but doing business nowhere, and a German butcher in the Bowery, have just been added to sundry lunatic asylums, their intellects having become hopelessly deranged from reading the conflicting telegrams about the war in Europe.

A Parallel.

In one of the reports of the Coroner’s investigation of the Twenty-third street murder, it was mentioned that “Several ladies and some young children occupied chairs within the railing.”

When REAL was hanged, it was noticeable that a great number of women appeared in the morbid crowd that surrounded the Tombs, many of them with small children in their arms.

Fifth Avenue and Five Points! Six of one and half-a-dozen of the other! Blood will tell!

THE HAZARD OF THE HORSE-CARS.



THIS IS STUBBS, (an incorrigible old bachelor,) WHO TAKES AN OPEN CAR FOR GREENWOOD, AND IS COMPELLED TO DO THE WHOLE DISTANCE SO. (See opposite page.)

THE POEMS OF THE CRADLE.

CANTO V.

"Let's go to bed," says Sleepy Head,
 "Tarry awhile," says Slow;
 "Put on the pot," says Greedy Gut,
 "We'll sup before we go."

These lines the observant student of nursery literature will perceive are satirical. Was there ever a poet who was not satirical? How could he be a genius and not be able to point out the folly he sees around him and comment upon it. In this case, the poor poet, who lived in a roseate cloud-land of his own, not desiring such mundane things as sleep and food, was undoubtedly troubled and plagued to death by having brothers and sisters who were of the earth, earthy; and who never neglected an opportunity to laugh at his poems; to squirt water on him when in the heavenly mood, his eyes in frenzy rolling; to put spiders down his back; to stick pins in his elbows when writing; or upset his inkstand.

Fine natures always have a deal to bear, in this world, from the coarse, unfeeling natures that cannot appreciate their delicacy; and this one had more than his share.

Many a time has he been goaded to frenzy by the cruel sneers and jokes of those who should have been proud of his talents; and rushed with wild-eyed eagerness down to the gentle frog pond, intending there to bury his sorrows beneath its glassy surface. He saw in imagination the grief-stricken faces of those cruel ones as they gazed upon his cold corpse, with his damp locks clinging to his noble brow, the green slimy weeds clasped in his pale hands, and the mud oozing from his pockets and the legs of his pants; and he gloried in the remorse and anguish they would feel when they knew that the Poet of the family was gone forever.

All this he pictured as he stood on the bank, and, while thinking,

the desire to plunge in grew smaller by degrees and beautifully less, till at last it vanished entirely, and he concluded he had better go home, finish his book first, and drown himself afterwards, if necessary. It would make much more stir in the world, and his name and works might live forever.

A happy thought strikes him as he slowly meanders homeward. He would have revenge. He would punish these wretches by handing down to posterity their peculiarities. He would put it in verse and have it printed in his book, and then they'd see that even the gentle worm could turn and sting.

Ah! blessed thought. He flies to his garret bedroom, seizes his goose-quill and paper, and sits down. What shall he write about? He nibbles the feather-end of his pen, plunges the point into the ink, looks at it intently to see if he has hooked up an idea, sees none, and falls to nibbling again. Ah! now he has it. There is Tom, the dunderhead, who is always sleepy—he will put that down about him. Squaring his shoulders, he writes:

"Let's go to bed," says Sleepy Head.

Gleefully he rubs his hands. Won't that cut Tom? Ah! Ha! I guess Tom won't say much more about staring at the moon. Now for Dick, the old stupid. What shall he say about him? The end of the pen diminishes slowly but surely, and then he writes:

"Tarry awhile," says Slow.

That will answer for Dick. Now let him give HARRY something scorching, withering, and cutting—so that he'll never open his mouth again unless it is to put something in it. Oh, that is it, he is always hungry—rub him on that. He thinks intently. Determination shows in every line of his face: the pen is almost gone: only an inch remains, and then the Poet masters his subject. He has got the last two lines.

"Put on the pot," says Greedy Gut,
 "We'll sup before we go."

He throws down the stump of the pen and bounces up. His object in life is accomplished; he is master of the situation, now, and holds the trump-card. See the quiet smile and knowing look as he folds the paper up, and thrusts it into his pocket. He is going down-stairs to read it to the family. Now is the time for sweet revenge and for the overthrow of those Philistines, his brothers. He descends slowly, like an avenging angel, enters the room, and—gentle reader, imagine the rest.

Masculine or Feminine?

It now seems that the new and terrible fagot-gun used in the French army is to be spoken of in the feminine gender—*mitrailleuse* instead of *mitrailleux*, as hitherto spelt by correspondents. That a virago is sometimes termed a "spit-fire" we all know, but that is hardly reason enough to excuse the French for such a lapse of gallantry as calling a thunderous and fatal implement of war by a soft feminine name. Let them stick to *mitrailleux*. Yet we would not rashly throw the other word away. *Mitrailleuse* would be a capital acquisition to the English language, and very handy for any man having a vixen of a wife, with no nice pet name convenient with which to conciliate her.

A Ridiculous Rub-a-dub.

A QUIET gentleman who occupies lodgings immediately opposite one of the city armories, writes to us asking whether the drum corps that practice there two or three evenings in the week should not be supplied with noiseless drums, as PUNCHINELLO has suggested regarding the street organs. PUNCHINELLO thinks the suggestion a good one. He would like to see the beating of drums after night-fall abolished altogether. In fact, it is the only kind of Dead Beat to which he would lend his countenance.

A Clear Case.

SOME wiseacre has been trying to demonstrate, through the public press, that POE did not write "The Raven." The man must be a Raven lunatic.

THE HAZARD OF THE HORSE-CARS.



AND THIS IS THE WAY IN WHICH DOBBS, WHO WOULD HAVE BEEN DELIGHTED WITH STUBBS'S LUCK, IS MADE TO SUFFER MARTYRDOM ON *his* LITTLE EXCURSION.

THE BALLAD
OFTHE GOOD LITTLE BOY, AGED TEN,
AND HIS BAD BROTHER.

An obituary notice of a boy, 10 years old, in *The Wilmington Commercial*, contains the following statement: "In his dying moments he charged his brother WILLIAM not to dance, or sing any more songs. Funeral services preached by the Rev. Wm. R. TUBB."

This pious Boy lay on his bed,
A dying very fast;
'Most every word this good Boy said,
They thought 'twould be his last.
The Reverend Mr. TUBB was there,
A praying very slow;
It was a solemn, sad affair;
'Twas plain the Boy must go.
His brother WILLIAM, he come o'er,
To which this good Boy cried,
"Oh, BILL, don't sing nor dance no more!"
And following which he died.
Now WILLIAM, he had learnt a song
That pleased him very much:
He didn't know that it was wrong
To carol any such.
He said he couldn't leave it go,
Not if he was to die;
And that same song, as all should know,
Was called by him, "Shoo Fly."
He was informed by Mr. TUBBS
That he would fall down dead,
Or else get killed by stones or clubs,
With that thing in his head.
But, such is life! Poor WILLIAM went
And sung his Shoo Fly o'er:
Not knowing that he would be sent
Where Shoo Flies are no more.
He was a singing, one wet day,
And likewise dancing too,
When lightning took his sole away—
Let this warn me and you!

HINTS FOR THE CENSUS.

DEAR PUNCHINELLO: I have always been in favor of the Census. The system is questionable, perhaps, though that depends on how you take it. I have found that it answers very well where the parties are highly intelligent—like myself, for example.

I drew up the following proclamation to read to the U. S. official in my district:

Q. What is your name? A. SANSFIELD YOUNG. What is yours?

Q. What is your age? A. A., being asked how old he was, replied: "If I live as long again, and half as long again, and two years and a half,—how old shall I be?"

Q. Where is your residence? A. I live at home with the family. I have often thought that, amid pleasures and palaces, there is no place like home, unless it be a boarding house with hot and cold water.

Q. What is your occupation? A. Taxpayer. This takes my whole time.

Q. Where were you born? A. Having made no minute of it at the time, it has passed out of my memory.

Q. What kind of a house do you live in? A. A mortgaged house, painted flesh color, a front exposure, brick windows and a brass lightning rod. A good deal of back yard, (and back rent,) to it.

Q. At what age did your grandfather die? A. If he died last night, (I saw him yesterday at a horse race,) he was turning ninety-eight. Perhaps he got tipped over in the turn.

Q. Do you hold any official position: if so, what? A. Inspector of fish,—every Friday.

Q. Are you insured? A. I am agent for half a dozen companies. So are all my neighbors. My life is insured against fire for several thousands.

Q. Are you troubled with chilblains? A. Quite. I soak my feet in oil of vitriol.

Q. Were you in the war? A. I have the scar on my arm which

I got in the service. I was vaccinated severely, while clerk to a substitute broker at Troy, N. Y.

Q. Are you a graduate of any College. A. Yes, of onc. I forget which one. I only remember that I was one of the most remarkable men they ever turned out.

Q. Have you suffered from the potato rot? A. Not myself. My uncle had it bad. He found that whiskey and warm water was a very good thing. I've made an independent discovery of the same fact, also.

Q. Are you in favor of Free Trade or Protection? A. I can only say that, if elected, gentlemen, I shall endeavor to do my whole duty. I am.

Q. What do you think of deep plowing? A. In a scanty population, I should say it has a bad effect. I can recommend it, however, in a sandy soil, where school privileges are first-class.

Q. Does anything else occur to you which it is important for the Government to know? A. Yes: a hay fever occurs to me regularly once a year. I have no policy to enforce against the will of the people: Still I would call the attention of the medicine-loving public to my friend Dr. EZRA CUTLER'S "Noon-day Bitters." For ringing in the ears, loss of memory, bankruptcy, teething, and general debility, they are without a rival. No family should live more than five minutes walk from a bottle. They gild the morning of youth, cherish manhood, and comfort old age, with the name blown on the bottle in plain letters. Beware of impositions—at all respectable druggists.

* * I believe in taking things easy, and I shall cheerfully assist the Administration, when it calls at my door on Census business.

SANSFIELD YOUNG.

Facilis Descensus.

THE daily papers frequently have articles respecting the "Hell Gate Obstructions." We do not, however, remember having seen that subject handled in the *Sun*. Perhaps it is that DANA and DYER, conscious of their deserts, do not anticipate any obstructions in that quarter.



ARISTOCRACY IN THE KITCHEN.

Lady, (responsively.) "THAT FASHIONABLY DRESSED WOMAN WHO HAS JUST PASSED, DEAR? OH, THAT'S MY COOK, TAKING HER SUNDAY WITH THE GROCER'S YOUNG MAN. SHE NEVER ACKNOWLEDGES ME ON SUCH OCCASIONS."

WHAT SHALL WE CALL IT?

Having made up my mind to become a novelist, I naturally studied the productions of my predecessors, and found out, I assure you, in a very brief period of time, the little tricks of the trade. As I do not wish to have the business flooded with neophytes, I refrain from informing your readers how every man can become his own novel writer. One very curious thing, however, which I discovered, I will here relate.

I was very much puzzled by the curious titles which novelists selected for their books, and very much annoyed by my inability to discover where they picked them up. I persevered, however, and discovered that they found them in the daily papers. In fact, I shrewdly suspect that I have discovered, in those veracious sheets, the very incidents which suggested the names of a number of volumes. Let me place before you the extracts, which I have culled from the papers.

"Put Yourself in His Place."—READER.

"Yesterday morning an unknown man was found hanging from the limbs of a tree in JONES' Wood. He was quite dead when discovered."

"Red as a Rose is She."

"BRIDGET FLYNN was arrested for vagrancy. When brought before the Court she was quite drunk. She had evidently been a hard drinker for years, as her face was of a brilliant carmine color."

"Man and Wife."—COLLINS.

"MARRIED.—At Salt Lake City, on the 1st day of August, 1870, BRIGHAM YOUNG, Esq., to Miss LETITIA BLACK, Mrs. SUSAN BROWN and Miss JENNIE SMITH."

"What will he do with it?"—BULWER.

"It is stated by the police authorities, that the description of Mr. NATHAN'S watch has been spread so widely, that the robber will be unable to dispose of it to any jeweler or pawnbroker."

"Our Mutual Friend."—DICKENS.

"England is supplying both France and Prussia with horses."

"John."—MRS. OLIPHANT.

"Mr. SAMPSON has sent to California for another cargo of Chinese shoemakers."

"Friends in Council."—HELPS.

"Mr. DREW and Mr. FISK were closeted together for more than an hour yesterday."

"A Tale of Two Cities."—DICKENS.

"The census will show that our city has a population of at least 500,000."—*Chicago paper.*

"St. Louis has undoubtedly a population of 400,000."—*St. Louis paper.*

"Chicago, 300,000; St. Louis, 190,000."—*Census returns.*

"Stern Necessity."—F. W. ROBINSON.

"It is stated that a well-known yacht failed to win the prize in the late race, because her rudder slipped out of her fastenings and was lost."

ITEMS FROM OUR RURAL REPORTERS.

A German farmer, living not one hundred miles from Cincinnati, is raising trichinated pork for the supply of the French army.

The artist who drew the Newfoundland dog (out of the water,) at Newport, R. I., has received a medal from the Royal Humane Society of England, on condition that he will not meddle with dogs any more.

Near Ashland, in Virginia, a spring has been discovered that runs chicken soup. So great was the commotion in culinary arrangements, when the discovery was

made public, that "the dish ran after the spoon."

The curious crustacean known as the "fiddler crab" is unusually numerous in the marshes of Long Island, this summer. It differs from impecunious persons inasmuch as it is a burrowing, not a borrowing, creature. It differs from ordinary fiddlers by two letters, in that it borrows the earth, but not the ear.

It is an established fact that persons who sleep on mattresses stuffed with pigeon's feathers never die. Near Salem, Mass., there is now a woman nearly two hundred years old, who has been bed-ridden and confined to a pigeon-feather bed for one hundred and fifty years. One of her descendants—a shrewd man—has discovered that the pigeon feathers are growing musty, and proposes to replace them with the plumage of geese.

There is a wild man at large in the woods of Sullivan County, N. Y. He was once a fast man of New York City, and is so fast, still, that nobody can catch him.

A gentleman residing in the vicinity of Glen Cove had a Newfoundland dog that was very expert at catching lobsters. The faithful animal has been missing for some time, but a clue to its fate was yesterday obtained by its owner, who found the brass collar of the dog inside a very large lobster with which he was about to construct a salad.

An English nobleman has taken up his residence in the centre of the Dismal Swamp, Va. Blighted affections are supposed to be the cause of his trouble, as he always wears at the top buttonhole of his coat a chignon made of red hair.

"That's what's the Matter."

AMONG the lectures announced for the coming season is Mrs. CECILIA BURLEIGH'S "Woman's right to be a Woman." We quite agree with Mrs. BURLEIGH'S remark. Woman is right to be a woman, but the matter just now is that woman wants to be a man.

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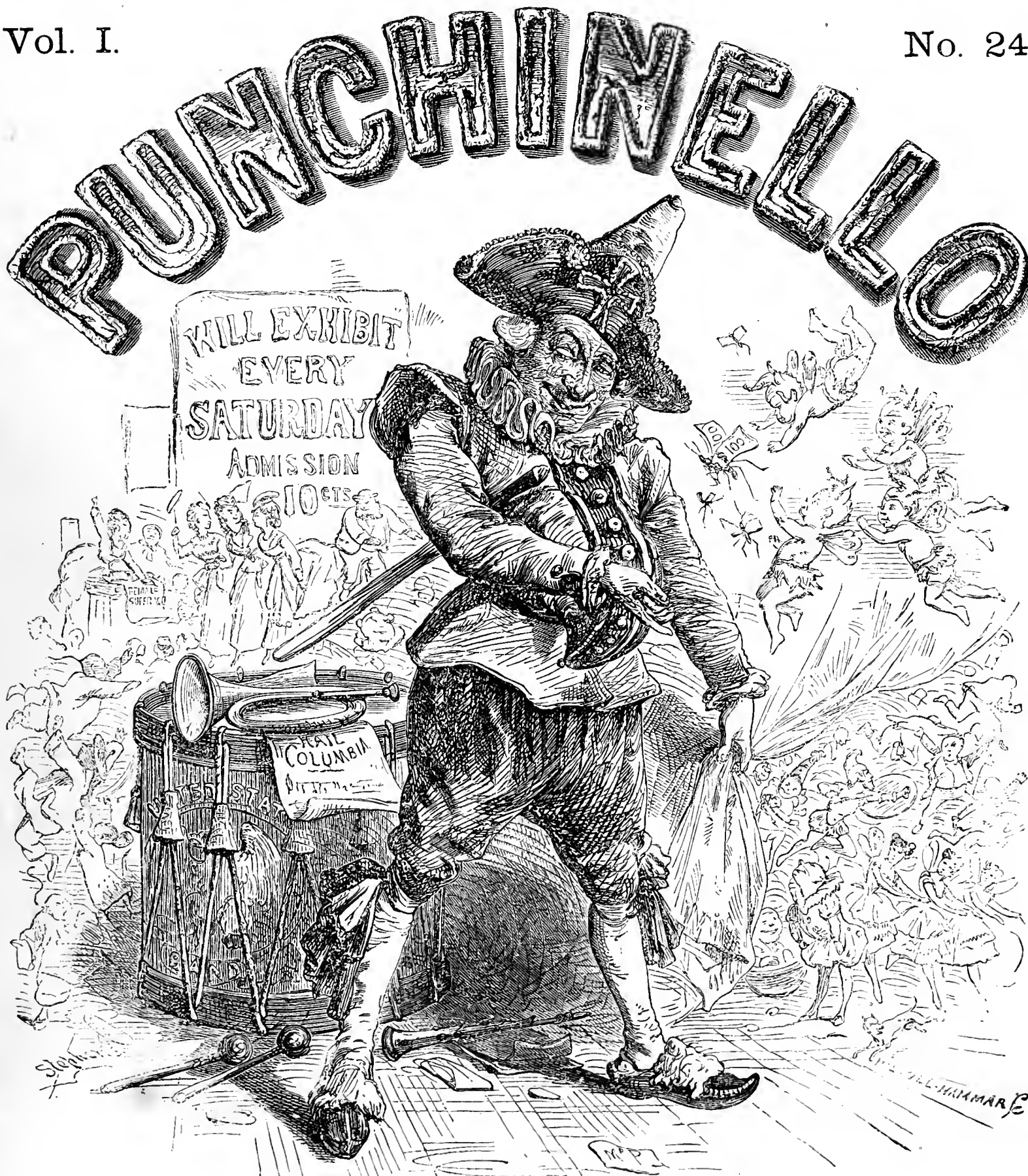
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THE MYSTERY OF MR. E. DROOD.

AN ADAPTATION.

BY ORPHEUS C. KERR.

CHAPTER XVII.

INSURANCE AND ASSURANCE.

Six months had come and gone and done it; the weather was as inordinately hot as it had before been intolerably cold; and the Reverend OCTAVIUS SIMPSON stood waiting, in the gorgeous Office of the Boreal Life Insurance Company, New York, for the appearance of Mr. MELANTHON SCHENCK.

Having been directed by a superb young clerk, who parted his hair in the middle, to "just stand out of the passage-way and amuse yourself with one of our Schedules for awhile," until the great life-Agent should come in, the Gospeler read a few schedulistic pages, proving, that if a person had his life Insured at the age of Thirty, and paid his premiums regularly until he was Eighty-five, the cost to him and profit to the Company would, probably, be much more than the amount he had insured for. It must, then, be evident to him, that, upon his death, at Ninety, the Company would have received, in all, sufficient funds from him to pay the full amount of his Policy to the lady whom he had always introduced as his wife, and still retain enough to declare a handsome Dividend for itself. Such was the sound business-principle upon which the Boreal was conducted; and the merest child must perceive, that only the extremely unlikely coincidence of at least four insurers all dying before Eighty-five could endanger the solvency of the beneficent institution.—Having mastered this convincing argument, and become greatly confused by its plausibility, Mr. SIMPSON next gave some attention to what was going on around him in the Office, and allowed his overwrought mind to relax cheerfully in contemplation thereof. One of human nature's peculiarities was quite amusingly exemplified in the different treatment accorded to callers who were "safe risks," and to those who were not. Thus, the whisper of "Here comes old Tubercles, again!" was prevalent amongst the clerks upon the entrance of a very thin, narrow-chested old gentleman, whom they informed, with considerable humor, that he was only wasting hours which should be spent with a spiritual adviser, in his useless attempts to take out a Policy in *that* office. The Boreal couldn't insure men who ought to be upon their dying beds instead of coughing around Insurance offices. Ha, ha, ha! Another gentleman, florid of countenance and absolutely without neck, was quickly checked in the act of giving his name at one of the desks; one clerk desiring another clerk to look, under the head of "A," in his book, for "*Apoplexy*," and let this man see that we can't take such a risk as he is on any terms. A third caller, who really looked quite healthy except around the eyes, was also assured that he need not call again—"Because, you see," explained the clerkly wag, "it's no go for you to try to play your BRIGHT'S Disease on us!" When, however, the applicant was a robustious, long-necked, fresh individual, he was almost lifted from his feet in the rush of obliging young Boreals to show him into the room of the Medical Examiner; and when, now and then, an agent, or an insurance-broker, came dragging in, by the collar, some Safe Risk, just captured, there was an actual contest to see who should be most polite to the panting but healthy stranger, and obtain his private biography for the consideration of the Company.

The Reverend OCTAVIUS studied these sprightly little scenes with unspeakable interest until the arrival of Mr. SCHENCK, and then followed that popular benefactor into his private office with the air of a man who had gained a heightened admiration for his species.

"So you have come to your senses at last!" said Mr. SCHENCK, hastily drawing his visitor toward a window in the side-room to which they had retired. "Let me look at your tongue, sir."

"What do you mean?" asked the Gospeler, endeavoring to draw back.

"I mean what I say. Let—me—see—your—tongue.—Or, stop!" said Mr. SCHENCK, seized with a new thought, "I may as well examine your general organization first." And, flying at the astounded Ritualistic clergyman, he had sounded his lungs, caused a sharp pain in his liver, and felt his pulse, before the latter could phrase an intelligent protest.

"You may die at any moment, and probably will," concluded Mr. SCHENCK, thoughtfully; "but still, on the score of friendship, we'll give you a Policy for a reasonable amount, and take the chance of being able to compromise with your mother on a certain per centage after the funeral."

"I don't want any of your plagued policies!" exclaimed the irritated Gospeler, pushing away the hand striving to feel his pulse again.

"As you have expressed a desire to resign the guardianship of your wards, Mr. and Miss PENDRAGON, and I have agreed to accept it, my purpose in calling here is to obtain such statement of your account with those young people as you may be disposed to render."

"Ah!" returned the other, in sullen disappointment. "That is all, eh? Allow me to inform you, then, that I have cancelled the Boreal policies which have been granted to the Murderer and his sister; and allow me also to remark, that a dying clergyman like yourself might employ his last moments better than encouraging a Southern destroyer of human life."

"I do not, cannot believe that MONTGOMERY PENDRAGON is guilty," said Mr. SIMPSON, firmly. "Having his full confidence, and thoroughly knowing his nature, I am sure of his innocence, let appearances be what they may. Consequently, it is my determination to befriend him."

"And you will not have your life insured?"

"I will not, sir. Please stop bothering me."

"And you call yourself a clergyman!" cried Mr. SCHENCK, with intense scorn. "You pretend to be a Ritualistic spiritual guide; you champion people who slay the innocent and steal devout men's umbrellas; and yet you do not scruple to leave your own high-church Mother entirely without provision at your death.—In such a case," continued the speaker, rising, while his manner grew ferocious with determination—"in such a case, all other arguments having failed, my duty is plain. You shall not leave this room, sir, until you have promised to take out a Boreal Policy."

He started, as he spoke, for the door of the private-office, intending to lock it and remove the key; but the unhappy Ritualist, fathoming his design, was there before him, and tore open the door for his own speedy egress.

"Mr. SCHENCK," observed the Gospeler, turning and pausing in the doorway, "you allow your business-energy to violate all the most delicate amenities of private life, and will yet drive some maddened mortal to such resentful use of pistol, knife, or poker, as your mourning family shall sincerely deplore. The articles on Free Trade and Protection in the daily papers have hitherto been regarded as the climax of all that utterly wearies the long-suffering human soul; but I tell you, as a candid friend, that they are but little more depressing and jading to the vital powers than your unceasing mention of life-insurance."

"These are strong words, sir," answered Mr. SCHENCK, incredulously. "The editorial articles to which you refer are considered the very drought of journalism; those by Mr. GREELEY, especially, being so dry that they are positively dangerous reading without a tumbler of water."

"You brought the comparison upon yourself, Mr. SCHENCK. Good day."

Thus speaking, the Reverend OCTAVIUS SIMPSON hurried nervously from the Boreal temple; not fairly satisfied that he had escaped a Policy until he found himself safely emerged on Broadway and turning a corner toward Nassau Street. Reaching the latter bye-way, after a brief interval of sharp walking, he entered a building nearly opposite that in which was the office of Mr. DIBBLE; and, having ascended numerous flights of twilight stairs to the lofty floor immediately over the saddened rooms occupied by a great American Comic Paper, came into a spidery garret where lurked MONTGOMERY PENDRAGON.

"Hard at it?" he asked, approaching a rickety table at which sat the persecuted Southerner, reading a volume of HOYLE'S Games.

"My only friend!" ejaculated the lonely reader, hurriedly covering the book with an arm. "I am, as you see, studying law here, all alone with these silent friends."

He waved his thin hand toward a rude shelf on which were several well-worn City Directories of remote dates, volumes of Patent Office Reports for the years '57 and '59, a copy of Mr. GREELEY'S Essays on Political Economy, an edition of the Corporation Manual, the Coast Survey for 1850, and other inflaming statistical works, which had been sent to him in his exile by thoughtful friends who had no place to keep them.

"Cheer up, brother!" exhorted the good Gospeler, "I'll send you some nice theological volumes to add to your library, which will then be complete. Be not despondent. All will come right yet."

"I reckon it will, in time," returned the youth, moodily. "I suppose you know that my sister is determined to come here and stay with me?"

"Yes, MONTGOMERY, I have heard of her noble resolution. May her conversation prove sustaining to you."

"There will be enough of it, I reckon, to sustain half a dozen people," was the despondent answer. "This is a gloomy place for her, Mr. SIMPSON, situated, as it is, immediately over the offices of a Comic Paper."

"And do you think she would care for cheerful accessories while you are in sorrow?" asked the Gospeler, reproachfully.

"But it is so mournful—that floor below," persisted the brother, doubtfully. "If there were only something the least bit more lively down there—say an Undertaker's."

"A Sister's Love can lessen the most crushing gloom, MONTGOMERY."

A silent pressure of the hand rewarded this encouraging reminder of sanguine friendship; and, after the depressed law-student had promised the Reverend OCTAVIUS to walk with him as far as the ferry in a few moments, the said Reverend departed for a hasty call upon the old lawyer across the street.

Benignant Mr. DIBBLE sat near a front window of his office, and received the visitor with legal serenity.

"And how does our young friend enjoy himself, Mr. SIMPSON, in the retreat which I had the honor of commending to you for him?"

The visitor replied, that his young friend's retreat, by its very loftiness, was calculated to inspire any occupant with a room-attic affection.

"And how, and when, and where did you leave Mr. BUMSTEAD?" inquired Mr. DIBBLE.

"As well as could be expected; this morning, at Bumsteadville," said the Gospeler, with answer as terse and comprehensive as the question.

"—Because," added the lawyer, quickly, "there he is, now, coming out of a refreshment saloon immediately under the building in which our young friend takes refuge."

"So he is!" exclaimed the surprised Mr. SIMPSON, staring through the window.

There, indeed, as indicated, was the Ritualistic organist; apparently eating cloves from the palm of his right hand as he emerged from the place of refreshment, and wearing a linen coat so long and a straw hat of such vast brim that his sex was not obvious at first glance. While the two beholders gazed, in unspeakable fascination, Mr. BUMSTEAD suddenly made a wild dart at a passing elderly man with a dark sun-umbrella, ecstatically tore the latter from his grasp, and passionately tapped him on the head with it. Then, before the astounded elderly man could recover from his amazement, or regain the gold spectacles which had been knocked from his nose, the umbrella, after an instant of keen examination, was restored to him with a humble, almost abjectly apologetic air, and Mr. BUMSTEAD hurried back, evidently crushed, into the refreshment saloon.

"His brain must be turned by the loss of his relative," murmured the Gospeler, pitifully.

"His umbrellative, you mean," said Mr. DIBBLE.

When these two gentlemen had parted, and the Reverend OCTAVIUS SIMPSON had been escorted to the ferry, as promised, by MONTGOMERY PENDRAGON, the latter, after a long, insane walk about the city, with the thermometer at 98 degrees, returned to his attic in time to surprise a stranger climbing in through one of the back windows.

"Who are you?" exclaimed the Southern youth, much struck by the funereal aspect, sexton-like dress, and inordinately long countenance of the pallid, light-haired intruder.

"Pardon! pardon!" answered he at the window, with much solemnity. "I am a proprietor of the Comic Paper down below, and am eluding the man who comes every day to tell me how such a paper *should* be conducted. He is now talking to the young man writing the mail-wrappers, who, being of iron constitution and unmarried, can bear more than I. There was just time for me to glide out of the window at sound of that fearful voice, and I climbed the iron shutter and found myself at your casement.—Hark! Do you hear the buzz down there? He's now telling the young man writing the mail-wrappers what kind of Cartoons should be got-up for *this* country.—Hark, again! He and the young man writing the mail-wrappers have clinched and are rolling about the floor.—Hark, once more! The young man writing the mail-wrappers has put him out."

"Won't you come in?" asked MONTGOMERY, sincerely sorry for the agitated being.

"Alas, no!" responded the fugitive, in the tone of a cathedral bell.

"I must go back to my lower deep once more. My name is JEREMY BENTHAM; I am very unhappy in my mind; and, with your permission, will often escape this way from him who is the bane of my existence."

Being assured of welcome on all occasions, he of the long countenance went clanging down the iron shutter again; and the lonely law-student, burying his face in his hands, prayed Providence to forgive him for having esteemed his own lot so hopelessly gloomy when there were Comic Paper men on the very next floor.

That night, before going home to Gowanus, the old lawyer across the way glanced up toward MONTGOMERY's retreat, and shook his head as though he couldn't make something out. Whether he had a difficult idea in his brain, or only a fly on his nose, was for the observer to discover for himself.

(To be Continued.)

UNIVERSOCKDOLOGY.

MR. PUNCHINELLO: It afflicts me, one of your most assiduous readers, to notice that you cast not even so much as a lack-lustre glance at the brilliant gems that STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS scatters periodically through the columns of the *Evening Mail* and WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S *Weekly*. Are the times out of joint; or is it your Italian nose? Do you fear to quote the sublimated utterances of the perspicacious, although pleonastic philosopher? Does he lead you in thought, or the expression thereof? Then, wherefore? And if not, wherever may the just reason be found for your indifference?

The science of Universology, as so delightfully unfolded by Mr. ANDREWS, is one that must ere long overtop and engulf all others, seeing that it is, of itself, the science which embodies and contains all. It teaches that the universe exists in time and space—a fact never discovered till now—or that, rather, it exists in space and time, as the two negative containers of its *statism* or existence, and of its *motism* or eventuation, (its chain of events.) It shows that statism, or world-existence-at-rest, in space, is analogous with the cardinal series of numeration; and motism or world-existence-in-motion, in time, analogous with the ordinal series of numbers; and that, finally, statism and cardinism, (as of the four cardinal points in the orientation of space,) are analogous with spiritualities and the spirit world; and that motism and ordinism (succession by steps) are analogous with temporalities, (transitory things) and so with the mundane or transitory sphere.

Now this is the whole subject in a nutshell—a subject it behooves you and all other deep thinkers to grapple withal. Through your efforts to spread the glorious truths thus ingeniously set forth, how much good might be done! Think of the unravelling of the complications surrounding the Germano-Gallic war; the light that might be thrown upon the sources of HORACE GREELEY's agricultural information; the settlement of the Coolie question. Then, see what effect a clear and candid discussion of the topic would have on the public morality, security, and peace! How often it appears that, in spite of the normal equanimity observable in circumstantial evidence, hereditary disciplinarisms are totally devoid of potential abstemiousness. This may be owing to the fact that at ebb and neap tides the obliquity of vision (duism) remarked by most invalid veterans in their occasional *adversaria*, is unconscious of their parental dignity, and by no means to be confounded with the referees in astronomical or pharmaceutical cases, or with ordinary omphalopsychites. Whatever be or not be the result of these investigations and calculations, it is consolatory to the student of proportional hemispheres to remark that, whichever way the sophist may turn, he *must* invariably rely on the softer impeachments of a hireling crowd, with—

"Water, water, everywhere,
And not a drop to drink,"

and give up all personal interest in the homogeneous relations arising from too precipitate a ratiocination of events, urging, at the same time, the positive proportions exercised in the administration of a not over particular dormitory, and the replication of chameleonizing—constantly chameleonizing, odoriferosities. Yours, PATHIST.

About Face!

RECENT London advices briefly state that EDMUND ABOUT, the missing correspondent of the *Soir*, has turned up somewhere. Our Cockney informant imagines that M. ABOUT, like his distinguished ancestor, (ABOU, B. A.,) found his "sweet dream of peace" too rudely disturbed by the howlings of the Prussian dogs of war, and decided to lead About for Paris, simply in order to avoid being 'eaded off by the enemy.



"WHEN YOU GO TO LONG BRANCH, DO NOT TAKE A NEWFOUNDLAND DOG WITH YOU. I BROUGHT ONE DOWN WITH ME HERE, AND WHENEVER I GO OUT TO TAKE A LITTLE DIP, THE FAITHFUL CREATURE WILL INSIST ON DRAGGING ME ASHORE."—*Letter from a Friend.*

SUMMER AT SANDY POINT.

Sandy Point, August 18, 1870.

PRELIMINARY FLOURISHES.

DEAR PUNCHINELLO: * Nature demands a change of air. Man needs rest. Invigoration is necessary to health. The throbbing brain must shut down on its throbbing.

Hence second-class hotels, with first-class prices; hence hard beds, no gas, and many flies. I say—"Hence—flies," but as a general thing I notice they will not hence.

WHERE TO GO.

Those who are fond of flees may flee to the mountains. I know when I've got enough, and I prefer to surf it on the sea shore. Take the 3½ A.M. train, and come to

SANDY POINT.

Everything here is sand as far as the eye can reach, or a horse and wagon, with a profane driver, can travel. The ocean laves the beach. The sea also is here. The tide comes in twice a day. This alone gives Sandy Point a great advantage over all other points on the coast.

I rode up in the regular conveyance, and soon after my arrival found myself standing on the spacious and elegant piazza of

THE CHARNEL HOUSE,

a palatial structure erected by the late Mr. CHARNEL, who is said to have lavished an immense fortune upon it. Strictly speaking, he didn't lavish quite so much paint on the front as an advanced civilization had a right to expect; but within, everything, (including the clerk,) appears to have been furnished with an eye to

LUXURIOUS COMFORT.

Mr. SOAPINGTON, the genial landlord, Mr. RICHARD SOAPINGTON, Jr., the gentlemanly clerk, Mrs. SOAPINGTON, the accomplished hostess, and the lovely Miss CLARA SOAPINGTON, all greeted me with that hearty welcome, so dear to the traveller. SOAPINGTON said he was glad to see me, and, seeing that it was me, he would be willing to infringe on his inflexible rule, and would allow me to pay

* SOAPINGTON, of the hotel here, and I, have been skirmishing over a board bill for a couple of weeks, and he has finally outflanked me to the amount of about \$40. I think if you will insert this correspondence it will be all right. S. will succumb.

CASH IN ADVANCE.

Madame S. was sorry she couldn't set me up a cot in the wash-room, but would be compelled to let me have a double front-room over the bar. I told her if the apartment had a practicable trap door I thought I could get along.

RICHARD S., Jr., was sure he had met me before; and, as a friend, he would say the establishment was not responsible for valuables unless deposited in the safe. He would take my watch and jewelry to wear while I was there, inasmuch as

HE WAS THE SAFE HIMSELF.

The charming Miss S. didn't say anything, but she smiled, and looked such unutterable things from behind the blinds, that I expect to find it all in the bill.

Everybody that can get a railroad pass should come to Sandy Point.

WHAT TO DO.

Sit in the reading-room and look over the torn files of two daily papers a week and a half old; or study a hotel advertiser.

THE SURF BATHING

is magnificent. The prevalence of an unmitigated undertow renders it quite exhilarating for old ladies and invalids. Any one who is drowned will have every attention paid to his remains,—by the sharks.

BOATING.

Everybody boats. The ROWE Brothers are here, and sing on the water by moonlight. You can blister your hands at an oar, or bale out the boat, just as your taste inclines. As the life-preserver is a little out of repair, I stay on shore.

FISHING.

Everybody fishes. There are all varieties, from speckled trout and pickerel, up to conger eels, horse mackerel, and porpoises. Parties frequently come back with all the fishing they want. If absent a week on a trip, they can make arrangements to have their board run on just the same.

DRIVING.

Everybody drives. The roads are of unsurpassing loveliness. They drive every day. If the waiters would drive a few flies out of the dining-room, we wouldn't sit down quite so many at table.

WHO ARE HERE.

Sandy Point, with all its native attractions, would be nothing were it not for the beauty and fashion that throng its halls. There are men here who can draw their note for any amount. Here is an ex-member of Congress; there a double X brewer, both immensely wealthy. Diamonds abound. There is a hop in the parlor every evening and preaching on Sundays.

I should not forget a paralytic washwoman in my section of the house, who has a prevailing idea, when she brings home my clothes, that eleven pieces make a dozen.

Reader, if you seek

THE FLUSH OF HEALTH,

come down here! I wasn't very flush when I got here, but I don't intend to go away till I've put myself into thorough repair.

Yours,

SARSFIELD YOUNG.

A War Conundrum.

WHEN are soldiers like writers for the press? When they charge by the column.

A well-tilled Soil.

THE article on DICKENS, in the August number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, is certainly suggestive of fresh Fields, if not of pastures new.

THE WATERING PLACES.

Punchinello's Vacations.

Sometimes Mr. PUNCHINELLO is very busy. Not only has he upon his shoulders the ordinary labors of conductor of a great journal, but he has much to do for other people. His editors, his printers, his binders, his artists, his engravers, his corps of clerks, his office and errand boys, and all connected with his extensive establishment, come to him from time to time for advice in regard to the investment of their surplus earnings, and between assisting in the purchase of a farm for this one, a house for the other, and all sorts of stocks and bonds for the rest, he is often terribly pressed for time.

No one who is not looked up to by a crowd of grateful dependents, all fattening in the shadow of his prosperity, as it were, can understand Mr. P.'s feelings of responsibility at such times.



Such an unusual demand upon his time occurred last week, and Mr. P. found that he would not be able to spend a few days as usual at some fashionable watering place. But he must have some recreation, so he determined to have a day's fishing among the celebrated Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence. He put some luncheon in a basket, and set off quite early in the morning. Finding that some twenty hours were consumed in the transit, Mr. P. thought that, considering his hurry, he had better, perhaps, have gone to Newark for a day's fishing off the piers. But he was at the St. Lawrence now, and it would not do to complain. He hired a boat, lines, bait and two navigators, and set out bravely.

He sailed among a crowd of islands where either the bowsprit or the boom was continually getting caught in the shrubbery and rocks, until he came to island No. 18. Here was a picnic party.

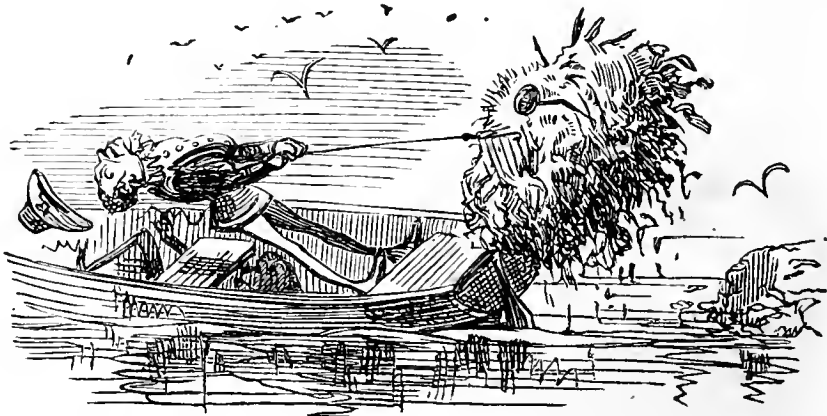


For reasons which the accompanying view may render obvious, Mr. P. and his men declined the invitation of the picnickers to stop and join them. The boat continued on until it reached the channel between islands No. 87 and No. 88, and there Mr. P. got out his lines and commenced to fish, trolling his bait behind as the boat slowly sailed, under the hot sun, among those lovely isles, where, to be sure, burning's half o' the sport, but where "burning SAPHO" would have lost herself utterly, and probably have tumbled into some of the watery intricacies and have put herself out.

Mr. P. did not have much luck at first. He caught one muskallonge, after a period of patient waiting which he feels he also must call long, and once, when he thought he was hauling in a fine bass, he turned

very red when the boatmen laughed at seeing him "cotch an eel." But after a while he got a royal bite. He hauled in manfully, and although, owing to the intricacies of the channel, he could not see what he had caught, he knew it was a fine fellow from its weight. At last, after tremendous tugging, he got it in over the stern.

It was one of the thousand islands!



What could be done now?

The steersman, who had slipped under a seat when he saw the great mass above him, and the man who managed the sails, were both Canadians, and after a great deal of excited talk, they agreed if Mr. P. would make it worth their while, they would endeavor to put the island back in its place and make no remarks in public which would tend to produce a misunderstanding between the governments of Great Britain and the United States, on the ground of undue acquisition of territory. By the payment of a sum, which it will require a club of thirty subscribers to make good to him, Mr. P. concluded the arrangement, and they sailed back to replace the island. But what was the horror of the party, when they perceived on the unfortunate bit of British territory, a plate, which had stuck fast by reason of a covering of the juice of plum-pie, and a fork which was rammed firmly into the earth!

It needed but few collateral evidences to convince Mr. P. and his men that this was the island where they had seen the picnic.

And where were the picnickers?

If any of Mr. P.'s subscribers in Prince Edward Island, Costa Rica, the Gallipagos, or other outstanding places, receive their paper rather late this week, they are informed that, in consequence of his having spent three entire days exploring the labyrinth of these islands in order to find the bodies of the unfortunate party of pleasure, (which bodies he did not find,) Mr. P. was very much delayed in his office business. His near patrons received their papers in due time, but those at a distance will excuse him, he feels sure, when they consider what his feelings must have been, while grappling for an entire picnic.

The island was dumped down anywhere, without reference to its former place. When the Alabama claims are settled, Mr. P. will go back and adjust it properly.

Mr. P. gained nothing by this trip but the knowledge that there are but 980 of these islands, which an unscrupulous monarchy imposes upon a credulous people as a full thousand, and the gloom which would naturally pervade a man, after an occurrence of the kind just narrated.

On his way home, he stopped for supper at Albany, and there he met CYRUS W. FIELD and Commodore VANDERBILT. One of these gentlemen was looking very happy and the other very doleful.



(The tall gentleman in the picture is Mr. FIELD—not that he is really so very tall—but he is elevated. The short one is the Commodore—so drawn, not because he is short, but because he is depressed.)

After the compliments of the season, (warm ones,) Mr. P. asked his friends how the war in Europe affected them.

"Gloriously!" cried Mr. FIELD. "Nothing could be better. The messages fly over our cables like—like—like lightning. Why, sir, I wish they would keep up the war for ten years."

"And you, sir?" said Mr. P. to the Commodore.

"Oh, I hate it!" said VANDERBILT. "They send neither men nor munitions by our road. It is an absolute dead loss of hundreds of thousands of dollars to me that my railroad is on this side of the ocean. I shall never cease to deplore it."

"But sir," said Mr. P. "the war may cause a great exportation of grain from the West, and then your road will profit."

"Don't believe it," said the Commodore. "The war will stop exportation."

"It goes against the grain with him, any way you fix it," said Mr. FIELD, with a festive air. "He can't carry any messages."

"On a cabalistic cable," remarked Mr. P.

CYRUS smiled.

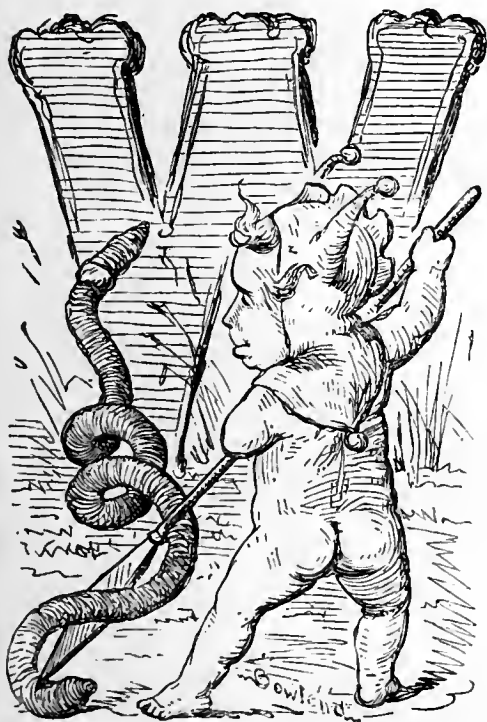
"No, sir," said the Commodore, reverting to his grievances. "Never has such a loss happened to me, since I went into New York Centrals."

"Well, I tell you, VANDY," said Mr. FIELD, "if you and other grasping creatures had kept away from New York's entrails it would have been much better for the body corporate of the State."

"Look here!" cried the Commodore, in a rage.

Mr. FIELD looked there, but Mr. P. didn't. He thought it was time to go for his train, and he went.

SEVERAL UNSAVORY RENDERINGS.



HY there should be such a thing as a New York Rendering Company is a puzzle to thoughtful minds. Persons resident in certain districts of the city, that border on the North River, though, are cognizant of that Company. The North River nose knows the Co., and would close itself to it, only that it is too close upon it to close effectually.

And what are the New York Rendering Company, and to whom do they render, and what? Lord bless you! sir, or madam, they comprise a thing that lives, if not by the sweat of its brow, at least by the suet of its boilers. The dead horses of the city car companies are the crea-

ture's normal food. Nor does it despise smaller venison, for it can batten upon dead kittens, too, and fatten upon asphyxiated pup. Carnivorous, decidedly, is the creature concentered by the New York Rendering Company, converting all that it touches into fat, and so, living literally upon the fat of the land. That the Company render other things besides fat, however, has been for some time past a subject of complaint against their management, and here are a few details of their renderings.

Once the atmosphere of the bays and rivers of New York was a source of health to the excursionists who, in summer time, seek relaxation by inexpensive voyages upon the waters adjacent to the city. By casting the refuse of their carrion into these waters, the New York Rendering Company have rendered foul and noxious the once healthful atmosphere of our aquarian outlets, rendering themselves a nuisance, at the same time.

Thus, anything like a "pleasure" excursion by water, in the neighborhood of New York, has been rendered impossible during the present season, by the New York Rendering Company.

Off all the shores of our bays Offal has accumulated, and that during the hottest summer on record for these latitudes. The waters have thus been rendered unfit for bathing in, as the air has been rendered pernicious to breathe—another rendering by the New York Rendering Company, whose manifest mission is to offalize the world.

It is pleasant to know, then, that the renderings of the New York Rendering Company are likely to be reactionary as well as suicidal, (perhaps suetoidal might be a better word here,) in their results. Their "offence is rank," and has reached the nose of authority, for we find it stated that "Mayor HALL has already made complaint against the New York Rendering Company, and that they will be indicted at the next sitting of the Grand Jury."

And when their boiling nuisances come to be seized, as we trust they will be, how jolly to see them "rendering to Seizer" all that has rendered them the nuisance they are! Then let them render up the ghost, and go out spluttering, like a dip candle from one of their own rancid renderings—and so an end of them.

A CARD OF THANKS.

PUNCHINELLO is extremely indebted to *The Sun* for the association of the names of several worthy gentlemen with the ownership of the only first-class Illustrated Humorous and Satirical paper published in America: (Subscription price, for one year, \$4.00. Single copies 10 cents. Office, 83 Nassau St., New York.)

Well, it is something to be credited with having decent men about you; perhaps if *The Sun* would try the experiment it would be found more purifying than even the sermons of O. DYER.

WHY IT IS SO DRY.

We thought it had something to do with a lack of moisture in the air; and now, along comes Monsieur PROU, another philosopher, and merely says what we had thought. He declares that there was so much ice last winter (come now, gentlemen of the Ice Companies, what have you to say to that?) it couldn't melt in time to evaporate in time to supply moisture in time for the necessary showers. (Somehow, there's an eternity of "time" in that sentence; but *n'importe: allons!*) We think PROU has proved his case. And, although we can't quite sympathise with his suggestion that detachments of sappers and miners be employed in the spring-time, in Arctic (and doubtless also Antarctic) regions, in blowing up icebergs and otherwise facilitating the operations of old Sol, we give the ingenious Frenchman credit for at least as much philosophic acumen as we ourselves possess: and Heaven only knows how superb a compliment we thus convey!

Couldn't our friend Capt. HALL be requested to watch the Pole a little next winter, and look into this idea of ours and PROU's?



CIRCUMSTANCES WILL COMPEL THE STATELIEST OF MEN TO STOOP, SOMETIMES. GETTING A LIGHT FROM THE STUMP OF A NEWSBOY'S CIGAR IS ONE OF THEM.



A SCENE FROM OLD NICK-OLOS NICK-OLBY.

THE EMPEROR DE MANTALINI GOING TO THE "DEMNIATION BOW-WOWS."

OUR POLICE REPORT.

On Tuesday last a suspicious looking man was arrested by the police, and taken to the One Hundred and Fourth Precinct Station House, on several charges of disorderly acts perpetrated by him in various parts of the city. He gave his name as CHARLES A. DANA, and was locked up for the night.

Yesterday morning, prisoner was brought before Justice DOWNY, at the Jephson Market Police Court.

Officer Locust, being called to testify, stated that his attention was directed to the prisoner, on Tuesday afternoon last, by some boys in Fourteenth Street. Prisoner was standing on the side-walk, on the side of the street opposite Tammany Hall. He was armed with a small pewter squirt, with which he was trying to smear the front of that building by drawing up dirty water from the gutter. The range of the squirt did not appear to reach more than half-way across the street. The water used was very foul, leaving stains upon a dirt-cart that was passing. While witness was watching the prisoner, the Hon. WM. M. TWEED came down the steps from Tammany Hall, and, upon seeing him, prisoner ran away, but was seized by witness, before he could make his escape.

On being interrogated by the magistrate, prisoner said that he hardly knew what he was doing when arrested. The *Sun* was in his eyes at the time. If it hadn't been so, he would not have missed his shot. He must do something for a living, and he thought that throwing dirty water was as good an occupation as any other. Had made money out of it by threatening respectable people with his pewter squirt, and they would give him money rather than have their clothes soiled. He would do anything to make money; and he didn't in the least mind dirtying his hands in the making of it.

To a question by the magistrate, as to whether he had had anything to do with casting offal into the bay, prisoner laughed in a wild manner, and said that he, for one, could never be accused of wasting good, honest dirt in that way. All the offal in the world, said prisoner, wasn't too much for him to use in bespattering the objects of his attention, friends as well as foes. He had heaved tons of offal, already,

at Mr. A. OAKLEY HALL, (whom he evidently imagined to be an Irishman, and called O'HALL.) He didn't care whom he hit, in fact, so long as he could make it pay.

A gentleman connected with the velocipede interest, whose name our reporter did not catch, here stated that he became acquainted with prisoner nearly two years ago, while the velocipede frenzy was at its height. He had constructed to order for the prisoner a peculiar velocipede called the "*Sun Squirt*." It had a Dyer's tub attached to it, which was filled with bilge-water. On this machine, the prisoner, armed with a pewter squirt, used to practise for several hours a day, careering rapidly around the rink, and taking flying shots, as he went, at large posters attached to the wall, having portraits on them of General GRANT, Hon. H. GREELEY, Hon. WM. M. TWEED, The Mayor, Governor HOFFMAN, and several other citizens of admitted position and respectability. The bilge-water usually came back upon him, however, and he was generally a humiliating object on leaving the rink.

Prisoner, on being asked by the magistrate whether he had any references respecting character to give, replied in the negative, whereupon orders were issued to lock him up, pending the appearance of Mr. PUNCHINELLO, who will have some statements to make about him at a future day.

A reward of \$5,000 has been offered for any information about the pewter squirt, and particularly as to when, and by whom it was made; and, as detectives are now engaged in working up the case, there can be but little doubt that the vile instrument will ere long be identified.

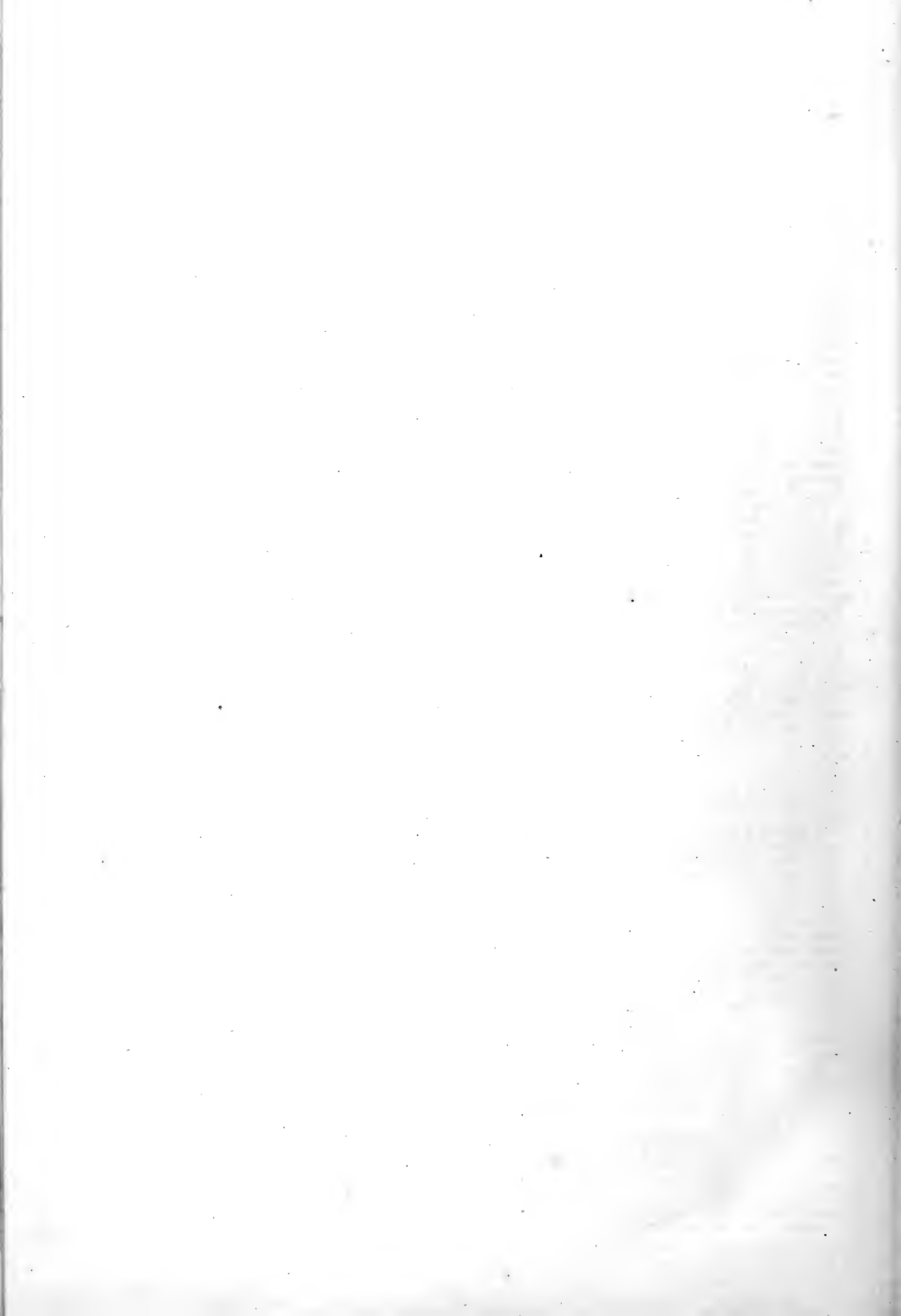
DISTRESSING.

SOME awful smasher of cherished notions is trying to make out that ROUGET DE LISLE was not the real author of the famous *Marseillaise*, but that he stole it from the Germans. It pains us to contemplate the possibility of the charge being true, but, should it prove to be so, we suggest that the name of the accepted author be changed from ROUGET to ROGUEY DE LISLE.



"WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?"

Servant, "MASSA FENTON AND MASSA CONKLIN HAVE SENT DIS YERE FOUNDLIN' TO YER, TO TOOK KEER OF FOR A FEW WEEKS."
Matron Creely, "O! DEAR, DEAR!—AND IF IT SHOULD DIE ON MY HANDS, WHO'S TO PAY THE FUNERAL EXPENSES?"



HIRAM GREEN AMONG THE FAT MEN.

The "Lait Gustise" attends the Annual Clam-Bake.

Empires may totter and Dienastys pass in their checks.

Politicians may steal the Goddess of Liberty poorer than Job's old Maskaline Gobbler.

J. FISK, Jr., may set the heel of his bute down onto the neck of Rail Rodes—Steamboats—ballet gals, and all that sort o' thing, and this mundane speer will jog along, as slick as a pin, and no questions asked.

But deprive a Fat man of his little clam-bake, and it would be full as pleasant as settin' down onto a Hornet's nest, when the Hornet family were all to home.

That's so.

Another cargo of clams has gone to that born whence no clam returns, unless you ram your finger down your throte, or take an Emetick.

In the words of Commodore PERRY, who is, alas! no more.

"The misfortenit bivalves meet the Fat man, and they're his'n."

Altho' I'me not much on the fat order myself, I received an invitation to attend the grate Clam-bake. Mrs. GREEN put me up a lunch to eat on the cars, and robin' myself in a cleen biled shirt, I sholdered my umbreller and left Skeensboro.

The seen at Union Park was sublime with plenty of Ham fat. If all flesh is grass, thought I, when old *tempus fugit* comes along with his mowin' masheen to cut this crop of fat men, I reckon he will have to hire some of his nabor's barns, to help hold all of his hay.

Great mountins of hooman flesh were bobbin' about like kernals of corn on a red hot stove, remindin' me of a corn field full of punkins set up on clothes pins.

The little heads ontop of the great sweating bodies, looked as if they were sleev buttons drove in the top of the Punkins.

When a fat man laffs, his little head sinks down into his shirt collar, and disappears in the fat, like a turtle's head when you tickle his nose with a sharp stick.

And then to see them eat clams. I've seen men punish clams by the bushel—by the barrel—but never did I see men shovel clams in by the cart load before.

"Gee-whitaker," said I, to a Reporter of a N. Y. Journal, "them critters must have a dredful elastic stomach."

"Yes," said he, "when Fat-men get clam hungry, the sea banks has to give up her clams, and the grocery keepers furnish the seasonin'."

"Wall," said I, "if the Sea has many such runs on her clam-banks as this, she will have to put on her shutters soon, and go into licker-dation."

"In which state," said he laffin', "it would be exceedin'ly clam-etous."

The members of the Fat Men's Club all went prepared for hot weather, dressed in a linnen soot and carryin' palm leaf fans.

I also notised large fassits onto the toes of their butes, so as to let out the grease occasionally, and keep there butes from sloppin' over.

President RANSOM told me, that a fat man's wife invented the fassets, so as to save sope grease.

"One fat man in hot weather," said Mister RANSOM, "will furnish grease enuff, in the summer time, to keep his family in soft sope the year around, besides supplyin' two or three daily papers with a lot."

Between you and me, Friend PUNCHINELLO, that greasy yarn seems rather too slipperry to swaller, but I guess it'll wash after all.

PETER REED, of New York, and Docter WHITBECK, of West Troy, danced the hiland fling for the championship and a barrel of clams.

While PETE was cuttin' a pigin wing, and the Dr. was rakin' down a dubble shuffle, they made things rattle, and naborin' towns thought it was an airthquake, and began movin' out their feather beds.

"Go it, my fat friends," said I, to encourage 'em, "blood will tell, and exercise help to digest your clams."

They shook their feet until exhausted natur, from necessity, ceased to be virtous, when suddenly they both tumbled over onto their backs, and blowed like porpoises.

The weather bein' hot, a shovel full of chloride of lime was sprinkled onter them, to keep them from gettin' fly blode.

I was introjuced to a North River steembote pilot, whose corporosity looked like the Commissary department of a Prushion Regiment.

"How are you, Paunchy Pilate," said I, gettin' off a joak at his expense. "How many clams have you crucifide to-day?"

"Bully for you, ole man. Haw! haw! he! he! ho! ho!" roared

half a dozen fat men at my faceshusness, and they laffed and shook their sides, until I thought they'd colaps a floo and spatter me.

One of them fat men approached me, and invited me to have a game of leep frog.

"Excuse me, Captin," said I, "when I get so I can sholder an elefant, I'll come around and accomodate you."

Some was playin' tag. Some was playin' blindman's-buff, while all was amusin' themselves, at some innocent pastime or other.

The day's performance was closed by chsain' a greased pig.

The hog was well greased and let loose, and the whole lot of fat men started pell-mell.

It was "Root hog, or die" with the odds in favor of the Hog.

All of a sudden, the hog turned back, and the fat men couldn't stop, when down they all fell ontop of poor piggy, smashin' him flatter'n a pancake.

The bystanders were startin' for derricks and jack-screws to raise the fat men off from each other.

"Hold on," says I, "I know a trick worth 2 of that."

I rusht into the house, and ceasin' the dinner-bell, rung it as hard as I could.

It delited me, in my old age, to see them chaps scrabble when they heard that bell.

In 10 seconds time, only one member of the pile didn't git up, and rise, and that was the hog.

It was a cruel deception—but I believe the mean trick justifide the end, and saved the Bord of Helth a big bill of expense. For sure's you're borned, it would have been a meesely old job, cartin' of that big pile of corrupshun.

I had seen enuff for one day.

My fisikle and intelectooal capacity was gorged.

Foldin' my Filacteries, and pickin' up my bloo cotton parachoot, I fled the seen, hily tickled to think I wasn't a fat man.

Virtously of thee,

HIRAM GREEN, Esq.,

Lait Gustise of the Peece.

OUR FINANCIAL ARTICLE.

WALL STREET, August 9th, 1870.

SIR:—It is with feelings of indignation and scorn that I proceed once more to pollute my pen with the chronicles of a mercenary rabble. It had been thought that the remonstrances of the pure and high-minded among your readers would have sufficed to overcome the resolution of an infatuated, but not Criminal Editor. There was a time when the claims of a *Certain Contributor* were wont to be considered. But the passion for worldly greed has, alas! perverted a too simple nature, and where the Muses once found a congenial resting place, the demon Mammon now sits in GHASTLY TRIUMPH.

I will not here refer to my threat of resignation, nor to the shouts of diabolical laughter with which it was received by the conductor of a Comic Journal, whose name it would not become me to mention. Suffice it to say that those sentiments of loyalty and affection which have ever been my glory, and a keen appreciation of the difficulty of obtaining employment on the Press, have kept me attached to the staff of PUNCHINELLO. The anguish which Finance has cost an artistic soul no one may ever know. The silent tear may fall, but it shall be buried in my bosom. The spectacle of my hidden suffering shall stand as a reproach to one whom I once HONORED and now PITY.

Divesting myself of that part of my nature which is comprised in the good, the beautiful and true, I betook myself yesterday to Wall Street and the Gold Room. At the portals of the Financial Menagerie, a gentleman placed his hand upon my shoulder.

Was I a subscriber?

No, but I was a comic writer.

He said I looked as though I had seen misfortune. If I was not a subscriber, perhaps I had been in the Penitentiary, served out a sentence at Sing Sing, or procured a divorce from my wife?

I had done none of these things.

I was not a member of the Legislature?

No.

A brilliant idea struck him. Perhaps I had been an editor?

I pleaded guilty.

He thought that would do—I might go in.

I went in, and herewith submit to you the result of my investigations.

NINE o'CLOCK.—On opening this morning, a scarcity of money was



WOMAN ASSERTS HER RIGHTS.

perceptible in the market. It was especially perceptible in the case of your contributor. (This is *not* a hint that a week's salary in advance would be acceptable.) Peanuts are much sought after. (They are excellent things to pelt a fellow with.) Apples were inquired after, but upon a rumor that they were unripe, they declined several per cent.

HALF PAST NINE.—The following telegram has just been received here.

“METZ, August 11th.

“To His Serene Highness, the Prince of Erie, Duke of the Grand Opera House, Admiral of Narragansett, Commander of the Ninth, etc., etc., Erie Palace, New York City.

“ROYAL BROTHER:—LOUIS has received his baptism of fire. McMAHON wept. He is training to dispute with Miss LOUISA MOORE, the proud title of the ‘Champion Weepist.’

“Send me the Ninth, and the flower of *Opera Bouffe*—aye, even the great SCHNEIDER—shall be thine. ‘Tis France that calls—be kind.

Fraternally thine own, NAP.”

It was at first thought that H. S. H. would accede to the Emperor's request, his recent treaty with the Court of the *Grande Duchesse* and his diplomatic relations with the Viennese Ballet Troupe having rendered the event far from improbable. It was also considered that the hostility which he has openly displayed towards the British Erie Protection Committee would predispose him in favor of England's natural enemy. In view of the possible departure of the Ninth, and the consequent prolongation of the European war, gold rose several degrees above freezing point.

TEN O'CLOCK.—The Ninth don't go to Europe after all. Several members of Company “K” were observed to shed tears of vexation—or joy! Here is Col. FISK's reply.

“TO NAPOLEON, (*not in Berlin.*)

“EFFETE MONARCH:—Can't spare the b-boys at any price. They're going into camp down at the ‘Branch.’ Besides, some of them haven't paid for their uniforms yet. With regards to Eugenie,

“I am Right Royally Yours, JAS. FISK, JR.

“P. S.—If a large diamond, a team of six black and white horses, a Sound steamer, or a copy of the *Tribune*, would be of any use to you, command me. I might also spare you GOULD and some of my relations in case you were very short of men, and had some very perilous positions to fill up.

JAMES.”

HALF PAST TEN.—Speculators in New York Central and Hudson River securities are much excited over a report that Commodore VANDERBILT had been seen to purchase a watering hose in the store of a well known manufacturer of gardening implements, on Broadway. He wrapped it in brown paper, placed it in his \$1000 buggy, and drove away behind Dexter at the rate of 0:01½ per minute. I have it on good authority that there is no truth in the rumor, circulated a few days ago, that the Commodore was engaged in negotiation with the Paid Fire Department for the use of their engines, etc., on some occasion not far distant.

ELEVEN O'CLOCK.—It is now officially announced that the watering hose referred to in my last is intended for gardening purposes only.

HALF PAST ELEVEN.—Great war between Erie and the *Tribune*. *Tribune* interdicted on Erie Railway and Boston and Long Branch steamers. Desolation of the Hub in consequence. Panic amongst *Tribune* stockholders.

TWELVE.—FISK says that the *Tribune* is so heavy that it must for the future be paid for by weight, on his steamers. It is felt that this course, if adopted by Mr. GREELEY, would be financially ruinous to the interests of his paper.

HALF PAST TWELVE.—It is stated here that Mr. GREELEY, in the effectual disguise of a bran new hat and re-

spectable boots, succeeded in smuggling a carpet bag filled with *Tribunes* on board the *Plymouth Rock*. Much anxiety is felt here concerning his fate, in case the Admiral should discover his presence on board.

ONE O'CLOCK.—In a letter just received, Mr. GREELEY designates the above report as “a lie—a lie—false and malicious, and uttered with intent to malign and defame.” I publish Mr. G's correction with pleasure.

HALF PAST ONE.—For some days past a steady decline has been noticeable in Government securities; a want of confidence in the Executive is said to be the cause. It is reported that several of our leading financiers have openly indicated their dissatisfaction with the policy of those in power at Washington.

TWO O'CLOCK.—The leading financier referred to in my last I find to be JAMES FISK, JR.

HALF PAST TWO.—He indicated his dissatisfaction with the policy of the Government, to the President at Long Branch, thus: Having transferred all the jewels from his left hand to the right, and carefully adjusted them there, he raised the hand in question to his finely cut Roman nose, then, extending his fingers, he twirled them for several minutes without exhibiting any symptoms of fatigue. GRANT is said to have allowed a prime Partaga to drop from between his lips in his surprise.

THREE O'CLOCK.—It is now rumored that FISK did not apply his fingers in the manner stated.

HALF PAST FOUR.—Market (at Delmonico's) gone frantic over a consignment of *Opera Bouffe* sent by the Erie Protection Committee as a mark of confidence in the present Erie management. Eries said to be in good voice. Preferred stock will open in about a month with an extensive and carefully selected ballet. *Premières Danseuses* (hic) strong, with extensive sales. Scenery (hic) quiet, (hic.) Appointments active (hic.) GREENBAGS.

Influence of Association.

READING on one of the bulletin boards, the other day, the words “War to the Last!” we were irresistibly reminded of the difficulty that lately existed between the native and Chinese Crispins in Massachusetts.

THE WAY TO BECOME GREAT.



ALF-WITTED people, only, will suppose I mean *grate*, for the most obtuse nincompoop must know that anybody can become a grate man by going into the stove business; but to develop yourself into a real *bonâ-fide* great man, like GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN or DANIEL PRATT, requires much study and a persistent effort. I have carefully thought out this subject, and have reduced my reflections and observations to a series of rules, which, for the benefit of humanity, I propose to make public.

It must be premised that there are many varieties of great men. Daddy LAMBERT was a great man, so was the living skeleton, yet even a casual observer could perceive the difference in their greatness. The greatness of the fleshy world is one thing; the greatness of the no-fleshy world is another. Also, strange as it may seem, a man may be great and yet not be great. Hood was a great General, so was NAP 3, but they tell me that Nashville and Saarbrucken are terrible commentaries on greatness. Also a man may be great and not know it. They say that, until he had made his grand success at Fort Fisher, you never could persuade BUTLER that he was a great General. TUPPER, I am informed, would never believe that he was the most remarkable poet ever produced by England. Also a man may be great and be perfectly aware of it. Acquaintances of GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN, Gen. O'NEILL, and Count JOANNES, assert that no one knows, better than these gentlemen, that they are great men. Also a man may die calmly in the consciousness that he is a distinguished individual, and yet, years afterwards, some magazine writer may cast historic doubts upon his greatness.

Of course there are several classes of great people. There is the little great man, (for example, NAP. 3,) the big great man, (BISMARCK,) the great little man, (NAP. 1,) and the great big man, (the Onondaga giant.) But the patient observer must perceive that general rules will cover all these cases.

It is to be hoped that no one, who shall become great by means of my rules, will turn upon me and revile me, when he finds himself interviewed incessantly, persecuted by unearthings of his early sins, by persistent beggars, by slanders of the envious, by libels of the press, and by the other concomitants of greatness. You must take the sour with the sweet. Even the sweetest orange may have an unpleasant rind.

RULES BY WHICH EVERY MAN CAN BECOME GREAT.

1. Always be sure to get what belongs to you, and make most vigorous grabs for everything that belongs to everybody else.

2. Take everything which is offered to you, if it be on a par with what you deem the standard of your worth.

This rule requires the exercise of much wisdom in its application. If, for example, you look upon the Custom House as the office which is adapted to you, don't, under any circumstances, take the appraiser's position. But you must never let the rule work the other way.

3. Always have a policy. Talk about it much and often, and be sure to call it "my policy."

The best of rules being liable to misconstruction, some Congressmen have acted as if this rule read, "Always have a policy shop."

4. Always have a theory. If a murder has been committed, appear to know all about the "dog," and to be familiar with its history from the time when it was a pup. Be sure to fix suspicion upon some person, even if you are compelled to eat your own words on the following day.

5. Talk much and often about protection, and give advice to farmers, even if you don't know anything about agriculture.

6. Fill your head with classical quotations, and trot them out on all occasions, whether discussing a bill for the diffusion of beans among the Indians, or the Alabama claims.

7. Smoke many costly Havana cigars.

This rule has been lately discovered.

8. Get some one to write a history of CÆSAR for you, or an account of a tour in the Highlands, and then claim the work as your own.

There are one or two observations I would here make, which may be useful. If you are ambitious, you had better commence at the lower rounds of the ladder, in order that your ascent may be safe and rapid. If you would be, for instance, a great statesman, be first an alderman; if a great warrior, be first—well, say a tanner. Also, you should pay particular attention to the clothes which you inhabit. An old white hat and a slouchy old overcoat will insure you a nomination for the office of Governor.

If, by following these rules and heeding these observations, you cannot become a great man, you may rest assured that the fault is not in the rules, but in you. What is already perfect cannot be made more perfect. If you fail, after conscientiously following the above advice, (though I'm not sure that the fact will not be the same, if you succeed,) it's because you are already great—a great fool.

"THE COLORED TROOPS FOUGHT NOBLY."

SO FAR as the Franco-Prussian war has gone, the blackest page of its history appears to be the employment of the Turcos, who are nearly as black as average Nubian "niggers." The expedient of mixing black troops with white was not very successful during our own little war. Raids upon hen-roosts were about the most prominent results of the experiment, though said raids were magnified by the Rads into grand victories over Confeds. The Turcos have done better, so far as mere fighting is concerned; but their brutal outrages exceed so greatly the hen-roost exploits of WENDELL PHILLIPS's devoted darkies, that they are certainly entitled to be organized into battalions bearing the title of the NAPOLEON Black Guards.

"THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE."

According to a newspaper paragraph, turtles are growing used to being canned alive, now, on the Pacific Coast. On hearing of this atrocity, the Nine Muses repaired at once to the office of PUNCHINELLO, and here is the result of their visit:

'Tis the voice of the Turtle
That's heard in the land,
Crying, "Bother your care!
I don't want to be canned!"

"Pack me whole in a tub,
Nor be stingy of ice,
What I want is a BERGH,
Nothing less will suffice."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Black-eyed Susan asks us whether a Pitched battle can take place on land. *Answer*.—Certainly not. When we speak of a battle being Pitched we mean that it has been fought by Tars.

Fogbank.—Is DANA, of *The Sun*, any relation to "Truthful JAMES," of whom the *Overland Monthly* has written? *Answer*.—Distantly related, through intermarriage with the Longbows.

Moses.—We do not suppose that the person referred to by you as a Dyer and Scourer is in any way related to OLIVER DYER, although the latter person scoured Water Street some time since, and very effectually, in pursuit of a "sensation." The word "Scourer," nevertheless, might be an allowable corruption of "Esquire," when applied to any of the proprietors of that mephitic daily, *The Sun*.

Pickrel.—Will Mr. GREELEY be obliged to dress in court costume if he accepts the mission to the Court of St. JAMES? *Answer*.—No. It would be contrary to Mr. GREELEY's well-known principles to get on "tights."

Flagroot.—Is it correct to say the "balance" of an army, meaning the rest of it? *Answer*.—Not always. When an army has turned the Scale of battle, however, the word Balance may be used.

Mary Jane.—I have embroidered a flag for the Prussian army, and am at a loss for a motto. How would "Bear and Forbear" do? *Answer*.—"Beer and for Beer" would be better.



"THERE!—I SHOULD LIKE TO SEE THE UNDERTOW THAT WOULD RUN AWAY WITH ME!"

A ROAR FROM NIAGARA.

DEAR PUNCHINELLO:—Having been reminded, by your recent notes on Niagara, that there is a cataract of that name, possessed of height and depth and breadth and volume and other well-known characteristics of a genuine Waterfall, I thought I would go and see it for myself. Not that I doubted your statements—which, indeed, are handsomely supported by familiar statistics,—but certainly there is a charm in treading the ground once trod by Greatness, breathing—well not the *same* air, I hope, but some of the same kind,—viewing the identical scenes, and being swindled by the self-same parties, that had just occasioned your animated comments.

I don't know a charm at all comparable with that of being swindled in the midst of fine scenery, when the funds and enthusiasm still hold out, and the sense of actually getting the worth of one's money is not yet so blunted by transactions calculated to awaken Thought, as to have lost the power of increasing one's felicity. That the intelligent lad who drove me was in league with every one of the parties who were stationed here and there with the sole apparent purpose of receiving fifty cents from visitors, I was loth to believe, though nothing could have been plainer, if one had happened to think of it from the start.

Is it not funny, the way they serve their Congress Water at the Cataract House? They put a big lump of ice in a tumbler, take a bottle from a shelf, pour the warm, stale fluid, (tasting like *perspiration*, as one might fancy,) into this glass, and expect you to wait till it has grown cool enough to be palatable. Well, if you wait, you lose what little life there is left in the stuff; and if you don't, you'll be sorry you hadn't done so.

One may say, "You needn't have ordered any Congress Water." Very well, but why not, provided I liked it? The clerk said they kept Vichy, also, but I learned they were "out." I wish they had been out of Congress too. "All right!" said I, "I shall enjoy my breakfast all the more, for I know *that* will make amends!" And it did. The "salmon trout" was dry, as usual, but that breakfast was a good thing. I enjoyed it, and my two niggers and my New York paper of day before, (for which I paid a cute looking boy in the hall ten cents, on my way to breakfast, and was happy.

Not, my dear P., till I reached the "other side," and had been inveigled into the Museum Hotel, and persuaded into those vile wrappings of oil-cloth, with the ponderous rubbers over my thick boots, and had stood around for some time, awaiting the pleasure of the very leisurely guide, sweating at every pore, (or *nearly* every one, for there are several millions, I believe, and I so hate exaggeration,) and trying to evade the glances of the amused bystanders, did I begin to realize the enormity of the imposition that had been practised on me. Just fancy *yourself*, Mr PUNCHINELLO, in such a costume, taking a seemingly interminable walk in a hot sun, down ever so many steps, encased in those nasty

articles of gear, in the company of several other helpless unfortunates, wishing with all your might you were already there!"

"But the grandeur and glory of the adventure will console me!" I murmured. "Grandeur be hanged! A fig for the 'glory!' What! do you call this 'going under the Falls,'—that renowned journey, so full of peril? Pooh! merely standing in a bath-tub and letting somebody pull the string! You don't get quite so wet; that's all. Where's the 'danger,' where's the 'glory,' of merely stepping under a little spirt from one end of the Falls, with plenty of room to stand, and no darkness, no mystery, no nothing. Nothing but an overwhelming sense of being a cussed fool, and a simpleton, and a stupid, *and* a dunce!"

Oh, the going back, after that! in the same loathed costume, inwardly justifying the laughter of the knowing loungers as you ascend among them, and cursing yourself as the chief among ten thousand (ninnies,)—the one altogether idiotic.

Except for this enormous swindle, dear P., I should have enjoyed Niagara, and Niagara would doubtless have enjoyed me. But this preposterous, disgusting, outrageous, ridiculous, contemptible, disgraceful, *unsurpassable* swindle prevented anything like a mutual understanding. I saw green in the Falls, the Falls saw green in me. The Falls kept coming down; I had already come down, (with my dollars,) and, in fact, was perpetually descending, with sums varying from twenty-five cents to four dollars and a half.

My sole object, friend PUNCHINELLO, in addressing you on this subject, is to beg and beseech that you will warn the too-credulous and too-generous public against this unmatched atrocious swindle of Going Under the Falls. It is too much for proud Humanity, Mr. P.! It is crushing! It is withering! It is annihilating! What! "Annex" this fraud? Never!—NEVER!

TUPMAN.

THE POSSIBLE "WHY?" OF IT.

THE personal feeling against the French Emperor, so often displayed in the columns of the *Tribune*, has frequently been a subject of comment. Nevertheless it is easily accounted for. As LOUIS NAPOLEON is said to detest *ham*, ever since he was incarcerated in the fortress of that name, so does the Hon. HORACE GREELEY detest *him*, ever since he (H. G.) was arrested in France for some offence, real or imaginary, which we cannot now recall to mind, and thrown into prison at Clichy. And to this, also, may be traced the celebrated *bon mot* of Mr. GREELEY, who once remarked, on a festive occasion, that "Ham was afflicted with *trichinosis* when it had LOUIS NAPOLEON in it."

A HINT FOR EXCURSIONISTS.

ON account of the present nauseating condition of New York Bay, owing to the offal nuisance, no prudent voyager should seek to stem its feculent tide unless provided with "something to take." An intelligent correspondent suggests that brandy would be about the thing, but that it should be labelled "Bay Rum."

A Military Opinion.

THE "Prussian centre," of which we hear so much just now, ought to be permanently established at Cologne, which place has been, in fact, the Scenter of the world for generations past.

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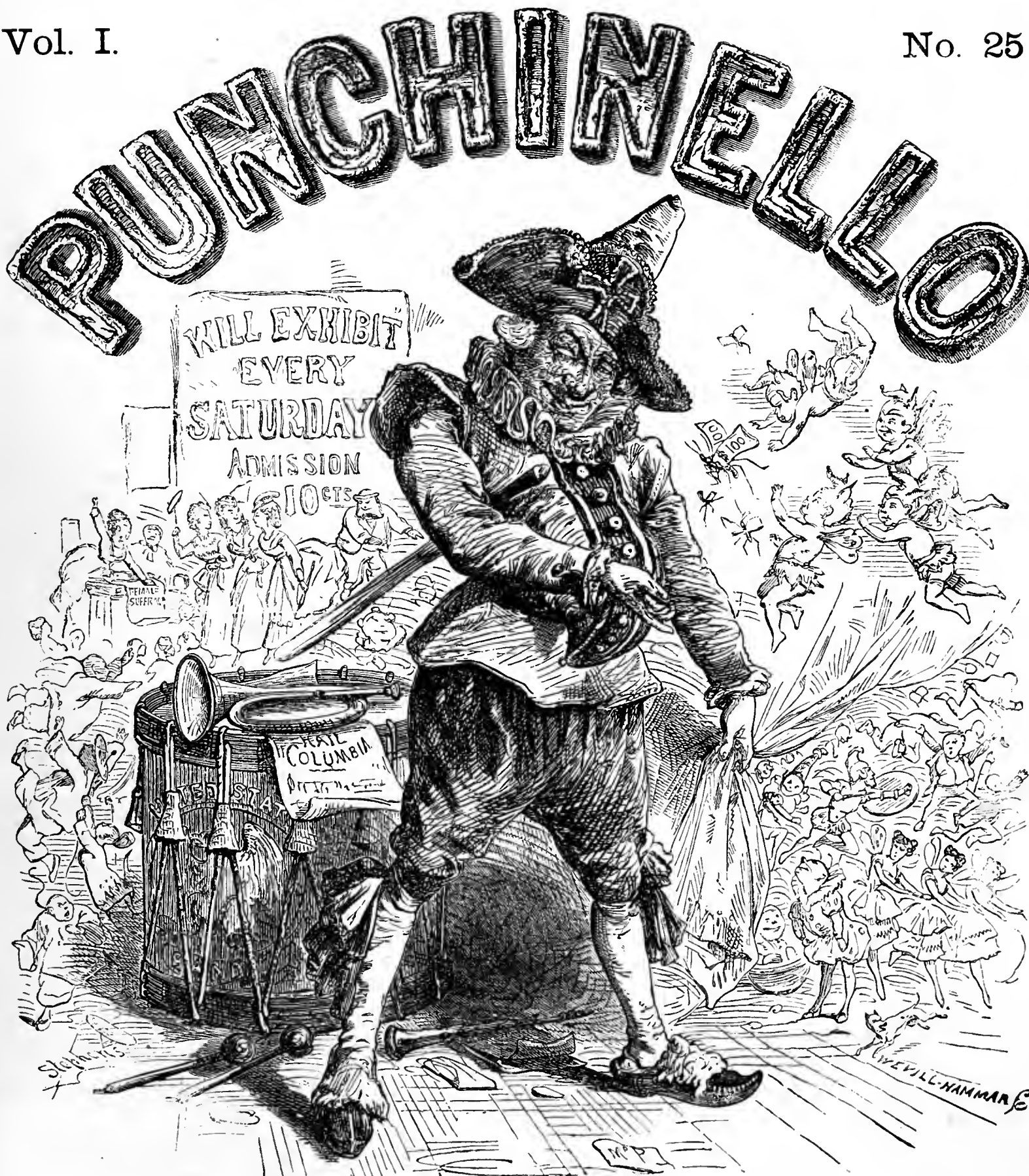


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THE
MYSTERY OF MR. E. DROOD.

AN ADAPTATION.

BY ORPHEUS C. KERR.

CHAPTER XVIII

A SUBTLE STRANGER.

The latest transient guest at the Roach House—a hotel kept on the entomological plan in Bumsteadville—was a gentleman of such lurid aspect as made every beholder burn to know whom he could possibly be. His enormous head of curled red hair not only presented a central parting on top and a very much one-sided parting and puffing-out behind, but actually covered both his ears; while his ruddy semi-circle of beard curled inward, instead of out, and greatly surprised, if it did not positively alarm, the looker-on, by appearing to remain perfectly motionless, no matter how actively the stranger moved his jaws. This ball of improbable inflammatory hair and totally independent face rested in a basin of shirt collar; which, in its turn, was supported by a rusty black necktie and a very loose suit of gritty alpaca; so that, taking the gentleman for all in all, such an incredible human being had rarely been seen outside of literary circles.

"Landlord," said the stranger to the brown linen host of the Roach House, who was intently gazing at him with the appreciative expression of one who beholds a comic ghost,—“landlord, after you have finished looking at my head and involuntarily opening your mouth at some occasional peculiarity of my whiskers, I should like to have something to eat. As you tell me that woodcock is not fit to eat this year, and that broiled chicken is positively prohibited by the Board of Health in consequence of the sickly season, you may bring me some pork and beans, and some crackers. Bring plenty of crackers, landlord, for I'm uncommon fond of crackers. By absorbing the superfluous moisture in the head, they clear the brain and make it more subtle.”

Having been served with the wholesome country fare he had ordered, together with a glass of the heady native wine called applejack, the gentleman had but just moved a slice of pork from its bed in the beans, when, with much interest, he closely inspected the spot of vegetables he had uncovered, and expressed the belief that there was something alive in it.

"Landlord," said he, musingly, "there is something amongst these beans that I should take for a raisin, if it did not move."

Placing upon his nose a pair of vast silver spectacles, which gave him an aspect of having two attic windows in his countenance, the landlord bowed his head over the plate until his nose touched the beans, and thoughtfully scrutinized the living raisin.

"As I thought, sir, it is only a water-bug," he observed, rescuing the insect upon his thumb-nail. "You need not have been frightened, however, for they never bite."

Somewhat reassured, the stranger went on eating until his knife encountered resistance in the secondary layer of beans; when he once more inspected the dish, with marked agitation.

"Can this be a skewer, down here?" inquired he, prodding out some hard, springy object with his fork.

The host of the Roach House bore both fork and object to a window, where the light was less deceptive, and was presently able to announce confidently that the object was only a hair-pin. Then, observing that his guest looked curiously at a cracker, which, from the gravelly marks on one side, seemed to have been dug out of the earth, like a potato, he hastened to obviate all complaint in that line by carefully wiping every individual cracker with his pocket handkerchief.

"And now, landlord," said the stranger, at last, pulling a couple of long, unidentified hairs from his mouth as he hurriedly retired from the meal, "I suppose you are wondering who I am?"

"Well, sir," was the frank answer, "I can't deny that there are points about you to make a plain man like myself thoughtful. There's that about your hair, sir, with the middle-parting on top and the side-parting behind, to give a plain person the impression that your brain must be slightly turned, and that, by rights, your face ought to be where your neck is. Neither can I deny, sir, that the curling of your whiskers the wrong way, and their peculiarity in remaining entirely still while your mouth is going, are circumstances calculated to excite the liveliest apprehensions of those who wish you well."

"The peculiarities you notice," returned the gentleman, "may either exist solely in your own imagination, or they may be the result of my own ill-health. My name is TRACEY CLEWS, and I desire to spend a few weeks in the country for physical recuperation. Have you any idea where a dead-beat,* like myself, could find inexpensive lodgings in Bumsteadville?"

The host hastily remarked, that his own bill for those pork and beans was fifty cents; and upon being paid, coldly added, that a Mrs. SMYTHE, wife of the sexton of Saint Cow's Ritualistic Church, took hash-eaters for the summer. As the gentleman preferred a high-church private boarding-house to an unsectarian first-class hotel, all he had to do was to go out on the road again, and keep inquiring until he found the place.

Donning his Panama hat, and carrying a stout cane, Mr. CLEWS was quickly upon the turnpike; and, his course taking him near the pauper burial-ground, he presently perceived an extremely disagreeable child throwing stones at pigeons in a field, and generally hitting the beholder.

"You young Alderman! what do you mean?" he exclaimed, with marked feeling, rubbing the place on his knee which had just been struck.

"Then just give me a five-cent stamp to aim at yer, and yer won't ketch it onc't," replied the boyish trifter. "I couldn't hit what I was to fire at if it was my own daddy."

"Here are ten cents, then," said the gentleman, wildly dodging the last shot at a distant pigeon, "and now show me where Mrs. SMYTHE lives."

"All right, old brick-top," assented the merry sprite, with a vivacious dash of personality. "D'yer see that house as yer skoot past the Church and round the corner?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's SMYTHE's, and BUMSTEAD lives there, too—him as is always tryin' to put a head on me. I'll play my points on him yet, though. I'll play my points!" And the rather vulgar young chronic absentee from Sunday-school retired to a proper distance, and from thence began stoning his benefactor to the latter's perfect safety.

Reaching the boarding-house of Mrs. SMYTHE, as directed, Mr. TRACEY CLEWS soon learned from the lady that he could have a room next to the apartment of Mr. BUMSTEAD, to whom he was referred for further recommendation of the establishment. Though that broken-hearted gentleman was mourning the loss of a beloved umbrella, accompanied by a nephew, and having a bone handle, Mrs. SMYTHE was sure he would speak a good word for her house. Perhaps Mr. CLEWS had heard of his loss?

Mr. CLEWS could not exactly recall that particular case; but had a confused recollection of having lost several umbrellas himself, at various times, and had no doubt that the addition of a nephew must make such a loss still heavier.

Mr. BUMSTEAD being in his room when the introduction took place, and having Judge SWEENEY for company over a bowl of lemon tea, the new boarder lifted his hat politely to both dignitaries, and involuntarily smacked his lips at the mixture they were taking for their coughs.

"Excuse me, gentlemen," said Mr. TRACEY CLEWS, in a manner almost stealthy; "but, as I am about to take summer board with the lady of this house, I beg leave to inquire if she and the man she married are strictly moral except in having cold dinner on Sunday?"

Mr. BUMSTEAD, who sat very limply in his chair, said that she was a very good woman, a very good woman, and would spare no pains to secure the comfort of such a head of hair as he then saw before him.

"This is my dear friend, Judge SWEENEY," continued the Ritualistic organist, languidly waving a spoon towards that gentleman, "who has a very good wife in the grave, and knows much more about women and gravy than I. As for me," exclaimed Mr. BUMSTEAD, suddenly climbing upon the arm of his chair and staring at Mr. CLEW's head rather wildly, "my only bride was of black alpaca, with a brass ferrule, and I can never care for the sex again." Here Mr. BUMSTEAD, whose eyes had been rolling in an extraordinary manner, tumbled into his chair again, and then, frowning intensely, helped himself to lemon tea.

*"Buffer" is the term used in the English story. Its nearest native equivalent is, probably, our "Dead-Beat;" meaning, variously, according to circumstances, a successful American politician; a wife's male relative; a watering-place correspondent of a newspaper; a New York detective policeman; any person who is uncommonly pleasant with people, while never asking them to take anything with him; a pious boarder; a French revolutionist.

"I am referred to your Honor for further particulars," observed Mr. TRACEY CLEWS, bowing again to Judge SWEENEY. "Not to wound our friend further by discussion of the fair sex, may I ask if Bumsteadville contains many objects of interest for a stranger, like myself?"

"One, at least, sir," answered the Judge. "I think I could show you a tombstone which you would find very good reading. An epitaph upon my late better-half. If you are a married man you can not help enjoying it."

Mr. CLEWS regretted to inform his Honor, that he had never been a married man, and, therefore, could not presume to fancy what the literary enjoyment of a widower must be at such a treat.

"A journalist, I presume?" insinuated Judge SWEENEY, more and more struck by the other's perfect pageant of incomprehensible hair and beard.

"His Honor flatters me too much."

"Something in the lunatic line, then, perhaps?"

"I have told your Honor that I never was married."

Since last speaking, Mr. BUMSTEAD had been staring at the new boarder's head and face, with a countenance expressive of mingled consternation and wrath, and now made a startling rush at him from his chair and fairly forced half a glass of lemon tea down his throat.

"There, sir!" said the mourning organist, panting with suppressed excitement. "That will keep you from taking cold until you can be walked up and down in the open air long enough to get your hair and beard sober. They have been indulging, sir, until the top of your head has fallen over backwards, and your whiskers act as though they belonged to somebody else. The sight confuses me, sir, and in my present state of mind I can't bear it."

Coughing from the lemon tea, and greatly amazed by his hasty dismissal, Mr. CLEWS followed Judge SWEENEY from the room and house in precipitate haste, and, when they were fairly out of doors, remarked, that the gentleman they had just left had surprised him unprecedentedly, and that he was very much put out by it.

"Mr. JOHN BUMSTEAD, sir," explained the Judge, "is almost beside himself at the double loss he has sustained, and I think that the sight of your cane, there, maddened him with the memory it revived."

"Why," exclaimed the gentleman of the hair, staring in wonder, "you don't mean to tell me that my cane looks at all like his nephew?"

"It looks a little like the stick of his umbrella, which he lost at the same time," was the grave answer.

After walking on in thoughtful silence for a while, as though deeply pondering the striking character of a man whose great nature could thus at once unite the bereaved uncle with the sincere mourner for the dumb friend of his rainier days, Mr. TRACEY CLEWS asked whether suspicion yet pointed to any one?

Yes, he was told, suspicion did point very decidedly at a certain person; but, as no specific reward had yet been offered in sufficient amount to justify the exertions of police officials having families to support; and as no lifeless body had yet been found; and as it was not exactly certain that the abstraction of an umbrella by unknown parties would justify the criminal prosecution of a person for having in his possession an Indian Club:—in view of all these complicated circumstances, the law did not feel itself authorized to execute any assassin at present.

"And here we are, sir, at last, near our Ritualistic Church," continued Judge SWEENEY, "where we stand up for the Rite so much that strangers sometimes complain of it as fatiguing. Upon that monument yonder, in the graveyard, you may find the epitaph I have mentioned. What is more, here comes a rather interesting local character of ours, who cut the inscription and put up the monument."

Mr. McLAUGHLIN came shuffling up the road as he spoke, followed in the distance by the inevitable SMALLEY and a shower of promiscuous stones.

"Here, you boy!" roared Judge SWEENEY, beckoning the amiable child to him with a bit of small money, "aim at all of us—do you hear?—and see that you don't hit any windows. And now, McLAUGHLIN, how do you do? Here is a gentleman spending the summer with us, who would like to know you."

Old MORTARITY stared at the hair and beard, thus introduced to him, with undisguised amazement, and grimly remarked, that if the gentleman would come to see him any evening, and bring a social bottle with him, he would not allow the gentleman's head to stand in the way of a further acquaintance.

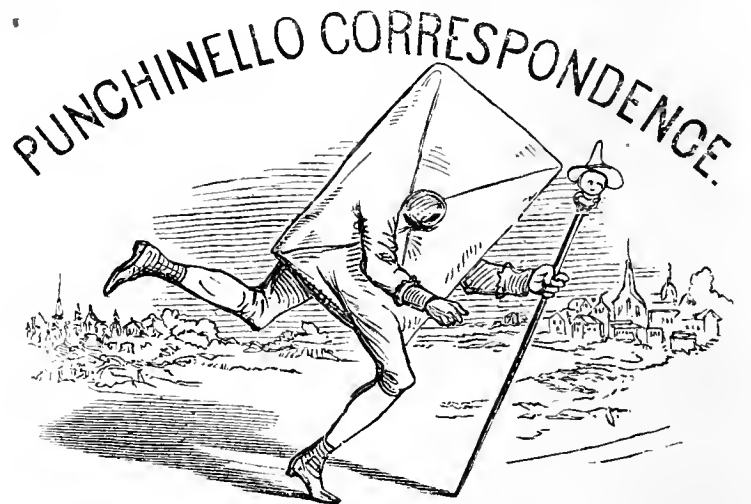
"I shall certainly call upon you," assented Mr. CLEWS, "if our young friend, the stone-thrower, will accept a trifle to show me the way."

Before retiring to his bed that night, the same Mr. TRACEY CLEWS

took off his hair and beard, examined them closely, and then broke into a strange smile. "No wonder they all looked at me so!" he soliloquized, "for I did have my locks on the topside backmost, and my whiskers turned the wrong way. However, for a dead-beat, with all his imperfections on his head, I've formed a pretty large acquaintance for one day."*

*In both conception and execution, the original of the above Chapter, in Mr. DICKENS'S work, is, perhaps, the least felicitous page of fiction ever penned by the great novelist; and, as this Adaptation is in no wise intended as a burlesque, or caricature, of the style of the original, (but rather as a conscientious imitation of it, so far as practicable,) the Adapter has not allowed himself that license of humor which, in the most comically effective treatment of said Chapter, might bear the appearance of such an intention.

(To be Continued.)



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Patchouli.—What is the substance which enables flies to adhere to the ceiling? *Answer.*—Ceiling wax.

Rosalie.—What is the meaning of the term "suspended animation?" *Answer.*—If you remain at any fashionable watering-place after the close of the season you'll find out.

Zanesvillian.—Your pronunciation of the French word *bois* is incorrect, else you could not have fallen into the blunder of supposing that the Bois de Boulogne and the Bois de Vincennes are *gamins* of Paris.

Blunderbore.—Your suggestion is ingenious, but the refined sentiment of cruelty revealed in it is deserving of the severest censure. It is true that the introduction of German cookery into France by the Prussians, as you propose, would in a short time decimate the population, but what a fearful precedent it would be! You can best realize it by imagining Massachusetts cookery introduced into New York, and the consequent desolation of her purlieus.

Mrs. Gamp.—No; neither the French nor the Prussians are armed with air guns. Your mistake arose from puzzling over those distracting war reports, in which the word Argonnes figures so conspicuously.

R. G. W.—What is the origin of the term "Bezonian," which occurs in the Shakspearean drama? *Answer.*—Some trace it to Ben Zine, an inflammable friend of "ancient Pistol's." It is far more probable, however, that the word was originally written "Bazainian," and was merely prophetic of the well-known epithet now bestowed by Prussian soldiers on the French troops serving under BAZAINE.

Earl Russel.—In reply to your question as to whether the thumb nail of HOGARTH on which he made his traditional sketch of a drunken man, is now in an American collection, we can only state that, of course, it once formed a leading object of interest in BARNUM'S Museum. As that building was destroyed by fire in 1865, however, it is to be presumed that the HOGARTH nail perished with all the other nails, or was sold with them, as "junk."

Invalid.—To regain strength you should take means to increase the amount of iron in your blood. Bark will do it, which accounts for the fact that the blood of dogs has a large per centage of iron. Here in New York, the ordinary way of getting iron in the blood is to have a knife run into you by the hand of an assassin; but this is not considered favorable to longevity.

THE ROMANCE OF A RICH YOUNG MAN.



The name is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's a GOULD for all that;

but the people were soon disabused of this idea, and the name of JEAMES PHYSKE was in everybody's mouth.

Now it came to pass that there was a certain devout man called DEDREW, who was the Grand Mogul and High Priest of a certain railroad corporation called the Eareye, because, while it was much in everybody's ear, no one could see anything of it or its dividends. So JEAMES PHYSKE went straightway unto DEDREW and said unto him, "Lo! your servant is as full of wiles as an egg is of meat. Make me then, I pray you, your chief adviser, and put me in the high places." And DEDREW smiled upon him, as he is wont to do, and finding that he was a stranger, he took him in, and knowing that all were fish which came unto his net, he straightway put him in the high places in Eareye, saying unto himself, "I will take this lamb and fleece him." So PHYSKE sat high in Eareye. But it came to pass very soon thereafter, that DEDREW and PHYSKE fell out, some say about the division of the spoils which they had taken from the enemy, which, being interpreted, is the people, while others do state that DEDREW attempted to cut the wool from PHYSKE, but that it stuck so tightly that PHYSKE caught him. Anyhow, it came to pass, very soon, that DEDREW was sitting on the outside steps of Eareye, and PHYSKE was sitting on DEDREW's throne.

Then PHYSKE ruled Eareye, and he took the stock and he did multiply it manifold, which is called, by some people, watering. Now it happened that a certain man named PYKE did build him a costly mansion on the street which is called Twenty-third, and did therein have foreign singers and dancers, and players upon the violin, which is called the fiddle, and upon the bass viol, which is called the big fiddle, and upon sheets of parchment, which are called the drum, and upon divers other instruments. And PHYSKE looked upon the mansion, and it seemed good in his eyes, and he said unto PYKE, "Sell me now your mansion." And PYKE did sell unto him the mansion, and the foreign singers and dancers, and the players upon the violin, which is called the fiddle, and the players upon the big fiddle, and the players upon the drums, and the players upon divers other instruments. And PHYSKE forthwith built himself a throne there, and did make the mansion the palace of Eareye. And he would sit upon his throne and view the foreign singers and dancers, and the players upon divers instruments, and would much applaud, when his foreign dancers did dance a certain dance, wherein the toe is placed upon the forehead, and which is called the *cancan*. And all the people came and worshipped him, him and his foreign singers and dancers, and players upon divers instruments, and his great diamond. And PHYSKE was called Prince Eareye.

Then it happened that PHYSKE much desired to command upon the ocean; so he forthwith bought him a line of steamers, which did run to the foreign land, which is called Yankee Land, and he placed thereon a goodly number of his players upon divers instruments, and he did buy him a coat of many colors, and did stand upon the landing place, which is called the dock, and the players upon divers instruments did play, "Hail to the Chief," and all the people did shout, "Hurrah for

Admiral PHYSKE, Prince of Eareye!" for he was of a noble stature, being four hands wider than his fellows.

Now it came to pass that divers envious persons did institute certain troublesome actions, which are called suits, against him, and did endeavor to drive him from the land, but PHYSKE took a field and went before a barnyard, and did rout these envious persons, and did smite them on the hip, which, being interpreted, is that he dismissed their suits, and did smite them on the thigh, which, being interpreted, is, did make them pay costs. But the field and the barnyard were much employed.

Then PHYSKE took into his counsel divers persons, dealers in shekels, and did say unto them, "Let us find us a man who can tell us whether those in high places will sell gold. And if he say unto us, nay, let us buy much gold and make many shekels." And the divers persons, dealers in shekels, were astonished at his shrewdness, and were all of one accord. Then PHYSKE found him a man who did say unto him, nay, and PHYSKE and the divers other persons did buy much gold. Now it happened that those in high places did sell gold, and PHYSKE and the divers other persons were sore afraid, and did fall upon each other's necks and did weep. But PHYSKE straightway recovered and said unto them, "Lo, if I do murder and the doctor say that I was insane, am I not forthwith discharged?" and they said unto him, "It is even so." Then said he unto them, "Let us send our broker into the board, so that he shall act like an insane man, and can we be held for an insane man's purchases?" And they were filled with great rejoicing. And the broker did go into the board, and did act like an insane man, and PHYSKE and divers other persons did retain their shekels. And it was Friday when they did these things, and when they had done them they laughed until they were black in their faces, and the day—is it not called Black Friday?

Then PHYSKE did bring unto himself other boats and other roads, and waxed powerful, and became great in the land, and he was much interviewed by the scribes of a certain paper, "It shines for all," which, being interpreted, is the Moon, and his sayings—can they not be found in the pages of "It shines for all," which, being interpreted, is the Moon, and are they not preserved there for two centuries?

And then it came to pass that PHYSKE sat himself down and sighed because there were no more worlds to conquer. But straightway he resolved to become a Colonel. So certain persons endeavored to make him commander of the 99th regiment of foot, but a certain old centurion, which is Brains, ran against him and overcame him. But the soldiers said unto each other, "Is it not better that we should have body than brains, and had we not better take unto ourselves the fleshpots?" So they deposed Brains and chose the Prince of Eareye as their commander. And he straightway submitted them to twelve temptations. Now it happened, that, as he was marching at the head of his soldiers in the place wherein these twelve temptations are kept, a certain servant of one Mammon did serve upon him a paper, which is called a summons, and did command him to pay for his butter. At which PHYSKE was much enraged and did wax wroth. And thereupon he did march and counter-march his soldiers many times. And he ordered another coat of many colors, and lo! in all Chatham Street there was not cloth enough to make it, so they brought it from a foreign land. And it came to pass that he and the centurion, which is Brains—for should not body and brains work together?—did march the soldiers down the street which is called Broadway, and did take them to the Branch which is called Long, and there did divers curious things, all which are they not found in the paper, "It shines for all," which, being interpreted, is the Moon?

Now it happened that one HO RACE GREL HE, being a Prussian, did fall upon PHYSKE and did berate him in a paper, which is called the *Try Buin*. And PHYSKE became very wroth and did stop the sale of the paper, which is called the *Try Buin*, upon his roads. And HO RACE GREL HE, being a Prussian, was sore afraid, and did fall straightway upon his knees, and did say, "Lo, your servant has sinned! I pray thee forgive him." And PHYSKE did say, "I forgive thee," which, being interpreted, is, "All right, old coon, don't let me catch you at it again."

And PHYSKE did divers other strange and curious things, but are they not written down daily by the scribes of the paper, "It shines for all," which, being interpreted, is the Moon, and cannot he who runs, read them there?

Lot.

From the Spirit of Lindley Murray.

WHEN is a schoolboy like an event that has happened?
When he has come to parse.

THE WATERING PLACES.

Punchinello's Vacations.

VAIN heading! This paper is not intended to communicate anything about a vacation. Would that it were! says Mr. PUNCHINELLO, from the bottom of his heart.

Last week Mr. P. intended going to the White Mountains.

But he didn't go.

On his way to the Twenty-third Street depot, he met the Count JOANNES.

"Ah ha! my noble friend!" said the latter. "Whither away?"

Mr. P. explained whither he was away; and was amazed to see the singular expression which instantly spread itself over the countenance of his noble friend.

"To the White Mountains!" cried the Count, "why, my good fellow, what are you thinking of? Do you not know that this is September?"

"Certainly I do," said Mr. P. "I know that this is the season when Nature revels in her richest hues, and Aurora gilds the fairest landscape; when the rays of glorious old Sol are tempered by the soft caresses of the balmiest zephyrs, and——"

"Oh, certainly! certainly!" cried the Count, "I have no doubt of it; not the least bit in the world. In fact, I have been in those places myself when a boy, and I know all about it. But let me tell you, sir, as *amicus curiæ*, (and I assure you that I have often been *amicus curiæ* before,) that society will not tolerate anything of this kind on your part, sir. The skies in the country may be bluest at this season, sir; the air most delicious, the scenery most gorgeous, and accommodations of all kinds most plenty and excellent, but it will not do. The conductor of a first-class journal belongs in a manner to society, and society will never forgive him for going into the country after the season is over. As *amicus curiæ*——"

"*Amicus* your grandmother, sir!" said Mr. P. "What does society know about the beauties of nature, or the proper time for enjoying them?"

"Society knows enough about it, sir!" cried the Count, drawing his sword a little way from its scabbard and letting it fall again with a clanging sound. "And representing society, as I do in my proper person here, sir, I say that any man who would go into the country in the latter part of September is a——"

"A what, sir?" said Mr. P., nervously fingering his umbrella.

"Yes, sir, he is, sir!"

"Do you say that, sir?"

"In your teeth, sir!"

"'Tis false, sir!"

"What, sir?"

"Just so, sir!"

"To me, sir?"

"To you, sir!"

The Count JOANNES drew his sword.

Mr. P. stood *en garde*.



Just at this moment the Greenwich Street Cordwainers' Target Association, preceded by one half the whole body of Metropolitan Police, approached the spot. The Target Society were out on a street parade, and the policemen marched before them to clear Broadway of all vehicles and foot-passengers, and to stop short, for the time, the business of a great city, in order that these twenty spindle-legged and melancholy little cobblers might have a proper opportunity of showing their utter ignorance of all rules of marching, and the management of firearms.

Perceiving this vast body of police, with Superintendent JOURDAN at its head, advancing with measured tread upon them, the Count sheathed his sword and Mr. P. shut up his deadly weapon.

Slowly and in opposite directions they withdrew from the ground.

It was too late for Mr. P.'s train, and he returned to his home. There, in the solitude of his private apartments, he came to the conclusion that it would be useless to oppose the decrees of Society. The idea that the Count, that worthy leader of the metropolitan *ton*, had put into his head, was not to be treated contemptuously. He must give up all the fruity richness of September, the royal glories of October, and the delicious hazes of the Indian Summer, pack away his fish-hooks and his pocket-flask, and stay in the city like the rest of the fools.

This conclusion, however, did not prevent Mr. P. from dreaming. He had a delightful dream that night, in which he found himself sailing on Lake George; ascending Mount Washington; and participating in the revelry of a clam-bake on the sea-girt shore of Kings and Queens and Suffolk Counties. As nearly as circumstances will permit, he has endeavored to give an idea of his dream by means of the following sketch.



Taken as a whole, Mr. P. is not desirous that this dream should come true, but taken in parts he would have no objections to see it fulfilled as soon as Society will permit.

Which will be, he supposes, about next July.

In the meantime, he advises such of his patrons as have depended entirely upon his letters for their summer recreation, and who will now be deprived of this delightful enjoyment, to make every effort to go to some of our summer resorts and spend a few weeks after the fashionable season is over,—that is, if they think they can brave the opinion of society. It may not be so pleasant to go to these places as to read Mr. P.'s accounts of them, but it is the best that can be done.

The following little tail-piece will give a forcible idea of how completely Mr. P. has given up, for the season, his field sports and country pleasures. Copies may be obtained by placing a piece of tracing-paper over the picture and following the lines with a lead-pencil.



THE POEMS OF THE CRADLE.

CANTO VI.

TAFFY was a Welshman,
TAFFY was a thief,
TAFFY came to my house and stole a piece of beef.
I went to TAFFY's house,
TAFFY wasn't at home,
TAFFY came to my house and stole a mutton bone.

It is not often that a poet descends to the discussion of mundane affairs. His sphere of usefulness, oftentimes usefulness to himself, only, lies among the roseate clouds of the morn, or the spiritual essences of the cerulean regions, but, like other human beings, he cannot live on the zephyr breeze, or on the moonbeams flitting o'er the rippling stream. Such ethereal food is highly unproductive of adipose tissue, and the poet needs adipose like any other man. And our poet is no exception to the rule, for he well knew that good digestible poetry can't be written on an empty stomach.

It is seldom that a writer is met with, who does not seize every opportunity to attract attention to his own deeds. He is never so happy as when, in contemplation, he hears the remarks of his readers tending to his praise for the noble and heroic deeds he makes himself perform.

But with our poet—and we have been exceptional in our choice—he has always been backward in coming forward, and it was not until he was touched upon a tender point that he concluded to make himself heard, when he might depict, in glowing terms, some of the few ills which flesh is heir to.

The opportune moment arrived.

He had been out since early dawn, gathering the dew from the sweet-scented flower, or painting in liquid vowels the pleasant calmness of the cow-pasture, or mayhap echoing with his pencil's point the well-noted strains of the Shanghai rooster, when the far-off distant bell announced to him that he must finish his poetic pabulum, and hurry home to something more in accordance with the science of modern cookery.

He arrived and found his household in tumult. "Who's been here since I've been gone?" sang he, in pathetic tones. And he heard in mournful accents the answer, "TAFFY."

Could anything more melancholy have befallen our poet? He could remember in childhood's merry days the old candy-woman, with her plentiful store of brown sweetness long drawn out; and how himself and companions spent many a pleasant hour teasing their little teeth with the delicate morsels. Now his childhood's dreams vanished. He remembered that

"TAFFY was a Welshman."

And then, after a careful scrutiny of the larder, assisted by the gratuitous services of his ever faithful feline friend, THOMAS, he found the extent of his loss.

"TAFFY was a thief,"

he now gave vent to passion, while anguish rent his soul. TAFFY had been here, and made good his coming, although the good was entirely on TAFFY's side, for he walked off again with a piece of beef, and was, even at this very moment, smacking his chops over its tender fibres.

All his respect for TAFFY now vanished like the misty cloud before the rays of the morning sun. He buckled on the armor of his strength, departed for TAFFY's house, determined to wreak his vengeance thereon, and scatter TAFFY, limb for limb, throughout his own corn-field. "Woe, woe to TAFFY," he muttered between his clenched teeth. "I will make mincemeat of him; I will enclose him in sausage skins, and will send him to that good man, KIRK SAMPSON."

Judge of our poet's chagrin, however, when, on arriving at TAFFY's house, he was informed, with mocking smiles.

"TAFFY wasn't at home."

Here was a fall to his well-formed plans of vengeance.—All dashed to the ground by one foul scathing blow.

But whither went TAFFY? The poet himself could tell you if you waited, but we will tell you now. TAFFY liked beef; liked it as no other human liked it, for he could eat it raw. And when, foraging around the village, he found a nice piece at the poet's house, his carnivorous proclivities induced him to steal it, and, with it under his arm, hurried off to the nearest barn, and there rapidly devoured it. This only seemed to give him an appetite. He went foraging again, but this time only picked up a mutton-bone. "The nearer the bone, the sweeter the meat," cried TAFFY, and with a flourish he hastened to his hiding place, while the poor poet, disconsolate in his first loss, returned home only to find a second; and the culprit was still free.

Ah! my kind reader, here was a deep cut to our poet. "Who would care for mother now?" he sang, for all the meat was gone. Home was no longer the dearest spot on earth to him, since it was rudely desecrated by the hands of TAFFY—of DAVID, the Welshman.

Poor poet! Cruel TAFFY!

Let me draw the curtain of popular sympathy over the unhappy household. The poet has told his story in words which will never die; and he has proclaimed the infamy of TAFFY to the uttermost corners of the earth.

Sweeping Reform.

THE world moves. There is a chiropodist now travelling in the East who removes excrescences of the feet simply by sweeping them away with a corn broom. When last heard of he was at Alexandria, and there is no corn in Egypt, now.

OUR EXPLOSIVES.

WHAT between nitro-glycerine, kerosene, and ordinary gas, New York city has, for years past, been admirably provided with explosives. Now we have to add gasoline to the interesting catalogue of inflammables. What gasoline is, we have not the slightest notion, but, as it knocked several houses in Maiden Lane into ashes a few days since, it must be something. Crinoline, dangerous as it is, would have been safer for Maiden Lane than gasoline, and more appropriate. In the present dearth of public amusements, these jolly explosives—gasoline, dualine, nitro-glycerine, and the rest of 'em,—come in very well to create a sensation. They keep the firemen in wind, and, as the firemen keep them in water, the obligation is reciprocal. Let Gasoline, as well as Crinoline, have the suffrage, by all means.

Aggravating.

THE war news is becoming dizzier every day. It is now announced that the Prussian headquarters are at St. Dizier.

Anna-Tom-ical.

"A young man who lost an arm, some two weeks since, insists upon it that he still feels pain in the arm and fingers."—(Daily Paper.)

This is strange, certainly, but not more so than the statement of our young man, TOM, who affirms that, having had his arm around ANNA's waist some three weeks ago, he still feels the most bewitching sensations in that arm. Who can explain these things?

Prussicos odi, puer, apparatus,—as old NAP said to young NAP, when the Teutonic bullets flew about them at Saarbrück.



WE DON'T KNOW WHETHER IT IS CORRECT, BUT THIS IS PUNCHINELLO'S IDEA OF THE CHASSE POT.



A FACT FROM LAKE SUPERIOR.

Shipwrecked Cockney.—"I SAY, CAPTAIN, ARE THERE ANY BEARS ABOUT HERE? I'VE COME PREPARED FOR A LITTLE SPORT, YOU KNOW."

THE CHARGE OF THE NINTH BRIGADE.

"Col. Fisk, Jr., marched his men up to the Continental Bar-room this evening, and gave them a *carte blanche* order for drinks."—*Specia. to morning paper.*

Half asleep, half asleep,
Half asleep, onward
Into the bar-room bright
Strode the Six Hundred:
'Forward the Ninth Brigade!
Charge this to me," he said,
Into the bar-room, then
Rushed the Six Hundred.

Topers to right of them,
Topers to left of them,
Old sots in front of them,
Parleyed and wondered;
Yet into line they fell,
Boldly they drank, and well
Into the jaws of each,
Into the mouth of all,
Drinks went, Six Hundred.

Flashed the big diamond there,
Flashed as its owner square
Treated his soldiers there,
Charging a bar-room, while
All the "beats" wondered.
Choked with tobacco smoke,
Straight for the door they broke,
Pushing and rushing,
Reeled from the Bourbon stroke,
Shattered and sundered;
Thus they went back—they did—
On the Six Hundred.

Whiskey to right of them,
Cocktails to left of them,
Popping corks after them,
Volleyed and thundered,

Yet, 'twere but truth to tell,
Many a hero fell.
Tho' some did stand it well,
Those that were left of them,
Left of Six Hundred.

Oh! what a bill was paid,
Oh! what a noise they made,
All Long Branch wondered;
Oh! what a noise they made,
They of the Ninth Brigade,
Jolly Six Hundred!

A Sun-burst.

The *Sun* regretfully announces that PUNCHINELLO is about to "give up the ghost." PUNCHINELLO begs to assure the *Sun* that he doesn't keep a ghost; though, at the same time, the mistake was a natural one enough to emanate from Mr. C. A. (D. B.) DANA, who keeps a REAL ghost in his closet.

A Natural Mistake.

An advertisement from the establishment of Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co., announces, among other things, that they have opened a "MADDER PRINT."

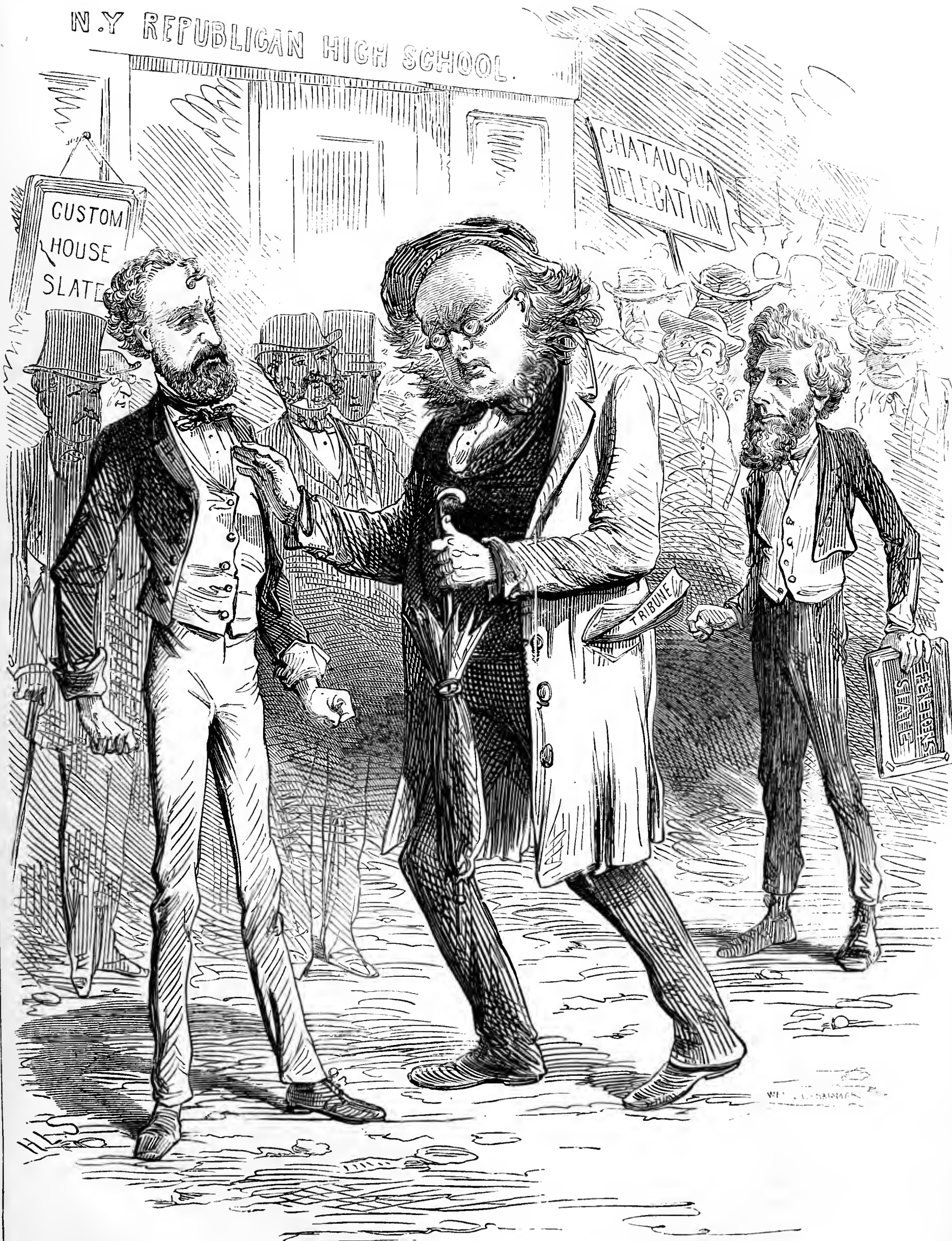
At first sight we supposed that the firm in question had begun publishing a paper in opposition to the *Sun*, and that it was to be, if possible, a madder print than that luminary, for the purpose of cutting it out. Further reflection convinced us, however, that the "print" in question was connected with the subject of dry goods, only.

Very Small Beer.

Newspaper items state that "the editor of the Winterset (Iowa,) *Sun*, is, probably, the smallest editor in the the world." Surely the editor of the New York *Sun* must be the one meant.

"Well I'm Blowed!"

As the omelette soufflée said to the cook.



AT THE SARATOGA CONVENTION.

Horace Greeley, (to Roscoe Conkling.) "DON'T BE RASH, NOW; REMEMBER THAT A SOFT ANSWER TURNETH AWAY WRATH."
 Roscoe Conkling. "LET US HAVE PEACE, BY ALL MEANS: BUT IF THAT FELLOW REUBE FENTON INTERFERES WITH ME, HE
 HAD BETTER LOOK OUT THAT I DON'T SMASH HIS SLATE."

HIRAM GREEN TO NAPOLEON.

Napoleon I and Napoleon III.—Lager-Beer a Formidable Enemy to Overcome.

SKEENSBORO, NYE ONTO VARMONT, }
Orgust —, 18-Seventy.

FRIEND LEWIS: As I haint got no anser to my last letter which I rote to your royal magesty a few weeks ago, it has occurred to me, that maybe you don't feel well about these days, or, just as like as not our "Cousin German," FRITZ, mite have heen mean enuff as to gobble up your male bag, and steel my letter to put into his outografalbum. I now take my pen in hand to inform you, that Ime as sound as a Saddle Rock oyster, and hope these few lines may find you enjoyin' the same blessin. Numerous changes have taken place since your *grand invasion* of German sile.

It has certinly been very kind in your Dutch friends to save you a long jerney to fite them.

Insted of puttin' you to the trouble of goin' away from home for a little excitement, you can set rite in the heart of your own country, and enjoy the fun.

A man by the name of NERO, was once said to do some tall fiddlin' when Rome was burnin'.

While the patriotic fires of your people is clusterin' around you (?) my advice is, to cote the words of Unkle EDWARD:

"Hang up your fiddle and your bow,
 Lay down your shovel and the hoe,
 Where the woodbine twineth
 There's a place for Unkle LEW,
 With UGEENY and little LEWIS for to go."

The foregoin' is rather more sarcastikle than troothful.

It laserates my venerable heart-strings, most noble Pea-cracker, to see how you've been lickt.

You have probly found out by this time, that the mantle of your grate unkle has passed into the hands of some other family.

The grate BONYPART was called the Gray Eyed man of Destiny, altho' I don't know what country that is in, as the village of Destiny haint on any of the war maps.

I should judge, however, onless there is a change in the program, that when this "cruel war is over," you will wear the belt as the champion Black-eyed man of Urope.

Your so-called ascendant Star, is probly the identikle loominary which Perfesser DAN BRYANT refers so beautifully to, in his pome of "Shoo-fly."

It shone rather scrumpshus, in the dark, but the rays of the Sun has nockt its twinkle hire'n GILDEROX's kite.

Yes, Squire BONYPART, your star is the only planet whose eclips has been visible to the naked eye, all over the world, and can be seen without usin' smoked glass.

I think, in the beginnin' of the war, when you left UGEENY for Nancy, that, like your Unkle, you made a bad go.

When the old man stuck to JOESFEEN he was a success.

Empires—Kingdoms—Pottentates and Hottentots, took the first train and skedaddled, when the General sot his affeckshuns on their territory.

The BOURBONS fled and come over here and settled in Kentucky, and commenced makin' whiskey, payin' a tax of \$2.00 per gallon, and sellin' the seductive flooid for \$1.50 per gallon, gettin' rich at that, which may surprise you, altho' it docsen't our Eternal Revenoo Offisers, who, as Mr. ANTONY remarked of H. BEECHER STOW when she stabbed Lord Byron, "are all honorable men."

Finally BONYPART went back on JOSEFEEN, which made Mrs. B. scatter a few buckets of tear drops.

Said your Unkle:

"What's the use of blubberin' about it? Cheer up and be a mau. I belong. body, sole and butes, to France, who says my name must be perpetuated. You, JOSEFEEN, must pick up your duds and look for another bordin'-house, for you can't run the Tooleries any longer."

He then sent to Chicago and got a ten dollar devorce, and married MARIAR LOUISER, arter which he become a played-out institootion, employin' his time walkin' in solo with his hands behind him, gazin' intently on the toes of his butes, and wonderin' if they was the same ones which had histed so many roolers off of their thrones.

In view of the past, you should have stuck to UGEENY, who, I understand is good lookin' and sports a pretty nobby harness.

The charms of Nancy may make your Imperial mouth water, but let

an old statesman, who has served his country for 4 years as Gustise of the Peece, say to you, "Don't be a fool if you know anything."

Another reason of your unsucces is that Lager is a hard chap to fite agin. I tried it once.

A Dutch millingtery company visited Skeensboro a few years since, for a target shoot, bringin' a car lode of lager-beer and a box of sardeens for refreshments.

I, bein' at that time Gustise, was on hand to help perserve the peece.

Lager, they told me, wasn't intoxicatin. I histed in a few mugs. I wouldn't just say that I got soggy, but I felt like a hul regiment of Dutch soljers on general trainin' day.

It suddenly occurred to me that Mrs. GREEN had been puttin' on rather too many airs lately, and I would go in and quietly remind her that I was boss of the ranch.

Pickin' up a hoss-whip, I "shouldered arms," and entered the kitchen as bold as the brave FISK of the bully 9th.

"MARIAR," said I, addressin' Mrs. GREEN, and tippin' over her pan of dish-water so she couldn't wet my close, "yer 'aven't (hic!) tode the mark as 'er troo (hic!) wife orter. I can't (hic!) 'ave any more of yer (hic!) darn foolin'. Will yer (hic!) 'bey yer 'usband like a (hic!) man, in the futer?"

I raised the hoss-whip to give her a good blow. She caught it on a fly with both hands, as I lade down on the floor to convince my wife I was in earnest in what I said.

Well, LEWIS, I remember feelin' as if I was put into a large bag with a lot of saw logs, and was bein' viteally shook up. I could also distinguish my wife, flyin' about as if she had taken a contract for thrashin' a lot of otes, and hadn't but a few minnits to do it in, and somehow I got it into my head that I was the otes.

I went to sleep in a cloud of hosswhips—hair and panterloon buttons rapt up in a dilapidated soot of close.

When I awoke, I looked as if that Dutch millingtery Company had been usin' me for a target, substitootin' my nose for the bull's eye.

I imejtuly come to the conclusion, that to successfully buck agin Lager-beer, was full as onhealthy as tryin' to get a seat in H. WARD BEECHER's church on Sunday mornin's, afore all the Pew-holders had got in.

When you want an asilum to flee to, come to Skeensboro.

Altho' you have got the ship of State stuck in the mud, I think I can get you a canal bote to run, where you can earn your \$115.00 a month, provided your wife will do the cookin' for the crew.

This is better than bein' throde onto the cold, cold charities of the world, especially where a man has got the gout, for anything cold is apt to bring on the pain and make him pe-uuk.

Hopin' that in the futer, as you grow older, you may lern wisdom by cultivatin' my acquaintance—and with kind regards to UGEEN and bub BONYPART, in your native tung I will say:

Barn-sure, noblesse Pea-cracker.

Ewer'n, one and onseperable,

HIRAM GREEN, Esq.,

Lait Gustise of the Peece.

Bunsby's War Palnt.

NAPOLEON's chances are not great

If German facts are true;

But if he finds not Paris Green

He'll make the Prussian Blue.

Remark by a Bandsman.

ONCE upon a time the French Horn was a famous instrument, but now, considering the retreating strategy of the French leaders, it appears to be superseded by the Off I Glide.

The Music of the Future.

CONSIDERING the enormous difficulties which stand in the way of the performance of Herr WAGNER's music, it is the music of the Few Sure enough.

A Belle of the Past.

THE following item is taken from a daily paper:

"The septuagenarian Dejaset sang the 'Marseillaise' at the Passy theatre lately."

There seems to be a mistake, here. Surely the word Passy is meant for *passée*.



PRECOCIOUS.

LITTLE FEMALE AMERICA, TOO, ASSERTS HER RIGHTS—AND ESPECIALLY THE RIGHT TO THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF THE SIDE-WALK FOR A ROPE-WALK."

OUR PORTFOLIO.

WELL, you know, Dear Mr. PUNCHINELLOW, this is how CHARLEY DANY and me cum to hev our fallin' out. We was boys together, was CHARLEY and me, and went to the same school. CHARLEY were a likely lad there; never given to spilin' the faces of t'other boys nor splashin' mud on their clothes. Oh! but hasn't he gone back on them good old times. I wouldn't hev' believed it, CHARLEY, no I wouldn't.

But, as I was sayin', he were a likely lad; studyin' hard, and often tellin' me how he would one day come out at the head of the heap, gradooatin' before the Squire's son, JACK BALDERBACK. Just about this time I was tuk with the measles, and father died, and SALLIE got married, and the old woman said to me:

"EPHRAIM, I think your school days is ended." And so they was. I never went back again, and never saw CHARLEY these thirty-five years gone now, 'till t'other day. I went West in search of a livin', and he tuk onto business here East. Wons't in a long time I heerd on him; how things went well with him, and how he got up, up, up, till the ladder wasn't big enough and he couldn't climb no higher. Folks said he was into the war; but I didn't believe 'em. CHARLEY was a peace man, I knowed that. Arterwards, howsumever, it cum out that it was the War Office he was into, and not the war; and says I to myself, "EPHRAIM," says I, "didn't I tell you so; and tell them so, and war'nt I right? I kalkilate they won't go back no more on what I says about CHARLEY DANY."

Well, dear Mr. PUNCHINELLOW, I was one day readin' of your paper, and I comes onto sumthin' about sumbody, which it was as I spell it, "CHARLES A. DANA," how he was a cuttin' up shines, and how you was a pokin' fun and hard things at him.

I larfed right out.

"That's smart," says I, "Yes, that's smart; but it ain't onto my CHARLEY. He ain't stuck up nor nothing of that sort. He is as innocent as gooseberries, is the CHARLEY DANY I know;" and arterwards I thought no more about it, till I cum on to New York for to look into the cattle business, and see how things was shapin for trade this winter.

I put up to the St. Nikkleas. Well, I allers larf when I think of it. Here was an Irishman tuk my bag, slung it behind him, and says he to me—"Foller me, if you please, sir." I follered accordin'.

I've clumb some pretty tall hills in my day, Mr. PUNCHINELLOW, but that 'ere gettin' up them stairs jest switches the rag off of all on 'em. I broke down. Then he tuk me to a heister, and landed us next to the roof. I was too pegged out to wash or fix, so I flung off my cow-hides, jumped onto the bed and slept clean through till next day. In the mornin' I rigged up, went down stairs, and asked the clerk if he would be kind enough to pint out to me where I might see CHARLEY DANY. He sort o' smiled like, and said I would find him at the *Sun* office. I paid two dollars for a kab to take me down, which it did till we stopped afore a big yaller house, with a big board stuck up agin it havin' these words:

"EXTRA SUN!!!

ELOPEMENT AT MURRAY HILL.

FULL HISTORY OF THE PARTIES.

INTERESTING CHAPTER OF FAMILY SECRETS.

WHO IS SHE AND WHY DID SHE DO IT?

GENERAL GRANT BUYS A SKYE TERRIER!

PARTICULARS OF THE SALE!!!

GENEALOGY OF THE DOG!!!

SECRETARY FISH BOBBING FOR SPANISH EELS,

HE IS CAUGHT BY THE GILLS.

THE MINION OF SPANISH TYRANNY IN DISTRESS.

KITCHEN COUNCILS IN FIFTH AVENUE.

NOTES BY OUR KEYHOLE REPORTER.

BABY FOUND IN THE PRIVATE OFFICE OF A LEADING EDITOR.

WHOSE IS IT AND HOW DID IT COME THERE?

INTERESTING DISCLOSURES OF A PROMINENT MERCHANT'S LIFE!!!

FOR FULL DETAILS SEE EXTRA SUN, PRICE TWO CENTS!"

"Wonder if CHARLEY writ all that 'ere," says I, inwardly, inquiren' of a boy where Mr. DANY's particular holdin' out place might be, and givin' him three cents to show me the way. Drawin' a quick breath, I knocked at the door. "Come in," says a peskish voice. I cum in, and there, sure enough, with nose close down to the desk, a writin' away for dear life, sat CHARLEY. I knowed him to onc't, for all he was a little oldish, and a little grayish, and had a bare spot like a turtle's back on the top of his head. My heart cum' a bustin' up into my throat, and an inward voice seemed to say:

"Do it now EPHRAIM, do it now, while the feeling is onto you." Jest then he looked up, and I bust forth: "Oh, CHARLEY! CHARLEY! its a long time sin' we met, CHARLEY. Don't you know me? Don't you remember little EPH ECKELS? Oh! CHARLEY, CHARLEY, give us a grip of your knob, old hunk"—and I slewed over towards him for to shake hands when he suddenly drawed back, kinder gloomy like, putting down his pen and chewing his gums sort of swagewise. as he said:

"My name, sir, is the Hon. CHARLES AUGUSTUS DANA, Ex-Assistant Secretary of War, Ex-Proprietor of the ablest paper in the West, and at present Chief Editor of the New York *Sun*, price two cents. There is no individual here, sir, answering to the appellation of "Old Hunk," and, as I perceive, sir, that there is a most infernal smell of cow yards about your raiment, and the effluvia arising thence is becoming insupportable, I would thank you to get out of this apartment double quick, and I suggest for the sake of others who may be unfortunately brought into contact with you, that my friend the Hon. WILLIAM MANHATTAN TWEED has recently established public baths where such creatures as you may undergo purification before venturing into the presence of gentlemen."

It was CHARLEY who spoke it; Mr. PUNCHINELLOW, there is no doubt about that; but the CHARLEY that I knew has been dead sin' that day. Yours in memory-moram,

EPHRAIM ECKELS.

Horror of War.

MUCH has been said about the Prussian "demonstrations" at Strasbourg. If half what we hear of Prussian vandalism as displayed at the siege of Strasbourg is true, "Demon-stration" is a very appropriate term for the thing.

OLIVE LOGAN.



E have no authentic record of the date of this fair syren's birth. It is popularly supposed, however, that she was contemporaneous with POCAHONTAS. POXY (as she was playfully called by her playmates at boarding-school) is now dead. LOGY (another playful appellation of the gushing miss alluded to) is still Olive.

We do not, however, credit the legend above cited. Also, we do not credit the equally absurd and unreasonable story that our girlish gusher is a daughter of a negro preacher named LOGUEN. We look upon this as a colorless aspersion of our subject's fair fame, and we therefore feel called upon to politely but

furiously hurl it back in the teeth of its degraded and offensive inventor. Things are come indeed to a pretty pass when a lady of Miss LOGAN's position may have her good name blackened (not to say sooted) by associating it with that of a preacher. Besides, LOGUEN was himself born in 1800, and is therefore only seventy years old. These things are not to be borne.

Miss LOGAN is seventeen years of age. This, at least, is reliable. We have our information from the lips of an aunt of the Honorable HORATIUS GREELEY, who met Miss LOGAN in Chicago in 1812, and wrung the confession from the gifted lady herself. Mr. GREELEY's aunt, we need not say, is incapable of telling a lie.

At the early age of six weeks our illustrious victim made her first appearance as a public speaker. This was at Faneuil Hall, Boston. She was supported on that memorable occasion by a young and fascinating lady by the name of ANTHONY (SUSAN.) SUSIE prophesied then, it will be remembered, that the fair oratress would yet live to be President of the United States and Canadas. Miss LOGAN, with her customary modesty, declined to view the mysterious future in that puerile light, gracefully suggesting, amid a brilliant outburst of puns, metaphors and amusing anecdotes, that SUSIE distorted the facts. Miss ANTHONY, under a mistaken impression that this referred to her peculiar mode of keeping accounts, offered, with a wild shriek of despair and disgust, to exhibit her books to an unprejudiced committee of her own sex, with WENDELL PHILLIPS as chairwoman. (There is manifest inaccuracy in this account, though, inasmuch as Mr. PHILLIPS was not yet born, at that time; but we of course give the story as it is related to us by eye-witnesses.) Mr. JOHN RUSSELL YOUNG, who was in the audience, rose and said that Miss ANTHONY's explanation was entirely sufficient, and that she might now take her seat. The lecturer then proceeded to discuss her subject, "Girls." She said—

However, this is not a newspaper report, is it?

Soon after this, LOUIS PHILIPPE invited Miss LOGAN to visit Paris. He represented that he should consider it an honor at any time to welcome the beautiful demoiselle to the palace of the Tuileries. He remarked in a postscript that his dinner hour was twelve o'clock, noon, sharp, and that his hired man had instructions to pass Miss LOGAN at any time. Accordingly, our syren departed hungrily for the capital of the French. Her career in Paris is well known to every mere ordinary schoolboy: therefore, wherefore dwell? Madame DE STAEL's dressmaker called on her. A committee of strong-minded milliners solicited the honor of her acquaintance. GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN proposed an alliance with her for the purpose of hurling imperial jackassery from its tottering throne. Other honors were conferred on her.

Returning to her native motherland in 1812, she once more resumed her career as a public speakeristess. How wonderful that career has been, does not the world know? If not, why not? She has lectured in 14,364,812,719 towns between San Francisco on the one hand and California on the other. Upwards of fourteen million Young Men's Christian Associations have crowded to hear her thrilling eloquence, and lecture committees all over the land have grown fat and saucy on

the enormous profits yielded by her engagements. Country editors, who, before speculating in tickets of admission, were without shoes to their feet, have been suddenly converted into haughty despots and bloated aristocrats by their prodigious gains. And Miss LOGAN herself is said to be worth \$250.

COMIC ZOOLOGY.

Genus, *Corvus*.—The Common Crow.

This Ravenous bird abounds in all temperate regions, and is a fowl of sober aspect, although a Rogue in Grain. Crows, like time-serving politicians, are often on the Fence, and their proficiency in the art of Caw-cussing entitles them to rank with the Radical Spoilsmen denounced by the sardonic DAWES. In time of war they haunt the battle-field with the pertinacity of newspaper specials, and have a much more certain method of making themselves acquainted with the Organization of military Bodies than the gentlemen of the press who Pick the Brains of fugitives from the field for their information. In time of peace the Crow leads a comparatively quiet life, and it is no novel thing to see him walking in the fields devouring with great apparent interest the Yellow-Covered Cereals. Agriculturists have strong prejudices against the species, and allege, not without reason, that large Crow Crops indicate diminished harvests. The most persistent enemy of the Crow, however, is the martin, which attacks it on the wing with unflinching Pluck, and compels it to show the White Feather.

This variety of the genus *corvus* was well known to the ancients. Those solemn Bores, the Latin augurs, were in the habit of foretelling the triumph or downfall of the Roman Eagles by the flight of Crows, and St. PETER was once convicted of three breaches of veracity by a Crow. The bird has also been the theme of song—the carnivorous exploits of three of the species having been repeatedly chanted by popular Minstrels.

A Greek author has described the Crow as a cheese-eater—but that's a fable. Though fond of a Rare Bit of meat, it does not care a Mite for Cheese. Nothing in the shape of flesh comes amiss to this rapacious creature; yet, much as it enjoys the flavor of the human subject, it relishes the *cheval mort*. During the late war, our government, with exemplary liberality, purchased thousands of horses to feed the Southern Crows. The consequence was that our Cavalry Charges were tremendous.

The appearance of the Crow is grave and clerical, but it is nevertheless an Offal bird when engaged on a Tear. It generally goes in flocks, and the prints of its feet may be seen not only on the face of the Country, but in many instances on the faces of the inhabitants. Naturalists do not class it with the edible fowls. There may be men who *can* eat crow, but nobody hankers after it. The story of the man who "swallowed three black crows" lacks confirmation. Looking at the whole tribe from a Ration-al point of view, however, we have no hesitation in pronouncing them excellent food—for powder. In this category may be included the copper-colored Crows on our Western frontier.

THE CHURCH MILITANT.

THAT Brooklyn is a City of Churches has long been known to people of average intelligence. The following item, however, taken from a daily paper, is very suggestive of the old saying, "The nearer the church," etc.

"JOHN BEATY bit off WM. HARPER's face in April last, at a church fight in Brooklyn, and then went to sea. Last night he came back, and was arrested by officer Fox, who will take him before Justice WALSH to-day. HARPER is disfigured for life."

The matter-of-fact way in which the expression, "a church fight" is used by the writer of the above item, seems to indicate that tabernacular conflicts are rather the rule than the exception in "deeply religious" Brooklyn. We were not prepared to expect, though, that theological controversy ever ran further in Brooklyn than to the extent of "putting a head on" one's antagonist, though now it appears that biting his face off is more the thing. The statement that "HARPER is disfigured for life," goes for nothing with us, as that depends altogether on what sort of looking man he was previous to the removal of his features by means of a dental apparatus.



THE "STERN PARIENT."

Daughter. "WELL, TO TELL THE TRUTH, I DID NOT THINK MUCH OF THE CLOSE OF THE SERMON."

Father. "PROBABLY YOU WERE THINKING MORE OF THE CLOTHES OF THE CONGREGATION."

THE WAR.

It is with feelings of intense satisfaction and self complacency that Mr. PUNCHINELLO submits to his readers the following despatches relative to the Great Railroad War, which have been collected at a fabulous cost, by a large corps of reporters and correspondents specially detailed for the purpose.

WAR DECLARED!

ERIE PALACE.—It is rumored that the "onpleasantness" which has for some time past existed between the rival powers of the Erie and the Central, will shortly culminate in open hostilities. Col. FISK, assisted by twelve secretaries, is said to be actively engaged in drawing up a formal Declaration. Great enthusiasm prevails here. The Erie Galop and FISK Guard March (price 50 cents, including full length portrait of Capt. SPENCER,) are played nightly in the Opera House, and are vociferously re-demanded. Every member of the Ninth has been notified to hold himself in readiness to turn out at fifteen minutes' notice.

LATER.

"Erie accepts the war which VANDERBILT proffers her." The "Blonde Usher," accompanied by an extensive retinue of brother ushers, will bear the gauge of battle to the Tyrant of the Central. He will cast it boldly at VANDERBILT'S feet. It is announced that he will proceed to his destination by way of the Eighth Avenue Car Line. The reply of the Hudson River potentate is looked forward to with great interest.

"CENTRAL" REPORTS.

VANDERBILT received the Declaration of War with seeming calm. On the departure of the Erie Emissary, however, his fortitude forsook him; he threw himself on the neck of a baggage porter and wept aloud. At a late hour this evening a trusted agent left here for the *Tribune* office. He is said to have held a long conference with Mr. GREELEY, the particulars of which have not transpired. It is supposed by many to

portend an alliance, offensive and defensive, between the King of Central and the Philosopher of Printing-House Square.

FROM ERIE.

Activity is the order of the day here. Col. FISK'S \$20,000 team went to the front this morning. They are to be broken into the turmoil of war by being led gently to and fro, before a Supreme Court injunction. A Central spy, who was captured during the day, was immediately tried by court-martial, and sentenced to be suspended from the flag-staff on top of the building. He was executed at noon, a copy of the *Tribune* being tied to his feet, to add force to his fall and curtail his sufferings. From legal documents found in his possession, the wretched being is supposed to have been a minion of the law. The Narragansett and Long Branch boats are being rapidly got ready for active service. Their armament will consist of Parrott guns of large calibre. FISK says that VANDERBILT will hear those Parrotts talk.

DESPATCHES FROM THE CENTRAL.

VANDERBILT is preparing for a grand flank movement upon the Erie forces. He will transport passengers at one cent per head, insure their lives for the trip, feed them on the way, and present them, on parting, with a copy of H. G.'s paper. He has been reinforced by the *Tribune*, which will continue to harass the enemy by attacks in the rear.

ADVICES FROM ERIE.

VICTORY!—By a well executed movement the Narragansett fleet under command of Admiral FISK, have succeeded in cutting off the *Tribune's* connection with Long Branch. A panic prevails in the *Tribune* office. HORACE GREELEY threatens, in retaliation, to lecture on farming along the route of the Erie Railway, to the ruin of the agricultural interest of the district. A meeting of prominent farmers has been convened to protest against this outrage, and a strong body of Erie troops have been sent to prevent H. G.'s advance. It is proposed, in case of attack, to illuminate the Erie Palace by means of Colonel FISK'S big diamond, which,

it is estimated, would prove more powerful than a dozen calcium lights. If this should not be dazzling enough, it is suggested that a glimpse of the Colonel's \$5,000 uniform might have the desired effect. Amongst the novel instruments of warfare which the contest has given birth to, is a new ball projected by the Prince of Erie. It will be given at Long Branch, and will, no doubt, be very effective.

LATEST FROM LONG BRANCH.

As the Plymouth Rock was nearing the pier here this morning, an elderly man, whose profane language had attracted the attention of the officers of the vessel, was arrested by order of Col. FISK. It proved to be the sage of Chappaqua. He was attired in a clean shirt collar, by means of which he no doubt hoped to avoid recognition. In his travelling bag was found a tooth-brush and several copies of the *Tribune*. Upon being tried and convicted of carrying contraband of war, he was sentenced to give forthwith his reasons why J. C. BANCROFT DAVIS should not be dismissed from his present office of Assistant Secretary of State.

FROM SARATOGA.

The news of Mr. GREELEY'S capture has affected the Commodore to such an extent as to stretch him on a bed of sickness. JAY GOULD is reported marching on Saratoga with a strong force.

LATEST.—PEACE!

Central has capitulated! Erie is victorious! To-day a treaty is drawn up by which everybody is made happy except Mr. GREELEY, who, it is stipulated, must feign total ignorance of farming whenever he journeys by the Erie Railway.

The Place to look for them.

The *Sun*, a few days ago, had an editorial article about a reported theft of a box containing four large boa-constrictors. Might not a search in the editorial boots disclose the whereabouts of the missing reptiles?

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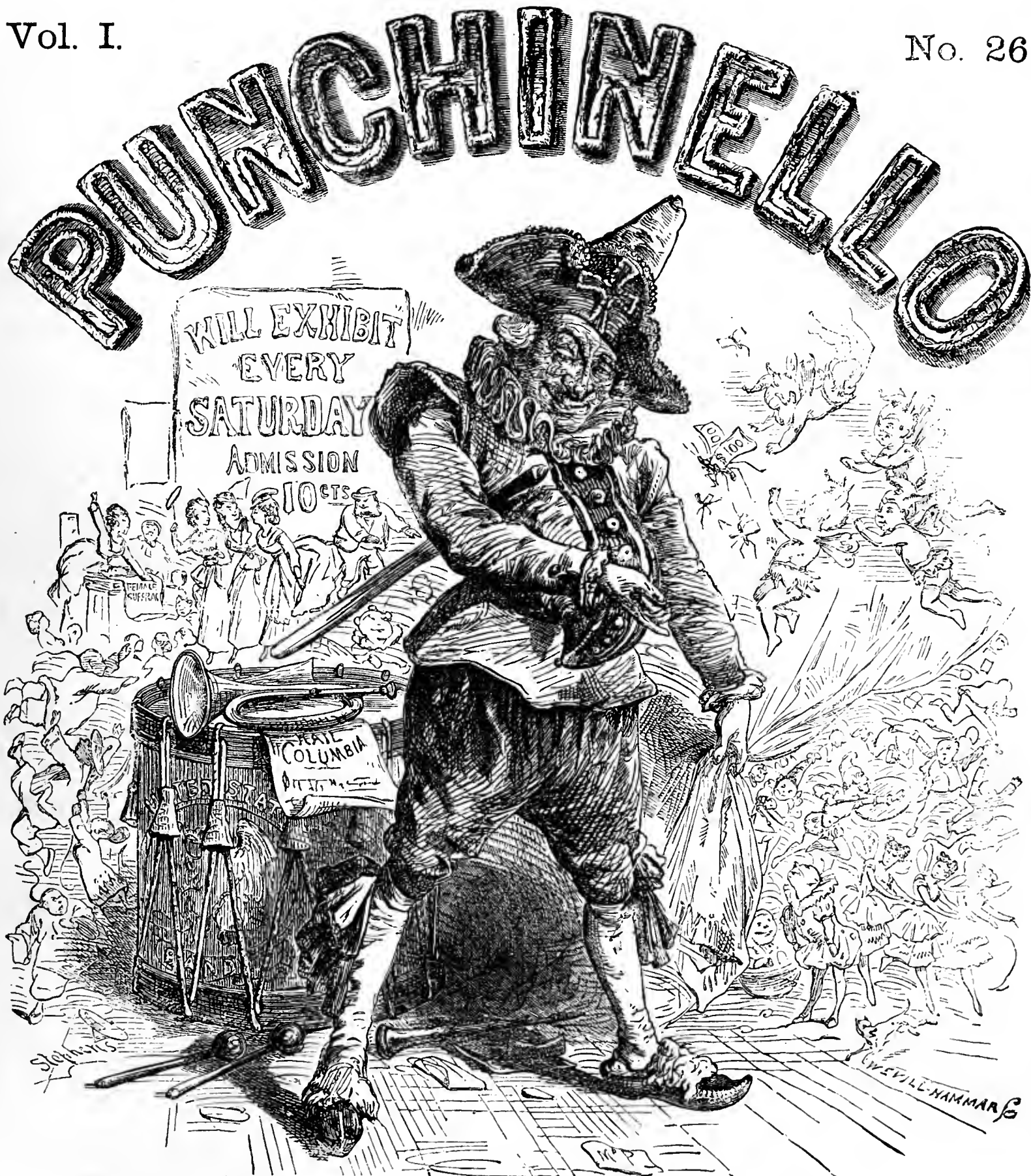
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J. NICKINSON

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[P. O. Box 2783.]

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Room No. 11,

NEW YORK.

THE
MYSTERY OF MR. E. DROOD.

AN ADAPTATION.

BY ORPHEUS C. KERR.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE H. AND H. OF J. BUMSTEAD.

The exquisitely sweet month of the perfectly delicious summer-vacation having come, Miss CAROWTHERS' Young Ladies have returned again, for a time, to their respective homes, MAGNOLIA PENDRAGON has gone to the city and her brother, and FLORA POTTS is ridiculously and absurdly alone.

Under the ardent sun of August, Bumsteadville slowly bakes, like an ogre's family-dish of stuffed cottages and greens, with here and there some slowly moving object, like a loose vegetable on a sluggish current of tidal gravy, and the spire of the Ritualistic church shooting-up at one end like an incorrigibly perpendicular leg of magnified mutton.

Hotter and hotter comes the breath fiery of nature's cookery, until some of the stuffing boils out of one cottage, in the shape of the Oldest Inhabitant, who makes his usual annual remark, that this is the Warmest Day in ninety-eight years, and then simmers away to some cooler nook amongst the greens. More and more intolerably quivers the atmosphere of the sylvan oven with stifling fervency, until there oozes from beneath the shingled crust of a vegetarian country-boarding-house a parboiled guest from the City, who, believing himself almost ready to turn, drifts feebly to where the roads fork and there is a shade more dun; while, to the speculative mind, each glowing field of corn, or buckwheat, is an incipient Meal, and each chimney, or barn, a mere temptation to guess how many Swallows there may be in it.

Upon the afternoon of such a day as this, Miss POTTS is informed, by a servant, that Mr. BUMSTEAD has arrived, and, sending her his love, would be pleased to have her come down stairs to him and bring a fan.

"Why didn't you tell him I wasn't at home, you absurd thing?" cries the young girl, hurriedly practicing a series of agitated looks and pensive smiles before her mirror.

"So I did, Miss," answers the attached menial, "but he'd seen you looking at him with an opera-glass as he came up the path, and said that he could hear you taking a clean handkerchief out of the drawer, on purpose to receive him with, before he'd got to the door."

"Oh, what shall I do? My hands are so red to-day!" sighs FLORA, holding her arms above her head, that the blood may retire from the too pinkish members.

After a pause, and an adjustment of a curl over her right eye and the scarf at her waist, to make them look innocent, she yields to the meteorological mania so strikingly prevalent amongst all the other characters of this narrative, and says that she will receive the visitor in the yard, near the pump. Then, casting carelessly over her shoulder that web-like shawl without which no woman nor spider is complete, she arranges her lips in the glass for the last time, and, with a garden-hat hanging from the elbow latest singed, goes down, humming unsuspectingly, into the open-air, with the guileless bearing of one wholly unprepared for company.

Resting an elbow upon a low iron patent-pump, near a rustic seat, the Ritualistic organist, in his vast linen coat and imposing straw hat, looks not unlike an eccentric garden statue, upon which some prudish slave of modern conventionalities has placed the summer attire of a western editor. The great heat of the sun upon his back makes him irritable, and when Miss POTTS sharply smites with her fan the knuckles of the hand which he has affably extended to take her by the chin, more than the usual symptoms of acute inflammation appear at the end of his nose, and he blows hurriedly upon his wounded digits.

"That hurt like the mischief!" he remarks, in some anger. "I don't know when I've felt anything smart so."

"Then don't be so horrid," returns the pensive girl, taking a seat before him upon the rustic settee, and abstractedly arranging her dress so that only two-thirds of a gaiter-boot can be seen.

Munching cloves, the aroma of which ladens the air all around him, Mr. BUMSTEAD contemplates her with a calmness which would be enthralling, but for the nervous twisting of his features under the torments of a singularly adhesive fly.

"I have come, dear," he observes, slowly, "to know how soon you will be ready for me to give you your next music-lesson?"

"I prefer that you would not call me your 'dear,'" was the chilling answer.

The organist thinks for a moment, and then nods his head intelligently. "You are right," he says, gravely, "—there *might* be somebody listening who could not enter into our real feelings. And now, how about those music-lessons?"

"I don't want any more, thank you," says FLORA, coldly. "While we are all in mourning for our poor, dear absurd EDDY, it seems like a perfectly ridiculous mockery to be practicing the scales."

Fanning himself with his straw hat, Mr. BUMSTEAD shakes his bushy head several times. "You do not discriminate sufficiently," he replies. "There are kinds of music which, when performed rapidly upon the violin, fife, or kettle-drum, certainly fill the mind with sentiments unfavorable to the deeper anguish of human sorrow. Of such, however, is not the kind made by young girls, which is at all times a help to the intensity of judicious grief. Let me assure you, with the candor of an idolized friend, that some of the saddest hours of my life have been spent in teaching you to try to sing a humorous aria from DONIZETTI; and the moments in which I have most sincerely regretted ever having been born were those in which you have played, in my hearing, the Drinking-song from *La Traviata*. Believe me, then, my devoted pupil, there can be nothing at all inconsistent with a prevalence of profound melancholy in your continued piano-playing; whereas, on the contrary, your sudden and permanent cessation might at least surprise your friends and the neighborhood into a light-heartedness temporarily oblivious of the memory of that dear, missing boy, to whom you could not, I hear, give the love already bestowed upon me."

"I loved him ridiculously, absurdly, with my whole heart," cries FLORA, not altogether liking what she has heard. "I'm real sorry, too, that they think somebody has killed him."

Mr. BUMSTEAD folds his brown linen arms as he towers before her, and the dark circles around his eyes appear to shrink with the intensity of his gaze.

"There are occasions in life," he remarks, "when to acknowledge that our last meeting with a friend, who has since mysteriously disappeared, was to reject him and imply a preference for his uncle, may be calculated to associate us unpleasantly with that disappearance, in the minds of the censorious, and invite suspicions tending to our early cross-examination by our Irish local magistrate. I do not say, of course, that you actually destroyed my nephew for fear he should try to prejudice me against you; but I cannot withhold my earnest approval of your judicious pretence of a sentiment palpably incompatible with the shedding of the blood of its departed object. If you will move your dress a little, so that I can sit beside you and allow your head to rest upon my shoulder, that fan will do for both of us, and we may converse in whispers."

"My head upon *your* shoulder!" exclaims Miss POTTS, staring swiftly about to see if anybody is looking. "I prefer to keep my head upon my own shoulders, sir."

"Two heads are better than one," the Ritualistic organist reminds her. "If a little hair-oil and powder *does* come off upon my coat, the latter will wash, I suppose. Come, dearest, if it is our fate to never get through this hot day alive, let us be sunstruck together."

She shrinks timidly from the brown linen arm which he begins insinuating along the back of the rustic settee, and tells him that she couldn't have believed that he could be so absurd. He draws back his arm, and seems hurt.

"FLORA," he says, tenderly, "how beautiful you are, especially when fixed up. The more I see of you, the less sorry I am that I have concluded to be yours. All the time that my dear boy was trying to induce you to release him from his engagement, I was thinking how much better you might do; yet, beyond an occasional encouraging wink, I never gave the least sign of reciprocating your attachment. I did not think it would be right."

The assertion, though superficially true, is so imperfect in its delineation of habitual conduct liable to another construction, that the agitated Flowerpot returns, with quick indignation, "your arm was always reaching out whenever you sat in a chair anywhere near me, and whenever I sang you always kept looking straight into my mouth until it tickled me. You know you did, you hateful thing! Besides, it wasn't you that I preferred, at all; it was—oh, it's too ridiculous to tell!"

In her bashful confusion she is about to arise and trip shyly away from him into the house, when he speaks again.

"Miss POTTS, is your friendship for Miss PENDRAGON and her brother such, that their execution upon some Friday of next month would be a spectacle to which you could give no pleased attention?"

"What do you mean, you absurd creature?"

"I mean," continues Mr. BUMSTEAD, "simply this: you know my double loss. You know that, upon the person of the male PENDRAGON was found an apple looking and tasting like one which my nephew once had. You know, that when Miss PENDRAGON went from here she wore an alpaca waist which looked as though it had been exposed more than once to the rain.—See the point?"

FLORA gives a startled look, and says: "I don't see it."

"Suppose," he goes on—"suppose that I go to a magistrate, and say: 'Judge, I voted for you, and can influence a large foreign vote for you again. I have lost a nephew who was very fond of apples, and a black alpaca umbrella of great value. A young Southerner, who has not lived in this State long enough to vote, has been found in possession of an apple singularly like the kind generally eaten by my missing relative, and his sister has come out in a waist made of second-hand alpaca?'—See the point now?"

"Mr. BUMSTEAD," exclaims FLORA, affrighted by the terrible menace of his manner, "I don't any more believe that Mr. PENDRAGON is guilty than I, myself, am; and as for your old umbrella—"

"Stop, woman!" interrupted the bereaved organist, imperiously. "Not even your lips shall speak disrespectfully of my lost bone-handled friend. By a chain of unanswerable argument, I have shown you that I hold the fate of your southern acquaintances in my hands, and shall be particularly sorry if you force me to hang Mr. PENDRAGON as a rival."

FLORA puts her hands to her temples, to soothe her throbbing head and display a bracelet.

"Oh, what shall I do! I don't want anybody to be hung! It must be so perfectly awful!"

Her touching display of generous feeling does not soften him. On the contrary, he stands more erect, and smiles rather triumphantly under his straw hat.

"Beloved one," he murmurs, in a rich voice, "I find that I cannot induce you to make the first advance toward the mutual avowal we are both longing for, and must therefore precipitate our happiness myself. My poor boy would not have given you perfect satisfaction, and your momentary liking for the male PENDRAGON was but the effect of a temporary despair undoubtedly produced by my seeming coldness. That coldness had nothing to do with my heart, but resulted partially from my habit of wearing a wet towel on my head. I now propose to you—"

"Propose to me?" ejaculates Miss POTTS, with heightened color.

"—That you pick out a worthy man belonging to your own section of the Union," he continues hastily.—"Here's my Heart," he adds, going through the motions of taking something from a pocket and placing it in his outstretched palm, "and here's my Hand,"—placing therein an equally imaginary object from another pocket.—"Try the H. and H. of J. BUMSTEAD."

His manner is as though he were commending some patent article of unquestionable utility.

"But I can't bear the sight of you!" she cries, pushing away the brown linen arm coming after her again.

Taking away her fan, he pats her on the head with it, and seems momentarily surprised at the hollow sound.

"Future Mrs. BUMSTEAD," he cheerfully replies, at last, "my observation and knowledge of the women of America teach me that there never was a wife going to Indiana for a divorce, who had not at first sworn to love, as well as honor and obey, her husband. Such is woman, that if she had felt and said at the altar that she couldn't bear the sight of him, it wouldn't have been in the power of masculine brutality and dissipated habits to drive her from his side through all their lives. There can be no better sign of our future happiness, than for you to say, beforehand, that you utterly detest the man of your choice."

There is something terrible to the young girl in the original turn of thought of this fascinating man. Say what she may, he at once turns it into virtual devotion to himself. He appears to have a perfectly dreadful power to hang everybody; he considers her strongest avowal of present personal dislike the most promising indication she can give of eternal future infatuation with him, and his powerful mode of reasoning is more profound and composing than an article in a New York newspaper on a War in Europe. Rendered dizzy by his metaphysical conversation, she arises from the rustic seat, and is flying giddily into the house, when he leaps athletically after her, and catches her in the doorway.

"I merely wish to request," he says, quietly, "that you place sufficient restraint upon your naturally happy feelings to keep our engagement a secret from the public at present, as I can't bear to have the boys calling out after me, 'There's the feller that's goin' to get married! There's the feller that's goin' to get married!' When a man is about to make a fool of himself, it is not for children to remind him of it."

The door being opened before she can answer, FLORA receives a parting bow of Grandisonian elegance from Mr. BUMSTEAD, and hastens up stairs to her room in a distraction of mind not uncommon to those having conversational relations with the Ritualistic organist.

(To be Continued.)

A GOOD FIGHT.

We presume that *all* the Boston people "lecture" at times; at any rate they could, if they wanted to. No one doubts their ability.

But, let the number of these imparters of information be ever so great, we have reason to doubt whether any other of these accomplished parties has grappled with so formidable, so tremendous a subject, as that which is now exciting the powerful mind of Miss LILLIAN EDGARTON.

She is going to do it, though! If her life is spared, and her constitution remains free from blight, (both of which felicities we trust will be hers,) that subject has got to come under.

That all may know how great is the task, and the confidence required to pitch into it, we announce, with a flourish, that Miss L. E. is about to attack that well-known Saurian Monster, termed GOSSIP! Considered as a Disease, she proposes to find the Cause and the Cure. Considered as a living and gigantic Nuisance (by far surpassing any Dragon described by SPENSER,) she designs to hunt him out and slay him incontinently.

Courage, fair Knight! Our eldest Son is kept in reserve for some such Heroine! If you would be famous, if you would make a perfect thing of this Crusade, if you would render the lives of your fellow mortals longer and happier, if you would win that noble and ingenuous youth, our son, go in vehemently!

And, while you are about it, LILLIAN, would you object to giving your attention to certain relations of the monster which you propose to slay? We name them, Detraction and Calumny. They are tough old Dragons, now, we tell you; perhaps it were best to fight shy of them.

We have it, LILLIAN! Leave 'em to us! Us, with a big U! You kill little Gossip, and see how quick his brothers and sisters will fall, before our mighty battle-axe!

(And so they will fall, sure enough, but it will be simply because when our dear young knight, L. E., has killed *her* Dragon, she will have wiped out the whole brood! They can't live without their sweet and attractive little sister. And so, like many a bigger humbug, we shall take great credit, that belongs to somebody else, and assume to have done big things, at enormous expense of blood and money. Trust us, for that!)

NAPOLEON III AT SEDAN.

September, 1870.

I was an Emperor. *Voilà c'est bon!*

BAZAINE, MACMAHON, fought—'twas my affair.

Only, to please my doctor, NELATON,

I left the throne, to take a Sedan chair.

Unlimited Lie-Ability.

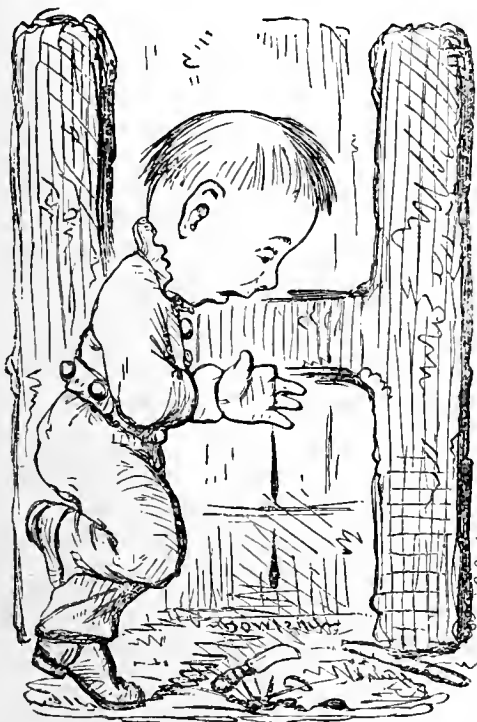
Veritas writes to say that as he was crossing the ferry from Wall Street to Brooklyn, yesterday afternoon, he counted 117 persons reading PUNCHINELLO. He did not observe a single copy of the *Sun* on board, until the boat neared Brooklyn, when a man of squalid appearance produced from a dirty newspaper some soiled articles, all of which seemed to have been steeped in Lye, from contact with the sheet, which proved to be the *Sun*.

A Con for the "Ninth."

WHAT is there in common between Colonel FISK's war-horse and a New York Ice Company?

Both are tremendous Chargers.

THE PLAYS AND SHOWS.



ERE I am again, back from the seashore, to find the theatres opening, the war closing, and GREELEY burning to imitate the late French Emperor, by leading the Republican hosts to defeat in the Fall campaign, so as to be in a position to write to the Germanically named HOFFMAN—"As I cannot fall, ballot in hand, at the head of my repeaters, I surrender to your victorious Excellency."

Being back, I went to see *Julius Cæsar* at NIBLO's Garden. It was the day when the French CÆSAR fell, and the impertinent soothsayer, ROCHEFORT, who had so often advised him to beware, not of the Ides of March, but of the *Idées Napoléoniennes*, (there is

a feeble attempt at a pun here) obtained his liberty, and the right to assail in his newspaper, the virtue of every female relative of the Imperial family. Of course I know that JULIUS CÆSAR was not a Frenchman—for the modesty of his "Commentaries" is proverbial—and that SHAKESPEARE never so much as heard of the Man of December. Nevertheless the two CÆSARS were inextricably mixed up in my mind. I know that two or three editorial persons who sat close by me, were continually talking of NAPOLEON, and I may possibly have confounded their remarks with those of the actors. Still I could not divest myself of the impression that I was sometimes in Paris and sometimes in Rome, and that the sepulchral voice of Mr. THEODORE HAMILTON, was more often that of NAPOLEON than that of JULIUS. The play presents itself to my recollection in the following shape. As I said before, it was represented at the very moment that the French republicans, being satisfied with the bees in their respective bonnets, were obliterating the imperial bees from the doors of the Tuileries, and being anxious to take arms against a sea of Prussians, were taking down the imperial arms wherever they could find them. Remembering this, the reader will be able to account for any slight difference in text between my *Julius Cæsar*, and that of the respectable and able Mr. SHAKESPEARE.

ACT I.—Enter various Irish Roman Citizens, flourishing the shillelahs of the period.

1ST. CITIZEN. "Here's a row. Great CÆSAR is going to march to Berlin. Hooray for the Hemperor."

1ST EDITORIAL PERSON. "I grant you he was popular when the war began, but to-day the people despise him."

CASSIUS. "I hate this CÆSAR. Once he tried to swim across the British Channel with a tame eagle on his shoulder, and couldn't do it. When he is sick he takes anti-bilious pills, like any other man. Obviously he don't deserve to live."

CASCA. (*Who is fat enough to know better, and not pretend to be discontented.*) "Let's kill him and break all the glass in the windows of Paris."

BRUTUS. "My friend, those who live in stone houses should never throw glass about. I don't mean anything by this, but it sounds oracular, and will make people think I am a profound philosopher."

EDITORIAL PERSON. "What I say is this. He, CÆSAR, governed the Roman rabble vastly better than they deserved. His only mistakes were, in not sending CASSIUS, who was a sort of ROCHEFORT, without ROCHEFORT's cowardice, to the galleys, and in not sending BRUTUS as Minister to some capital so dreary that he would have shot himself as soon as he reached his destination."

ACT II.—Enter BRUTUS and fellow radicals.

BRUTUS. "I have no complaint against CÆSAR, and I therefore gladly join your noble band of assassins. We will kill him and establish a provisional government with myself at its head. CÆSAR is ambitious, and I hate ambition. All I want is to be the ruler of Rome."

CASSIUS. "Come, my brave fellows. Haste to the stabbing. Away! Away!"

EDITORIAL PERSON. "What a farce is history. Here are PUMBLECHOOK, BRUTUS and JOHN WILKES CASSIUS held up as models of excellence and integrity. What did they and their fellow scoundrels do after they had killed CÆSAR, but desolate their country with civil war?"

ACT III.—Enter ASSASSINS headed by BRUTUS and GAMBETTA, CASSIUS and ROCHEFORT.

CASSIUS. "Here is CÆSAR with his back toward us, fighting the German's hordes. Let us steal up and stab him before he can help himself." (*They stab him.*)

CASSIUS. "Now we will kick his wife out of Paris and smash his furniture. We will all become a Provisional Government, and fix everything to suit ourselves. I will revive my newspaper, and hire a staff from the *New York Sun*, who will make it more scurrilous than ever."

Enter the Parisian populace crying, "Hooray for CÆSAR."

CASSIUS. "Hush. CÆSAR is dead, and we are going to proclaim a republic. Begin and abuse him with all your might. We'll let you smash some windows presently."

POPULACE. "Hooray. The tyrant has fallen. Let's go and insult his wife and smash everything generally."

1ST EDITORIAL PERSON. "Yesterday these precious rascals voted for him. To-day they insult him—it being safe to do so—and to-morrow they will want him back again."

2ND EDITORIAL PERSON. "There lies the ruins of the noblest nephew of his uncle that ever lived in France or elsewhere. He was unscrupulous, I admit, but he knew how to rule. Shall we stay and hear MARK ANTONY praise him, and set the fickle rabble at the throats of ROCHEFORT and BRUTUS, and their gang?"

1ST EDITORIAL PERSON. "That will take place very shortly, but I can't wait for it. I must go home to write an editorial welcoming the new republic, and prophesying all manner of success for it. The American people like that sort of trash, though they have already twice seen the French try republican institutions only to make a muddle of them."

2ND EDITORIAL PERSON. "What do you think of the actors here at NIBLO's?"

1ST EDITORIAL PERSON. "DAVENPORT is good but heavy, BARRETT rants like a raving French radical. MONTGOMERY is excellent, and the rest are so so."

And the undersigned having seen the French revolution played on the Roman stage at NIBLO's, also went home without waiting to see the prophetic fourth and fifth acts, in which the conspirators come to grief, and the empire is reestablished. We shall read all about it in the cable dispatches a few months hence. Good Heavens! who can listen calmly to the speeches of the players, while the grandest drama of the century is acting across the sea, where a mad populace, freed from the firm grasp of its master, breaks windows and howls itself hoarse as the best preparations for holding the fairest of cities against the resistless veterans of VON MOLTKE.

MATADOR.

Insurrectionary.

PUNCHINELLO, pondering over the vast sums that have been forwarded to Cuba, in aid of the insurrectionary movements there, and struck with the disadvantages under which the promoters of liberty labor in that sunny isle, blesses his stars that, thanks to the enterprise of Miss SUSAN B. ANTHONY, he can raise a *Revolution* in New York City, at any time, for ten cents. Let those whom it may concern take heed.

Blind King Bill.

L. N. declared his determination to kick old King BILLY, of Prussia, off from French territory. Well, it would only have been a new illustration of "footing the Bill."

Query.

As soon as the abominable fat-boiling nuisances have been abolished, will it be right to say that they have fallen into *de-suet-ude*?

A Seasonable Couundrum.

Why is New York City like the ex-Emperor of the French?
Because it has just got rid of its Census.

A Suggestion.

In consideration of the splendid jewels worn by him, might not Colonel JIM FISK be more appropriately called Colonel GEM FISK.



THE SPIRIT OF THE WAR.

A Sketch in the Bowery.

Small Frenchman. "WHAT FOR YOU HIT ME WITH YOUR DAMBABY VEN YOU PASS?"

Dig German. "WANTS TO FIGHT?—DINKS YOU CAN WHIP ME, EH?"

Small Frenchman. "No—BUT I CAN OIVE YOUR DAMBABY ONE BLACK EYE!"

BY GEORGE!

LAKE GEORGE, August 30.

DEAR PUNCHINELLO:—I arrived here last Saturday, and as I would be the last person to allow a commendable enterprise to languish for want of proper encouragement, and in order to put the Hotel proprietors out of suspense, I thought I would let you know without further delay that I consider Lake George a success.

Not being expected, as I supposed, I must admit I was somewhat gratified to find a full band playing on the veranda as the coach I was in drove up.

It was a sort of delicate attention, you know.

I notice, however, that they continue playing in the afternoon since then, I suppose it struck them as a good idea at the time.

The Fort William Henry Hotel is a gorgeous affair in every respect. It is situated very near the old original Fort, just where the French troops advanced to capture it, and made their celebrated charges.

Perhaps the present proprietor can't discount them at that sort of thing.

Perhaps not!

Looking over one's bills reminds you a good deal of the Police Courts, five dollars fine, twenty-five dollars costs.

The costs they make here are very good, however, altho' they do put a little too much mint in them, I must say.

L. G. is all right, though. It is supplied with all the modern conveniences. It isn't within five minutes walk of the post office, but its water conveniences are apparent to all. There is no end to its belles, and as for its ranges, it has two of them—both Adirondacks.

Yesterday I took a trip up the Lake and across to its neighbor, Champlain.

Everybody takes this trip because its "the thing," and it is therefore

particularly necessary to take it. Ostensibly, you go to view the scenery, really, to be inveigled into paying for a low comedy of a dinner at the other end.

The first place our boat stopped at is called the "Trout Pavillion," principally, so far as I can learn, on account of the immense number of pickerel caught there, and from the fact that it is unquestionably a good site for a Pavillion whenever the esteemed Proprietor turns up jacks enough, at his favorite game, to build one.

The next place was set down in the Guide Book as the "Three Sisters" Islands, an appellation arising from the fact that there are precisely *four* of them.

I mentioned this apparent discrepancy to the boat clerk.

This young man, who belongs to a Base Ball Club, informs me that these islands invariably travelled with a "substitute," as one occasionally got "soaked."

This certainly seems a little curious, but as the young man says he was born here, I suppose he knows.

This same young man pointed out a beautiful spot called Green Island and asked me if I wouldn't like to live there.

He said he thought it would just suit me.

The attention of these people is really delightful.

Some of these places, however, have very inappropriate names, for instance another little gem is called "Hog Island." No one knows why it was so called. The clerk of the boat don't either.

He wanted to know if I had ever dined there.

I always make it a point to get on the right side of these Steamboat fellows, always.

About half way up the Lake is a place called Tongue Mountain.

A long time ago a colony of strong-minded women settled there.

That may have had something to do with its name.

Nobody ever goes there now.

People go very near the mountain in boats, however, as it is noted for something very extraordinary in the Echo line.

It has what is called a "Double Echo."

I fully expected something of this kind.

Now if there is anything I am particularly down on, it is those unmitigated frauds known as Echoes. And if I ever throw four sixes, it is when I am tackling some unsuspecting old ass of a watering place echo.

I consider them "*holler* mockeries."

Of course we steamed within proper distance, and I seized the opportunity to "put a head on" this venerable two-ply nuisance, as follows:

First, I read a page of a Patent Office Report I go armed with.

This the Echo, with very little hesitation, repeated in duplicate as usual. From one side of the rock in English, and from the other in very fair French.

I saw at once that old Ek was pretty well filled.

Next I sang "Listen to the Mocking Bird," which it repeated very creditably indeed, dropping but two notes on the third verse. This it made up for, I am bound to admit, by throwing in some original variations in the chorus.

But I hadn't played from my sleeve yet, so I recited HAMLET's Soliloquy.

From the wooded slope on our right came the familiar "*To be*" of BOOTH, while from the sloping woods on our left proceeded a finely rendered imitation of the Teutonic FECHTER, in the same.

This staggered me!

I had one more jack in my cuff, however. I pulled out a copy of the *Tribune* and read a few paragraphs of GREELEY's "What do I know about Farming."

That settled him!

He never got to the first semi-colon. It knocked the breath right out of him!

The poor old fossil had to quit. He changed his repeater to a leaver. But then you see he had held the office a good while.

He hasn't left the business to any one, either.

In future no one will go fooling round there except the fishermen. The sign is down.

In my next I will finish the Lake trip, and give you some account of the celebrated "Roger's Slide."

SAGINAW DODD.

[To be continued.]

RAMBLINGS.

BY MOSE SKINNER.

POPULARITY.

Next to talk, popularity is the cheapest thing I know of. It is achieved by three classes—those who have brains, those who have money, and those who have neither. The first earn it; the second buy it; and the third stumble into it, perhaps by waving their hat at an engineer just in time to prevent the train from dashing over a precipice, or by chopping off somebody's head with a meat axe and burning the remains up afterwards, in which case the next day's paper gives a faithful account of their pedigree, and their photograph can be purchased at any respectable news-dealers, at a price within reach of all.

The most common-place sayings of popular men are handed down to posterity, and a casual remark about the weather is often framed and hung up in the spare-bedroom.

It behooves every public man to keep a sentence or two on hand, with a view to embalming them for future reference. I wish to state, in confidence, that if any prominent man who can't think of anything that sounds well, will address me, I will furnish him at the low price of one dollar a sentence. My stock is entirely fresh and original, and embraces such gems as—"Don't give up the ship," "Such is Life," "How's this for high?" "I die happy," "A stitch in time saves nine," &c., &c.

I am also prepared to furnish "last words of eminent men," at a moderate compensation.

General GRANT has taken time by the forelock in this matter. His "Let us have Peace," was a most brilliant effort, because nobody ever thought of it before. "I propose to move on your works immediately, if it takes all summer," was also a happy thought.

When General GRANT was in Boston he said he liked the way they made gravy in Massachusetts. Now this in itself would not, perhaps, be called deep, because others have said the same thing before, but, coming from a man like GRANT, it set folks to thinking, and it is not surprising that something of this sort went the rounds:

"We have the best authority for stating that General GRANT, during his recent visit to Boston, remarked that he was gratified at the manner in which gravy was produced in Massachusetts. Our talented Chief Magistrate is a man of few words, but what he does say is spicy, and to the point."

At the Peace Jubilee, GRANT said he "liked the cannon best," but the reporters, being confidentially informed that the remark wasn't intended for posterity, it didn't get out much. I didn't hear of his saying anything else.

If a popular man takes cold, the whole public sneeze. His opinions must go into the papers any how, though perhaps no better than anybody's else. Thus—from a daily paper:

"The Hon. MONTGOMERY BLAIR recently said in a private conversation, that the present war would probably end in victory for the Prussians, and the overthrow of Napoleon."

Supposing he did? I heard JOHN SMITH say the same thing in an eating saloon over a month ago, and out of twenty gentlemen present, four were reporters, but they didn't take out their note books in breathless haste and put down the Hon. JOHN SMITH's opinion, how Mr. SMITH looked when he said it, and if he said it as though he really meant it, and in a manner that thrilled his listeners.

But JOHN hasn't any popularity, you see, and the Hon. MONTGOMERY has—though it may be a little mildewed.

Soon after the war, I wrote an article on the Alabama Claims. It was a masterly effort, and cost me a month's salary to get it inserted in a popular magazine. If that article had proved a success, I could easily have gulled the public all my life on the popularity thus achieved.

But I made a wretched mistake to start with. Instead of heading it "The Alabama Claims," "By CHARLES SUMNER," or "HORACE GREELEY." I said "By MOSE SKINNER."

I will not dwell on the result. Suffice it to say that I soon after retired from literature, a changed being, utterly devoid of hope.

MORAL SUASION.

A friend of mine, an eminent New York philanthropist, relates the following interview with a condemned criminal. The crime for which this wretched man was hung is still fresh in our memories. One morning at breakfast his tripe didn't suit him, and he immediately brained his wife and children and set the house on fire, varying the monotony of the scene by pitching his mother-in-law down the well, having previously, with great consideration, touched her heart with a cheese knife.

I will now quote my friends' own words:

"He was pronounced a hard case, manifesting no sorrow for his act, and utterly indifferent to his approaching doom. A score of good people had visited him with the kindest intentions, but without making the smallest impression upon him.

"Without boasting, I wish to say that I knew I could touch this man's heart. I saw a play once in which the most blood-thirsty and brutal ruffian that ever existed was melted to tears at the mention of his mother's name, and childhood's happy hours, and everybody knows that what happens on the stage happens just the same in real life.

"I naturally congratulated myself on having seen this play, for it gave me power to cope with this relentless disposition.

"He resisted all attempts at conversation, however, in the most dogged manner, barely returning surly monosyllables to my anxious wishes for his well being.

"At last, laying my hand on his shoulder, and throwing considerable pathos into my voice, I said:

"My friend, it was not always thus with you. There was a time when you sat upon your mother's knee, and gathered buttercups and daisies?"

"Ah! I had touched the right chord at last. His brow contracted and his lips twitched convulsively."

"And when that mother put you in your little bed," I continued, "she kissed you, and hoped you would grow up a—"

"You lie," said he, "she didn't. The old woman was six foot under ground afore I could chaw. Now, look a here, you're the fourth chap

that's tried the 'mother' dodge on me. Why don't you fellers" he added with a malicious grin, "go back on the mother business, and give the old man a chance, jest for a change?"

"After the above scurvy treatment I was naturally anxious to witness the man's funeral, which I understood was to be a gorgeous affair, six respectably-attired females having been sworn in to kiss the body, amid the hysteric weeps of three more in the background."

Hot and Cold.

The sensational paragraph writers had better "let up" on the question of an imminent dearth of ice. There is no real probability that we shall be without ice before winter sets in. It is only for the purpose of keeping us in hot water that the newspaper men say we shan't have cold water.



PRACTICAL.

Housewife. "WAKE YOU UP, HANS—HERE'S ANODER BRUSSIAN VICTORY."

Hans, (dreamily.) "ANODER BRUSSIAN VICTORY?—DEN LET US HAVE ANODER BRUSSIAN BIER."



NOT JUST YET!

Mr. Greeley. "PRAY, TAKE A SEAT, MR. WOODFORD; I WOULDN'T ON ANY ACCOUNT DEPRIVE YOU," etc., etc.

Mr. Woodford. "NO! NO!—TAKE IT YOURSELF, MR. GREELEY; THE LAST THING I SHOULD THINK OF WOULD BE," etc., etc.

Governor Hoffman. "DON'T TROUBLE YOURSELVES, GENTLEMEN: I SHALL PROBABLY CONTINUE TO OCCUPY THE CHAIR FOR A COUPLE OF YEARS, YET."

COMIC ZOOLOGY.

Genus, *Phoca*.—The Seal.

This is the common name of the inoffensive and fur-bearing members of the Phocidæ family. The word seal is derived, radically, from the German *Siegel*, so that to say a man has "fought mit SIEGEL," is equivalent to remarking that he has assailed a harmless and timid seal.

The Phocidæ, without distinction of sex, are known as Maminifers, although it would manifestly be more correct to call the males Papafers. Under the present classification, the confusion of genders necessarily engenders confusion.

Unless AGASSIZ is gassing us, the true seal has no sign of an ear, wherefore the deafening roar of the surf in which it delights to sport is probably no inconvenience to it. As distinguished from dumb beasts in general, it may properly be called a deaf and dumb animal. The false seal, on the contrary, has as true an ear as e'er was seen. To the counterfeits belong the sea lion, the Mane specimen of the tribe in the Arctic sea, and the sea leopard, which seems to be phocalized in the Antarctic circle. All the varieties of the seal seek concealment in caverns, and their Hides are much sought after.

Sealing was at one time chiefly monopolized by adventurous New Englanders, who combined the pursuit with whaling, but at present the sealers of Salt Lake bear off the palm from all competitors, both as regards numbers and hardihood. Whether they combine whaling with sealing is not positively known, but probably they do. Such is the universal passion for sealing among the people of that region, that the old men act like Young men when engaged in this exciting occupation.

The Phocidæ appear to have attracted the attention of Mankind at a very early period—Seals being frequently spoken of in the Scriptures. ST. JOHN witnessed the opening of no less than seven varieties, and must have been well acquainted with their internal structure.

The earless, or true species, are often seen in considerable numbers on the British coast, and the Great Seal of England—only to be found

in the vicinity of the Thames—is of such remarkable size and weight, that it never makes its appearance without producing a strong Impression.

The Green Seal, a much admired variety, is peculiar to Madeira, and seals of various colors are often seen in close proximity to the British Ports; the number taken off Cork being prodigious.

None of the animals of the *Phoca* genus are tenacious of life. They may readily be destroyed with sealing whacks. A large stick properly applied has been known to seal the fate of a dozen in the space of half an hour. KANE knocked them over without difficulty, and they never attempt to defend themselves, according to PANEX.

In conclusion, it may be remarked that immense herds of seals cover the coasts of Alaska. It is nevertheless difficult to catch a glimpse of them, on account of the enormous flocks of humming birds, which darken the air in that genial clime. Occasionally, however, the Arctic zephyrs disperse the feathery cloud, and then vast numbers of the timid creatures, with a sprinkling of the Walrus, may be seen by looking in a Se(a)ward direction.

A LITTLE ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

The *Free (and Easy) Press* has honored PUNCHINELLO with a brief as well as premature obituary paragraph. Flattered as he is by being thus noticed in the columns of a journal of the long standing and well sustained popularity of the *Free (and Easy) Press*, it pains PUNCHINELLO to be obliged to state that he still lives, and that he is not only alive, but kicking. That he has come to an end, is true—but it is to the end of his First Volume, as the *F. (and E.) Press* can see by turning to the admirably written, dashing, humorous, and absolutely unsurpassable Index appended to our present number, which Index PUNCHINELLO cordially recommends to the perusal of the *F. (and E.) Press*. The Preface to his Second Volume, however, which is now in preparation, will, PUNCHINELLO confidently assures the *F. (and E.) Press*, be altogether superior to the Index to his First. Let the *F. (and E.) Press* look out for it. But, meanwhile, the *F. (and E.) Press* can cheer itself by frequent contemplation of the entertaining personage who serves as tail-piece to the Index, and whose gesture is of that familiar and suggestive kind that will doubtless be thoroughly understood by the *F. (and E.) Press*, and, as PUNCHINELLO hopes, fully appreciated.



"HUMPTY DUMPTY SAT ON THE WALL,
HUMPTY DUMPTY HAD A GREAT FALL."

'AND IF HE HAD FALLEN AMONG THE PRUSSIAN, ONLY, IT MIGHTN'T HAVE BEEN SO BAD FOR HIM; BUT, AS HE ALSO
FELL UPON FRENCH BAYONETS, IT IS QUITE CERTAIN THAT HE CAN NEVER GET UP AGAIN.

HIRAM GREEN IN WALL STREET.

His Celebrated Speech before the Board of Brokers.—A few Words of Sound Advice from the 'Squire.

Doorin' a breef sojern in the Emperor City, a deputation of Wall Street brokers and smashers called and invited me to make a speech afore the members of their church, whose *Sin-agog* is situated in Brod Street.

Thinks I, if I can make these infatuated worshippers of the Golden Calf, Mammon, see the error of their ways and take a back track, me thunk my chances for the White House would be full as flatterin' as Sisters WOODHUL, GEORGINA FRANCIS TRAIN, or any other woman, in '72.

Layin' off my duster, and adjustin' my specturcals, at the appinted hour, I slung the follerin' extemporaneous remarks at 'em:

My infatuated friends and Government Bondmen:

As an ex-statesman which has served his country for 4 years as Gustise of the Peece, raisin' said offis to a hire standard than usual, to say nothin' about raisin' an interestin' family of eleven morril an hily intellectooal children, I rise and git up, ontramed by any politikle alliances, to say: that when you fellers git on a mussy fit, like the old woman who undertook to pick her chickens by runnin' them through a patent hash cutter, you make the feathers fly, and leave your victims in a hily clawed up stait.

Perfesser ARKIMDEES, of Oxford, (and here allow me to stait, so as to avoid newspaper contraryversy, as in the case of DISRALLY's novel *Lothere*, *I have no reference to T. GOLDWIN SMITH whatsoever*, as I believe ARKIMDEES is now dead,) said he could raise the hul earth with a top section of a rale fence, if he could only find something tangible to rest his timber on.

My friends, that man had never heerd of Wall Street, and I'de bet all the money I can borror on it.

With such a prop as this ere little territory, where games of chance are "entered into accordin' to the act of Congress," to cote from a familiar passage in every printed copy of PUNCHINELLO, the Perfesser could have raised this little hemisfeer quicker than any of you chaps can gobble up a greenhorn.

And, sirs, I'm sorry to be obliged to speak plain, it would be a darned site more to your credit if you'd try and raise the earth, instead of daily usin' Wall Street as a base of operations to raise H—, well—excuse me, the futer asilum for retired brokers.

How do you manage, when you want to make a steak?

You run up stocks and produce a crysis.

Outsiders rush in lickety smash, and invest all the money they can rake and scrape, in these inflated stocks. Suddenly you prick the bubble, when, alas! besides the cry-sis, there's more cry-bubs in and about Wall Street than there was in Egipt, when NAPOLEON BONAPART chopped off the heads off all the first born. Instances have been known, where a good many of you chaps have rammed your head in the Tiger's mouth once too often.

"If my memry serves me correctly, FISKE and GOOLD made you perambulate off on your eyebrows, last fall, and while the a-4-said Tigers walked off with the seats of your trowserloons in their teeth, you all jined in the follerin' him:

Wall Street is all a fleetin' sho',
From which lame ducks are driven,
"Up in a balloon they allers go,
To Tophet, not to Heaven."

Another little dodge of your'n, my misguided friends, is to keel off K. VANDERBILT.

What did you do t'other day?

Why, when KERNELIUS was engaged in a friendly game of cards for *keeps*, up at Saratogy, some poor deluded money-maniac telegrafs that the Commodore had at last found his match, and had been gathered to his fathers. While at the bottom of the dispatch was forged the name of my friend, KISSLEDURGH, city editor of the *Troy Times*, who, up to the present time, if this coot knows herself, hain't bin into the hiway robbin' bizziness, not by a long shot. But, my friends and feller citizens, old VAN is sharper than a two-edged gimlet.

When he lays down his wallet among a lot of other calf skins, like a great sponge in a puddle of water, it sucks every square inch of legal tender, which is in suckin' distance.

For a regler 40 hoss power suction, K. VANDERBILT is your man. I once thought I could never take a locker to this 'ere honest old heart,

but as I cast my gaze over this audience, and observe among the Bulls and Bears, a cuple of Dears, I will retract that, payin' in the follerin' *Jeu de spree*:

Come rest on this buzzum,
Oh! butiful broker,
With your arms clinchin' tite,
This innercent choker.

I'll stand it from thee,
If you'll never go near,
The Bulls and the Bears,
When HIRAM is here.

(This impromptu poetikism, Mr. PUNCHINELLO, kicked up quite a little breeze, in the midst of which the pretty brokers blushed and looked so bewitchin' like, that it was enuff to make a feller throw stuns at K. VANDERBILT if the pretty Dears only wanted him to.)

I agin resumed:

My infatuated friends; afore I wind up, let me give you a few partin' words of advice.

Give up this 'ere gamblin' bizziness. When you run up gold it hits the hul mercantile body of this nation a wipe in the stummuck. A good many little cubs, as well as a few ole Bears, have been gobbled up by your confounded efforts at runnin' up gold, while you grin and chuckle like the laffin' hyena, when ransackin' Navy Yards and whisky distilleries. But, if you insist on goin' ahead and earnin' your daily peck by smashin' things and layin' out the onsofisticated, all I have got to say is, that next time you've got a *sure thing* to make a speck, by telegrafin' me at Skeensboro, I won't mind comin' down and takin' a hand in, if my pocketin' a few hundred thousands will be the means of betterin' your morrils, by my sharin' your burden. In conclooosion, feller citizens, feelin' in rather a poetical mood to-day, I will close with the follerin' tribute to Wall Street and its inhabitants:

"Imperious SEIZER, dead, and turned to cla,
Mite stop a hole to keep the wind away;"
Unless from Wall Street, was blowin' raw,
The tempestous breezes, from a broker's flaw.

Amid tumultous cheers, and a general rushin' to DELMONICO's, where Wall Street waters her stock, (of lickers,) I sot down.

Ewers, without a dowl,

HIRAM GREEN, Esq.,

Lait Gustise of the Peece.

Stage By-play.

A sporting paper gives the following item:

"Two nines, composed of members of BOOTH'S, WALLACE'S and the Olympic theatrical companies, played an interesting game of base-ball at the Union base-ball grounds, last week."

Imagine Sir HARCOURT COURTLEY batting splendidly to DIEDRICK VAN BEEKMAN'S pitching; or picture Major DE BOOTS waiting patiently on the short stop for a chance to put Captain ABSOLUTE out on his second base. The experience of these gentlemen before the footlights may have made them light-footed, but from mere force of habit they are all pretty sure to be caught out in the "flies."

Professional.

"They may talk about nines," said the Doctor, when base-ball was the subject under discussion. "They may talk about their nines; but I know of a nine that would lay them all out in double-quick time, and it is called Strychnine."

A FECULENT NUISANCE.

PERSONS passing along Nassau Street, between Ann and Beckman Streets, for some days past, have had their olfactories unpleasantly assailed by a vile stench. On investigation by officers of the Board of Health, the foul odor was found to exhale from the premises of 113 Nassau Street. Further examination disclosed the fact that the nuisance arose from a quantity of Dead Rabbits deposited on the premises by one JAMES O'BRIEN, for purposes best known to himself. It is said that the entire concern is to be handed over to the New York Rendering Company, for conversion into the kind of tallow used for the manufacture of the cheapest kind of rush-lights.

The Greatest Joke of the Season.

THE idea of nominating JAMES O'BRIEN for the office of Mayor of the City of New York. But it cannot be called a practical joke.



"IT WAS IN THE CHAMPAGNE COUNTRY THAT LOUIS NAPOLEON CAME TO GRIEF. THE FIZZ OF THE CHAMPAGNE WAS TOO MUCH FOR HIM, AND HE FIZZLED."—(Letter from a War Correspondent.)

PUNCHINELLO AS A "SAVANT."

MR. PUNCHINELLO: I have always taken a profound interest in Science. When a child my fond parents observed in me a decided taste for Entomology, the wings and legs of butterflies and grasshoppers being the objects of my special investigation. As a school-boy I obtained (despite the frequent closing of my visual organs) considerable Insight into Physical Science in the course of numerous pugilistic encounters. A close Application to Optics at that time enabled me to get some Light on the Subject.

I was quite a phenomenon in Astronomy. While yet an unweaned infant I made numerous observations on the Milky Way, and when learning to walk frequently saw stars undiscernable with the most powerful telescope. Since my arrival at man's estate I have frequently experimented on the Elasticity of the Precious Metals, but have generally found it extremely difficult to make both ends meet.

Considering, therefore, that I had as just a claim to be called scientific, as many who pretend to be *Savants*, I determined to attend the late Scientific Convention at Troy. My reception was most gratifying. On presenting my credentials to the Convention, that learned body welcomed me with open arms, and I was escorted to a place among the members by its distinguished head.

Some of the speculations of these eminent philosophers were exceedingly profound, and it is really wonderful, Mr. PUNCHINELLO, to what an extent theory may be carried in the advance of science.

Mr. GOOSEFELT read a learned and original paper—carefully compiled from various sources—on the Steam Engine, in the course of which he stated that his great aunt, who had been blown up on the first steamboat that ever went down in the Mississippi, during the great Earthquake of 1811, was still living. Also, that his godfather, the celebrated Mr. NICODEMUS, assisted (probably in the interests of science) in pulling down the statue of GEORGE III in the Bowling Green. The importance of these two facts cannot be over-estimated, as they will undoubtedly give a tremendous impulse to the wheels of science.

Professor GREYWACKE, the eminent Geologist, delivered an address on Natural Petrifications, indicating the various specimens of Ancient Fossils by which he was surrounded, and describing their formation. The audience was probably Petrified with astonishment at the immense learning and research he displayed, for it observed a Stony silence, only interrupted by an occasional snore.

A brilliant paper on the Illuminating Power of Gas was read by Professor M. T. HEAD. It was a most Luminous production, and proved conclusively that an immense expenditure of gas sometimes throws very little Light on any Subject. The Professor is thoroughly versed in Meters, and is the author of the "Volume of Gas" which has attracted so much attention in the scientific world.

Professor SUETT addressed the Scientists on the Effect of Tallow upon

Ox(h)ides. From certain experiments made by him it appears that the Oleaginous principle is incompatible with Water, and unfavorable to the action of rust.

A member was of the opinion that this important discovery might be turned to great practical advantage, as the application of cart grease to rusty iron axles might possibly facilitate the rotary motion of the wheels.

This novel and valuable suggestion was hailed with shouts of applause, and the thanks of the Convention were immediately voted to the distinguished member, whose name I have unfortunately forgotten.

Professor HYDRAGE read an Essay on the Transit of Mercury, which he said would take place in the form of a Red Precipitate in 1878. It may possibly take place before then, however, as the Faculty of Medicine are said to be rapidly abandoning the use of calomel.

The State Conchologist read an extremely interesting disquisition on the Oyster, which was divided into sections and literally devoured by the audience. He also exhibited some Specimens of Conchs, which were regular Sneezers in point of size.

An announcement which was made by the distinguished Astronomer, Professor LOONEY, created a most profound sensation.

He stated that with the aid of a powerful telescope he had discovered an immense Fissure in the Moon.

He was quite positive that he had also observed a Man in the Gap. Although unable to distinguish the features of this individual, he thought it might possibly be JAMES STEPHENS, the missing Fenian Head Centre.

When the excitement consequent upon this startling announcement had subsided, I rose and addressed the Convention as follows:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: I cannot express, in words, the profound gratification with which I have listened to the learned and eloquent addresses which have just been delivered. The advancement of Science is an object which is worthy the efforts of such distinguished *savants* as I see around me, and to this object they have brought that profundity of learning which is only to be gathered from the perusal of elementary text books, that almost strabismal acuteness of perception which enables them to desery such great scientific truths as can be discovered through an orifice in a barn door, and that wonderful power of discrimination which enables them to distinguish between the seed of the leguminous plant known as the bean, and the other vegetable productions of Nature, when the bag is open.

As an humble member of the Brotherhood of Science, I desire to contribute, in however insignificant a degree, to the Great Cause of Learning. I will therefore, with Your Permission, read" (loud cries of 'No! No!' 'Put him out!' etc., to which of course I paid no attention,) "the following papers: 'An Inquiry as to Whether Diptheria has anything to do with the Migration of the Swallow.' 'On the possibility of straightening the curve of the African Shin Bone.' 'On Marine Plants and Deep Sea Currents.' 'On the Laws of Mechanics, with observations on the Meehanic's Lien Law and the By-Laws of Trades Unions.' 'Some Reflections on Reflection.' 'The Connection between Mathematics and Versification, as illustrated by LOGARITHMS.' 'Minute Experiments with the Hour-Glass,' and Important Speculations on the Sea Changes."

I proceeded to read the first of the above named papers, but before I had got very far, Mr. PUNCHINELLO, I was interrupted by a peculiar sound, which I at first took for subdued applause, but which, on investigation, I found proceeded from the noses of the audience. In short, Mr. P., both audience and Convention were in a profound slumber. Considerably mortified, I withdrew in silence. I am determined, however, that my theses shall not be lost to posterity. I intend to have them published, and to send you a copy of each.

Profoundly yours,

CHINCAPIN.

Pearing Time.

We learn that "some of the pear trees in Suffolk County are now in blossom." Surely such a season as this one for pears has never before been seen. Who knows but the fact may induce SUSAN B. ANTHONY to go pairing with some Revolutionary bachelor?



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